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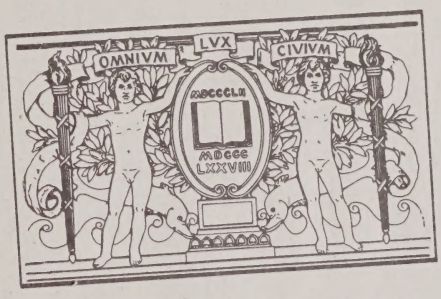

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LAW AND MANNERS

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD MOULTON

[A word of explanation seems desirable in regard to the form and the authorship of this paper. It is the verbatim record, by an accurate reporter, of an impromptu speech made by Lord Moulton at the Authors' Club in London some years before his death. Because of its pertinent interest for present-day Americans, we count ourselves fortunate to be able to print it in the *Atlantic* at this time.

John Fletcher Moulton, first Baron, Minister of Munitions for Great Britain at the outbreak of the war, a noted Judge, a great Parliamentarian and administrator, may be fittingly introduced to *Atlantic* readers in the words of the Lord Chancellor before the House of Lords at the time of Lord Moulton's death in 1921: —

'I choose my words carefully when I say that I greatly doubt whether it would have been possible for the war to have been brought to a successful conclusion when it was, but for the part Lord Moulton took in it. I hope the country will not soon forget the extraordinary work of this most remarkable man, whose memory his colleagues will long cherish.']

In order to explain this extraordinary title I must ask you to follow me in examining the three great domains of Human Action. First comes the domain of Positive Law, where our actions are prescribed by laws binding upon us which must be obeyed. Next comes the domain of Free Choice, which includes all those actions as to which we claim and enjoy complete freedom. But between these two there is a third large and important domain in which there rules neither Positive Law nor Absolute Freedom. In that domain there is no law which inexorably determines our course of action, and yet we feel that we are not free to choose as we would. The degree of this sense of a lack of complete freedom in this domain varies in every case. It grades from a consciousness of a Duty nearly as strong as Positive Law, to a feeling that the matter is all but a question of personal choice. Some might wish to parcel out this domain into separate countries, calling one, for instance, the domain of Duty, another the domain of Public Spirit, another the domain of Good Form; but I prefer to look at it as all one domain, for it has one and the same characteristic throughout — it is the domain of Obedience to the Unenforceable. The obedience is the obedience of a man to that which he cannot be forced to obey. He is the enforcer of the law upon himself.

One of the reasons why I have chosen this as the subject on which to speak is that I have spent my life as a commissioner for delimiting the frontier line which divides this domain from the realm of Positive Law. I have had to decide so frequently whether Law could say, 'You must,' or regretfully to say, 'I must leave it to you.' This is the land in which all those whom the Law cannot reach take refuge. It might be thought from such a description that I wished to annex that country and bring it under the rule of Positive Law. That is not the case. The infinite variety of circumstances surrounding the individual and rightly influencing his action make it impossible to subject him in all things to rules rigidly prescribed and duly enforced. Thus there was wisely left the intermediate domain which, so far as Positive Law is concerned, is a land of freedom of action, but in which the individual should feel that he was not wholly free. This country which lies between Law and Free Choice I always think of as the domain of Manners. To me, Manners in this broad sense signifies the doing that which you should do although you are not obliged to do it. I do not wish to call it Duty, for that is too narrow to describe it, nor would I call it Morals for the same reason. It might include both, but it extends beyond them. It covers all cases of right doing where there is no one to make you do it but yourself.

All these three domains are essential to the properly organized life of the individual, and one must be on one's guard against thinking that any of them can safely be encroached upon. That Law must exist needs no argument. But, on the other hand, the domain of Free Choice should be dear to all. This is where spontaneity, originality, and energy are born. The great movements which make the history of a country start there. It covers a precious land where the actions of men are not only such as they choose, but have a right to claim freedom even from criticism. Men must keep safely guarded this right to follow the bent of their nature in proper cases and act as they would without anyone having the right to utter a word of dictation or command. This country forms the other frontier of the domain of Manners and delimits it on the side farthest away from that of Positive Law.

The dangers that threaten the maintenance of this domain of Manners arise from its situation between the region of Absolute Choice and the region of Positive Law. There are countless supporters of the movements to enlarge the sphere of Positive Law. In many countries — especially in the younger nations — there is a tendency to make laws to regulate everything. On the other hand, there is a growing tendency to treat matters that are not regulated by Positive Law as being matters of Absolute Choice. Both these movements are encroachments on the middle land, and to my mind the real greatness of a nation, its true civilization, is measured by the extent of this land of Obedience to the Unenforceable. It measures the extent to which the nation trusts its citizens, and its existence and area testify to the way they behave in response to that trust. Mere obedience to Law does not measure the greatness of a Nation. It can easily be obtained by a strong executive, and most easily of all from a timorous people. Nor is the licence of behavior which so often accompanies the absence of Law, and which is miscalled Liberty, a proof of greatness. The true test is the extent to which the individuals composing the nation can be trusted to obey self-imposed law.

In the changes that are taking place in the world around us, one of those

which is fraught with grave peril is the discredit into which this idea of the middle land is falling. I will give two examples. First, I will take freedom of debate in the houses of legislature such as our own House of Commons. For centuries the members had unrestricted freedom of debate, and no inconvenience was felt. But in recent times some members of this House have said to themselves: 'We have unrestricted freedom of debate. We will use it so as to destroy debate. The absence of imposed restriction enables us to do it.' This obstruction was developed, and it has destroyed freedom of debate, and, indeed, all useful debate in practically every legislature. The freedom due to absence of positive restriction has been treated by the individual members as leaving their use of debate a matter of Absolute Choice, fettered with no duty that they were bound to regard. They shut their eyes to the fact that the freedom was given to them in trust to help forward debate, and that it was incumbent on them so to use it. Clumsy and even mischievous regulations have necessarily been introduced which fetter debate but prevent its being absolutely stifled. The old freedom cannot now be entrusted to the members, because when they possessed it they did not respond to it by the exercise of that moral sense which would have led them to treat it as a trust, and not as an absolute possession, unburdened by obligations which they should compel themselves to regard.

It is not only the conduct of individual members of the legislature that furnishes an illustration. The conduct of the legislatures themselves furnishes an equally striking one. It is the fundamental principle of democracies to bow to the decision of the majority. But in accepting this we do not surrender ourselves to the rule of the majority in all things, but only in those things which are of a kind fit to be regulated by Government. We do not admit, for instance, the right of the majority to decide whom we should marry or what should be our religion. These are but types of a vast number of matters of great interest in life which we hold to be outside the decision of a majority, and which are for the individual alone to decide. But in form the power of a Government has no restrictions. It has the power to do everything, and too often it forgets that this limitless power does not leave the scope of its legislation a matter of absolute choice on its part, but a choice fettered by a duty to act according to the trust reposed in it, and to abstain from legislating in matters where legislation is not truly within its province. And what is true as to the scope of legislation is also true to a great extent as to the nature of that legislation. But there is a widespread tendency to regard the fact that they can do a thing as meaning that they may do it. There can be no more fatal error than this. Between 'can do' and 'may do' ought to exist the whole realm which recognizes the sway of duty, fairness, sympathy, taste, and all the other things that make life beautiful and society possible. It is this confusion between 'can do' and 'may do' which makes me fear at times lest in the future the worst tyranny will be found in democracies. Interests which are not strongly represented in parliament may be treated as though they had no rights by Governments who think that the power and the will to legislate amount to a justification of that legislation. Such a principle would be death to liberty. No part of our life would be secure from interference from without. If I were asked to define tyranny, I would say it was yielding to the lust of governing. It is only when Governments feel it an honorable duty not to

step beyond that which was in reality, and not only in form, put into their hands that the world will know what true Freedom is.

The tendency of modern legislation is to extend the area ruled by Positive Law, and to diminish the area of action which is determined by the decision of the individual himself. But there is one great example in the opposite direction. In one instance the People have deliberately chosen to carve a domain out of that previously covered by Positive Law and to throw it into the domain where the individual can determine for himself his course of action. Take the legislation relating to Trades-Unions and Trade Disputes. Limitations on the power of combination have been swept away, and to a great extent that which was previously marked out by Law is now in the hands of the individuals themselves.

I am far from suggesting that this was a retrograde step, but to my mind the question whether it is dangerous, and whether it may and will become disastrous, depends on whether the masters of workmen who gained this freedom of action, not allowed them by the Common Law, look upon the change as justifying their treating the matters to which it relates as belonging to the realm of Absolute Choice, or whether as belonging to the realm where, though not restrained by Positive Law, they yet recognize the duty of obedience to the Unenforceable. Do they recognize that the increase of their freedom of action brings with it not unfettered choice but the corresponding responsibility of using that freedom? That many have failed to realize that this is the true effect of the change has already been made too clear. At the time of the general coal-strike many voices were heard which in a tone hitherto unknown to us cried: 'We can by a universal strike bring the nation to its knees.' It is a proof of the extent to which the sense of Duty ran in the nation, even at a time of such excitement, that this cry was not heeded, and that we came out of the crisis with little harm beyond some labor legislation which will probably have to be modified many, many times before it comes into working order — a very light price to pay for the experience.

I am not afraid to trust people — my fear is that people will not see that trust is being reposed in them. Hence I have no wish that Positive Law should annex this intermediate country. On the contrary, I dread it. Instead of the iron rule of law being thrown over it I would rather see it well policed by the inhabitants. I am too well acquainted with the inadequacy of the formal language of statutes to prefer them to the living action of public and private sense of Duty.

The great principle of Obedience to the Unenforceable is no mere ideal, but in some form or other it is strong in the hearts of all except the most depraved. If you wish to know how strong, remember the account of the Titanic disaster. The men were gentlemen to the edge of death. 'Ladies first.' Why was that? Law did not require it. Force could not have compelled it in the face of almost certain death. It was merely a piece of good Manners in the sense in which I have used the phrase. The feeling of obedience to the Unenforceable was so strong that at that terrible moment all behaved as, if they could look back, they would wish to have behaved. I have no fear of its strength, whatever be the class appealed to. Even if one takes the least educated, — the so-called lower classes, of whom so many are afraid, — one would find the same loyal obedience to unenforceable obligation in the relationships with which these classes are familiar. The danger lies in that by

the growth of the democratic spirit they have newly come into much larger powers, and they have not yet learned that power has its duties as well as its rights. When they have become familiar with these powers, and when intercourse with those who have a wider outlook has taught them that the domain of obligation includes them in their use of them, I am satisfied that those who have been loyal to duty in the smaller lives that they have led will be loyal in the wider fields in which they are now able to exercise their power. It is this faith that makes me dread lest we should hurriedly let Positive Law come in and check the growth of self-reliance, check the growth of the sense of personal duty, and lead people to feel that, if they obey the Law, they have done all their duty. It is wiser to exercise patience and let them alone till increase of experience in life teaches them to appreciate better their true position, and to feel that it is still needful for them to see for themselves that they behave as worthy men should do.

Now I can tell you why I chose the title 'Law and Manners.' It must be evident to you that Manners must include all things which a man should impose upon himself, from duty to good taste. I have borne in mind the great motto of William of Wykeham — *Manners makyth Man.* It is in this sense — loyalty to the rule of Obedience to the Unenforceable, throughout the whole realm of personal action — that we should use the word 'Manners' if we would truly say that 'Manners makyth Man.'

A COAL MINER'S JOURNAL

BY EDWARD A. WIECK

THE *recorder of this journal has worked in the coal mines for twenty-one years, particularly in the Illinois and Washington fields. He has tramped through the entire 'central bituminous field,' Montana, the anthracite, and West Virginia, and for the past decade has attended the conventions of the miners' organizations, thus acquiring an intimate acquaintanceship with many miners and union officials in the coal-producing states.* — THE EDITOR

Oct. 22, 1923. — I was elected on the Pit Committee along with Gumme and 'Bad-Eye.' The old committee had been deposed by the Joint Board for having shut the mine down contrary to the contract.

Went to C—— (the mine manager) this morning and told him of our election. We further told him that we did not want him to make any cases, and expected him to settle disputes with the men. He said he would give the men what the contract called for. We told him if he did that, there would be no trouble between us, and went on into the mine to work. I don't think anybody was fooled by this exchange of courtesies.

Oct. 24. — Check 140 claimed he was being discriminated against by the driver in the matter of the turn in his entry. The full committee heard his

complaint, took evidence from the driver and a digger in the next room, and found, inasmuch as there was no difference in the turn at the end of the day, that no injustice had been done him. He seemed satisfied to let the matter rest.

Oct. 25. — Saw the Top boss and asked him to replace some broken window-panes in the washhouse. Also to repair the chain and weight on the washhouse door, so that it would close automatically. I found on coming out of the mine this evening that it had been done.

Oct. 27. — This morning took up with C—— the matter of tools not being properly sharpened. Too soft. He promised to take it up with the blacksmith. He protested that the blacksmith was expert in his line and could not understand the complaint. We also took up the matter of men not reaching their working-places by starting-time. . . .

[*In answer to our question about the Pit Committee, Mr. Wieck wrote: 'The Pit Committee is a grievance committee. Each mine under the jurisdiction of the miners' organization has its own Pit Committee, elected by the men employed at that mine and composed of men actually working in or around the mine. Ordinarily three men compose the Pit Committee. When a dispute arises between an individual miner and the mine manager and no settlement is reached, the miner refers the case to the Pit Committee, which is the first step in a long series of courts set up for the adjustment of grievances in the unionized coal industry. . . . In the handling of the case by the Pit Committee and the mine manager, the dispute is frequently settled on a basis of common-sense and reasonableness.'* — The Editor]

Nov. 2. — The Sub-Dist. Pres. was on the job at eight o'clock along with the Asst. Supt. . . . Then appeared the Operators' Commissioner and our Board member along with the Gen. Supt. Their purpose was to review a number of cases which had been referred up to them and which had originated under the old committee. The first was a case of 'Bad-Eye,' who was claiming an additional four hours for rock-cleaning over and above what had been paid him. 'Bad-Eye' is a contentious individual who learned to dig coal in Iowa, where it is mostly hard grubbing, and cannot properly oppose his opponent without bringing some hate into it. . . .

The next case was Check 58 and 59, involving fifty-three hours for cleaning slate. At the request of the Board member I had telephoned into the mine and gotten these two young fellows out to testify. In the hearing of the previous case I had kept one ear open for the signal bells in the engine-room, which could be heard from where we were, and hearing the signal to hoist men, I met them at the pit-head and gave them some advice on what to say and how to say it, when to talk and when not to talk. One young fellow of nineteen or thereabouts proved an excellent witness. It is generally dangerous to bring our people before the Commissioner in such cases, stage fright often operating against their interests. This Commissioner is noted for his bulldozing tactics and rapid-fire questioning, which many times confuse and discomfit even committeemen if they be not well experienced.

This youth told a straightforward story of the two of them having worked on this fall for three full days and a part of the fourth, doing no other work. This according to the contract would entitle them to the amount of time they claimed. C—— claimed that, according to the measurements of the fall, they should have cleaned it in forty hours.

The Commissioner in pursuance of his usual tactics snapped at the boy: 'Did you work at it all the time?' He

replied that he did. 'Stop for dinner?' 'Long enough time to eat it.' 'Did n't stop for lunch, nine or half past?' 'No.' 'Did n't stop for lunch?' 'No!' very emphatically. 'I said, No.'

The Commissioner digressed. He said, 'I knew an old fellow some thirty years ago that never ate anything in the mine until dinner-time. Him and you two are the only three coal-diggers I ever heard of that did n't stop for a mid-morning lunch.'

The Board member spoke up: 'I never ate lunch in the mine in my life.'

'By God, then you're a fourth one.'

His purpose was obvious, but he failed to fluster the boy. I then asked the lad if the stuff that had fallen was easily broken up.

'I'll say not!' was his answer.

'What did you break it with?' I asked him.

'Twenty-pound hammer, furnished by the company.'

The usual six- or eight-pound hammer used by the miner would have made no impression on this slate, and obviously the twenty-pound hammer was proof that there was work to be done there besides moving it, which had been the only thing taken into consideration in arriving at the conclusion that forty hours was sufficient for the removal of this fall.

The Board member then asked the question: 'Was there any boss showed up in your place during the three days and a part of the fourth day that you were working on this fall?' When the lad answered, No, the wise old Commissioner looked at C—— with his tongue in his cheek; said in a deploring tone, 'God, there'd ought to have been!'

Nov. 7. — This morning . . . we found the mine manager on the bottom, backed up against the rib, listening to an excited, vociferous exposition of the condition of his mule by one of the drivers. The mule — this driver said — was unfit to be taken out of the barn, had been worked too hard and continuously; and that it was a shame to treat a dumb brute in that manner. He wound up by saying, 'By God, I won't take him out! I don't give a damn what you do!'

The mine manager told him to take the mule and do what work he could with him; that he had asked the company for more mules but had not yet received them; and that he intended to take this mule out when he got the new ones. This failed to pacify Rosa, and upon seeing us, he appealed: 'I don't have to take this damn mule out, do I? It's a damn shame and disgrace. The Humane Society ought to be notified.'

I answered: 'Since you asked me, I am telling you that as long as there is no danger to your health in handling the mule, you are supposed to take any mule that the company provides for you. Do what work you can with him, and if he lays down on you, sit alongside of him until he gets up. You are not supposed to abuse him unduly to get him to work.'

'Well,' he said, 'can't I notify the Humane Society?' and I told him: 'Your duties and rights as a citizen to report this matter are not abrogated by the contract, but your job obligates you to drive that mule.' He went to the barn very reluctantly.

I know that the boss does n't like to work a mule like that, and that the driver's acts showed that he did n't want to, and I am sure that the committee did not want to; but still he was worked. Someone sitting in a swivel-chair somewhere was to blame.

Nov. 13. — The hoisting engineer saw me again this morning, asking that I help him in bringing influence to bear on a certain digger whose note he had

signed for $50 during the strike last year. I told him that he knew we had no power to compel payment, which he admitted, but that if the opportunity presented itself, I would do what I could to have the man pay the note. . . .

In coming out of the mine this evening and looking over the fines for dirty coal, I found one, Check 167, marked 'aggravated case,' which probably will mean discharge. It consisted of three large lumps of coal, one weighing nearly two hundred pounds, one about a hundred, the other less, with an inch-and-a-half streak of blue-band through the middle of each. On my way over to the washhouse, a digger remarked to me, 'You'll have a hell of a time gettin' that fellow's job back.' I agreed there was little chance, considering the amount of dirt. Upon inquiry I learned that he was a new man who had just started that morning, and while making coal had loaded that single box. Well, we'll take it up in the morning.

Nov. 14. — Check 80 complained to us that his buddy, Check 163, did not give him a square deal in checking the cars in rotation; that his buddy had 12 cars more than him, last pay, and was 14 cars ahead of him this pay. We knew that Check 80 was not altogether bright, so we called him and his buddy and the check-weighman into conference. We learned from the check-weighman that 163 had no more cars than the turn of that entry, and that 80 had gone home early several days, thereby running behind the turn. Check 163 complained vigorously about 80 not doing his share of work in the room, and for that reason falling behind. We lectured them both and told them that it was up to them to work together to each other's best advantage and to get along. We told them we expected them to do this and wanted to hear no further complaints, as the committee had more important work of disputes with the company. . . . To-night after work there were rumors in the washhouse that the company was bankrupt and that there would be no pay-day to-morrow. I could find no head to the rumors and scoffed them.

Nov. 15. — When I arrived at the mine this morning, before the men started into the mine a man walked up to me and said, 'The Top boss says, "no checks to-day." Better look into it.' I sought the Top boss and asked him about it. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'there'll be checks, after work.' This was changing the custom, which had permitted men to get their checks before work if they so desired. As the company was well within the contract in giving the checks out at quitting-time, I let it go and told the men I was informed the checks would be there that evening. After I had changed clothes I got Gumme and Bad-Eye and went to the mine manager, telling him of the rumors and asking him what he knew about them. He said that as far as he knew the checks would be there that evening, and laughingly remarked, 'If the checks don't come, I guess I'll lose more than any of the rest of you, as mine would n't come either. . . .'

There was a lot of talk all through the mine to-day about whether or not the checks would be at the mine at quitting-time. I doubt whether many had much heart for their work, as the pay to be received that evening and the two weeks' regularly held back constituted a month's hard labor. When I got out of the mine at 3.30, some thirty or forty men were waiting at the office and told me the checks were not yet there. After I had washed and changed clothes, Gumme and I sought the clerk and asked him, 'What's the matter with the checks?' He seemed quite flustered, but insisted that he was going over to the other mine with his machine

in a short time to get them. He did, and to the great relief of the men, they began paying off shortly after four o'clock. The failure of a number of coal companies to pay in recent months has made men very uneasy. In fact, a near-by mine of another company failed to pay to-day.

Nov. 16. — Talked to the mine manager this morning about the pay-checks. He said that on account of a number of circumstances, the matter had been balled up; that he expected the checks to be there earlier next pay-day. All the rumor and talk, however, had had its effect, and quite a number of men came to me asking what could be done toward having the pay-roll guaranteed. I told them that I would get in touch with the Sub-District President and see what could be done. I was unable to get him on the telephone to-night and will try again to-morrow.

Nov. 17. — The mine manager was in my place this morning and we informally discussed the matter of companies defaulting pay-rolls. Among other things he said, 'Situations like that put a boss in a bad hole. He has nothing to do with and knows nothing about the financial end of the business. He can't tell the men they will get their checks when he does n't know, and obviously he can't tell them they won't.' We discussed also the new mine this company has recently sunk and into which they have put about a million dollars, and in which things don't seem to be going right. It is now shut down.

Called up the Sub-District President to-night, explaining this pay-roll situation to him. He agreed that something should be done toward guaranteeing pay-rolls generally. He said he would lay our matter before the District office and see what could be done. I will see that he does not procrastinate.

Nov. 19. — There being no work on account of a motor being broken, I went to the sub-district office and went over the entire pay-roll matter with the President. He admitted the seriousness of the situation and said that he had made arrangements to meet the District Vice President in St. Louis on Wednesday, the District President being in the hospital.

Nov. 20. — After consulting with the rest of the committee, I called a meeting of the men at the mine in the wash-house before going down to work, and told them what had been done in the pay-roll matter and of the conference arranged for in St. Louis. It was voted that I attend that meeting.

Nov. 21. — Went to St. Louis this morning with the Sub-District President to meet the District Vice President, to see what could be done toward having the company guarantee our pay with a surety bond or some such device. The V. P. seemed inclined to the belief that the company, through their peculiar methods of finance, was probably in a bad way, but did not seem to know just what should be done. After quite a bit of talk it was decided that the Sub-District President and myself should call upon the President of the company. On the telephone this gentleman declined to make an appointment 'to meet a committee,' when informed that a committeeman from the Warren mine would accompany the Sub-District President. When asked if he had any objections if the committeeman accompanied the Sub-Dist. Pres., he said the Sub-District officer should come without an appointment, and in that way he would not know who was coming. I have yet to fathom the purpose of this grandiose gesture.

Upon arriving at his office the girl at the telephone, after the Sub-District President's name was announced, asked us to wait a few minutes. After five

minutes or so the President ushered a caller out down the corridor and welcomed us with a hearty, 'Come on in, Pete,' to the Sub-District President. While being introduced and shaking hands with me, he must have scrutinized me as closely as I did him, for as we sat down his first remark was, glancing at my gray flannel shirt: 'You've stolen my shirt.' I told him I may have stolen it, but it cost me $3.50.

He said his cost him $3.85. It was his Sunday shirt, he explained. 'I shave and dress up every morning during the week, but let the shaving go and put on my flannel shirt on Sunday. That is my day. I don't go to church, although I don't think anybody can be harmed going to church. There are no bad influences there. I am saying all this not knowing what church you men belong to. What church do you belong to, Pete?'

Laughing, Pete replied, 'Let 's see — I think I was in a Methodist church the last time. Every time I go I want to debate with the preacher, although I have never had that opportunity.'

He looked at me. 'What church do you belong to?'

'I belong to the big one,' I answered. He looked a little embarrassed, and thinking that perhaps he took me for a Roman Catholic, I added, 'The one that has the most members — I attend none.'

With that, he lit a long cigar and said, 'Well, boys, what brought you?'

The Sub-District President opened up by telling him that he was doubtless aware of the various coal companies recently defaulting the miners' payroll, and told him that there were considerable rumors at the Warren mine that the company was in a bad way financially.

'Yes, I've heard about that. Know who started the rumors and why they were started.'

I said, 'You may know. I did my best to find out their head, but was unable to do so. I wish I knew who started them and why. If we did, the men might feel easier about their money.' Looking straight at him, I went on: 'When they were first started, I thought their purpose was to boost the sticker market.'[1]

He pulled hard on his cigar. In fact by now it never left his face, his left hand holding it close to his mouth between puffs. He seemed disturbed, although his rapid smoking was the only evidence. After studying awhile he remarked: 'I won't spend thirty cents to bond that pay-roll. In fact, I have been studying whether or not to shut those three mines down. We can buy coal in the open market cheaper than we can produce it.'

'You can buy it pretty damn cheap if you can buy it cheaper than you can produce it at the Warren mine,' I remarked.

'Well, we can,' he answered. (I still doubt this, as I am convinced that coal is produced more cheaply at that mine than at any mine in the state of Illinois.) 'Our properties,' he went on, 'will appraise two million dollars.'

The Sub-District President asked if that were a 1923 appraiser.

'No,' he said, 'I have deducted a million and a half. They did appraise three and a half million.'

'How about encumbrances?' asked the Sub-Dist. Pres.

'I was coming to that,' he replied. 'We have three hundred thousand dollars on them. I don't think it's right to ask us to bond the pay-roll, and we don't intend to do it. The men can quit or go on strike or do as they please for all that we care'; and he repeated

[1] 'Stickering' is discounting wages and drawing them in advance of the regular pay-day. This practice is forbidden by laws of the miners' union and the contract with the operator. — THE AUTHOR

that they could buy the coal in the open market more cheaply than they could produce it.

'I suppose you would want to penalize us under the contract if we came on strike,' I remarked.

'More than likely I would,' he smiled.

I then said that, as far as I was concerned, there would be no strike as long as we got our money on time; and that I believed in living up to the contract, and that, as long as I was committeeman, my influence would be used against illegal strikes. I told him it was to our interest to keep the mine running, and that was our purpose in laying the matter before him. We thought perhaps the men might get excited over the various rumors and shut the mine down. I pointed out that there were quite a number of men at the Warren mine who had recently lost their pay in other mines, and that these men could not be blamed if they became nervous about the rumors. We thought perhaps that he would be willing to do something to reassure the men.

'We'll do nothing,' was his comment. Turning to the Sub-District President, he asked, 'Did you ask the Northern Coal Company to give bond?'

'No; no complaints have been made about that company,' he replied.

'Have you asked the Kuehn Company?'

'No; there was no complaint there.'

'Well, then, I don't think it is quite fair to ask me to do so,' he said.

'Would you be willing to do so,' asked the Sub-Dist. Pres., 'if all the rest of the companies in the state were forced to furnish bond?'

'Yes, I guess I'd have to,' he said; 'but up until now you have n't shown me any good reason why I should.'

'You would, then, if we showed you a good reason?' went on the Sub-Dist. Pres.; to which he answered, 'Yes, I guess so.'

I thought to myself that a good reason, in his estimation, would be for us to bring indisputable proof that his company was bankrupt; and then how would he be able to furnish a bond? The fact that he had nothing before the war, the stories of his buying up mine after mine through stock deals and otherwise, have led everyone familiar with mining in this state to believe that his resources are widely scattered and that in this time of depression in the coal industry he has more than he can handle. The reported bad luck that he is said to have had with a new million-dollar mine in central Illinois certainly does not reassure us as to the stability of his companies. With the producing end incorporated in one company and the selling end incorporated in another, we wonder just how much would be attachable in case of trouble, outside of a few old worked-out mines. His appearance — short and round-faced, wavy hair — put one more in mind of a cigar salesman than of a competent manager of industry.

We returned to the hotel and reported our conversation to the District Vice President, who said that it was what he expected, and he wanted to know if the President seemed disturbed and how he took it. 'I have no doubt,' he said, 'that his companies are shaky, but how to prove it is another thing.' Then he asked, 'Does he sell mostly railroad coal? Perhaps he has a bad contract fastened on to him which he wishes to get rid of. By stirring up a strike, the strike clause in the contract would relieve him of the contract.'

I replied that I did not think so, because of the figure at which they were able to produce coal at the Warren mine. After hearing this figure, the District V. P. agreed with me that they should be making money at that particular mine, but they had the burden of the idle mines of the company to carry.

We went to lunch with the V. P. and there he agreed to look particularly into the affairs of the company, as much as he should be able, and also that we should stop in East St. Louis and see the organization's attorney, and have him get to work on the job to ascertain if possible just what the particular corporation which controlled the Warren mine is worth. With that we left the matter in the hands of the V. P.

Nov. 24. — Saw the Top boss about having the washhouse cleaned, and he excused it by saying that the man who did that work was off yesterday, but he would see that it was kept clean in the future. I spoke also about cleaning out the showers and repairing one that was broken off, and he promised to do this. 'Bad-Eye' suggested to me that we ought to ask for more showers, but I told him that interpretations of the law by the Department of Mines and Minerals, as to a sufficient number of showers, was one for each 25 men, and we, having 9 showers for 190 men, could not make that demand. He said, 'It's a hell of a law. But since it's the law I guess we'll have to stand for it.'

Nov. 26. — Showers in washhouse not repaired. Saw the Top boss again this morning and he pleaded he had been short two men yesterday but would try and get it done to-day. . . .

At quitting-time the showers in the washhouse had not been repaired. I went to the office and took it up with the mine manager, considering that I had given the Top boss plenty of time, and told him what had been given me as an excuse for not making the repairs. He was very frank and said, 'Hell! He's had a full force all the time. I'll see that he does it.'

Just then the Top boss walked into the office and the manager said, 'Bill, put a man on in the morning to fix those showers, and don't forget about it.'

Dec. 1. — Checks 20 and 172, buddies, claim seven hours each for piling rock yesterday, for which the boss said they were entitled only to four hours each. The mine examiner had taken their checks off the board yesterday, and when they went to get them, the mine manager told them to wait in their place until he came and looked it over to see what should be done. He came in at nine o'clock and after looking it over, told them to go ahead and clean it up. They say they put in the balance of the day, loading no coal and drilling no holes. Inquiry made of the driver corroborated their statement that they had loaded no coal. We went to the mine manager and learned that his reason for paying them only four hours each was that, according to the measurements of the fall, they should have been able to clean it up in that time. We reminded him that the contract provided for payment of such work by the hour and did not specify how much work should be done in any specified time. We told him that his remedy, under the contract, if he feared the men did not work fast enough, was to remain in the place or to put a representative in the place to see that the men did not shirk, or to send day men to clean the fall. Since he did not elect to do either, but had instructed these diggers to do the work, he was obligated to pay them for the time it took them.

While not trying to refute this argument, he continually talked about the number of cubic feet of rock the men piled, according to the measurements he had taken the day before. I told him that it was about time that the General Superintendent's idea of having rock piled by the cubic foot be tested out by sending a case up to the Joint Board, and that as far as I was concerned, I was willing to send this one up, as it was a clear-cut case where the men had done nothing else but pile rock for the

entire day. I told him that had I been in the men's place, I would have asked eight hours instead of seven, charging for the one hour they had waited for him to appear in the place; and as their claim was only for seven hours, we could ask for no more, but we intended to have that seven. I was determined that the case should go on up, but he seemed very reluctant and kept insisting that the committee go in and see the place and let him know that evening whether we believed the men had done the seven hours' work. We agreed to do that and went below to view the place.

When we got in, we found that the statement that the men had done no drilling the day before was true. We found also that there was a dip in the seam where they had shot the night previous to the fall, which had caused them to misjudge their shots and blow out the timbers — which had been hinted at by the boss, and from which I steered the conversation, for fear of complications in the settlement. Not having a tape-line or a rule, we first stepped the fall. Later we measured a scraper hand-over-hand, finding its length to be 10 feet, 4 inches, and in that way measured the fall. We found a number of discrepancies in the measurements as given us by the mine manager, the worst being in the thickness, he averaging it four inches while we found it nearer six.

After getting this information we decided that we probably could beat him at his own game — measurements. Stopping at the mouth of the room to eat a bite of lunch and confer before we went to our working-places, when the boss happened along, 'You are just the fellow we want,' we told him. 'We want you to use your tape-line, and then we think we can settle this case.' We went into the place, measuring and remeasuring, figuring on the slabs of rock with a piece of chalk, until finally we agreed on the number of square feet. Then I asked, 'Now, how thick is it?' We measured here and there, half a dozen places, and finally agreed to call it 6 inches. I refrained from multiplying the feet into cubic feet, and allowed the mine manager to do this, knowing from previous experience that instead of multiplying it by .5 feet, he would multiply it by .6 feet, in his ignorance of mathematics, thinking that would give him the correct number of cubic feet. Mentally I had already computed the results, knowing that this would make the desired number of cubic feet for which he would give each man seven hours.

After he had figured it, he looked at me and grinned. 'I guess you'd better get those 4-hour slips off these men and make them out new ones for 7 hours each,' I remarked.

He hesitated a moment and then said, 'It's a little scant, but I'll do it.'

While he was making out the slips, one of the diggers said, 'I was after the track-layer this morning to throw our track over as you told us yesterday, but he says he can't come until to-morrow. The way the gob is piled here, we can't get our car in unless the track is thrown over. What shall we do about that?'

The boss laughingly said, 'Dig out a little on the end of each tie and throw it over. I am paying a little more on this rock than you're entitled to, so that will even it up some.'

The digger, being a little soft, took it seriously and did not answer. The boss continued: 'Well, what do you think about it?' The digger stammered, 'I — I don't know.'

'You don't?' I exploded; and then on second thought, continued, 'Well, damn it, I won't interfere,' vexed as I was at the man's denseness and ignorance of the contract. Then, thinking again, the poor devil needs a little help,

I said: 'Huck, listen to me. If the boss tells you to do anything, you do it. He's the boss. If he comes in here and tells you to throw your shovel in the gob, and load coal with your hands, you do as he tells you, and if at the end of the day you think you have not made enough money because of his instructions, ask him for additional pay, and if you can't settle it with him, bring your complaint to us.'

The man looked at me rather queerly after this lecture and I think he got the point, for he said: 'All right — we'll throw it over.' I presume he was paid for it, because I heard no more from him.

Dec. 10. — Check 6, who was hurt by a fall of rock some six weeks ago, was reported to the committee in bad financial circumstances, his wife being sick in addition to his own injuries. The committee agreed that a meeting of the men should be held to-morrow in the washhouse, to consider the matter of a collection.

Dec. 11. — Held a meeting in the washhouse this morning and it was voted to give Check 6 a collection. . . .

Dec. 17. — Checks 163 and 80 have fallen out again. Check 80 came to me this morning and said: 'My buddy is back again this morning. He has been off three days. I am through with him. I won't work with him any longer.'

I explained to him that that was a matter outside the jurisdiction of the Pit Committee and that he must take his complaint to the mine manager.

He appeared in the office to make his complaint while we were there taking up other matters. He told the boss what he had told me. The boss looked at me and asked, 'What shall we do about these two?' I said that he came to me with his story and I told him we had no jurisdiction and that he must come to the boss.

'Well,' the boss said, 'I can discharge him. He's been off three days.'

I said, 'Andy came to me this morning and told me he had been off, sick, and wanted to know if it was necessary to go to you and explain matters. I told him as long as his life check was on the board, to grab it and go on down, and not hunt trouble. You can't discharge a man who's been off sick.'

We all recognized the peculiar situation of these two men. The boss remarked, 'I'd settle this case by putting Andy off in a place by himself, but he is not capable of taking care of himself. We'll have to try to work out something to get them to work together.'

I suggested that he tell Frenchy to go on down and work to-day and we would discuss the matter later. We finally settled it by Bad-Eye and I agreeing — we both working in the same pair of entries with Andy and Frenchy — to go into their place and give them a good talking to, which we did. When we got in their place, we found Frenchy loading a car which he was just finishing, and Andy drilling a hole. Bad feeling was in the air, which would result in loss of wages to both of them if allowed to continue.

After greeting them, we all sat down at my invitation and I proceeded to talk to them. I told them both that they were not buddies from choice, that they did not work in this particular place through choice, nor in this particular mine through choice; that they both had applied for work because they needed to make a living; that the boss had designated the place and their buddy, and in order to make a living with the least effort, it was necessary for them to agree, at least while they were at work. I told them that, as far as we were concerned, they need never speak to each other outside their work-

ing-place, but in the interest of them both they must coöperate and work together during working-hours.

Frenchy complained that Andy had a habit of leaving the place early, a half hour or so, leaving him to do necessary work that both of them should do. Andy complained that Frenchy would give him no advice or assistance in placing shots, causing sometimes useless labor on his part. We told Andy that it was his business to stay in the place and work as long as there was work for the two of them to do, and that he did wrong when he left the work for his buddy to do. We told the Frenchman that it was to his interest to see that Andy's shots did as well as his own, as in double work, such as obtains in this mine, it would necessitate Andy's loading some of the other's coal if his shots made none. We impressed upon them that we have enough trouble with the company without settling disputes among the men themselves, and that they must get along with each other. They promised to do their best, each saying that he would do his part if the other would. I will try and get over into their place occasionally when I have time, and try and keep them together.

Dec. 19. — When I arrived at the mine this morning, one of the drivers told me that they wanted to see the committee. We got together with them and they told us they had made up their minds to go on strike next Monday if something definite were not done by that time to enforce the Joint Board decision made in their favor in the bonus case. . . .

Dec. 21. . . . The check-weighman handed me a telegram received from the Acting Dist. Pres. in reply to the wire sent him about the drivers' strike. It was lengthy and of course advised against any shutdown of the mine. Whether by accident or design, he put one sentence into the telegram that gave us a good argument to use on the drivers to have them continue at work. 'You may rest assured that the miners' organization will enforce decision that has been made.' We got the drivers together in the washhouse and read them the telegram. Some were in their work-clothes and others had not yet changed. There was a division of opinion among them. Some of them are not in favor of wildcatting either to-day or Monday, but are willing to await the slow process of settlement, having had their fingers burnt in such matters before. Others said, 'Hell! That don't give us any assurance that we'll have a settlement by Monday. We'd just as well strike now.'

I told them that if they wildcatted, they would have not only the company to fight, but our own organization, it being the organization's policy to delay the adjudication of any pending dispute as long as men were on illegal strikes to force matters.

While in the midst of this earnest talk with the drivers, with their minds flickering backward and forth, work or no work, the asst. manager stepped into the washhouse.

'What the hell 's the matter — ain't there no work to-day?' he blurted out.

'Of course,' I quickly replied.

'Are n't the men going down?'

'Yes, but they can't work without these drivers.'

'Never mind,' I said, 'you go on down; they'll come.'

I saw the drivers bristle up the minute he stepped in, and I thought for a moment he had ruined by his bonehead action the effect of all my argument, but it seems that my assurance to him that they were going down was just the thing I should have said, because those that were dressed for work immediately went over to the shaft and the others went to change clothes. One who was

not changed remarked, 'It's a little late. I might be changing clothes for nothing. He might send me out.'

The thought that all my efforts to get them to work might be brought to naught by the asst. telling him it was too late and perhaps sending all the drivers home and shutting the mine down, angered me, and I said, 'You change clothes and go to work. If he does n't let you work, then come to me, and there 'll be a hell of a row around this mine this morning.' Apparently one bonehead a day is the limit of the asst., because there was no interference and we went to work.

As we walked over to the pit-head, the mine manager reached the mine. We went over to the office with him. He asked, 'What 's the matter?'

'Well,' I replied, 'we got 'em down.'

'Who?' he said: 'the drivers? I thought they said they was n't going to strike till Monday.'

I explained to him the telegram that had been received and the difficulty we had had in persuading the men, and also the injudicious conduct of the asst. In his defense of the asst., he said, 'Well, I guess he wanted them to go to work.' I asked him if in his experience as a mine manager he had ever seen a case where the mine manager's appearance on the scene, trying to persuade men who were determined to wildcat not to do so, acted on them otherwise than as waving a red flag before a bull. I told him I had always noticed that shrewd mine-managers stayed in the office out of sight when trouble of this kind occurred, leaving it to the Pit Committee, and if they failed, reporting it to the operators' association, who in turn took the matter up with higher officials of the miners' organization.

He eventually agreed that perhaps that was the right policy to pursue. He seemed vexed, however, and said, 'It's about time we quit coddling these drivers. If they're going to strike why in the hell don't they strike and be done with it?'

I bristled up and told him that we had done what we considered our duty under the contract, in trying to keep the mine in operation, but if he said so we would cease further efforts and let the thing take its own course. He saw the trap, however, and backed out, so I told him that we would keep them at work, but expected him to coöperate with us and not complain if we delayed starting-time in the morning a few minutes. It would be entirely up to him, however, we informed him; and if the mine were shut down by him because of the delay in getting the men started, that, of course, would be presented in the evidence to the Joint Board, if the case got that far. . . .

INDIAN VOICES[1]

BY DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

I

CALCUTTA offended me. As a town it was bad enough fifteen years ago. Now, with endless electric car-lines, with numberless taxicabs as well as private automobiles, the second largest city of the British Empire was unendurable beyond description. Business was the genesis of this town when it was built and fortified in the last lap of the seventeenth century; and it will be business, I hope, that will kill it some day. The unbearable Gothic and French-Renaissance architecture of the offices of the Government produced an excruciating effect on me, particularly when they were reinforced by European houses modeled after the horrible mediocre middle-class homes of the 70's in Britain and Germany. A thousand years from now, when visitors marvel at the beauteous architecture of the Mogul India, they will marvel equally at the ugliness of British India. If there is anything more exotically ugly and unnatural than those Gothic horrors in tropical Calcutta, I should like to be warned, that I may forever avoid seeing it. I might advise a Western tourist not to judge India by Calcutta, for it would be nothing short of judging salvation by suicide. If you can imagine Brixton, East Ealing, Bayswater, all on the shores of the Ganges, then you can imagine the unimaginable — Calcutta.

It has a long river-front covered with jute mills owned by Scotchmen, Americans, Greeks, Jews, and Englishmen. And, where there are bathing-ghats for Hindus, the steps down are of cast iron made in Sheffield. Where there are no ghats nor factories there are steamboat landing-stations as ugly as any the world over. Added to this a horrible steam freight-train line runs along the full length of the town up and down the river to carry jute from factory to warehouse and back again. The only relief from the reign of ugliness is a few Indian temples and the Maidan.

The Maidan is a large park with gardens, cricket fields and polo grounds, the centre of which is occupied by the garrison called Fort William. Beautiful gray macadam and red-gravel roads serpentine their way through the thick tropical verdure of this park which is, however, being encroached upon rapidly by statues and public buildings whose untropical character I have already described. Even in the Maidan, if one has any hope left for Beauty, it is well crushed by the military band that plays indifferent Western music there with great gusto. Think of bits from Meyerbeer, Verdi, Victor Herbert, and Tchaikowsky's tenth symphony — all groaning, booming, and bombarding your hearing, while the sunlight falls on you like a thunderbolt of heat, and the breeze is oppressive with a thousand whisperings of the forest lands

[1] An earlier chapter of Mr. Mukerji's experiences appeared in the June *Atlantic* under the title 'My Brother's Face.' — THE EDITOR

where tigers creep, taut as a rope, stretched to the full, ready to leap on bisons twice their size, and the flute of the savage calls his beloved to the tryst through the thickly fragrant night.

Where thousands of elephants used to walk through jungle lands, now honk and pass auto-taxis intent on speed and profit. Speed and profit — yes; that is the breath and pulse-beat of modern Calcutta.

Yet — it is my own town, and I love it. The language of Bengal is spoken there as nowhere else. Every tongue has the style of Tagore's prose — pellucid, haunting, wicked. The first Bengali sentence that Calcutta spoke to me on my return was, 'Come, amuse thyself with kind words; the day is young, and we all know life is brief as a sparrow's hop.'

The speech of men is the ring of gold in which may shine the precious stone of Thought; and there is no speech so attractive as Bengali, unless it be Spanish — 'a language of caprice and orderliness.' Tears came to my eyes when I heard the railway porter say, 'The parched tongue needs a cool drink or the voice of the beloved to slake its thirst.'

Of course we Bengalis are tremendous talkers. But what a picturesque speech we utter! The best poet of India as well as the best scientist is a Bengali, and Jagadish Bose is as much of a poet (read his inaugural address before his institute) as Tagore is a scientist.

So when I am accused of being a talkative Bengali I am complimented, and I say to myself, 'If you had such a tongue as mine you too would talk.'

II

In a tumultuous state of mind — horrified at Calcutta's ugliness, and thrilled at the Bengali speech — I reached our home. It was all there, yet all seemed so empty without my mother to welcome me. My widowed sister and her children and my brother, all put together, could not fill the place of my mother. They too felt as I did, and the home-coming, though sweet, was infinitely sad. Everything reminded me of her — the picture of Vishnu and Shiva on the white polished walls which had been hers. The bare floors, immaculate and red-tiled as before, the tree in the front yard and the empty backyard — each thing was familiarity itself, yet none spoke out its heart to me. As my brother and sister said: 'The goddess is gone, only the devotees are left.'

Then I went to look at our family temple. How beautiful it was and how old! It had been ours for many, many centuries. I was told that it had hardly any beams and rafters and that all its three stories were held up by cunningly contrived arches — the product of an art and a science that are no more within the command of the master builders. It was strange to think that here I might have remained to carry on the tradition of my family in peace, instead of leaving all in exchange for the strange turbulent years in a foreign land. But something had always driven me from the settled path, some urge toward an unknown goal, where should await me 'The Thousand-Faced One' — at last.

I must not delude the reader into believing that the moment of reunion was a perfectly happy one for our family. It took nearly two days for us to overcome strange obstacles of thought and to make the necessary adjustment to them. I had to unlearn many things. For an example: in America young and old smoke together, but in India one does not smoke in the presence of one's elders, whether relatives or friends. Since I am the

youngest I have no end of elders in my family and the result was that I could hardly light a cigarette and smoke for a few seconds without hearing footsteps which were the signal for me to fling the cigarette at once from the window, and sit still like a nice boy. It was agonizing to see a good cigarette smoking itself out of existence just outside one's own window. And I took the only way out of that difficulty — I gave up smoking. The cigarette episode proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt that, in my family, we have an extraordinarily large number of elderly relations.

I must say also that beside unlearning many things I was forced to learn a great deal. The younger members of the family, mostly my nephews and nieces, were very forward and assertive. I said to myself, 'They have no manners at all. Why, when we were their age — eighteen or twenty — we were seen, never heard! The young are a horrible spectacle nowadays, the world over. No doubt they have their excellence, but that does not excuse their demerits. Imagine young people thirty years ago arguing to prove one of their seniors wrong! We never did such rude things.' My nephews and nieces not only contradicted me, but told me to my face that I was not good but — goody-good! I was so enraged that I could have murdered the lot of them, and felt no regret.

Every dog must have his day, however, even those modern youngsters. My niece told me that she thought men ought to attempt to 'live up' to the women. (Yes, she spoke English!) As if they had done anything else these centuries! She added insult to injury by saying that a man like me, who relaxes too much at home, will not be tolerated within another twenty years. I was advised to keep up to the mark at home as I did abroad. Then another niece, an orthodox soul, enjoined upon me two baths and three meditation hours a day. She also thought my relations with God were too loose. Now I ask the traveled reader if this does not sound like his own home-coming. I have since then decided to live on steamships and Pullman trains. Never shall I willingly go where the young are shaping the future nearer to their heart's desire.

I have a nephew, a lad of twenty or thereabouts. He and his friends opened my eyes to another aspect of modern Indian life. They are all university men and not a single one of them has any respect for the Western mind. I remember that when I was a boy of their age I went to the Occident to learn at its feet. The young college men of India, to-day, would rather sit on the head of the West. I had one unforgettable afternoon with these youngsters. There were four of us — myself, two students of physics, and one medical student who was very fair, with a round face, pug nose, and extremely strong ungracious chin. The other two were of a professional and retiring type, as dark as ripe olives, and with exquisite features, but they both lacked strength of jaw, and looked very much alike.

The young doctor began the conversation by saying: 'Civilization comes from the East as does the sun. The West has nothing to teach us.'

'But is not medicine Western?' I asked. 'Hippocrates, Harvey, Osler— '

He said, 'But what about our Hindu medicine, Ayurveda (translated, 'how to lengthen life,' which is our word for medicine)? And chemistry? Has the East known less of these than the West? Has it not contributed just as many valuable truths? Even now we find that a majority of the people of India lives by the aid of old Hindu

medicine, and few ever get assistance from the West. You forget, sir. I am afraid you take the sordid European's evil interpretation of our history and sciences. There are thirty Indians who go to Hindu practitioners to one who receives aid from European doctors. In the face of that — '

'But you must admit that some things are lacking to our science,' I ventured meekly.

'Whatever it lacks in one way it can supply in another.' He was firm. 'The West may teach us something of surgery, but we can teach it the cure of leprosy. Does it not rather balance the account?' questioned this aggressive young hopeful.

'Surely in physics and chemistry Westerners teach us a lot.' I turned to the two physicists, but I am afraid I had mistaken their meekness.

'What can those aggressive barbarians teach us more than we ourselves have taught them?' answered one.

'What did we teach them, by the way, for they think of us as savages?' I remarked.

A flood of eloquence was the reward of my retort. 'Did not we Hindus teach the Arabs algebra and the decimal system of notation and numerals, and did not the Arabs give these to the Western savages? Did not the Chaldeans, another Eastern people, teach them astronomy? Did not China teach them how to make gunpowder and the mariner's compass? Did not Persia invent paper, the very thing on which printing — a Chinese invention — depends?'

The second physicist added to the list: 'Did not India teach Pythagoras the scales of music? The very word, Pythagoras, is Sanskrit — Father, Teacher. India has her own geometry, her own mathematics, her own art, science, and philology. Should we bow to the Western savage simply because he has the lung power to shout that he is superior? He has invented poison gas, liquid fire, and peace proclamations; then he comes to us, Bible in one hand and hand grenades in the other. Who is savage — he or we? They from the West send us whiskey with machine guns and we offer them Gandhism. Who is more spiritual, who more civilized, they or we?'

Here the medical student put the finishing touch to the afternoon's argument: 'Until the eighteenth century, the East and West were abreast of each other. If one were more advanced than the other, surely it was the East. Since the Crusades and before the eighteenth century, the Western swashbucklers came to us for gold, silk, Damascene work, and the real arts of civilization. They kept on coming as beggars to the gate of a royal palace. Till the eighteenth century they were our debtors. Then they stole a march on us — when they superseded man and animal-power by steam and electricity. During all these thousands of years civilization was the gift of the East to the West. Only a hundred out of thousands of years is European; their civilization began with the steam engine and will end with aerial navigation. In a hundred more years, they are finished — and their souls dead. I grant you that the nineteenth century is theirs, but not the other hundreds of years before that, when they took and we gave!'

'But that hundred years is something, is n't it?' I asked.

'Give us time. Let us have the equivalent of those hundred years, with all their material facilities, and I can wager that our Asiatic genius and concentration will in the end give them a better science than their own. We shall beat them in their own game. Bose, Sah, Dutta, Ghose,

Ray, Shimo, Noguchi are illustrious names in science already. In thirty-five years, working under discomfort and positive discouragement, the Asiatic genius has already shown what it can do. I repeat, give us a hundred years with full facilities, — that is all we ask, — and then the West will do what it did before; it will come to the East for culture and for civilization.'

I said: 'I am glad to hear you talk like that. It illustrates the difference of your generation from mine. In mine we did not believe in anything hardly, not even in our own genius or race.'

'We are hoping, sir,' he said eagerly, 'to bring in the new spirit. We are working against the adamantine obstructive conspiracy of the Westerners who have helped and taught the world to think that Asia has always been backward and always inferior. You know, sir, an ant grows wings to fly; but no sooner does it hop off the ground than the insect-eating bird catches it in mid-air and devours it. The Western ant is growing wings of vanity. Once it flies, the bird of the East will swallow it. It is a pity that you have lived so long in the West; it has dazzled your eyes, but it cannot dazzle ours. Our generation in Asia will brush the Western fly out of existence.'

When they left me I felt drowned in melancholy. Could it be possible that boys, hardly twenty years younger, could be just the opposite of what we were at that age? I do not mean that they were wrong; there was a great deal of sense in what they said. But why so much optimism? It sounded so crude, so vulgar. Yet perhaps, I thought, boastfulness is only natural to the injured vanity of the young men of a long-conquered race.

Still the seed of the next war was being planted; arrogant West grappling the new arrogant East — and whose fault was it?

In passing, I may remark that the speech of the Indian young of to-day is not poetic and picturesque as it was thirty years ago. They speak with a realistic turn of phrase scarcely mitigated by a fluid use of historical fact. Instead of inventing a story in order to illustrate a point, the intelligent young man quotes an event in history. This is the beginning of a mental barrenness which will kill our fertile imagination; I can forecast a day that I shall live to see when no Hindu will make his point without quoting abundant statistics. The pestilence of figures is spreading from mind to mind.

III

That some of my old friends had grown rich in India while I was in America was no fault of mine. So far as I knew, the war so upset the economic life of India that some new groups had to become wealthy, and I admit I was a bit elated to find among them one or two friends of my own!

Nilu had begun life as a college professor; but now, at the age of thirty-six, he owned three factories and had about seventeen-hundred souls in his employ. I could not believe my eyes when I beheld the lad of five-feet-six, now grown somewhat rotund, jumping from his Rolls-Royce car! I simply could not entertain the vision as a reality. But there he was — coming to me with hands stretched out to take mine in his. How could he be my boyhood's friend and grow rich? Impossible!

He was stout, and pale-brown in complexion, with a round, beneficent-looking face. The short, sharp nose was pugnacious, no doubt, but not the rest of him! Girlish eyes, large and deep, — dark brown, — an even brow,

high, smooth, care-free forehead, and moderately marked chin — there was not a feature to indicate anything but the college professor. His mouth was small, its bow-shaped lips were like those of a child of six or seven. How could such a helpless fellow manage to be clever enough to be rich? To my mind, the acquisition of wealth presupposes a Mephistophelian ability, reinforced by a Napoleonic will-to-power; yet lo, here was a rich man who was Napoleonic in nothing but in stature!

I asked Nilu to be seated on the floor of our temple porch. He had come all the way from Calcutta to the edge of the town where we dwelt. Before us were a few trees, a green pasture, and the Ganges where people were bathing.

I spoke to him in English; for I could n't imagine any other of our languages suited to the Rolls-Royce car.

'It is very kind of you to come to see me, particularly now that you are so busy.'

He fanned his face with his silken chuddar. He was dressed in exquisite silk robes of ivory yellow from which his brown head rose like the fragment of a statue on an ivory pedestal. After having fanned himself for a while, he spoke in reminiscent vein.

'I wish I had my old courage to be poor, and had stuck to teaching history, but I cannot afford to be poor, and so I have no time to live. Look here! I want you to see something of our rich people. I shall put that car of mine at your disposal.'

'But, my dear fellow, I do not need your car,' I answered earnestly.

'Childish as ever,' Nilu admonished me. 'If you do not own a car you are no gentleman. That is one of the rules of our set.'

'But I am a Brahman; that I consider is passport to any place.' I spoke loftily.

'Oh no, my boy. That was all right before the war, but between the war and Gandhi the Brahman's prestige has been knocked into a cocked hat. The rich, particularly the newly rich, are the model of our life. You must have the trappings of a rich man. Don't demur, old fellow. I shan't hear of it. In an hour, another car will come to fetch me. It is, let me see, four in the afternoon; I shall expect you to dine with us at seven. Use the car as your own as long as you are here; it will facilitate your entrée into many exclusive places.

'By the bye, have you any telephone in this temple?'

That made me furious.

'Telephone in the house of God!' I exclaimed.

'Of course not! How stupid of me,' he said to himself, taking not the slightest notice of my indignation. 'Well, I shall have to telegraph you from time to time. I want to show you what our Indian hospitality is. Let me just take charge of you; I want you to see what has happened here while you have been wasting your time in America. I myself wasted three years in Harvard, but knew better than to stay there, but you spent thirteen years. Golly! What a waste of time! Yet I must say that America taught me how to get where I am.'

Here my friend looked at his watch. It wanted some twenty minutes to five. He said, 'I married out of caste, as you know. My wife is coming to meet you.'

'What? A Hindu girl going about alone in an automobile?' I questioned in amazement.

'What do you want her on — an elephant?' Nilu hit back. 'You have kept your mediævalism alive in spite of America. Why should n't my wife go about in her husband's car?'

'Look here!' I began a long ha-

rangue. 'I am very much obliged to you for your car. I am glad that you will show me the life of the new rich, but let us talk Bengali. Why are you so restless? India is eternal. Why look at your watch? Why should you count the minutes in Eternity? There is the Ganges; she flows on now that the bathers are very few with the same inevitable ease as when the bathers were many in the morning.

'The English tongue that we have spoken registers only the froth and scum of our being. Now give thy heart's inmost talk. Let the wing of forgetfulness bear away the burden of work. Thou knowest that I long for the light of thy soul in the gaze of thine eyes, brother. It is an age since we dreamed on the green fields and by the rushing waters. I care not if thou art riding the stallion of wealth or walking on the unsandaled feet of poverty; only tell me thine inmost story, thy heart's longing and thy spirit's dream. I meet thee across the river of boyhood on the shore of middle-age! Tell me if thy head rests on the pillow of serenity and thy limbs repose on the couch of friendliness and love.'

'Shiva Vishnu! Dost thou know I spend all my days speaking English?' he burst forth. 'I deal with English firms, they send men who are ignorant of any tongue save their own, and I speak better than they. The hours of the day I waste talking alien speech! My soul has no time. My heart knows no serenity. My head rests — if rest that be — on the pillow of care. Gunga, mother of waters, I never see; I bathe in my private bath; I work in my private office. I am alone — lonely as I used to be in solitary confinement when the British put me in prison on my return from America at the inception of the war.'

'Did they charge thee with treason? Wert thou tried?' I asked.

'Nay, brother,' he answered. 'In the time of that insane slaughter, the State turned the key on anyone it suspected, in any place it saw fit. I, among others, was never tried, and I was released after four years, when it suited the convenience of the State.'

'How many were you?'

'We were fifteen in one beauty parlor (exact translation of Shrighar). At first they put us in solitary cells in order to make us confess what we might know. There I meditated on God, but somehow that did not help to soften the hearts of our jailers, so we all began a hunger strike. I fasted sixty days. Rama, Rama, that broke the resistance of our jailers! Those protectors of peace did not wish to have us die; so when the third score of days passed and I would not break my fast, they gave us what we wanted and let us have our way in the King's hotel, as we called the jail. From now on we had books, papers, good food, and no more solitary confinement, and my soul could dream untrammeled by telephones, and unsought by visitors.'

'It is strange that India's Harvard and Oxford graduates have given more of themselves to their country than Indians from other Western universities,' I remarked.

Nilu answered, 'True, very true. Harvard University at present has contributed more men that follow Gandhi's teachings than any other American university where Hindus have studied. Harvard has the greatest prestige in India; for it has supplied us with the largest number of jail-birds!' he concluded in English.

Just then my friend's wife arrived in her car. She wore a beautiful sari of violet fringed with gold. I noticed that she had slippers but no stockings — her bronze-colored ankles needed no covering.

It thrilled me when she knelt down

and took the dust from my feet. Ah, still to be honored as a Brahman — what a privilege! I was on the verge of tears. I blessed her: 'Be thou thy husband's jewel of pride. Bear him royal sons.'

Then all three of us took off our slippers and climbed the cool cemented stairway to the shrine proper, two flights above. There we bowed to Krishna; then sat on the porch in silence for a time, until my sister came from our adjoining house to greet Nilu's wife. She offered us sweetmeats from the remnants of the noon offering to the god.

Nilu's wife touched the sacramental morsel to her forehead first, as a salutation to it, then put it in her curving mouth.

It was a pity they could not linger, but the Rolls-Royce stayed behind for my use. Again that violet-draped woman bowed to my sister and to me, took the dust from our feet, and went.

'Is there anything more beautiful than the good old courtesies?' I said to her husband, who saluted us after, following her example. I blessed them both.

As they climbed into their car, Nilu said in English, 'You know this salutation-business is beautiful for you Brahmans; but we, who are not Brahmans, feel as if our backs would break!'

IV

From the younger generation I went to my brother and sister for protection. It was evening. We sat on the roof under the starry sky — velvety black — from which the stars hung so low and warm that one could almost pluck them, like grapes. But to-night even the stars were out of key. In that darkness we spoke of our parents and, presently, all our talk concentrated upon our mother.

My sister, it appeared, had for her the same worship as my brother and I. She came to know her long before we did, because she was about fifteen years older than my brother, who was separated from me by four years. Doubtless she could tell us much about her that would be new to us.

I had found my sister little changed. She had never resembled the rest of us — she had lighter skin, 'coffee, tempered by cream,' my brother used to say, not coffee-clear like ours; her nose was aquiline, almost Semitic; her eyes were slanting, not round, darkened by long black lashes; there was some gray now in her thick jet hair and a line or two in that smooth brow, but nothing else, save her white widow's sari, spoke of any change. In the darkness, I could distinguish nothing but the whiteness of her dress, but I knew that its severity was unmitigated by any borders of colorful design. She had never worn ornaments even in her youth. Great was her austerity, and fortunately she was very strong. None of us could remember a day when she felt tired enough to omit the fulfillment of a single duty. She lived on two small meals a day — altogether a one-half pound of rice and a pound of milk, while she superintended the work of a temple, fed forty or fifty people, and meditated on God three solid hours every day, beside which she took care of a daughter-in-law, son, and grandson. She gave an hour and a half each day to her grandson, as a part of religious communion. But, in spite of her competence, she was not like our mother; she had a plethora of common sense. Once, when a European lady had invited her to tea, my sister inquiring the hour and hearing that it was half-past four, answered, 'Oh! I am sorry to say then that it will be impossible for me to come, as the important preparation of

God-business begins after four, and if I do not attend to it, the evensong will not be as good as usual.'

Such a reply would have been impossible from my mother; to her God was as light as a whim, not a heavy weight on her mind. I am certain that she would have found as much of Him in a tea-cup as in an evensong. Was he not spirit omnipresent?

While I was thinking of these things, my sister was saying: 'To me, mother gave different instructions from yours, my brothers. I was taught only stories and songs of devotion. I do not know whether she had a premonition that I should become a widow at twenty-two, but, none the less, she taught me as if she felt certain of it, her sweet understanding firmly paving the road, so that it would be firmer under my feet at the bleak hour of calamity. And I believe that was why she had me taught English.'

I expressed surprise at this for my mother herself knew not how to read or write. My sister explained that mother had said to her: —

'I belong to the age when wisdom came to men's hearts naturally, but thou, my child, art born in a time when only printed words are considered true. Learn English, my daughter; it is the ruler's language and since thou canst not rule men without some cunning, the English tomes may help thee to hold thy place in this world.'

'It did serve me in good stead after my husband's death,' went on my sister. 'But, thank God, I have forgotten all of that language now.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Oh, it has so little wisdom and so much beauty. The last story I read in English was about a dead man's ghost who tells his son how he, his father, was murdered, then the young prince, an innocent dreamer, kills an old fool, whose daughter's heart he breaks and fights her brother at her funeral. Later, the prince is killed by the brother whom he kills as well. It has luscious words in it, for an innocent young man's sorrow tastes sweet to the reader; but how can it be a tale of wisdom which our mother would have had me learn? Can ghosts be so revengeful? Is it right to tell one's mother that she is unchaste, and all because of the idle talkativeness of a good-for-nothing spirit, who should go to Heaven instead of walking about at night to poison his son's life with cruel thirst for vengeance? That tale destroyed all my ambition to know English. Thou dost know the language well; was I not right to give it up?'

'Yes, that wanton tale of beauty should discourage anybody.' Thus I disposed of Prince Hamlet.

My sister resumed: 'I took to learning from mother all the stories about our ancestor Chaitanya. She began them all in the same way. 'Listen, oh listen to the prophet of love! He was born to preach love to Hindu and Mohammedan alike in order to show that there is only one God, though we give him many names, and he was our ancestor.'

'How old wert thou, sister, when mother taught thee this story?' I asked.

'I was fourteen. After that she taught me line upon line of the story of Savitri and how she saved her husband from death. Next I memorized the trial of Sita. When I grew to be a woman, I was made to fast twenty-four hours in seclusion with her, and in that seclusion she taught me Gita Govinda, the Song of Songs, and imparted the secret and wisdom of love to my heart.' Suddenly she stopped to ask me, 'How do Western mothers teach their daughters the art and wisdom of love?'

'Am I a woman or a Westerner

that thou shouldst ask me that?' I questioned.

'Men always insist on remaining ignorant,' she retorted and went on with her story. 'I learned cooking, serving dinner, how to dress for cooking, then how to dress for dinner after cooking. The garment of the kitchen may be worn only after an arduous bath and the cleansing of the body. Once the cooking is done, the garment of the kitchen must be put away and the garment of the feast donned. I was not allowed to rest in the afternoon in the dress of the feast — Oh, there were a thousand little things that the woman-mind picks up as a miser gathers his pennies: there was the evening toilet, the meditation — all these things was I taught as well as the work of pleasing a husband. But now I seek only to please God,' she concluded.

'How much Sanskrit dost thou know, sister?' I asked.

'A few hymns. The one I love most is: "Those who with steadfast love worship Me, seeking Me in all things, and all things in Me, shall attain the supreme Light." I weary of all this; I hunger for the stealthy one — Death.'

Something in her voice made my brother who had been silent all this while ask gently, 'Dost thou weary of us, my sister? Dost thou not love us?'

'Oh, ho! What idle talk,' she expostulated. 'If I did not love you both — the images of herself — would I yet cling to this dancing dust?'

She turned to me: 'Did I not fast for thy home-coming so that all the impurity of life might be cleansed and the paths of thorn turned into a river of blessing? Were she here she would have fasted to purify her thoughts in order to mirror for other souls their own purity. "Self-cleansing cleanses the world," she said once — and, thinking of her, I fasted and prayed to make myself and the world worthy of thy home-coming.'

We were obliged to reassure our sister who was as conscientious in her affections as her duties. After a little more talk she rose to go saying, —

'Now I must seek slumber; in old age two days' fasting feels like a week of it. My prayers have been heard; thou art home again and at peace with thy soul.'

We lingered, happy in talk of our mother; and then my brother began to tell me gradually the story I had waited so long to hear — the story of his own life. But not only that night, but many others, passed beneath the stars before all of it was recounted.

THE IBEX AND THE ELEPHANT

BY DOUGLAS BURDEN

I

AFTER wintering in the tropics, it was a relief beyond anything that I can hope to describe to get up into the vale of Kashmir. From the heat-laden plains around Delhi to Rawal Pindi, — the jumping-off place for Kashmir, — is less than twenty-four hours by train. A day and a half more by motor and one has reached the famous valley. Such a contrast to the dusty plains, such scenery, such fresh color, and such air are too much for mere words. In no time one is walking around with one's head literally in the clouds, and one's spirit soaring over the great mountains to the Tibetan steppes.

Shikaries and coolies were obtained and at last I was slipping away on the quiet waters of the Yelum in the shadows of the Himalaya range. At Bandipore we outfitted. The last dusts of civilization were printed in the snow of the virgin forest that surrounded the Dak Bungalow of Tragbal, and there, after a night's rest and a little climb before dawn, I was standing on the summit of a 12,000-foot pass. Quite a contrast it was to the heat of Delhi. Forced marches carried us through the Burzil pass, fearful with its threat of snow slides, majestic in the silent grandeur of the moonlight. The only safe method at this time of year was to travel by night so as to cross the pass before the sun could awaken the tremendous power that lay hidden in the harmless-looking sheets of snow. Eventually we descended to the village of Los on the right bank of the Astor River and, after spending the night in the beautiful orchard of the *Lombador*, or headman of the village, we pushed on a half day's march further to my nullah.

Within an hour after camp had been pitched I found myself in something of a predicament. We were just going to 'take a little look' on the markhor ground and therefore, without bothering to put on grass shoes, we started off following the chota-shikari, attired in the usual chaplis — hob-nailed sandals. Presently we came to some cliffs but, since no markhor were to be seen, Jumma Khan scrambled down. Even though the cliffs were precipitous it looked easy when the Dard went down. I therefore started to follow, but soon discovered that there was something radically wrong. The chaplis were useless so I took them off. Rahima, I noticed, did likewise. Then I continued the descent, getting into a worse and worse fix the further I went, until at last I found myself completely stopped. This was not any fun at all. I looked down and the view was distinctly good — so good, in fact, that I had to force myself to look away and study the cliffs at hand.

I failed to see any feasible cracks into which I could take a step either forward or back. This business of hanging onto a rock face I cannot call exactly boring, but long before Jumma Khan came up to my rescue I was quite

convinced of the fact that I did not care for it a bit. When at last he arrived I was able, by dint of using his shoulders as a foot-step, to manœuvre the descent, but it took a long time. Rahima also, I am glad to say, required help. On looking back up to the cliffs I said to him, 'Do we have to go on this sort of ground every day?' 'No,' he answered, 'every day little, little bad; every day not very bad.' From the way he said it, I was not reassured, for I have never entertained any delusion that I was a mountaineer. On this sort of going I was as bad as a child learning how to walk.

A few minutes later we were creeping up very cautiously to look over some more cliffs. Just as I peeped over, I heard a strange sound, and saw two female markhor going down the mountain. Markhor going down a mountain are a sight worth seeing. It seemed to me that they went down over the rocks just as fast as antelope run on a level plain. I had no idea that any animal could go over such frightfully steep rough ground at such a pace without coming to grief, and, had I not seen it with my own eyes, I should not have believed it possible.

Markhor, although of the goat family, do not seek safety in height. On the contrary they will almost always run down hill, unless wounded. Rahima told me that quite frequently, even when shot at from below, they will come right down past the hunter, thereby giving him a chance for a second shot. Markhor are constantly on the watch, looking both up hill and down, and the smallest falling stone attracts their immediate attention. Furthermore they have good eyesight and good noses. A markhor is by far the most difficult animal to bag that I have ever hunted.

It is easy to see why an old solitary male, with his grand spiral horns, his long beard, and shaggy underlock, is the much prized trophy that he is. Among Kashmir big game the markhor ranks first, and quite rightly so. In the case mentioned above I do not believe that the two females got our wind. It was a good day, and in good weather, as a general rule, the wind blows up the mountain by day and down by night. In bad weather the wind may blow anywhere and everywhere and that line of Kipling, 'Where the baffling mountain eddies chop and change,' applies only too well.

There are many stories in which some grand old animal, usually with a head of heads, is hunted for days or weeks or months or, sometimes, even for years; and the interest in the story and the value of the animal increase in direct ratio with the time required to bring him to bag. For example, an English sportsman a good many years ago located a record markhor in the Kajnag. On a two months' leave he failed to get him though he hunted nothing else. The following year, on a three months' leave, he was no more successful. The third year, determined to get that markhor, he came back on a six months' leave. On the last day, when it was due only to the persuasive powers of his shikari that he went out at all, he shot the markhor. It had a sixty-inch head. That, where one has the opportunity, is the real sport in hunting; spying out some grand old wary king and going after him. Be it deep in the jungle or up among the crags, it makes no difference; the prize is worth the chase.

Following my markhor hunt we went after ibex; for two weeks we had been after one strange-looking, solitary old ibex with a wild head, and my shikari had ceased to eat. (This apparently is a shikari superstition in Kashmir as well as in China.) 'Too many days going behind this ibex' he

said. 'Never before I see ibex like this.' By which he meant that ibex are as a general rule easy to get. It is well known that in the Rocky Mountains it is simply a question of climbing to get your old 'Billy.' The same to a lesser degree is true of ibex. They have the Billy's instinct of going up in case of danger so strongly developed that if you can get above them and shoot down, even though they be out of range, they are apt to come up to you. The difficulty that we had with the old ibex was due both to his unusual craftiness and to the frightful ground that he inhabited. Abadabur Nullah is a markhor nullah, and markhor ground is almost certain to be bad ground; but, whereas markhor stay comparatively low down, the ibex goes right up among the peaks. Thus it is pretty safe to say that when you propose to hunt ibex in a markhor nullah you have your work cut out for you.

Rather than go through the painful account of the two weeks' chase I will simply tell of the last three days, for they are typical of the others. A certain evening is very memorable chiefly on account of Rahima's great faith in a benevolent God. The usual fruitless attempts had been made throughout the day. Jumma Khan had been sent away early with orders to move camp, so we had no local guide to take us down one of the few possible routes by which we could get to camp, and Rahima was on this occasion, I thought, a very poor substitute. Already the virgin slopes and the forbidden pinnacles of ever beautiful Nanga Parbat were bathed in a flush of color by the evening sun. There she was, serene and perfect, raising her head above all worldly things. I could have sat and looked at her for hours, but even now the deep chasm below was growing darker. Rahima plunged ahead over the rocks and before I knew it we were in trouble, so that I soon forgot all about the beauties of Nanga.

I shall always remember that descent of two thousand feet over what seemed to be an endless series of cliffs. Several times the thought flashed across my mind that it was all up with little me, but always the tiffin coolie who was clambering dexterously around in bare feet would come to my aid. Sometimes I did not think it possible even for the tiffin coolie to effect a descent. These particular ledges were all shelving at a rather steep dip. Also, the rock was friable and therefore likely to give way at any moment, and that was the worst of it. I have already stated that I did not care at all about hanging around the edge of cliffs and I repeat it now. At best it is not too pleasant a sensation to be flattened out against a wall of rock and to realize that one little slip means that you must say good-bye. Nevertheless, although I was frightened, I found that my mind was perfectly calm, and when studying the ground for the next step it worked carefully and deliberately. Also I could look down without the slightest feeling of dizziness. But my legs behaved very badly. Several times as I hung stretched out along the rock face, carefully balancing on bent knees while preparing for the next move, my knees would begin to shake most horribly as if they had the ague. I saw that Rahima and the tiffin coolie noticed my ailment, and it was most embarrassing: for although I realize now that I must have been very frightened, yet at the time I was sure that I was not scared. Whenever I had a good grip with my hands I was all right. Rahima on the other hand had to get a sure footing before he felt safe, so that in some places where I had great difficulty Rahima found no trouble, and others which were comparatively easy for me caused Rahima

considerable embarrassment. It was all easy for the tiffin coolie.

The descent lasted several hours so that it was some time after dark when we came down around under a ledge of rock into camp. Then I sat down by the fire and told Rahima just what I thought of him for bringing me down over those cliffs. 'Damn foolishness' I called it. Then I explained to him that I came all the way to Astor to hunt and to have a good time and not to break my neck. To which he replied by way of a mild compliment — meant to appease — 'God always taking care of good sahibs. Sahib not falling.' I answered in no unmistakable terms that God had had nothing to do with my not falling from the cliffs and that on no account was he to take me again over such ground. Then Rahima tactfully changed the subject to the ibex which it appeared had been seen just before dark. The ibex, they said, was now lying down about two thousand feet above camp where he could keep a good eye on the enemy.

Before daylight next morning we crept up after the ibex, but it was all wasted energy for he had slipped away, and, when we got there, only his fresh tracks were to be seen. These we followed about a mile into the snow and then saw him about a thousand feet above us circling back. He saw us too and turned. This time he selected a position from which he commanded a wonderful view of all the ground, and then lay down. Any attempt at a stalk was useless, so we sat behind some rocks and watched him. Late in the afternoon he got up to feed and we made another attempt. He looked up and caught us in the act of crossing a snowslide; so we just sank slowly down in the snow, hoping that he would begin to feed again. But he had no such intention and stood with his eyes glued on us. So we waited and waited there in the snow until I thought I should go distracted.

After about an hour of this absurd performance the ibex did not interest me in the least. The only things I could think of were — how cold I was, and a couple of lines from Kipling:

> 'Do you know the long day's patience, belly down on frozen drift,
> While the head of heads is feeding out of range?'

And yet for a long time I held myself in, for there was Jumma Khan lying motionless in front of me, with bare feet in the snow and the goose flesh standing out all over him; and I marveled at the toughness of the man. At last I told my shikari what I had been wanting to tell him for a long time and I can leave it to anyone's imagination as to what was said. Long since have I been convinced that at least as far as patience is concerned man cannot compete with a wild animal. When we did finally get up I lost all dignity and reserve and began jumping around and poking Jumma Khan. The latter was fairly beside himself from the painful wait and at each poke exploded as if all the pent-up forces of a volcano were inside. In this way we restored ourselves to normal human beings and then made our way slowly back to camp.

The following day we got up before daylight again. It was always the same — this getting up before daylight — and I loathed it. Russléon, the tiffin coolie, had found out that the only way to wake up the sahib was to bring him a cup of tea and to sit there till he drank it. Russléon would hold my clothes ready for me to put on, so then I would simply have to get up and dress by candle light. It was awful getting out of a nice warm furry sleeping-bag into the cold air and darkness and in a minute I would have to rush to the fire. Coolies would immediately

spread blankets for me to sit on and so I would snuggle up to the fire, yawning and shivering, and getting smoke into my eyes until I cursed the day that I ever came on an ibex hunt. Meantime one coolie would be massaging my legs, another would be tying on my grass shoes while yet a third would bring me a breakfast that I was almost too sleepy to eat, and after all that the day's hunt proved to be merely a repetition of the last.

We made a very long detour and would have gotten very close to the ibex but he heard the crunch of the snow and from below us he circled unseen and then suddenly peeped down at us over a ledge about four hundred yards away. I looked at him through the telescope for about the one-hundredth time, and wondered, as I gazed at the curious horns, if I would ever have the pleasure of seeing them in camp. Then he went right up to the very summit of the mountain. I sank back into the snow, very disgusted with it all for it looked well-nigh hopeless. From below the roar of unseen waters racing down the chasm suddenly came up strong on the wind. For a moment the sound filled the air. Then it grew fainter and fainter and was swallowed up again in endless space just as the voice of a child is swept away and lost in a storm. The mountain-side was in silence.

Rahima did not want to look at me. He kept his eyes turned away and fingered his stick. I took out my field glasses. The ibex was struggling through deep snow up near the summits. I watched him till he lay down on a slab of bare rock. 'Rahima,' I said, 'what doing now?' 'See dem, see dem,' was his characteristic reply. 'Pleases now sitting,' he went on. 'Evening kail down coming for fooding.' And the ibex did come down that evening, and, though we were ready for him, he fooled us again. We had waited for him too long and as a result we had to descend a very steep mountain in the dark — a somewhat hazardous proceeding.

The next day at last luck was with us. We found the old ibex asleep in the terrible chasm that divides the right wall of Abadabur Nullah into two halves. That place is a veritable gorge of death into which rocks are forever hurling themselves down the shelving gneiss that acts as a floor of the chasm. The ibex was lying down, some three hundred yards away, almost vertically beneath me. To shoot I literally had to lean over the edge, my shikari holding onto my legs as I fired, and, to say the least, I surprised myself by killing him. Several other ibex ran across the floor of the chasm when I fired. One male was almost hit by a falling rock and I saw him jump skillfully behind a projecting ledge as the rock went crashing by. Then for some time I watched them climb the wall on the far side. Now and then they got into very tight places that necessitated a careful study of the ground, followed by three or four flying leaps that nearly made my hair stand on end to see, and I burst out with a 'Gee! Did you see that Rahima?' Two small ibex were following their mother at the end of the line, until they came to a spot which they simply could not manœuvre. When they were getting left far behind, they showed some initiative and, turning back down into the chasm again, they came up by another route, going all the time just as fast as they could go until they caught up with the others.

When the excitement was over and I looked back at the fallen ibex, I hardly knew what to think. It would be impossible to describe the many, varied, and conflicting emotions that I have experienced in shooting game.

Sometimes it is great glee, sometimes regret, sometimes a combination of pity and sorrow and a strong distaste for the whole business. On this occasion I think there was a certain satisfied feeling of 'Well, at last.' At the same time a natural feeling of regret, for it seems that the longer the chase continues, the more of a friend the object of the chase becomes. You get to know him pretty well — his little tricks and habits, his favorite haunts and feeding grounds — and it is impossible therefore that one should experience only a feeling of glee when the big head has fallen and his battle is at an end.

II

In Peking I heard of Defosse, whose reputation as a man, guide, and hunter has traveled far. I set about then and there to try to secure his services and was so fortunate that by the first week of January, 1923, I was setting out with the great hunter for the jungles of Indo-China. Defosse is an old man of the jungle. For eighteen years he has made his living as a hunter, and he has a knowledge of the jungle that few men of to-day possess. A typical white man of the tropics, he has fought the fever all his life. He is thin and drawn-looking, and his eyes are heavy. Only his tremendous feet and hands tell of the man he might have been. But when his rifle is at his shoulder, steady as a rock, he is beautiful to see. As a young man he was 'first shot' of the French regiment in which he came to Indo-China, and his skill with the rifle has been increasing ever since. In the early days of his hunting he had many an accident. He has been on the horns of wild buffaloes, he has been caught by an elephant, he has been gored by a wild boar, and he has had to run for his life from a wounded tiger; yet these and other experiences have simply made him a more clever and a more skillful hunter. On two occasions I had the rare pleasure of seeing Defosse in action and it is something I can never forget.

It was to Defosse that the Moys came with their troubles, for he spoke Annamite, Moy, English, and French with remarkable fluency. For the two months in the jungle we were always more or less surrounded by Moys who served us as coolie porters and trackers, and they were a constant source of interest. They are the original Malays of Indo-China and as far back as their traditions go they have lived in the interior. To the Moys the jungle is the whole world. In olden days a tribal war caused the erection of a mud wall as a boundary for the Moys and a defense against the Annamites who were invading the sea coast. The wall still exists and so successfully has it landlocked the Moys that even to-day, although some tribes live within 50 kilometres of the coast, they have absolutely no knowledge of the sea.

The Moys have one great god of the jungle, and subordinate gods for each different species of animal. In the event that they make a killing with their crossbows and poisoned arrows, a propitiation to the God of that species is necessary. In the case of an elephant, the propitiation lasts eight days and the ceremony takes on the form of a 'Kaniau,' or drunken debauch. It is held about the carcass of the dead animal. A Moy will never give any information as to the whereabouts of dangerous game, for surely the animal would know and revenge himself on that Moy. Thus at one of our camps, although the Moys found a fresh tiger's kill a short distance away, they never told us a thing about it till three days later when the kill was devoured and the tiger gone. To the Moys a tiger is 'Ông Cop' — Mr. Tiger — and is spo-

ken of quietly and with great respect; but Mr. Elephant — 'Ông Bô' — is rarely even mentioned.

The white man is something the Moys as yet cannot explain quite satisfactorily. He is a born master, can do anything he likes, and, for the reason that he does not have to trouble himself with propitiations, he is almost a sort of semi-god himself. And yet nothing that the white man does do the Moys consider wonderful. Any people who can build a contrivance that wood and water will cause to run at great speed, hauling any number of wagons, can do anything; and with that their wonder ceases. A rifle, a telescope, and such things do not even cause curiosity: 'Why!' they say simply, with a shrug of their shoulders, 'white man's work,' and that is the end of it. The Moys believe that a compass points to the game, and that when you want to return it points directly back to camp. No wonder the white man can find game and no wonder he can go straight back home through the jungle. There is nothing remarkable about it. It is 'white man's work.'

We had moved camp into good elephant country where there was plenty of 'sign' and for several days we had been hard at work burning down the long grass. During the night we had heard elephants trumpeting, and Defosse had expressed a feeling that on the morrow an elephant would be shot.

Elephants are very numerous in Indo-China, but, owing to the thick jungle they inhabit, it is extremely difficult to get them, unless you are so fortunate as to catch them in the open early or late. They come out to the watering holes during the night but usually beat a hasty retreat to the cool of the forest at the first sign of day. This is especially true in the dry season. So I must ask my reader to step with me for a moment into the jungle and to picture himself regretfully crawling out of bed into the pitch darkness of a cold misty morning. A dreary breakfast and we are glad to get under way. Dawn has just broken and the mist lies black and heavy over the forest. A few tall trees out in the open lift their heads above its surface. They are the trees of a dream, weird and unsupported, and their great black trunks disappear into the blacker mist below. The trail leads a way through the accursed elephant grass. It is wet and the cold clammy dew soaks us to the skin. We see fresh tiger tracks. The fellow has passed camp during the night.

As Kipling says, 'the dawn comes up like thunder,' and in a few minutes a sickly green disk arises over the rim of the great forest. The mist begins to move this way and that and the sun turns to livid orange and to pale yellow. The jungle cocks are crowing and the long-tailed peacocks are hurling their raucous notes over the open spaces as we step into the jungle. It is dark there, and cool, and dripping, and we cannot see our rifle-sights. Of a sudden there is a great shaking of branches overhead, and a flock of little gray monkeys runs away like squirrels through the tree tops; and so we push on through the jungle, the vines and giant creepers and thorny bushes catching at our clothing.

Very soon we come on the fresh tracks of a large elephant herd and the sensation and thrill that creep over us as we step gingerly about, examining these great tracks, is wonderful. For a long time the elephants had just been milling around this way and that. Then they separated into two herds, one going back deep into the jungle, the other circling out over the open spaces, through the elephant grass. These we follow and on the way we see the dancing-place of the elephants which Kipling describes in the Jungle

Book story of 'Little Tumai.' Grass and earth alike have been stamped to the hardness of cement. On and on we follow till the sun swings high, white and blistering. As we pass a narrow island of jungle that is surrounded by open grass I say to Defosse, 'Let's step into the shade and rest a while.'

It is an idea that, I must confess, is ever present when the sun is up and it merely requires a good opportunity as an excuse to effect it. Well, we do, and I have hardly lifted my canteen to my lips when we hear loud crashing close by. 'The elephants,' whispers Defosse, in a tone which fairly sets me tingling inside. The two Moy natives show great alacrity in getting up a tree and then turn and grin down at us from their perch like a pair of monkeys. We make our way toward the sound.

In Defosse's language — I know that we are 'attacking the elephants.' Working into the interior of the patch of jungle we find that it opens up a bit for a distance of about forty yards. The elephants are not thirty yards from one end of this little glade. We can see the trees shaking, hear the breaking branches, and the dull flap of elephant ears, but to see the elephants is impossible. We make a circle back through the jungle behind to assure ourselves that we are not surrounded, and then return to the edge of the thick section of the jungle in which the elephants are browsing. Then Defosse explains that, since this strip of jungle is surrounded by open grass, my first shot will bring them racing back through the jungle in our direction as they will not dare to risk crossing the open. 'Therefore,' he says, 'as soon as you shoot, we will run back to that big tree and that will give us thirty yards of clear jungle to kill in. Don't stop shooting until there are no more elephants facing us and remember: not below the line of the eyes!'

It is getting exciting and I wait resting against a tree trying in vain to make out a head to shoot at. To be sure, I can occasionally see a trunk or a bit of a flapping ear, but it would be folly to risk a shot, especially as it seems to be merely a matter of time until a good opportunity presents itself. Then the wind changes. Just a puff of air is wafted through the jungle toward the elephants. Defosse swears. Suddenly there is tremendous crashing and all the trees in the jungle seem to be shaking. The crashing ceases and we hear the swishing of tall grass. 'Shoot in the air and run to the big tree.' I obey and Defosse and I run for the tree. At sound of the shots the elephants wheel and hurl themselves back into the jungle.

The terrific crashing grows louder. Defosse and I stand by the tree tense and ready. The elephants stop. 'They are looking for trouble,' whispers Defosse. One moves on. He is not coming straight for us. He circles around and passes directly beneath the tree the Moys are sitting in. We can see the Moys, but so thick is the mass of creepers below that we cannot see the elephant and we do not dare go into the thick jungle and try to 'head' them. I can see the Moys looking straight down. If we shoot the elephant where he stands the Moys will have to step on his back getting down off the tree. For a moment I have visions of the elephant reaching up with his trunk and grabbing them. It would be so easy for him. Then he passes around us in a circle leaving an open trail behind him where before there was an impenetrable mass of creepers.

Now the other elephants come on. There is loud crashing in front and behind as the elephants smash their way through the forest. But they have located us perfectly by that first puff

of wind and they all circle by and move on and we do not get in one shot. The strip of jungle at this point is not more than seventy yards wide, and we are in the middle of it, and yet five elephants pass us in that narrow strip and we are unable to get in a single shot.

There is no use to follow the elephants on foot, so we start for camp. The sun is hotter than ever and the miles are long. I cannot help thinking how quickly things change. We were having such fun a short time ago and now it is back to the same old story of sweating along through the accursed sword grass under the doubly accursed broiling sun. Defosse stops to light his pipe and I hate him for stopping. How any man can stop to light a pipe under that sun I cannot understand. Then he shows me where he and a Belgian had been forced to kill five elephants; but I am not a bit interested in the elephants that somebody else has shot. Our elephants have slipped right through our fingers and the idea rankles.

Nevertheless I have had my first real elephant hunt and have enjoyed it tremendously. I have seen gigantic bodies that for all the world might have been mastodons smashing their way through a primeval forest and as I look back on the scene I know that it is an impression that will not soon be forgotten. But we are getting near camp now and I hurry on ahead.

'What 's the hurry?' asks Defosse. 'Beer,' I answer, and hurry faster and at the same time I laugh at myself. Such is the human being, I thought. But a few minutes before my whole system was concentrated on elephants and now — how ignominious — it seems to be equally concentrated on beer.

To-night as I write, the jungle moon is sailing a cloudy sea, and the Southern Cross stands over there on the rim of the great forest. The soft air flowing in among the black tree-trunks brings in the noises of the jungle — the bell of the sambur stag, the yelp of the hog deer, the sharp bark of the muntjac, the songs of night birds and crickets and lizards, and now in the distance the roar of angry elephants, Kipling's 'pin prick of sound in the darkness.' And Defosse — 'l'empereur des forêts,' as the French call him, an old man of the jungle, with ninety-eight elephants and forty-five tiger notches on his gun — waves a careless hand out into the night.

'And I have all that just for the asking,' he says. 'And I do not have to pay.'

PHYSICS AND CIVILIZATION

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

I

WITHIN the last ten years the United States has become the first industrial nation of the world. No one, though he be the seventh son of a seventh son and born with a caul, can hope to forecast with any degree of definiteness the form which the industrial structure of the country will ultimately assume. Even the general trend of industrial development is the resultant of a bewildering complexity of forces, each of a magnitude largely conjectural. Certain conditions, influences, and tendencies are, nevertheless, recognizable as directive factors in the situation, and from them some conclusions may be drawn legitimately, although without guaranty or recourse, concerning the direction in which our industrial development is likely to proceed.

Since 1870 the curve of population has been rising at a rate which — with some allowance for restricted immigration — indicates a population of 152,000,000 for the country in 1950. We must then prepare to clothe and feed and house some 42,000,000 more people than we do at present. They will, like ourselves, demand much more than food, clothing, and a place to sleep. They will require fuel, though we find it hard enough to get at present; and they will use it in somewhat different and more effective ways. Power must be provided for new industries, new factories, new machines, and for greatly augmented systems of transportation. Many of these new people will travel by the New York subways, and a sagacious management should already be opening boxes of sardines that it may determine how best to insert more sardines. Everywhere room must be found for the automobiles of these new millions, where now there is scant room for our own. Pressure which — like that on water — is exerted in all directions will come heavily upon our natural resources, our agencies for production, and our systems of distribution.

II

In 1919 there were over a million marriages in the United States, whereas in that year only 70,000 homes were built. We are short at least a million dwellings, and some estimates treble that figure. In most parts of the country practically no houses are being built for workingmen. They still cost more and rent for more than many workingmen can pay. Meanwhile, the population grows, and two or three families live where one lived before. The result is not so commendable as where blades of grass are concerned.

Not more than 40 per cent of our population now own their homes. Many apartments have shrunk to one room and bath. We are living on the diminutive scale. Kitchenettes provide our breakfast, luncheonettes supply ice-cream soda and a ham sandwich, and now, in Boston, one may assemble the family in a diningette for the serious

meal of the day. The census may soon designate as a familyette the maiden lady with two goldfish.

Only the very well-to-do can now afford servants, and they can do so only on increasingly burdensome terms. At Christmas, who now has the courage to present the cook with ten yards of gingham for a dress? It is not worn with silk stockings and a fur-trimmed coat. College-bred girls now approach matrimony with the expectation of doing their own housework, and five-story houses with basement kitchens are as unsaleable as Shipping Board boats. We must obviously rebuild our houses with due regard to the readjustments which the prosperity of the masses has forced upon us.

We may expect, therefore, a great increase and expansion of all those industries that tend to lessen household labor. Already have most domestic industries disappeared in competition with the factory. Who makes soft soap to-day, or spins and weaves and dyes butternut-brown? Where is the little dressmaker who came, with *Godey's Lady's Book*, to live with the family for a fortnight while she made the season's gowns? She is working for better wages behind the counter of the department store, selling ready-made dresses cut from piles of fabrics with an electric cutter from patterns that embody the latest hints of fashion. Already our trade in women's apparel amounts to more than a billion dollars a year.

Bread-making, to the advantage of the product, is becoming more and more the business of great companies operating many bakeries, equipped with every facility for orderly and economical production under scientifically controlled conditions. No youthful Franklin would to-day suggest to his father that time might be saved by saying grace over the barrel of pork. We buy our bacon sliced, in half-pound jars. Intimate culinary products, such as baked beans, fish balls, and hash, come to many a table hot from the can.

Under the conditions likely to prevail in American domestic life, we must anticipate a steadily increasing output of package-goods of every sort. The American housewife no longer buys in bulk. Her disinclination to do so ensures more business to the makers of tin plate, container-boards, and paper, and to the lithographer and the printer.

The same conditions may be expected to augment the already remarkable development of the chain restaurant, which justifies the lure of the pancake in the window by the cleanly brightness of its interior and the excellent quality of its food. They may bring emancipation, but they do not seem to make for domesticity.

The Chinese laundryman was a pioneer. He recognized a demand which has immeasurably outgrown his modest and mysterious facilities. Such proximity to godliness as he conferred upon the few it is now the function of many thousands of machine-filled laundries to provide for all. The washing of linen has become as democratic as the referendum and vastly more scientific.

In my youth I knew a gentleman of large means and frugal tendencies, who kept upon his mantel a jar of benzine, in which reposed those of his black ties which seemed to require restoration of their sober lustre. Now the dyers and cleansers, like the laundrymen, have their national association. To them now go our garments, that for a brief period we may show ourselves unspotted to the world.

All those things that relieve household labor of its drudgery have their assured place in the future. Nature abhors a vacuum only because she has no carpets and rugs to clean. More and more homes will be equipped with electric appliances: toasters, irons, and

washing machines; and the electric refrigerator is almost here. There will be a similar extension in the domestic use of gas. It is easier to turn a gas-cock than to carry coal upstairs, and the discerning ash-man will apprentice his son to the pipe-fitter.

One obvious result of the crowding, to which our urban population will be subjected in constantly increasing measure, will be the gradual elimination from our homes of much that has characterized them in the past. A library is already a luxury beyond the reach of many who grew up surrounded by books. There is little place in our present scheme of living for grand pianos, or large furniture of any sort. We are tending in our homes toward the compact and diminutive. We have neither walls nor floor-space for the superfluous.

III

Demand, to be effective, must be backed by purchasing power, and never in the history of the world has the purchasing power of the masses been so great in any large population as in the United States during and since the war. It is not likely to recede permanently from this high level. In the seventy years from 1849 to 1919 the value of our manufactures increased more than sixtyfold. In the same period the number of wage-earning operatives increased not quite tenfold. The gain in producing capacity per operative is striking and significant. During recent years the number of persons engaged in agriculture has remained practically stationary. We have passed from an agricultural to an industrial economy, though the basis of our prosperity is still deeply rooted in the soil. During the transition period wages in industry have doubled, while hours of labor have notably decreased. We have thus in prospect a large increase in population with greater producing power, more leisure, enhanced ability to purchase. We must, therefore, assume a greatly intensified demand both for the necessities of life and for many things that we still regard as luxuries.

We have seen old-time necessities — as candles and open fires — come to be classed as luxuries. In 1886 there was but one bathtub in a certain Southern city of 6000 inhabitants. At a much later period furs and silk stockings were the insignia of the rich. They are now the attributes of democracy. Where our plutocrats progressed ten miles an hour behind a pair of horses, our workmen now go thirty in a Ford. The melon, too expensive for the woman of means, is purchased by the wife of the plasterer, who inquires how to cook it. Association, fashion, and the ability to spend may be relied on to push the standard of living to still higher planes. When, in a Southern lumber town, the Negroes would work only three days a week, a better display of goods in the company stores held them steadily to their jobs. In a town in central New York, girl operatives receiving war wages found four days' work a week sufficient for their requirements until the company brought in some operatives from New York City, whose Georgette waists and all-silk hose soon inspired the local girls to work full time. In response to such demands the tendency will be to produce for the masses products resembling as closely as may be those made for the wealthy few. A wrist watch from the jewelry counter of a Woolworth store asks a handicap of only three feet and does not require winding.

One striking feature of our times which is of peculiar significance for the future is the rate at which labor is becoming capitalist. Universal education has always tended to lift labor

into higher ranks. The process is now accelerated by restricted immigration. We may not and do not hope to see our Americanized labor descend from its high position, and we have checked the influx of ignorant and low-priced labor, which alone can bring it down. We must then expect even higher wages in the future, and these will be reflected in a higher cost of living measured in terms of money. The time-cost of living has been going down consistently over a long period.

In a single recent year the people of the United States have saved more than twelve and a half billion dollars. Since it takes two persons to make a quarrel, we may entertain the hope that the long struggle between capital and labor is in a way to find permanent adjustment, for capital and labor are rapidly becoming one. Possession breeds conservatism, and to have inspires to hold. The surplus of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Workers is already over $6,000,000. The entire expenses of the organization are met by interest on deposits and investments, and its surplus is growing rapidly. In October of last year the United Mine Workers had on deposit in Indianapolis over $1,100,000, and the dues of the union bring in $250,000 a month. In nine months, recently past, the Amalgamated Bank of New York of the American Clothing Workers showed a tenfold increase in deposits. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is now said to exercise control over $100,000,000 through the nine banks in which the Brotherhood is interested. A few months ago a new labor bank was opened in New York City, and on the first day it took in over $5,000,000 in deposits, while multitudes could not reach the window.

There is a pronounced trend toward corporation ownership of manufacturing enterprises. During the last twenty years the average size of manufacturing establishments, as measured by the number of workers, has greatly increased, although even now less than one per cent of such establishments employ more than five hundred workers. Nevertheless, in 1919 over eighty-six per cent of our industrial wage-earners were in corporation-owned plants. This assumes a broad significance in view of the spreading tendency of corporations to offer their stock, frequently on preferential terms, to their employees and customers. Nearly one half of the 100,000 owners of Armour and Company are employees, and a recent offering of its stock displayed a surprising financial status among day laborers, truck-drivers, and office workers. Two hundred and fifty electric-light companies are now selling stock to consumers and employees, and nearly three and a half million shares were so sold in 1922. The employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company now own 120,000 shares of its stock and are expected to buy 60,000 more in 1924, which will bring their holdings to thirty per cent of the total issued.

The normal trend of wages in the United States is upward, and this upward movement was, of course, greatly accelerated by the war, but wages are now up to stay. The normal tendency has in the past been obscured and the curve held below its normal course by the great influx of immigrants, which we have permitted and which employers have very generally encouraged. The restriction of immigration must operate to permit the curve to follow its normal tendency more closely than heretofore, with continued improvement in the purchasing power of the masses. With a broader market should come a stabilization of industry through the increasing participation by labor in ownership of the producing agencies.

IV

The restriction of immigration should further prove a powerful stimulus to the development of labor-saving machines and devices. There is, moreover, evidence of an awakening recognition on the part of labor that the full advantage of high wages can be realized only when these are accompanied by low costs of production and distribution. The two are in no way incompatible, as Mr. Ford and many others have demonstrated. Where benefits are so obvious we may reasonably expect a less restrictive policy on the part of union labor regarding per-capita production. Increases in purchasing power, now often nominal, will then become real and be reflected in the activity of general business.

The pressure always upon the manufacturer to enlarge production and diminish costs will become increasingly heavy. One striking difference between the old industry and the new is that the large investment now required sets up heavy overhead charges which drive one to production at the highest possible rate. Nothing —except stopping — is so expensive as slowing down. Standardization of machines, processes, and product, and the installation of larger and larger units must then follow as a natural sequence.

One of the most important of the factors affecting the industrial situation of the future, and one whose significance is seldom noted, is the remarkable increase in the per-capita freight-ton mileage of our railroads. In 1890 they hauled about 1250 tons of freight a mile for each inhabitant; in 1923 they hauled 4160 tons. Part of this increase is due to the more lavish consumption of goods by our people, part to the growth of population in districts more remote from centres of production, and part to the depletion of reserves of raw material, which compels the manufacturer to go farther afield for his supply. With the per-capita tonnage steadily rising and a population as steadily increasing, the time is not far distant when no readily conceivable expansion of our transportation system will suffice to handle the traffic. We cannot then continue indefinitely to haul Hood River apples from Oregon to Maine, or transport crude and low-priced materials thousands of miles by rail only to return them to their point of origin in forms not greatly enhanced in value. We are in consequence about to witness a gradual decentralization of industry. To-day nearly half the industrial activities of the country are concentrated in a narrow zone extending along the Atlantic seaboard from Boston to Washington. That proportion is destined to change.

In a relatively few years Michigan has passed from an agricultural to an industrial status. Prior to 1880 there was practically no cotton industry south of Mason and Dixon's line. To-day about one half the active spindles are in the South. Since 1910 the Northern mills have hardly increased their production, whereas the output of Southern mills has become greater by more than fifty per cent. Longer working-hours, a mild climate, lower living-costs, and proximity to the raw material give to the South an advantage which is likely to prove commanding so far at least as staple and coarser textiles are concerned, and the mills of the North will perforce turn to the finer goods and to specialties.

Our production of cotton reached its peak in a crop of more than 16,000,000 bales in 1914. It had fallen to half that amount in 1921 and has now risen to about 10,000,000 bales, of which we ourselves consume about sixty per cent.

The boll weevil, higher labor-costs, and the advantages of diversified agriculture seem likely to hold our own production to moderate figures and to make in the long run for much higher prices for this essential fibre. In that event it is by no means beyond the range of possibility that an artificial substitute for cotton may appear. Artificial silk, first shown at the Paris Exposition of 1889, is now produced in greater quantity than real silk, and its manufacture is still expanding rapidly. We are not likely to see an artificial wool, because of the structural peculiarities of the fibre and the absence of an appropriate raw material.

The next decade or two will see a great development of paper-making in the South, where pulpwood — now, elsewhere, increasingly scarce and costly — is still abundant and relatively cheap. Rosin and turpentine, now derived from standing trees, will be extracted from the stumps of yellow pine remaining on millions of acres of cut-over lands. Nowhere, in short, is there likely to be a greater extension of industrial activity than in the South, and nowhere in the world is there greater opportunity for the development of chemical industry than in Louisiana, where salt, sulphur, oil, and gas occur in close proximity.

V

The rate of our economic progress is primarily a function of the abundance and cost of energy. The preparation and use of fuels and the generation and distribution of energy are basic industrial activities, which, in one way or another, vitally concern us all. The remarkable developments now in progress in these fields assume, therefore, a constructive significance and a far-reaching importance. The smoke nuisance, which is rapidly extending the twilight zone over America, has become well-nigh intolerable in England. There, as here, it defaces buildings, damages furnishings, increases humidity, and is highly deleterious to health. In Pittsburgh it is held responsible for a very acute and fatal form of pneumonia. The growing realization that our cities must be provided with smokeless fuel and the excessive cost of anthracite have encouraged the expenditure of much effort and great sums of money on processes for the low-temperature distillation of coal. These are designed to secure greater chemical values from the coal and to provide an artificial anthracite. During the past year the Coalite Company in England appears to have measurably solved the problem and to be operating upon a commercial basis.

The use of powdered coal, which is nearly as flexible and convenient as gas, is becoming common in great power-plants. In one notable installation the coal, in shallow cast-iron trays, is first floated across a bath of molten lead to obtain, by low-temperature distillation, motor spirit, oils, tar, ammonia, and gas, while the porous cake remaining is pulverized for use as powdered fuel.

Oil has become as essential as gunpowder to the navies of the world, and almost as dangerous to our politicians. On land the tank-wagon is already as familiar as the coal-truck, and the convenience and temporary cheapness of fuel oil have caused it to replace coal in many thousands of plants and dwellings. This tendency will continue for a time until scarcity and science put new values on petroleum. Both factors are beginning to be operative. The production of oil is decreasing daily, and the synthesis of alcohols and whole series of organic compounds is about to become a part of petroleum technology. When petroleum is costly,

we shall have a great shale-oil industry in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming.

Natural gas, which a few years ago constituted three quarters of all the gas sold in the country, is now, after decades of appalling waste, a rapidly waning resource. Its disappearance locally will result in the migration of many gas-fired industries. Its general decline is, moreover, coincident with the opening of a period of remarkable development in the gas industry. In five recent years the city of Baltimore consumed more gas than during the preceding century. The industrial use of gas has just begun. The average gas company now sells 25 per cent of its output for industrial-purposes, about 10 per cent for house heating, and the remainder for such domestic purposes as cooking, water-heating, and a little lighting. It is estimated that gas companies in the future will do at least five times as much business, and that 75 per cent of their sales will be for industrial use and house-heating and 25 per cent for consumption in gas-appliances in the home.

To meet this greatly increased demand radical changes in practice will be required, and many such are now under consideration. They include low-temperature carbonization of coal, its complete gasification, the installation of great gas-works at the mines with high-pressure distribution-systems for the gas, new methods of coking, and campaigns for the legalization of gas of lower heating-power than that now required by law.

Authoritative estimates, based on recent developments, justify the expectation that oxygen, the supporter of combustion, will soon be available at a cost comparable with that of coal and permitting its extensive use in the production of water gas and in many metallurgical operations. A gas-producer operating with an oxygen-steam blast would, for example, continuously convert the coke and steam into carbon monoxide and hydrogen. Very little carbonic acid would be formed, and practically the entire heat-value of the coal would be deliverable as gas. Every cubic foot of pure oxygen introduced into a metallurgical furnace would avoid the introduction of four cubic feet of inert nitrogen, now introduced with air.

Practice in large steam-plants, and especially in those of central stations, is steadily moving toward higher pressures. Steam pressures of 500 pounds to the square inch will soon be common, and already pressures of 1200 and 1500 pounds are cautiously being tried. They present new problems in the behavior of steel at temperatures near its critical point and the effect upon it of flue gases and those dissolved in water. Turbines are being built to operate at these extremely high pressures and to exhaust into headers supplying other turbines with steam at 250 to 350 pounds. The new turbine supercharger for airplanes is rated to feed to the engine, at a height of 35,000 feet, air at sea-level atmospheric pressure. It has operated at the incredible speed of 41,000 revolutions a minute, or 683 turns a second for the compressor wheel — probably the highest speed ever attained in a commercial mechanism.

The combination of the steam turbine with electric drive for marine propulsion is already installed to the extent of 550,000 horsepower in forty-five vessels, from battleships to fruiters.

The gas engine in large units is a cumbersome and complicated mechanism. It is now so nearly equaled in efficiency by the latest steam turbine installations that it does not seem likely to grow in favor. The gas turbine, with its promise of still higher efficiencies, has been just below the horizon for several years. Very recently that daring conception, the mercury turbine,

has passed from theory to actuality and, among the milestones of progress, may be set as far in advance of the steam turbine as the latter is beyond the reciprocating engine. It permits the generation of 50 per cent more power from a pound of coal than has been possible heretofore.

The growth of the electrical industries is proceeding at an extraordinary rate, and the developments now under way must profoundly influence industrial and social conditions in the immediate future. It is estimated that the energy generated in central stations will triple in the next ten years, and that in the course of that decade the people of the country will spend twenty billion dollars for electric service in homes, farms, factories, and mines. In the Pacific Coast states, installed primary power increased 540 per cent from 1899 to 1919, and over a million horsepower is now under development in California. The Southern California Edison Company is sending 220,000-volt current over its Big Creek line, and it has become possible to deliver power four hundred miles or more with good efficiency. While the superpower zone on the Atlantic seaboard is still the dream of engineers, plans have been developed for a single electric superpower system to cover the entire country and southern Canada.

Voltages as high as two million above ground are now being dealt with experimentally. In the laboratory, electricians in overalls are usurping the more terrible functions of Jove, and insulation engineers are busy with new means of harnessing the lightning. An X-ray tube with fifteen times the X-ray energy of the average tube in use is now available to those who are endeavoring to probe the mystery of the ultimate structure of matter. In the alloy industries the electric furnace is firmly established, while electric steel has proved its superiority for many special uses. Greatly improved electric lamps are stimulating the demand for better illumination in homes, offices, and factories. The actor no longer monopolizes the spotlight. Its protective glare now focuses upon the semaphoric traffic-cop. The flood lighting of railroad yards is becoming common, and there is a distinct trend toward high-intensity lighting in many cities, there being in some instances a fifteenfold increase in light-intensity in business districts.

Whether the moving picture will develop or retrograde is not for one who has never seen Hollywood to say. The moving-picture van, which, to larboard, starboard, and astern, compels attention to the virtues of toasted chewing-gum or the lasting flavor of cigarettes, has arrived and is as welcome as a peripatetic billboard. We are soon to become familiar with the pallophotophone. Its symphonic name will from most of the community conceal the poetic fact that it is a moving picture whose characters talk. No longer is it necessary for our statesmen to tour the country. Their fences may be mended in the studio, and their constituents may simultaneously, in thousands of communities, view the candidate in a six-foot close-up as his argument is projected in a voice of twenty horsepower. It will handicap the would-be senator who looks like a third-class postmaster.

It would be interesting, but quite inconclusive, to allow one's self to speculate upon the reactions which our civilization is ultimately to make to the marvels that are resulting from the discovery of the Herzian waves. The sales of radio equipment reached a total of $150,000,000 last year and are expected to double in 1924. The earth has become a whispering gallery, and the ocean has lost its solitude. The

farm is no longer isolated, and the newspapers, the theatres, and the pulpit have a new competitor.

VI

Man is no longer bound to the earth. He has achieved a three-dimensional existence. Since 1920 our transcontinental mail service has covered nearly two million miles a year. It has handled in all nearly a million ton-miles of mail. In England, during the past two and a half years, there was only one accident involving serious injury to a passenger, for 5,000,000 miles flown. In a single month 2600 passengers have been carried by the London-Paris route. It is now possible to fly from Vienna to Paris in ten hours and from Strasbourg to Constantinople in thirty hours.

But the airplane is available not only for the transport of passengers and mail. Its operating-costs are already low enough to permit its use for carrying costly, perishable, or urgently needed goods, and there is probability of an early development of an aerial-express service in this country. Except as a part of the military establishment, the airplane has, in Europe, been regarded chiefly as an instrument of foreign policy and used to tie together far-flung portions of empire and distant but friendly states. French lines trend toward Morocco, and the French aspire to establish regular service between Dakar, in Africa, and Brazil. The British are working toward Egypt, India, Australia. Meanwhile, the general public keeps its feet on the ground and confines its aerial activities to the reading of sky-writing. The confidence of that public in the safety and regularity of aerial transport must be secured before any great commercial development may be expected. The situation is not unlike that which confronted the builders of transcontinental railroads in the United States and Canada. The same faith and vision are required to develop and operate airplane lines on the large scale.

For long-distance travel overseas the airship will doubtless prove more available than the airplane. It is easily capable of carrying a good commercial load three or four thousand miles, at a speed of a mile a minute. Its safety is, of course, immeasurably increased by inflation with nonexplosive helium, of which, Dr. Moore claims, there is enough available in the United States to fill and maintain two hundred airships of the size of the Shenandoah. He foresees ships of twice that size, carrying a fuel supply adequate for the trip to Europe and return. The British are turning to airships for the projected London-Australia service, and on overseas journeys generally it seems probable that a passenger rate of twenty dollars a day plus seven-cent mileage can be maintained.

The automobile, which has so profoundly influenced social and economic conditions in this country within twenty years, is approaching standardization, and distinct intimations now appear that the period of great expansion is drawing to a close. With more than 13,000,000 cars and trucks now on our roads, there is, nevertheless, an annual demand for about 3,500,000 more. The replacement demand will soon equal present production. Our investment in motor transportation is approaching that in our railroads, and it is in property subject to peculiarly heavy depreciation. The economists and financiers have looked with apprehension upon these vast expenditures, and the fact that seventy per cent of all cars sold are being bought on the installment plan is not indicative of the highest wisdom in our domestic economy. Nevertheless, we

grow richer as a nation, and as we have acquired cars the national income has doubled and savings-bank deposits have greatly increased.

Rail shipments for less than forty miles are said to be carried at a loss, and within this zone transportation by truck is far more expeditious. An increasing volume of short-haul business will, therefore, be diverted to trucks. Freight terminals are likely to be removed beyond congested city limits, and delivery of package freight made expeditiously by motor trucks. In Cincinnati motorized-freight terminals have in one year released 66,000 cars for main-line service, saved 300,000 switching cuts, and advanced freight movement fifty-two hours.

VII

Our industries are entering upon a long period of super-competition, the duration of which will in large measure be determined by conditions in Europe or our own relations to them. As foreign markets are restricted, competition at home will be intensified. As the pressure increases, our manufacturers will be forced to rely more and more generally upon the scientific method for the control of materials and processes and to support intensive research as the basis for industrial development. We may hope to see the stupendous wastes which accompany our present operations minimized, and resources, now neglected, utilized to great advantage. Such abundant metals as beryllium, hafnium, calcium, and magnesium will be utilized. Our wastes in cereal straw will be turned to account. The lumberman will be brought to realize that he is leaving behind or burning up greater values than he markets. Pure iron, bright as silver and little subject to corrosion, will be available for a thousand uses.

Still there remains the problem of distribution, which is perhaps the greatest problem with which our industry is confronted. It seems to be approaching a solution in the activities and success of great corporations that function as distributing agencies. Sales of single mail-order houses approximate $200,000,000 a year. One grocery company with 8500 stores had a turnover, in 1922, of $247,000,000. Last year $193,000,000 worth of goods, in five- and ten-cent units, were sold by a single organization, and a survey of its stock is a revelation of the accomplishment of our manufacturers in low-priced production. Chain drug-stores are distributing agencies for books, stationery, aluminum ware, confectionery, and dolls — and will fill prescriptions, if you can find the proper counter. For radio equipment you may go to chain cigar-stores. In short, it is beginning to be recognized that retail distribution is a function of organization rather than of product.

During the last fifty years science and invention have led us further and further from the world that was; deeper and deeper into a new environment. The process of change has been so rapid that readjustment has been difficult. Yet readjust ourselves we must, and prepare for new adjustments. Our dealings with Nature in the past have been by crude and clumsy methods. The chemistry of the laboratory is put to blush by that of the plant cell. We face the problems of the future with a new knowledge of the ultimate structure of matter, derived from radium, atomic spectra, and the X-rays. What has gone before is mere earnest of the future. We may confidently depend on science to provide the foundation for a better social structure, if we can prevail upon ourselves to build thereon in a different frame of mind.

EXILED

BY UNA ELLIS-FERMOR

(*'Woe to the man who takes two wives!*
Woe to the landsman who loves the seas!
But woe to that man a hundred-fold,
Gives his heart to two countries!')

I lie awake twixt three and five,
When the dawn is gloomy gray,
And the maple trees are shivering
With waiting for the day.

And I dare not think of Sussex,
Or how the dark hills go
Like a girdle around Lewes,
Where the chalk-scars gleam like snow.

Nor how the hills of Berkshire
Ride west into the sun;
Nor how the lanes at Appledore
Down to the marshes run.

Nor how the lights of Waterloo
Spring up in the blue sky,
While dark and broad and solemn,
The Thames goes sweeping by.

And now I 'm back in England
I need never wake and lie
Remembering the chalk hills
Under a wet-gray sky!

But this morning's dawn came whispering
A faint, sad charm
Of a blue, maple shadow
Upon a white, wood farm . . .

(*'Woe to the man who has taken two wives!*
Woe to the landsman who loves the seas!
But there 's neither peace nor sleep for the man
Who has given his heart to two countries!')

THE LITTLE DARK MAN

BY ERNEST POOLE

'I AM going to tell you a story,' said my Russian friend one night, 'which will give you a glimpse of the little dark man whose figure will soon be more plainly seen in many countries of the world. And then he will look quite enormously large — even in America.'

My curiosity was stirred. We were sitting in his small house, that night, up in the north of Russia. It was the autumn of 1917. When I asked what he meant by the little dark man, he smiled at me and answered: —

'If I should try to tell you, I would be talking all the night, for this chap has appeared in so many forms, since men began asking "What is the life?" In the Middle Ages he grew quite large, and they called him Saint or Sorcerer. Then came modern science and smiled at him; and as men smiled he grew small to their eyes, so small that soon those scientists forgot him — like God, whom they also denied. But now I think he will grow again. So large will he grow at the end of this war that soon you will hear the millions of greatly puzzled people inquire, "Who is this psychic gentleman? He is doing the strange things. How does he do

them?" they will ask. And the orthodox atheist, sharply annoyed, will have to find some way to reply. . . . But all this time while he was so dim to those learned people in the towns, to the simple peasants of our land he has always been quite real. And my story to-night is of such peasants, and of one who lived among them, and of a thing that I saw with my eyes. So now I shall tell — and at first you will hear a story beginning not strangely at all, but just very human, very Russian.'

He smiled again, and so began. And the tale that he told I shall try to repeat in his own words, as he told it to me.

I

'Surely we shall be too late! Make haste, go on!' my mother cried, although it was more than five hours yet before the train to Petrograd could possibly reach the station to which we were driving. For my good mother always loved to be 'a little before' a train. In all our trips, though I did my best to be as slow as possible, never could I manage so that we reached the station less than some two hours before the arrival of the train. And knowing this, our peasant driver only smiled when she implored him to be going like the wind.

'Barina,' he said, 'we shall have three hours still to wait, if the train is not late. But God only knows how late it will be. The last time it was fully six hours behind; so perhaps you will sit at the station all through the day and through the night.'

'Go on — oh, please!' my poor mother cried. So with an indignant grunt, the peasant beat his horses to the splendid gallop; and so we were going until at last we stopped with a jerk in the mud and snow before the gate to the station yard. 'Thank God, now we are in time!' declared my mother with content, while I went into the station to inquire about the train. Never in all my life have I heard of any train so far behind! Somewhere in Holy Russia it was, and this was all that I could learn. Many hours at least we should be here. I was in the despair, which was still increased when soon I found that the station buffet was hopelessly closed. The whole place was filled with emptiness!

I strolled upon the platform then, and at last discovered at one end a single living creature there — a blond and tall, quite nicely built young peasant woman, cleanly dressed, who sat immovable, calm like a cow. It seemed to me I had seen her before; but where, at first I could not guess. Then suddenly I recollected. Yes, this was the nice young woman I met not long ago on my way to Okuneff's, a neighbor of mine whose small estate was about fifty versts from our home. I had talked with her then, so I had learned that she was from the village of Bor; and now I was glad that I had discovered someone with whom my good mother could talk, since I knew that she did not like to be mute for any considerable length of time. So I brought the girl to her and said that here was a nice young woman from Bor. One glance of the keen pleased interest, and my mother knew at once that this young woman would soon have a child. So with full speed the gossip began; and in perhaps two hours, with never any silence at all, we knew all about this woman's life — not only her name, but the names of all her relatives and all her friends, and all their lives from year to year, as though we ourselves were born in Bor. And only when she had recounted all this, did Maria quietly tell to us how early this morning she had come there, and already was on the train when off she ran to the buffet to fetch some hot

water for her tea. The train went off while she was there — and her luggage was now in Petrograd! At once my mother, in full dismay, was convinced it would be stolen there; but the girl Maria quite calmly replied: —

'No, Barina, such a thing cannot be. Do you see? I am poor and with child, and my husband is sick from a wound in the war. Will he live or not, God only knows. So how could there be any people so bad, who would steal from such a girl as me, who goes to see her husband in Petrograd where he may die?'

But my good mother's concern increased. Earnestly turning to me, she implored, 'Junechka, please — explain to her that there *are* such people in Petrograd — that the luggage men are scoundrels there. Perhaps she will believe you, since you are a man.'

But just because I was a man, off I walked from this hopeless talk. I walked and walked, the time went on, and at last arrived the train in the night.

By now my anxious mother resolved to take the girl with us, second class, since she had learned that Maria knew nobody in Petrograd except her husband, Peter, who was in a lazaret. On the train she gave us a letter from him — a most typical one — many peasants write so: —

'To our deeply esteemed wife, Maria Sidorovna, we send our greetings of the husband. I am ill in Petrograd in the lazaret N. 423, so please come quickly to me there. Give our greetings to — ' and then followed the names of all the relatives, friends, and persons of village acquaintance, placed in the hierarchical order.

The letter at last was finished: —

'And pray to accept our blessings of the husband for your good success — which blessing is good until the coffin.'

II

In the station at Petrograd, where we arrived at the end of the night, I found at last the conductor of the early morning train, and soon, to my enormous surprise, the luggage of the girl was found. When he brought to Maria her huge bag, she took it without astonishment, quite calmly as a matter of course. 'Surely,' he said with the curious smile, 'you must be a girl from the North, where the people live without locks on their doors!' I paid the man five roubles for the trouble he took not to steal the bag, and then my mother asked Maria to come along with us that day and be safe from all the scoundrels. Without confusion the girl replied, 'Thanks.' And she quietly climbed into the sledge.

It was now early in the dawn, but as we passed so many great houses, palaces, and God knows what, Maria looked calmly at them all and showed not even the small surprise, though never once yet in her life had she visited any town, and the only stone building she had seen was the little church in Bor, which was some seven centuries old. 'This is the town. Then it must be so,' was the thought in her eyes, and nothing else. Like the splendid healthy ox she was! When we came to our lodging, Maria at once felt herself here quite at home, as though she had been years long with us. While eating some bread and sipping the tea, she now continued to us her tale. Her husband, she told, had been a soldier already for two years in the war. They had taken him off when he was eighteen. All the time near Riga he had been, digging many trenches there, 'so that men could be saved from the bullets,' she said. Eight months ago, he was with her in Bor for a few days; then away he went — and not until now had she received any news of him.

Then, while I went to the telephone to ask the address of the lazaret, Maria was carefully making herself fit for her great visit that day — 'to my deeply esteemed husband,' she said. She displayed before my mother the contents of her enormous bag. It was quite a museum of village fine art — the laces made with needles so fine and with such perfect taste that they could easily compare with that coming from Venice my mother declared. Then came the fine and silk-like linen, spun in the home, some snowy white and some with faded green and pink woven into it, in such a way, and with a feeling of color so fine, that it was quite a wonder to see! My mother's good eyes came out of her head! With dry reproach she looked at me, and said, —

'You have been many times to Bor! Were you always sleeping there, that you never saw such needlework, to buy some and to bring to me? This is exactly the way of a man!'

My position grew most unpleasant now. My God! And in order to save myself, I made the heroic proposition to make a special journey to Bor at once and fetch all the stuff I could buy.

While I was telling this splendid resolve, Maria at last was ready to start — quite in her best attire now, with her fair thick hair all shined with oil and tightly coiffed. 'My own husband I am going to see, so I must be at my best,' she said. Our *dvornik* fetched for her a sledge, and off on the dirty snow of the street she drove away to the lazaret.

III

In about three hours back she came — quite terribly silent, with not a trace of the calm animation she had shown when she was preparing herself for the visit. She sat a long time so deeply sad that it was a woe to look at her. Her husband was so ill, she said, the doctors even did not allow him to speak any word with his own wife. On the train from the front, I soon understood, the poor devil had caught a pneumonia, and now there was faint hope he could survive. Two-thirds of his lungs did not breathe, she told us. Still not a tear, nor any complaint. Silently she took off her fine clothes. She asked of my mother, 'Where is the church?' And off she went to pray to the God.

Now I telephoned to the lazaret, to find if nothing could be done; but they told me her husband was ill quite long, and was weak before the pneumonia came. Now he lived only by breathing the pure oxygen from the tank. No hope at all. Perhaps two days would be the longest time for him. . . . Well, poor lad — another one dead. But death was so common in Russia now, that soon I dropped him off my mind, and went to attend to the business for which I had come to Petrograd. I accomplished it that afternoon; then, having nothing urgent to do, in order to please my mother I decided to go back to Bor and buy some linen and laces there, and also perhaps have a nice long chat with my friend Okuneff, who lived near by.

So I took the train from the city that night; and the next day, after quite a long drive over the clean white snow of a road through the silent forest of huge pines, I came to the little village which was the girl Maria's home. Soon I discovered the hut where she lived, and I found her younger sister there. She was a lass of perhaps sixteen, a nice-looking girl with brown-golden eyes, thick chestnut hair, and finely built — but silent, silent like a fish. I explained to her the bad news about Peter, and also why I had come to Bor; and of course I mentioned that I was going to see my old friend Okuneff near by. This was to make my credit higher — since no peasant likes to sell or have

trade with a person unknown to him.

The girl had listened silently both to the news of Peter and also to my business talk; but now when I said I would go to Okuneff, without any word she went from the hut and soon returned with a neighbor woman, to whom she explained what had to be done while she was away from the home that day. 'Well, my swallow, well, my birdie, I will do so,' the neighbor agreed.

When the compact was made, and not before, did the young girl calmly ask of me if she might go in my sledge to Okuneff's.

'There is plenty of room, you see, and I will take but small space,' she said. 'And if Peter is so ill, I must go at once to a very old man who is living now in the house of your friend, the Barin Okuneff. So please to make for me this grace.'

Of course I agreed, and we started away. We traveled about twenty versts, and this girl at my side was silent still as any fish could possibly be. I learned her name, Pelageia — but not another word from her could I draw out along the road. In the concentrated way she sat, as if she thought of something.

What it was I did not know — and as I looked at her I guessed that not even she herself knew her thoughts. So at last we came to Okuneff's estate. Exceedingly glad to see me there, at once in his stentorian voice he cried: —

'Juvenal Vassilievich arrived! Now make for us a big fish-pie! Be quick as possible! Don't forget to serve the nice *zakooski*, too!'

And then followed the further orders which he shouted from his room down to the kitchen far below.

IV

That was a splendid feast we had. With the appetites of heroes we consumed appalling heaps of food. After dinner we slept a bit, — about two hours, — and when again I came into the front room of the house, I saw the girl Pelageia there, sitting with a little old man who was dressed in the black garb of a monk. He was wiry, thin, and quite white-haired; but he had the strong determined face, and a tremendous force was felt both in his voice and in his eyes — though his manner was quite humble and his speech was very low. The girl must have been telling him about Maria's husband; for when I entered the little old man rose and greeted me, and began to ask intently in detail what I had heard from the doctors about Peter's hopeless case. When I had explained, he asked as well all about the lazaret — just where it was in Petrograd, how large, how many rooms it had, and just where was Peter's bed. He inquired as though he himself were intending to go and see the sick man there. When all this information he had, he thanked me and rose and went to his room.

Then I asked my friend Okuneff who was this little holy man? He answered me that now for some time the old fellow had lived within his house, and that he was glad to have him there — so quiet and good he always was, so little trouble did he make. He stayed most of the time alone in his room, and his meals were the water and the rye bread — only rarely a dish of sauerkraut with sunflower oil, which he took as a feast. The strange healing-power he sometimes had; many peasants had been cured by him. So much for his case. With Okuneff I soon forgot about him now, and all evening long we talked of the war — of prices, how they rose and rose; and of new laws by the government, each one more stupid than the last — or not so stupid, rather done by the German influence at court, to bring all our trade and industries down.

So, after this good cheerful talk, which most Russians like so well, finally we went to bed.

The next day when leaving Okuneff's house, I saw the old man of the night before. He said, in the low and quiet voice, 'I attended to the trouble of Peter, and I received news that now all will go well.'

I smiled to myself. For how could such a simple old man travel six hundred versts in a night to the lazaret where Peter lay? I went into my sledge with Pelageia, and we started back to Bor. Though she had heard what the old man said, she took it quite as a matter of course. She was rather communicative now, and explained to me that it would be hard to buy the linen and laces in Bor; for the women did not like to sell except in the cases exceedingly rare. Too much toil their stuff had cost. But still she would try to persuade them to sell to me something, if only a little. Very calmly on she talked. Long ago some merchants had bought the lace in Bor, she said, but could not sell it in the big towns, because the ladies there preferred to buy the laces foreign-made. 'For to them it was the shocking taste to wear anything made in Russia!' she said. So now her friends and neighbors in Bor were quite indignant that their fine work should be refused for the bad lace made with machines in Germany! Pelageia spoke of those ladies in towns, most heartily despising them all! 'No self-respecting Barina,' she said, 'would wear such trash from Germany!'

But about the little old man she did not say a single word. And when I asked if she thought he would help, the girl replied, 'It is not a good thing to speak of the *Starzy* (Holy Man).'

In Bor, through her aid, I bought what I could. Of all the money which I had I spared only enough for the ticket — third class — and so I went back to Petrograd. But when I arrived with my linen and laces I found the girl Maria still there; and to my enormously great chagrin, my mother would barely look at this stuff! Instead, she began to tell me now of a most strange adventure which they have had while I was gone. A little old man, in the garb of a monk or of a pilgrim, came to them. Though all the doors were closed, she told, without trouble or sound he entered silently into the room where they were sitting; and after greeting Maria, he said, 'I have been to your Peter and talked with him, and have found that now he will soon be quite well.'

Then quickly and strangely he went away. . . . While my mother told this tale, I saw the girl Maria looking intently at my face, as if she were asking, 'And what do *you* know?' But I told them nothing yet of the man that I had seen at Okuneff's house. In the great interest and surprise I began to question both of them, and soon they were disagreeing as to many small details — just how he looked, just what he said. But the general story was the same. The next morning, they told me, they went to see Peter.

'And really, Junechka, the boy was much better!' my excited mother declared, 'He breathed quite well without oxygen now — but still was too weak to say anything more than that he had seen an old man there — and that now all would be well with him!'

V

With all my curiosity stirred I went the next day to the lazaret — and there I found Peter so much improved that he could talk quite easily and listen to what I had to tell. I did not speak of the little old man; I only told how I had gone to his village and seen his wife's young sister there. With the

calm interest of the peasant, Peter listened to my talk. At last I asked him how it was that he was feeling better now — and then he said very quietly: —

'One came to me two nights ago.'

'Who came to you? What do you mean?' I asked. 'No visitors can come here in the night. Perhaps you were sleeping and had a dream.'

'No, I was awake,' he replied. 'But I was lying in the state where you cannot say, "Here is life — there is death" — because you can feel yourself just between. And this was very hard for me. I did not know what I should do. Should I ask for the death and pray for my soul, or should I be begging the God for my life and thinking of my family? I grew quite tired with such thoughts, and all the fighting in my chest. But I cannot say that I was asleep, for I saw all about me quite clearly and well, and I heard how the Sister beside my bed was saying, "Look, now, how he plays with his hands, always drawing the blanket up to his chin. That is the sure sign of death." So I lay and I listened. So quiet I grew that now it was quite the same to me, whether I lived or whether I died. She dropped her needle. I opened my eyes and watched how she stooped and tried to find it on the floor. "Will she find it," I asked, "before I die?" She found it soon, and drew her chair a little closer to my bed — and now she was sewing quietly here. "Now," I thought, "in this long war, she is so used to see men die. What is she sewing?" I watched her still.

'Then something pulled upon my thoughts, and I turned my face toward the door. And I saw, at first dimly, then quite clear, how there had entered a little old man in the dark robe of Holy Church, his face quite bright, a happy one, yet quiet too with the deep strength of joy and peace within his soul streaming from him like the light. So he came and looked at me with a good smile. "Good day, Peter," he said. "You will soon be much better. I have heard that you are ill, so I have gone and inquired for you, and learned you will recover soon. You must pray to the God for recovery." I replied to him, "For what should I pray — when I cannot tell which is life, which is death? I am lying between." Then he said to me, "You must pray to the God at once for the life! You are still a young man and you have a young wife, and soon there will be a child for you, too! A fine strong boy he is going to be! What reason have you to think of the death? You are going to pray to live, my boy!" Then he told to me how I should pray, and I repeated it, word by word. While I was talking I heard the good Sister, who sat sewing still at my side, say very softly, "Now the poor man is saying a burial prayer for himself." I looked around to smile at her then — and when I looked back, the old man was gone.

'Then I fell asleep and slept all of the night. The next day the Sister looked at me and said, "You were the funny man last night! Quickly you turned and began to speak with somebody who was not here! And then you began to pray to the God!" I said to the Sister, "But did you not see the old man who came and spoke to me?" She laughed and took hold of my hand and said, "Well, well, if there was, or there was not — do not let it trouble you! I am glad that you are better now!" Then she went and brought the doctor here, and when he came he was much surprised. Barely could he believe his own eyes that I was not a dead man to-day. And he said to me, "Peter — you are the bull! The strong and lusty bull you must be!" So said the learned doctor. But look at me, Barin, if I am the bull.'

Peter drew off his blanket and opened

his shirt. And he was like a skeleton very closely clad in skin!

'The Sister told to the doctor then,' he continued quietly, 'how I spoke with someone who was not here — though of course he was here, as I have said. She told to the doctor, too, how I prayed. Then he asked, "How was his fever last night?" It was under the normal, the Sister replied; and she told how close I was to the death. Now the doctor understood all, and he said, "Just so it was. The poor fellow was mad. For in such a crisis, when the soul does not know whether to stay or depart, often the man will grow quite mad, and see what is not in the room." So I listened, and I thought, "Now of course it must be so — for he is the very learned man. How many dead men have slipped through his hands! The great experience he has had! He must be right! So I am mad!" But soon again I fell asleep, and when I awoke I grew better still. And now I do not think I am mad — and I feel that soon I will return to my home.'

He grew tired then and could talk no more. Quietly closing his eyes he said,

'Tell me, please, Barin, about my home — all that you saw while you were there. Was the horse in the stable? Or has my wife been forced to sell him in this damned war?'

'Yes, the horse was there,' I replied. 'But now I will tell you something else.' And I told how the girl Pelageia went with me to Okuneff's house, and how she was begging the old man there to pray that Peter should not die, and how the old man on the next day told that he had looked into the matter and that now all would be well. At this, Peter grew most solemnly silent; and when I had finished, he remarked,

'So — so it was. Pelageia went to the *Starzy* there. She is the good kind clever girl — she knew to whom to go for help; and now I know who it was that came. I will recover surely now.'

Then he plucked at my arm; and when I bent down, he whispered: —

'Only, Barin — please — do not speak of this to the doctors here! For they are the quite learned men! They can make a man die with one little pill! And if they knew what we are talking, for me it would soon be dangerously bad! For they think I am mad! They do not know! They live in such cities — so large, so large, and filled with so many learned books — that they cannot grasp our very plain and simple little village ways! So let us just slip away from them!'

Ten days later, with his wife, Peter went calmly back to his home — as though nothing strange had happened at all. We heard no more from them for a month — and then the girl Pelageia, almost as silent as before, came to our lodgings with quite a huge bag of linen and laces which she and Maria had made for my mother, as a gift. And she told us that Maria had just given birth to a son.

UTOPIA INTERPRETED

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

[THE coming in of the Family Order of society, and the actual practice, among such large groups of the Race, of the Discipline of Happiness both in the bringing up of children and in the treatment of social disturbers, seem to have stolen upon us like a thief in the night. Events have so crowded each other, since the apathetic decade following the L. C. W.[1], up to the dramatic revival of Nomadry in 1963, that it has become ever more and more difficult for historians to trace cause and effect. Especially is this noticeable in the recent *History of Earth*, published last year by the Interracial press at Cairo.[2]

This magazine, six months ago, opened a contest for the best Interpretation of these changes. Hundreds of persons presented their opinions. We now publish four of the most interesting of these Interpretations; and every reader of the magazine is entitled to one vote upon the most convincing of them. — *From a note by the Editors, under date of* JULY 1995]

First Interpretation

THE ICE AGE BUBBLE

I DON'T think it 's because some of my ancestors were Single Taxers that I 've always had a sort of filial feeling about Earth — little green pellet that she is among the stars! Of course everybody nowadays thinks of Earth as alive. But I believe I realized before other people did, and more sharply, too, that Earth has an animal existence of her own, has emotions of her own, — unconscious, of course, — and her own instincts and habits. I 've always had a dramatic feeling about Earth, an impulse to think of her as a buxom young thing engaged in a sort of Marathon morris-dance, with all of us, her raft of tiny children, clinging to her shoulders, and all surrounded by a long twirling veil of atmosphere.

If I felt thus romantically even in my young days, what must I feel now, when with one cool touch of her hand she has straightened out the sticky, sobbing mess our human relations were in, and had been in so long? For of course I think the one thing that quieted and reasonablized us was the Ice Age Bubble of the thirties.

Nobody remembers better than I do the beginnings of the Bubble. So far back as 1925 I 'd been thrilled by an obscure little item, tucked away somewhere in the interior of one of those huge cumbersome newspapers we used to have then: dinosaurs of which we think with wonder now, as we tuck away the morning's newsleaf into our watch-pockets.

[1] Last Christian War.

[2] Compiled by forty scholars of the Black, White, and Yellow races.

The headlines of those unwieldy sheets were all taken up at that time with ruction-news of one sort or another: tantrums the French or Irish or Fascisti were getting into about something or somebody. Away inside of all this I noticed an inch of information something like: —

GLACIERS COMING HERE PERHAPS

Scientific records, says Professor Lestrop, of the Royal Geographical Society, who landed here yesterday from the Gatamaran, show that most of the glaciers of the world are slowly extending. They are stretching down their icy claws farther and farther into the valleys. Exactly what conclusions the man in the street might draw from this information, Professor Lestrop did n't say, beyond remarking that, so far, this is a rather cold winter.

I drew some conclusions though, boy as I was. I shivered on the sleeping-porch that night, wondering what was going to happen — and rather hoping it would. I 'd read the venerable Van Loon and the classic Wells: they were n't venerable or classic then. Consequently I knew about Ice Ages in a rather realizing way. Plenty of other people knew about Ice Ages too, but I could n't manage to infect any of my friends with my own shivers and thrills.

Everybody took notice, however, of the monstrous inferno of earthquakes in the summer of 1928 in the Aleutian Islands. Those Gargantuan volcanoes, eight or ten at a time spouting both from land and sea, went on intermittently from June until January. I remember that that was the beginning of the regular airplane excursions to Alaska. People went up there to see the volcanoes as they 'd once gone to see the devastated war-areas in France. I see them sometimes still in dreams, after all these years and all the water that 's run under the bridges since! — those bubbling kettles of the gods, those appearing and disappearing islands, those square miles of hot spitting ground, those immeasurable ocean geysers!

The volcanic-dust theory about Ice Ages was a new one at that time. Seismists and meteorologists were discussing it. There was even then a school of geologists who believed the Ice Ages had come on quite suddenly. Of course they inclined to the volcanic-dust theory. Naturally the theory got a good deal of prestige from the Aleutian volcanoes. Still, to the majority of people it did n't seem possible that enough powdered rock could ever sift into the atmosphere to dim the sunshine — actually dim it to a point which would be perceptible.

In the autumn of 1929 Ar Barrue published his conclusions. Of course Ar Barrue was n't then a great discoverer, but an obscure young Negro from the Sudan who was making astronomical researches at the brand new Gandhi University in Bengal. His modest little article in the *Hibbert Journal* only said that the sunshine seemed to be changing color. It seemed to be losing some part of its red-goldness — I reduce, of course, his scientific language to an ordinary style. Nobody that I knew at that time paid any attention to this statement. But of course scientific people paid attention, and two or three months afterward, there was a Committee of Correspondence discussing it — meteorologists, astronomers, geologists, and others. The general public heard nothing about them; and yet it was their first meeting, at Munich, in the winter of 1929–30, that set on foot the plans for the never-to-be-forgotten Rio meeting.

Ah, that winter of 1929–30! Nothing in the way of cold will ever seem so cold, to us who remember it, as that first mild little taste of coolness that we

got in the winter following the Aleutian earthquakes. To this day I can't help feeling that it must have been the coldest winter the Earth has ever known. I was then a thin young fellow with a habit of stooping, and I remember wishing I could coil my long neck down inside my collar like a flamingo. But all through November we rather laughed at it. November was about like what we 'd used to consider a normal February. We all said that after such a start we might look for an open winter: the cold was using itself all up at the beginning. Then, when December was so much colder than November had been, we began to feel bewildered and perhaps a little scared. We had to give up driving cars — or even horses — as much as possible; we could keep warm best by walking. We walked without talking, very fast. When the wind was blowing we could n't keep our windows open at night, health or no health.

Time-clocks in factories had to come down from their high horses that winter and pay a little attention to human limitations. Working-hours imperatively had to be shorter. And that 's just one of a hundred things we owe to Earth's taking a hand directly in our affairs. Why — every other shortening of the workday had always cost a pretty penny of effort and ructions to bring about. But now the strange thought began to seep into people's minds that afterward became so great an anxiety: 'Suppose the people who are weighed down with some social handicap or other should n't complain of it soon enough? It might be too late, by the time they complained.' For the first time, — how quaint that seems! — the general public began to disapprove of the suicidal patience of the poor.

This came out especially in the question of fuel. We have to remember that most people still burned coal or oil, in the twenties and thirties; an easy thing it is to forget. The very idea of tanking up the waste heat of summer and the waste cold of winter, to use in the extremes of the opposite season, had n't then been seriously conceived, any more than the notion of utilizing the whole tidal power and harnessing the pulling force of the moon to human needs. And the Workerscult, in large numbers, lived on niggardly scuttlefuls of coal, from scuttleful to scuttleful, in thousands of crowded homes, every winter in the years before the Ice Age Bubble. But in the terrible — so it seemed then — winter of 1929–30, the fear of widespread death from cold became so general that practically all householders joined the Fraternal Warmth Association and agreed each to report his coal-supply from week to week, so that before the middle of January the custom was well established that no private family should permit itself to have more than a week's supply on hand, until every family had a week's supply. Of course there was hoarding and smuggling; but public opinion was decided about hoarding and smuggling, and neither was ever very prevalent. Fridays were 'coal days,' and busy days they were: all other business had to give way to coaling, from nine o'clock to four.

The cold alone was enough for us to bear: it put a strain on our endurance, just to get through the days and nights and hang together so that no poor footless creature among us should freeze. But that really was n't the worst of it. It was n't just the local cold. What bothered all of us the most was the realization that it was n't local. We knew from the beginning that it was an Earth-wide phenomenon. The South Argentine and Tasmanian weather bureaus, for instance, agreed with the Canadian and Siberian ones;

what had been a cold winter in the Northern Hemisphere had been a cold summer in the Southern one.

And then, as the summer of 1930 came on, the reports from the Southern hemisphere were that a frightfully cold winter was raging there. Great areas of Argentine pasture land were winter-killed by thick, implacable sheets of ice. Round Cape Horn the storms of that July were extraordinarily severe. Furious snowstorms driving up from the Pole wrecked a ghastly number of stout sailing vessels, and the Seamen's Union was making a herculean effort to get the route outlawed by international agreement.

By the middle of that summer of 1930, anyway, even the best-informed people were in a state not far removed from panic. For the cold kept on, implacably; and in some ways the cool summer was harder to bear than the ice-cold winter. The state of the average person's mind was such that the news — in August 1930 — that the glaciers had doubled their rate of advance, created something which I think might really be called a general panic. You 'll hear people sometimes dispute the term. But among the people I knew, it certainly would n't have been too strong a word. We did n't need the 'New Titanic' cartoon, reprinted so widely from the New York *World*, to scare us; nor the movies featuring Bill Hart as Primitive Man, waking up one morning in his lake dwelling to find his ladder frozen into the marsh, and Douglas Fairbanks riding a sabre-toothed tiger to safety just ahead of a blizzard that suddenly snowed the jungle under!

Oh to know more about the other Ice Ages! Was the Earth chilling by slow and even degrees, or manifolding its rate? Or was it chilling by leaps and bounds, mysterious and incalculable? Oh, for a record of the Fourth Ice Age! If the wandering tribes could but have notched it on a cliff, or hieroglyphed it on a buried hatchet! If they could but have blazed a record on the rocks of how fast they were driven southward — how often they trekked!

It was one of the most singular things in the world to see land values suddenly fall a mile. Such a world-wide slump in real estate had never been imagined. It needed a Jules Verne or a Balzac. If you remember the story of the *Magic Skin*, it was something like that. Everybody had it in mind that the timber-, farm-, and mining-lands of the temperate zones might some day, not too remote, turn into ice-fields. Somebody would probably be left owning tracts of lost land, buried under ice a mile thick. What many and many a weary book had been written to bring about — the reclamation of land for present use at present value merely — took place in a moment when the cool foreshadow of the Ice Age fell over the speculator's purse. And all the time there was a contradictory feeling of confidence among those who lived as tenants on the land. For the first time that I remember they felt at home upon it, and felt confident that it would n't be snatched away from under their feet by climbing prices.

I always date the duration of the panic stage of the great Bubble from that news in August, that the glaciers were advancing twice as fast, to the opening of the Rio meeting in May.

The Rio meeting is too distinguished in history, of course, for me to have to recapitulate much about it. And yet the excitement of this past decade about the exploration of the ether, and the discussions of abstract Animals' Rights, have begun, I fear, to make the Rio meeting shrink somewhat into that mere name and reverberation of greatness that all great events turn

into by the softening and muffling and darkening of time.

Everybody used to know how the meteorologists and astronomers and geographers of the world decided at their Munich meeting to call another meeting at Rio, in the spring, to discuss the whole 'climate situation.' This assembly was to consist of one hundred and seventy scientists in various lines, representing all the great universities and observatories of the world. And everybody knows — or used to know — that no sooner did the news of the forthcoming Rio meeting reach a certain group of Jewish tailors in Warsaw, than they decided to stint themselves yet a little further than they always stinted themselves to maintain their union, in order to send a delegate to the Rio meeting, to hear what the scientists should say and come back and report to them.

No sooner, again, did the news of this action appear in the *Advance*, the organ of the great union of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the United States, than the Amalgamated decided to send a delegate to represent them, who should sit with his Polish fellow workmen; and then the Russian coöperatives and the British coöperatives came in, and then the International Machinists and Miners; and after that it went on with a rush, until long before May 14, 1931, there was assembled a second committee, known as the Listening Delegates, about forty in number, representing, in addition to these, and others I can't recall: —

The Forest Schools of India
The Chinese Students' Association
The Federated Women's Clubs of Australia
The Fellowship of Reconciliation
The Vatican
The Street Traders of Constantinople
The Federal Council of Churches.

As the representatives of these conglomerated organizations sat and listened to the speculations the assembled scientists were advancing, criticizing, and discussing, several of them kept diaries. And it seems to me enough to establish my Interpretation that Earth itself took a hand directly in our affairs at that time if we only glance into any one of those diaries. For all of them are filled, are flooded, with the same overwhelming sense of the vastness of time and the power of cosmic forces. Mrs. Magoon of Sydney, I recollect, said that she felt all the time a kind of creative darkness brooding over her as she heard the geologists estimating the lapse of ages. The representative of the Nitrate Workers said that craft unionism versus industrial unionism had been his chief concern for twenty years, and suddenly now it began to seem to him impossibly picayune. The Vatican representative — a convert from protestantism — had been writing for years a monumental work on the persecutions by Queen Elizabeth. Now he was startled to find that he could n't even remember the name of his book.

The representative of the Dukhobors astonished everybody by her poise and calm before the overwhelming realization that so changed the scale of thinking of the rest. Perhaps this was only because, like all habitual mystics, she lived in the presence of cosmic thoughts. An ignorant old woman, worn by a life of labor in the fields, there she sat and heard without a tremor the unimaginable durations of sidereal time roughly guessed at, the incredible bulk of the ages before man, dimly outlined against the darkness of man's wonder and curiosity about them. I believe it was said that she spoke but once throughout the proceedings. What she then said has always seemed to me the essence

of my own conviction,— poetically condensed,—

'The stars in their courses have ended war.'

The meeting sat for about six weeks. At the end of that time it issued its never-to-be-forgotten Recommendation: the greatest document, I think, since the Sermon on the Mount. In language it is n't so noteworthy, perhaps, though passages of it rise to eloquence; but in scope, and in range, and in its wonderful simplification of the profundities with which it deals, it is — I think — without any other rival. It began, as we all know, by pointing out the fact that in the coldest parts of Earth no fuel is used.

Races who live beyond the timber line [it said] never trouble about the fuel supply. They have none. There is no fuel of any sort for them, and so they keep warm without it. It is true that they burn a little oil for cooking and to dry their wet clothes; but they keep warm as their and our remotest fathers did, by animal heat. Like the cows in a northern farmer's stable, like primitive man in the dark chill of his cave, they keep each other warm.

In any possible climatic changes of great extremity which may lie ahead of us, — for all is problematic, and we have been able to reach no conclusions in our recent sessions, — we too must be prepared above all things to keep each other alive; to keep each other warm. For this reason, *animal heat, above all things, must be preserved upon the earth.*

To this, every business, every profession, every art, all other possible interests, callings, research, rights, privileges, profits, laws, treaties, and constitutions must give way. Neither national nor international, neither ecclesiastical nor racial interests can stand before this paramount human obligation.

Life must be cherished; and all things possible must be done that can enrich and invigorate and vitalize the common life. All that is good for us all must stay; all that is good for some and bad for others must go.

It then called upon scientific men everywhere to investigate — so far as they were equipped to do so — the possibilities of trekking on a large scale, and the possibilities, in sanitation and industry, of the equatorial lands.

'And above all,' the Recommendation ended, 'let Africa be studied. For Africa, in the last emergency of possible cold, must be the refuge of man and beast.'

There was something in this expression that especially caught the imagination of Americans. We got a sudden vivid picture of the White race fleeing from its pleasant temperate zone. It was a strange thought! And to think that they might flee to Africa! the Black Man's Land, the Ice Age homestead, the one only huge-enough shelter from the on-coming cold! It was the strangest thing in the world to think of Europe and America forsaken, icebound, silent, glittering, and dead!

The Recommendation was broadcasted in thirty-seven languages. It was printed in thirty, and posted in every church, lodge, school, station, and public library; printed of course in all newspapers. It appeared early in August.

There was some bewilderment in Government offices when the Recommendation was first read there. Of course, such a proposition had never before challenged any Government. One elderly statesman who left his Memoirs confesses that he felt that it was in some way beneath his dignity, and that of his colleagues, to be asked to take measures to invigorate and enliven the life of the ordinary man. 'We seemed,' he writes, 'to be relegated to the mere functions of a Board of Health or a Welfare Bureau.' Many others, who were only too anxious to act on the Recommendation as soon as it should be humanly possible, were

appalled by the dimensions of the task. But above all loomed this immense difficulty: that there was nothing and nobody to work against. Effort in those days was almost wholly another word for fight; something was to be won ahead of others or in spite of them; or defended, when it had been won, from their attacks. Those were still — we have to keep reminding ourselves — the ages of the Ruction Life.

However, there was one thing so obvious that no living man could miss it. Of all the furniture on Earth there was one kind most dangerous to life. Armament of every sort had become overnight unspeakably antiquated. The word sounded as faint and far-away as stagecoaches. Government officials could at least begin with that; and besides it was their most familiar material. They certainly showed no hesitation here. With a joyful alacrity, in fact, as of persons long awaiting permission to do so, they took immediate steps to destroy it. Within nine days — it has been computed — after the issuance of the Recommendation, the stores of explosives and poisonous chemicals accumulated by every civilized government since the L.C.W. had been treated with Antint[1] and buried in lime and salt. There at last lay safely buried the means of poisoning every living fish; of sterilizing every field; shattering every city and town upon the globe; withering every forest; destroying every seed; eating out the heart of every root. There under lime lay the blight for enemy cows and the paralyzer for enemy chickens; the rot for enemy vegetables; the parasites for enemy cotton and corn; the ready-to-broadcast infections of diphtheria, croup, and infant paralysis for enemy children; the United States leprosy bombs; the English smallpox shells; and — the triumph of the French army chemists — the revival of the putrid plague.

(Editor's Note. — The Interpretation had to be cut here. The rest of it was less valuable. It dealt chiefly with the gradual consolidation of all political parties on Earth into the international Workerscult and Ownerscult parties, which, as we all know, maintained their opposition for a long time. With all this we are familiar from our school histories; nor did our author present any of it in any new light. Nothing he could say of either Cult could show it otherwise, presumably, than as we all realize both these extinct parties were — the product, body and soul, of the Strenuous, or Ruction, Ages.)

[1] So named from a combination of the prefix *anti*, and the popularized chemical name of the violent early explosive TNT.

Second Interpretation

THE SHARERS

Of course the present concert of human relations can't be interpreted by itself, as a thing unconnected with previous history. History is all one piece; and whatever has been the prime cause of this great change and brightening of the life of man must bear some likeness to the causes of other great waves of human achievement. Any interpretation I might make would have to be related to some general scheme that fits Earth history as a whole.

Now my own interpretation of history as a whole is that from time to time a tide of brotherly love has swelled, mounted, and carried human

life far up the beach of its great possibilities. Such a tide was early Buddhism, when, in its unadulterated strength, it turned the armies of Asoka, all flushed with conquest as they were, back to the planting of trees and the building of schools and the digging of wells. Such a tide was released by the first Franciscans, when they taught the Christian world not to be afraid to be happy, and released the exulting glories of the Renaissance. And such a tide, I think, brought in the Family Order and the Discipline of Delight; for I think Kate Cotton, her great convert and martyr, Alosha Ban, and the thousands of women who followed them, were the chief architects of the pleasant days we live in.

I even think, if it had n't been for the Sharers, we should never have had the affectionate wit to think of the revival of Nomadry, but would still have been calling the natural Nomads among us by the stupid old name of 'tramps,' and dragging them into tobacco-smelling courtrooms with droning clocks, and there sentencing them to ten days in a greasy county jail. But for the Institute of Sharing, I believe we should still be witnessing the Ownerscult arrayed above the Workerscult in the hopeless endeavor to pacify their realization of inequality. And though the vast chemical armaments of the nations have been Antinted, and buried in coffins of lime, I believe that as soon as the Ice Age Bubble had been pricked by the news that volcanic dust could be gently and gradually precipitated by airplanes scattering adhesive steam, we might quite possibly have sneaked back, one set of temporary rulers after another, and begun to manufacture corroding and infecting germs once more, whereby to impose our wills upon each other.

I knew Kate Cotton personally. I more than once met — though I cannot say I really knew — Alosha Ban Telemark. I was myself only an Associate Sharer — a Sharer of the Outer Degree. But to have met with those impassioned women, to have felt the emanations of spiritual power that flooded round them, was to conceive once for all an overwhelming sense of the transforming energy of those flood tides of loving-kindness that are released upon the world by every actual reckless practice of the Inasmuch ideal.

Kate Cotton was a young matron in the city of Macon, Georgia, the mother of four little children, fond of music and of acting in French plays. The only remarkable thing she had ever done was to go to Serbia during the L.C.W. for relief work there. She was a thorough Southerner, a Georgian on both sides, and the daughter of a Confederate veteran.

There was a little society of young women in Macon in those days called the Helping Hand. They used to meet once a week or so to work for something that was needed in the town — usually something that was rather obviously needed. Sometimes they made clothes for families which the river floods had driven out of their dwellings on the Ocmulgee flats, and sometimes they arranged to send fruit and cakes to the prisoners in the jail. In other words, they were just such a society of amiable young creatures as existed in a thousand other places, and did just such little compassionate things to ease the screaming horrors of the Strenuous Age. In the early fall of 1928 they elected Kate Cotton president.

The legend is that she looked out of her window in the moonlight one night, and saw a few intoxicated white men driving by in six or seven automobiles, having a Black boy, with a rope round his neck, in the front car, and a coffin

in the last one. This is a dramatized version of what really happened. The facts were that she read in the Macon *Telegraph*, at breakfast one morning, an account of a Black boy's being lynched. It was n't the first time she had heard of lynchings. As I said, she was a Georgian. She had felt shamed and sorrowful about them a great many times before. But this time she left her breakfast untasted and went to the telephone and called a meeting of the Helping Hand.

When she had us all in her parlor that afternoon, she told us that she would have to resign as president, because she would have to give all her time to another society she was going to start. She would start it, she said, even if no one else joined; but she knew that others would join. She thought it ought to be called the 'Sharers,' or some such name, because the idea she had in starting it was just to share trouble voluntarily with those who had it. The kinds of trouble she meant — she said — were the kinds that human beings let loose on each other; not the kinds we all together try to prevent, such as drought and fire and flood. She did n't mention race hatred, or the Black race, by name.

Alosha Ban was there. She was a member of the Helping Hand and, of course, the most picturesque person in it, wearing, as she did, a modified Oriental dress, and remaining, as she did to the day of her death, a devout Mohammedan. She had married a Macon business man, Henry G. Telemark. It was said that he had met her on a trip to the Philippines. She was generally known as Mrs. Telemark, though she was something of a feminist and usually signed her maiden name. She had thick black hair, and very black eyes, that you might call gazing, or dwelling, eyes: eyes that never darted about from one thing to another, but seemed to dwell on everything, even as she passed it by. I remember that she looked at Kate with intense concentration that afternoon. She was the only one of us, I thought, that Kate seemed individually conscious of.

It was she, I think, who asked Kate to tell us exactly what she meant by 'sharing.'

Kate said that she believed in the bottom of her heart that such troubles as she had spoken of ought to be shared in full, and to the bitter end. But so far as she herself was concerned, she had n't the courage to do that. She thought there might be people who might join the Sharers, who would be pluckier than she was. Such people, she thought, might be called Sharers to the Death, or Last Degree Sharers.

Alosha Ban then, in a composed, even voice, asked: —

'Do you mean that if a Black man, then, is lynched, a woman — of another race — should commit suicide?'

Kate, almost in a whisper, said 'Yes.'

Voices instantly rose all round the room; scarcely one of us but was saying in varying ways, the same thing: 'How could anyone possibly bring such horror and misery on her family?'

Kate did n't speak. She was very pale.

Alosha Ban composedly said: 'It would be just about like a soldier going away to fight. He brings horror and misery on his family.'

So much I remember as if it had happened yesterday. I don't know why I 've never written it down before. Since the death two years ago of Kate Cotton, no one else is left, I think, who was present at that meeting.

But the rest of it I don't remember quite so well. I know that Kate must have sketched the Sharers of the Middle Degree, afterward called the Life

Sharers, who would go to live — not for a little while, to see what it was like, but permanently — in the forlornest houses in their respective communities, in the dirtiest streets, with the worst drains. And I remember that whereas we had all been willing to consider, after an instant's protest, the remote possibility that somebody, somewhere, might sometime die as a rebel against the custom of lynching, several of us now rose out of our chairs from the mere shock of such a thought as this of living in Negro streets; and most of us speaking at once as before, but louder, in a confusion of dissent, said that it would be harder than death itself to go and live in those places.

Kate laughed at that, and said oh no, it could n't be worse than dying, because any Community could take its Sharers out at any moment, simply by cleaning up those streets and making them wholesome and pleasant.

'We should be martyrs,' she said, 'only until our community decided that it did n't want any martyrs.'

'But you all can see from that,' I remember her saying, 'what a coward I am. For I have n't got even the courage to do that. All I 've got the courage to do is to go and live in poor people's streets for three months or so of every year. And I declare I don't believe I 've got the courage to take those three months in the summer.'

Even three cool months looked much too hard to the rest of us, and we all said so, except Alosha Ban. Two or three other women and I began trying to think of a still more moderate degree in which we could be sharers. For somehow none of us seemed to want to lay Kate's challenge on the table, and go home and leave it there. Two or three said they would try to do what Kate did. And several of us worked out, that day, before we left the meeting, what came to be the Third or Associate Degree. Everyone knows, I suppose, what the Associate Sharers were: women who agreed to enter into the lives of the poor by symbol only. And we honestly felt that we were really sharing just by doing that.

We agreed that we would go into definite mourning for a short time every year for the hardships that survived in our community. For every increase in hardship that fell upon any class in our community, we would extend our time of mourning; and for every pleasantness added to the least pleasant lives among us, we would shorten the time.

I have told thus in detail about the meeting that epoch-making afternoon, partly because my recollections are so much more concrete than the usual accounts, but more because I think the multitudes of women who responded to us in the outside world divided just about as we did that afternoon into the various degrees of Sharers. For every Death Degree, or Life Degree, Sharer, there were perhaps two of the Season Sharers and half a dozen of the Associates. But of course these distinctions were anything but formal or fixed. Season Sharers blended into Life Sharers, and Life and Death Sharers often merged together, and there was about the history of the Institute from its foundation the informal spontaneous growth of things in nature, rather than of those that are manufactured.

So far as I can remember, nothing about all this appeared in the papers until, in the course of six weeks or so, Kate Cotton moved out of her pleasant Vineville Avenue house into one of the little streets where the working race lived. She left her children in charge of their grandmother, just as she had done when she went to Serbia. How homely and simple a movement the Sharers' was — arranged to suit house-

keeping women, and managed from hand to mouth by common-sense. Kate was only two blocks away from her family, after all. She moved into a small tenement her husband owned, with a peach tree on each side of the door. It had two rooms. I went to see her there, and she was doing her washing in a kettle in the sandy backyard, just as Black women had done it for her for thirty years.

But now, within twenty-four hours, what she had done was in the Atlanta papers. From them it was copied into papers all over the State. For a few weeks she was overwhelmed with reporters and with visitors. But even in those earliest limelight days there was always somebody among the visitors who had come really wanting to join her 'order.' And though a few curiosity-seekers came to see us Associates too, many more came who were interested: surprisingly many. There were not a few who really wanted to find some expression for their own sisterly sense of unrest about the poor, who thought our way might prove theirs.

I believe it 's almost impossible to overestimate the amount of talk that was going on by this time about Kate's little movement. Of course at first the principal interest was among the Southern women. It seemed to be a White woman's undertaking at first, but very soon Negro teachers and authors living in the North began asking to be enrolled, and came back to the South, giving up their positions and careers and losing themselves in Sharing. Almost without exception, these Black Sharers took the Life Degree.

Sharers appeared in Europe almost as soon as they did in New York, where at first the Sharing principle was understood to be a variation of the Settlement idea. It was the New York Sharers who amalgamated with that young people's exodus, which had begun years before, out from the Ownerscult into the more adventurous kinds of work. As early as the teens of the twentieth century there had begun to be such an exodus, at first in vacations chiefly, when the sons and daughters of the Owners went into the factories or mines, or as stewards and stewardesses on lake and ocean vessels, from June until October. This was probably the reason why the Sharers attained to such a comparatively enormous growth in the colleges.

Before the end of the winter the American newspapers published accounts of Sharers forming in China. I am not sure whether those first Chinese Sharers were the same reckless and ingenious women who locked themselves into their cellars in order to share the lot of malefactors in the Chinese prisons or whether the Prison Sharers' movement came later. This variety of Sharer soon spread, for as early as the spring of 1930 I heard of Prison Sharers in Ireland. Ireland, indeed, was where the Prison Sharers carried their campaign to the greatest heights of devotion, imprisoning themselves in area-enclosures on the streets, and hungerstriking with the hungerstrikers.

But this was after Alosha Ban's death. No historian of the Sharers could ever estimate the course the movement would have taken without that most grisly and effective use to which Alosha Ban decided to put her body. Many critics of the movement think it would have been vastly more effective if it had been less 'theatrical.' In the opinion of these judges, the self-martyrdom of Alosha Ban was the match that touched off the movement into what they call a 'bonfire.' It is impossible for me to form any judgment. I was myself, and still am, too much under the dreadful glamour of

her death to think of the Sharers without it. I feel that without Alosha Ban the Sharers would have been more reasonable. But would more reason have made them more effective? The Ice Age Bubble was swelling before our eyes at the very time when she put herself to death in that most fearful fashion. Who can say what the thrill of wonder and of horror at her death might have done, or not have done, without the mingled sense of wonder and of dread that was current at that time, about the future of this planet and of the whole race of man?

The Telemarks had moved to Texas shortly after the Sharers had been organized. I think they went first to Fort Worth, and then to Waco. I knew of their being in Waco as early as January 1929. There Mr. Telemark fell in with two or three old friends of his, whom he had not seen since bachelor days. He now began to see a great deal of these old friends. The newspaper accounts of Alosha Ban's death said that he had been out very late on the previous night, and that one at least of those old friends of his was believed to have taken part in the horrible lynching of Henry Major. Henry Major was burned alive that night, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. He was an elderly Negro of poor reputation, who was accused of having spoken familiarly to a young white woman, and was believed to have intended to assault her. He struck the young woman's father when accused by him.

The certain facts about Alosha Ban are that she disappeared from her home on the afternoon following the lynching, and that her burnt and blackened body was found lashed with wires to a broken fence-rail close beside the body of the burned Negro. It was found by a party of sightseers who had gone out on the second morning after, to view the spot. It is thought that she had soaked her clothes with kerosene. In the afternoon of the second day following her disappearance, Kate Cotton received a letter from her, which had been postmarked on the day of her disappearance. It said in a few words that she had from the first resolved to be a Death Sharer, but had concealed her intentions for fear of interference with her plans.

She added, 'Will not some other white woman, especially some young and happy woman, share as I do the death of the next man lynched in her community? I leave my fellow women this in trust.'

The letter closed with saying, —

'Death perhaps is not so terrible to an Oriental. Mohammedans are vividly aware of Paradise.'

Kate instantly gave out the letter for publication. Immediately she found herself the centre of a storm of condemnation from parents and clergymen and others for giving out the letter. They also bitterly condemned the newspapers for printing it. Others again condemned these clergymen and parents for calling any further attention to the letter and the suicide; and for some time there raged a considerable dispute as to how best to consign the letter to oblivion. Alosha Ban was everywhere condemned as a fanatic, a monster of asceticism, indeed a maniac.

Among the young women of all lands whose imaginations were fired to fever heat by her death and challenge was a young Frenchwoman, a student of medicine at the Sorbonne. This young woman as a child had known Jean Jaurès and she had seen him on the very day of his assassination. It had affected her strongly, and she had been considered peculiar ever since.

This Marie-Jeanne Fischer now called together some of her friends and colleagues and they banded them-

selves into an order exclusively of the Death Degree, to share the extremities of war. Their vow was that for every person ever killed by the French army in war, whether by direct slaughter or by blockade, one of them would die in imitation of the death of that other, 'so long,' their manifesto declared, 'as our little numbers last.'

This, and not the Argentine legend, was the beginning of that wild order of Enemy Death Sharers, which within six months had its hundreds of members in Germany, Italy, and France, its thousands in Japan and India (twelve thousand, it used to be thought, in Burmah alone), and its smaller, but still determined, groups in the Anglo-Saxon countries. There were, I have been told, about two thousand in Mexico and South America combined. What lent the most terrible power to the order was its practice of keeping its list of members secret and merely announcing the total number in the country, and the pledge they had taken. Though they are often accused of having published vastly swollen estimates of their numbers, and of joining without intending to do more than scare the Government, subsequent investigations of their records seem to bear out the original statements pretty well. No doubt, if they had been put to the dreadful test, many would have faltered and left the order. But what anxious father could be sure that his daughter was not among the steadfast few who would not falter?

I almost wish the Recommendation of the Rio meeting might have been delayed a year or two, so that the world might have seen what the Sharers could accomplish. For consider what they had already done. Housing improvements in England and America were already immense, even before the Rio meeting. No one denies that the prisons of the Orient in general were greatly improved — and few deny that the protest of the Chinese women had been the means of it. Personally I believe the Sharers would have ended war without any Recommendation at all.

Imagine a young married man going off to war, suspecting that his wife intended to imitate by her own death the death of the first man she could discover that he had killed. Imagine a general in the army having one of his own daughters forcibly fed while he was carrying out a punitive blockade against some rebellious subject tribe in Africa!

Ah well! it is easier, in these days, to imagine that than to imagine the Frenchman going to war without any protest from his wife and fellow countrywomen, or the British or German general embarked on his punitive expedition with the applause of his gentle daughters. And what matter, now, who ended war, or how, or who made the dismal streets gay and embellished the less comely lives among us, and established the unwritten constitution of the Family Order, 'To everyone according to his need.'

And yet I think, in the bottom of my heart, that it does matter, for the sake of the unborn, whether we composed ourselves into this family life together because of the breath of an iceberg blowing over us, or because of a great illumination of illogical and immeasurable sisterly love.

PROSPECTING IN NEW GUINEA

BY ROBERT M. MACDONALD

I

New Guinea, or Papua, as the largest island in the world is variously called, promises to be the Klondike of the future. New finds of gold are being made daily in its vast, mysterious interior, and at present men from all parts of the world are converging on Port Moresby and Samarai, its chief ports, whence they will proceed up the rivers to the scenes of the latest discoveries. Yet gold has been found in New Guinea for the past thirty years, and prospectors dared its fierce cannibalistic tribes and pierced the mighty mountain ranges in its heart before the news of the great wealth of the Alaskan fields startled the world. But prospectors, then as now, did not care to develop mines; the early pioneers merely washed out the precious metal from the river beds and passed on, ever hoping to find deposits from which they might snatch a fortune in a day. And sometimes they nearly accomplished this feat; for on the famous Yodda Valley fields each man made over fifty ounces per day, and only the unreasoning hostility of the natives and deadly fevers made it impossible for them to continue working until their dreams were realized.

The Queensland Government, which administered the British part of the island, did not by any means encourage the adventurous gold-seeker. There were reasons for this attitude, some not easily understood but some prompted by the highest motives. Chief of the latter was the desire to govern the country for its own people's good and, if possible, to allow the natives to develop it themselves, aided by such civilizing influences as education, trade, and missionary enterprise. But this influence did not extend beyond the coast and it was left to the prospector who — despite warnings and very often strenuous opposition — forced his way inland, to teach the savage tribes to respect the white man. In time those inland tribes did learn to respect the white man and showed that fact on every possible occasion by eating him so as to inherit his virtues!

New Guinea is a land of enormous possibilities. It is well watered by rivers, is blessed with rich soil, and contains, indigenous to the country, most natural tropical growths that are of value. The science of man has almost conquered the fevers which hang round the coastal belt and over the inland marshes, and the natives are becoming more tractable. Mining-camps are expanding into townships, roads and telegraph lines are being made, and possibly there may soon be railways. Samarai, on an island at the extreme southeast of the mainland, has already eclipsed Port Moresby as the chief port of the Possession, and it is fast becoming, in nature, a second Port Said or Thursday Island. From its busy wharves coasting steamers run regularly to the mouths of the Mambare, Kumusi, and Gira rivers on

the east coast. On the upper reaches and headwaters of those rivers are the great gold deposits now attracting the world's attention. The origin of the gold there baffles all explanation, as yet, but those who go to that region do not usually trouble themselves about that matter. Newcomers can always earn all their requirements easily around any existing camp, while those more daring and experienced can still find all the sensations they want in the more remote gorges and unknown creeks. The township of Tamata is the largest gold-fields town, but the old Yodda Valley camp still rivals it closely in extent of population, and probably the camps on the scenes of the new rushes, among the Albert Edward Ranges and further north in the old German territory, will soon outclass both. The prospector in those regions still trusts to his rifle for protection, quinine for health, and his luck for fortune; and if the first two do not fail, the third will not desert him.

II

Not very long ago a party of us set out from Tamata to prospect the foothills of the Owen Stanley Ranges. Most of us had had experience on all the chief fields of the world and we thought we could at least look after ourselves, although the news had just reached Tamata of the massacre of Macrae's party by the natives. We totaled seven and employed a dozen carrier 'boys' belonging to a timid coastal tribe which had been half civilized by the missionaries. Our first week's journey was through country already known, but when we crossed the Ope River and the pestilential marshes left by its periodical overflows we broke fresh ground. We were now on the divide between the Ope and the Kumusi and were heading to hit the last-named river's headwaters farther up among the foothills. Birds of paradise of gorgeous plumage and noisy parrots of all description flitted about everywhere. Wild pigs were abundant and fish were plentiful in all the streams. Native bees and leeches made life very unpleasant during the day, and at night mosquitoes and jigger fleas paid us unwelcome attention. The bee and the jigger were the worst, however; the former does not sting, but in its craving for salt it sucks deep into the perspiring skin and raises painful blisters thereon. The latter playfully burrows under the toe nails, when it gets a chance, and deposits eggs which hatch as if by magic. Very drastic measures have to be taken when the jigger flea finds a home. But despite everything, and by making detours to avoid native villages, we forced our way ahead, and one day found ourselves on the bank of a swiftly flowing stream which, doubtless, joined the Kumusi somewhere.

We sat that night in the smoke of our camp-fire so as to escape the ravages of the night pests, and to discuss matters. We had crossed a native pad during the afternoon and knew that a village could not be far away, but we had also struck 'good' gold in the bed of the waterway beside us, and we hoped to prove its value before we passed on.

'I fancy we are in the heart of the Papangi country now,' said Big Sam, as he kicked a centipede into the fire. 'It was reported they were seeing red when we left Tamata.'

'I suppose it is useless trying to make friends with them?' the Professor suggested.

Boston Bob laughed. 'A Papangi likes the white man,' he said, 'but he likes him best roasted.'

'It was up about here that Macrae's

party was wiped out,' Sydney Charlie put in cheerfully.

'That is one reason why I am here,' I said. 'Mac was my dearest friend.'

'Mac was everyone's friend,' the Doctor added, slowly, 'The Papangis have got to give me ten of their best — for him.'

None of us had ever known the Doctor to be of a revengeful nature and his words surprised us.

We were certainly an odd combination. The Professor was a New Zealander, highly cultured and of scientific training. He was as gentle-looking and as tough as Boston Bob and Big Sam were tough-looking but gentle. Boston Bob and Big Sam had been with me in Alaska and elsewhere. Sydney Charlie was a famous New Guinean pioneer, and Silent Ted was a man of mystery who very rarely spoke but who was always a sheet anchor in any emergency. While we were thinking, each deep in his own thoughts, our chief carrier came forward from the boys' fire and signified he wished to speak.

'Fire away,' someone told him, and he began.

'Me, John Livingstone Stanley Chalmers, mighty big chief down among Koitapu people in Port Moresby. Me Christian an' got good educate. Me no' eat white fellow nor any fellow — '

'Yes, John Livingstone Stanley Chalmers, we know all that,' Sydney Charlie interrupted. 'Cut out your family history and tell us what is troubling you.'

'Well, me smell Papangi fellow now. Me know him's smell. Me been up here before, chief carrier with other gold-hunting fellows. They all gets heads stuck on poles by Papangi an' only me get away. Big village near here an' your heads will be on poles round the *tabu dubu* (sacred house) before mornin', if you no' get away.'

'I don't seem to fancy my handsome head gracing the top end of a bamboo pole,' Boston Bob commented. 'But I know you don't mean to be funny, John L. S. Chalmers, although your words are.'

'We had better set about building a stockade,' suggested Big Sam. 'They could surround us among the trees and spear us without showing themselves.'

'No!' Silent Ted ejaculated. 'Papangis are water fighters; they 'll come in their war-canoes. We 'll go to them — '

'Nonsense, Ted; we are not looking for trouble,' the Professor broke in — much to our regret, for Ted had never before been known to speak so much at a time.

After some discussion, however, we saw that Ted's advice was good. We could leave our camp, with logs inside our mosquito nets, and fires burning to show its position. The natives, as was their custom, would spear the camp from the water while we were nearer their village than they dreamed, and, with luck, we might be able to get hold of one of their tabu priests, if any stayed behind the raiding party. He would be a hostage whose presence with us would mean a lot, for well we knew the strange tabu law of the natives: He who touches anything tabu becomes tabu himself, and this is often extremely awkward. Of course we did not doubt that the people of the village were well aware of our proximity. Very soon we decided upon our plan of action, and, leaving our fire heaped high with logs, we made toward the village, keeping in the thick of the dense vegetation and about a hundred feet away from the river. Our carriers — excepting the chief — were paralyzed with fear and ready to run at the first sign of danger.

III

We were greatly surprised at the silence, for usually the sound of native

drums, tom-toms, and bamboo flute-like contrivances made the presence of a village known a long way off We knew we were near, however, as pads were often interrupting our course, and we had to be very careful in avoiding sunken stake-traps. Suddenly we emerged from the forest and a glare of lights shone through a high bamboo stockade in front of us. We had arrived at the dreaded village. Our carriers were too frightened to wail but they refused to follow us farther, even their chief thinking it was up to the white men to do the rest themselves.

We peered through the stockade. Something was happening inside, but the silence was inexplicable. The village was much like any other native village but larger than any we had ever seen, its tabu house being a most imposing edifice, mounted on piles about ten feet off the ground, thatched artistically, and surmounted by a row of carved monstrosities fixed on the gable. Other houses also were large and formed a square, from which radiated lines of smaller dwellings surrounded by cultivated patches of yams, tobacco, and other growths we did not know. Some tree-houses could be seen in the distance, but the shadows cast by a row of fires in the square prevented us from seeing the distant side of the village.

The square was crowded with fierce-looking warriors silently performing some evolutions round a cluster of poles adorned with mummified human heads, which occupied its centre. A number of grotesquely masked beings evidently were in charge of the proceedings, and they seemed to be very efficient in giving silent directions. Their masks covered half of their bodies and were all of different designs, mostly tapering up to a point and giving them the appearance of pantomime giants. Fibre kilts were the lower garments of leaders and men, and they wore long streamers, fastened in their bushy hair, and necklets of teeth. They were all armed with barbed spears, spiked clubs, and dart blowpipes. They certainly looked capable of making short work of any prospector.

'I'll sell you my mosquito net, cheap,' said Boston Bob to me as we watched; but before I could reply Silent Ted touched me on the shoulder and whispered: 'Watch that fellow — fourth in the centre row!'

'That is the chief tabu priest,' I answered, but I obeyed Ted's injunction.

The warriors were now marching into the darkness on the other side of the village and most of the priests went with them. Soon all had gone and only women — recognized as such because of the flowers in their well-dressed hair — and the four central wizards were left. All were silent, and presently the women departed.

'Now's our chance,' Big Sam, who was always impetuously inclined, called out, climbing the stockade; but the Professor and the Doctor both signed to delay operations and he slid down again.

'Surely my imagination is tricking me,' muttered the Doctor. 'Do any of you fellows notice anything familiar?'

I started violently. The giant figure I had been watching was nervously scratching the back of his right leg. 'That is Mac!' I almost shouted. 'I'd know him anywhere by that trick of his —'

The Doctor's face was bathed in perspiration. 'It is!' he cried. 'And look! There is proof!'

The masked man standing third had seemingly got into an argument with his neighbor and, as we were looking, the fourth man's fists shot out left and right and the third went down like a log, his mask smashed to fragments by the terrific blows.

'Come on, boys!' yelled the Professor

and we were over the stockade in less than a minute. If the three remaining priests saw us they made no sign, and the object of our interest strode after the warriors. As we approached, the first man suddenly turned on the second, tripped him up and sat upon him. Then he faced us. 'Glad to see you boys,' he drawled. 'Excuse me not rising.'

'Tommy Carstairs!' we cried simultaneously. 'We thought you had passed out — '

'Well, I have n't. I'm second tabu priest here and old Mac is first. Got a smoke about you? I don't care much for the home-grown tobacco.'

We all crowded round our old friend with exclamations of joy, and Silent Ted pulled the enormous covering from his body.

'Carry those beggars into the priests' house and tie them to the sacrificing posts, while I do my best to spread knowledge around,' laughed Carstairs. 'But say, Boston, you 've lost that bet with old Murphy about the size of the biggest crocodile. He was n't lying, for there are some sacred ones in a pool here more than twenty feet — '

Tommy Carstairs informed us that Mac and he were survivors of Macrae's party and that they had been kept for a special feast. In the interval another tribe from down the river had attacked the village, and Mac had saved the chief from being carried off. The chief had no love for the white men but, realizing the value of their presence, had made Mac and Carstairs priests, out of gratitude. They had since been able to work magic in curing a lot of the leading warriors by the use of pills made of soap which they had recovered from their packs, and now were somewhat popular.

The natives had gone out that night to settle some old feud with a village upstream, and the silence which had surprised us was part of their usual ceremonies before undertaking such a venture.

'We are free to clear out when we like — maybe! — but two white men could never get down to the Yodda alive,' Carstairs added; 'and anyhow we 've struck a patch of gold not far away, worth a lot of fortunes, and you fellows will come in very handy to help to work it.'

'But where has Mac gone now?' I asked. 'And what about those two fellows tied over there?'

'Oh, Mac has gone after the warriors to throw curses — with his rifle — at any deserters; and those two priests were jealous of our power and were getting nasty. They 'll run for their lives down to the next village when we kick them out. We've made them break something about their tabu law by touching them, and they'll be the centrepieces of a big grill if they are ever caught.'

After a lengthy discussion it was decided that we should return to our camp and wait there until Mac and Carstairs came for us, in state, and took us to the village as their friends; then fresh plans could be arranged. We set the two priests free and they at once ran to the river and tumbling into a canoe, pushed off downstream. We followed in a larger craft, and our carriers ran alongside through the forest. The blazing camp-fire soon shone through the trees, and we beached our cleverly designed dugout and found that we had been raided, after all. Our nets were transfixed with dozens of spears, all thrown from the land side, and John L. S. Chalmers proclaimed them to be the weapons of some other tribe, lower down.

'Evidently it is a bit exciting round about here at times,' the Professor commented, and we all agreed, and set about preparing breakfast.

IV

With the coming of the sun the spirits of our carriers revived and, to make amends for their conduct during the night, they helped to work the gold-sand patch we had struck. Their methods were amusing to us, at first: they stretched themselves on the sand and, thanks to marvelous eyesight, 'specked' the minute points of gold and picked them up with their tongues. At the end of an hour they had collected more than we had with our pans, and the Professor checked the amount to their credit so as to give them a good reason to stay with us. But their system had disadvantages. Lying prostrate on the sand, they could not 'get a move on' very quickly, and when an enormous saurian suddenly rushed out of the water and seized one, those disadvantages became apparent. Silent Ted and Sydney Charlie had seen the creature, however, and a moment before its great jaws had actually exerted full pressure through the native's fibre kilt they had each sent a bullet through its eyes into its brain. Paralyzed, but not yet dead, the monster relaxed its hold, and Boston Bob and I pulled the man free. Another fusillade of bullets finished the creature, and the Doctor attended to the carrier, who was more frightened than hurt. This incident put an end to the gold-extracting work of the carriers.

While we were still talking over the matter, a fleet of war canoes swept down the river toward us, the occupants shouting '*Begga-be-begga*' — 'friends, we are friends.' Mac and Carstairs were in the first canoe, unadorned, and with them was a powerfully built warrior with a ring in his nose and saucer-like appendages to his ears, whose hair-streamers and necklet of teeth proclaimed him as the great War Chief.

Our carriers disappeared at once.

'Hullo, you bold bad gold-hunters!' cried Mac, as the first boat grounded. 'Let me introduce you to my friend Pickhimsbones, the mighty War Chief. He does n't know a word of English, so listen carefully to what I am saying, for I am sure he has already settled on which of you he 'll have for dinner tonight. Don't trust him, but make a big show of being impressed by the ugly old sinner.' Mac rubbed the back of his right thigh as he spoke, and we nearly spoiled the impressiveness of the introduction by laughing.

We greeted Mac with a dignity that hid our real feelings and responded to the Chief's grunt of salutation in a manner suggestive of a meeting of potentates. Pickhimsbones then rattled out a long jargon of words and made signs that he welcomed us as friends of his white priests. His warriors cheered lustily when he had finished, and Mac explained that he had been boasting of the fight during the night and of the number of slaves he would have in the spirit world, — those slain in personal combat become the slaves of the victor in the after world, — and that we had been invited to make his village our home while we were in the country.

We made suitable response and, at the same time, contrived to tell Mac that our camp had been attacked, that we had plenty of ammunition, and had found gold.

'You can never work here,' Mac said, when we had told everything and Carstairs was telling the Chief some tale supposed to be an interpretation of what we were saying, and some of the warriors were investigating our packs with doubtful intent. 'You are between two of the most bloodthirsty tribes in New Guinea and I think the Chief is about to act treacherously now. Watch the warriors nearest you, carefully, and be ready to shoot if need be; I am going to spring a risky trick.' Mac turned to

the Chief and apparently saw the dead crocodile for the first time. A look of horror came into his eyes and he ran over to the motionless monster and bent over it. The Chief eyed him strangely and followed. It seemed to me that he was thinking Mac was becoming too popular and that the seven extra white men would be better with their heads on poles. But he got a shock. By some accident, apparently, Silent Ted, rightly interpreting Mac's signal, got in his way and tripped him. He fell on the dead body.

'Tabu! Tabu!' screamed Mac, pointing to a symbol burned into the crocodile's scales.

The words acted like magic and, after a moment's awed silence, the warriors took them up.

'Tabu! Tabu!' they yelled and rushed to the war canoes.

The Chief picked himself up and hesitated, as if he would like to risk the awful fate in store for those who had been in contact, unlawfully, with anything tabu; but his men were leaving him, so, with a sudden bound, he joined one of the boats. Mac still continued to shriek out the word and the Chief deliberately hurled a spear at him from the water. It missed, and while he was aiming a second, Sydney Charlie shattered his wrist with a bullet from his Winchester. With frenzied shouts the warriors paddled up stream and Mac, rubbing his right leg, remarked: 'That was a piece of luck, boys. This crocodile really is tabu. It must have got tired of the sacred pools in the village, or of the old men on which it was fed. It probably is the tomb of a lot of Papangis' ancestors.'

Boston Bob measured the creature in paces and observed, 'I think old Murphy has won that bottle of fruit salts, after all.'

'I think that, for a quiet peaceful life, prospecting in New Guinea is ideal,' I ventured. 'But the law of tabu is a big factor in it.'

'And the butterflies and the orchids are very beautiful — ' began the Professor.

'We have no time to waste, boys,' interrupted Mac, as Big Sam came back with our carriers. 'Lead on, Tommy. Cross the river and hit the pass leading through the divide.'

V

Mac's tireless energy and enthusiasm were infectious, and, hastily collecting our stores and gold, we negotiated the river and cut through the dense undergrowth of the forest until we struck a well-defined pad leading into the ranges. At nightfall we were among towering mountains, clad to their summits with dense flowering vegetation, but our compasses were useless, and we had to climb trees to view the stars before we could determine which way we were heading.

'I believe this pad leads through to a west-coast river,' said Mac. 'That peak on our right is Mount Albert Edward, and the Papangis are afraid of the spirits that dwell beyond it.'

'But we came here for gold,' Big Sam said. 'We're not afraid of spirits.'

'This afternoon you have been passing through the biggest gold-formation that I know of in the world,' Mac replied; 'but we cannot work quartz reefs without plant, so we'll just have to be content with panning out sordid wealth in the gully just ahead of us.'

We pushed on in the moonlight and presently, under Carstairs' leadership, swung off to our right through a close-grown mass of scrubby entanglements and found ourselves in a ravine completely shut off by the vegetation which grew across the entrance.

'Now, you sinners,' spoke Mac, fondling his nether limb, 'we have arrived.

Eat well and sleep well to-night, for to-morrow the gold fever will be on. You'll find gold wherever the sand is piled up against the hard quartz barriers which cross the bottom of this watercourse.'

We were too tired to ask questions, and anyhow, no one had any worry when Mac was in charge; so, after dining on wild pig, cooked in the ashes of our camp-fire, we stretched ourselves out for sleep in the smoke, each man taking an hour's turn on guard. Next morning we proved Mac to be correct. Gold was everywhere, and we panned out about three hundred ounces before night.

'How did the Papangis manage to catch you here?' the Professor asked our two new members, as we again sat smoking round our fire.

'They did n't get us here,' Carstairs answered. 'We were going down to the river, homeward bound with our gold, when we ran into them. They've got our gold now —'

'But they'll track us here, this time,' said Mac, 'so always say your prayers at night.'

'How did you find this place?' I asked. 'You could n't tell such a place was here from the pad outside?'

'We did not know the pad was there until the day before we left,' Carstairs replied, while Mac, unconsciously, felt that his right leg was still where it should be. 'We came in here over the top of the divide, from the Mambare watershed on the other side. We did not think we were going back by the Kumusi route when we left for home.'

'I think we'll go back by the Mambare,' I said. 'I prefer sailing down a river among the gentle crocodiles to cutting through the forest to avoid the Papangi and other villages.'

'There is plenty of gold on the other side, too, among the Mount Scratchley foothills.' Mac spoke thoughtfully.

'You are a regular glutton on gold, Mac,' laughed the Doctor as he turned in for the night. 'One would think you enjoyed being a Papangi tabu priest.'

'I did, Doctor,' Mac replied seriously. 'I meant to kill old Pickhimsbones some day and start growing rubber in his kingdom; labor would be cheap, and the fat priests would last as food for a long time — and just think how well a name like "The Papangi Rubber Company, Limited" would look on business paper —' Mac may have rambled on, but all had fallen asleep.

Next day we repeated our first day's performance, and that night the Professor gave us a learned discourse on orchids and butterflies; but it was the Doctor who put us to sleep with his story of the life of the beriberi fever microbe.

The third day our enthusiasm eased off somewhat; getting gold was now monotonous work, fit only for our carriers if they had not been so lazy. We constructed some crude labor-saving devices and, trusting to them to keep up the returns with lessened labor, went out hunting, and incidentally gained much knowledge of our surroundings. We were continually striking fresh deposits of auriferous sands and stumbling across rich quartz-reefs on those short trips, but we knew it was useless attempting to develop any of our finds, with the knowledge that sooner or later the natives would track us down.

By the end of a week we had secured nearly two thousand ounces of gold and were thinking about going back to tell of our fortune and get reënforcements. We had piled up a mass of dry scrub around our camp and had laid several charges of gelignite in pop-holes underneath, that would be fired — with more noise than anything else — when we set fire to the barricade. The Pa-

pangis were on our nerves and two men now kept guard during the night.

VI

One day some of us climbed up the slopes of the mountain which formed one side of our gully and, on reaching the summit, beyond the zone of dense vegetation, got a magnificent view of the entire country, which stretched away beneath until lost in the haze. We could easily trace the course of all the rivers, and waterways feeding them, by the film of mist which hung over their channels in long serpentine lines, and we could even see the Papangi village, quite distinctly, about ten miles down on our right. The Professor sketched in the lines of the rivers and prominent features and on our descending journey collected some orchids which he said were unknown to the world. When we reached camp, Silent Ted and the Doctor had our evening meal ready and our boys had added more inflammable scrub to our surrounding wall. Silent Ted was a wonderful cook and his culminating efforts were in that never-to-be-forgotten dinner.

'I have half an idea that a restaurant in New York, where all meals were cooked in hot wood-ashes, would be as good as a gold mine,' Boston Bob remarked, as he helped himself to another portion of wild pig.

'If you would throw in a camp-fire, a New Guinean atmosphere, and hungry prospectors as guests, I should n't mind being your partner,' said the Doctor. 'But I fear — '

What the Doctor feared was never known, for as he uttered the last word a burst of yells startled us almost out of our senses and a flight of poisoned spears stuck in our protecting barrier. The crashing of the undergrowth and the sound of bodies falling over the wild-vine-creeper rope guards we had fixed amid the outlying trees, told us we were attacked in force, and the shrieks of our own boys added to the awful din.

'I guess, Doctor, I'm not having any of your New Guinea atmosphere for my New York restaurant,' said Boston Bob, flinging a lighted brand on our brushwood guard, 'but I'll have this bit of pig now, sure!'

'Load up and run!' Big Sam cried to the carriers. 'Lead them, Charlie — we 'll follow.'

Sam's words were the last heard in that camp; all other sounds were drowned in the roar of the flaming scrub, which crackled like thousands of whips, and next instant the gelignite charges went off like a battery of guns in action. A dense pall of smoke fell low and enveloped everything, and, seizing from the ashes what we could of our late meal, we picked up our rifles and departed toward the Mambare headwaters. What the savages thought, we never knew. Probably they made night hideous with their frenzied shouts, but we did not hear them, and I fancy they concluded that all the demons of the spirit world had been let loose on them. Looking back from the top of the divide, we could see that the forest had caught fire and were thankful that the slight breeze favored us.

'The Paps are having a hot time,' Sydney Charlie remarked as we turned away, 'but we've left a lot of stuff behind —'

'We'll not need it,' growled Mac. 'We've got our gold and our rifles — and our lives.'

We stumbled on in the moonlight in the direction of the nearest waterway we had seen that day, and under the Professor's leadership soon reached it. Following it down, we joined a larger stream and found an easier passage

along its crocodile-infested shallows. Before sunrise we struck a large river and our carriers smelled a village on the opposite side, although it was still too dark to see it.

'Our troubles are nearly over now,' said Mac cheerily; 'I know this village, and its people are quite decent. One of you come with me and the rest of you kindle all the fires you can, to attract the crocodiles.' Mac waded out into deep water as he spoke and I followed, and presently we were swimming diagonally across toward a large structure dimly discernible on piles in the water. Lashed alongside were several canoes of various sizes, with paddles inside, and, cutting out two large ones we drifted down and back across the water in them. A few minutes later we had distributed ourselves, carriers, and gold between the boats and were heading down with the current.

VII

Four days later, near sundown, we were astonished to hear a voice hail us in English from the bank. 'This way, boys,' the owner of the voice called. 'This way to the new Eldorado — Howling dingoes! It's Mac!'

'How far are we from Tamata, Murphy?' Boston Bob cried. 'You've won your bottle of fruit salts, but what are you doing there?'

'Tamata is at present nearly deserted,' Murphy answered. 'This is the latest new find, discovered since you left; there are forty men here already, and more coming. We've got a second Yodda Valley and — but where on earth have you come from?'

We were now alongside. 'From the land of gold, old man,' Mac replied, gripping Murphy's hand, 'from over the mountains of the moon and from the land beyond the shadows. But we're hungry. . . .'

Safe among forty brother-prospectors, in the latest gold-mining camp in New Guinea, we slept soundly that night and sent our gold on to Tamata by petrol launch, next day. With it went Boston Bob and the Doctor, the former down with fever and the latter to attend to him. We remained in the new camp, meaning to return to Papangi Land when they came back. But many things happened before we saw them again, and when we did meet it was in Queensland.

We returned the canoes with presents and apologies.

HOW BIG IS AN ACRE?

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

THE writer has asked a thousand schoolchildren, who from time to time have visited various observatories with which he has been connected: 'How many square feet to the acre?' and not once has the correct answer been given. The children guess wildly or stand mortified. He believes he might ask a hundred school-teachers the same question, and if two answered correctly, these could be easily stumped by the further casual inquiry: 'And how many square inches, would you say?' Perhaps, gentle reader, you would like to try the problem? You know what an inch is and you know that 'acre' is a term quite frequently used.

Of the same groups of children, a second question was invariably asked: 'How many cents in four hundred thirty-five dollars and sixty cents?' There is a moment of hesitancy, then a flash of recognition, and a jubilant chorus booms forth: 'Forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty.' They always put the 'and' in. They feel that they valiantly met the enemy and got the better of him.

But why this ability to answer so promptly a problem in values, and the complete failure to solve the problem in measuring an area?

Perhaps the explanation is to be found in this. A dollar is a hundred cents; but a link is 7.92 inches, and 625 square links make a pole, and 16 poles make a square chain, and 10 square chains make an acre. So one must multiply 7.92 by 7.92, then multiply this by 625, then multiply by 16, then by 10; and finally divide the total by 144. This gives, if you've made no mistake, 43,560 square feet. If you want the number of square inches, omit dividing by 144, and the answer is: 6,272,640 square inches in an acre.

There are two things to be noticed. We do not use a scientific and sensible unit to begin with; and the method of extension is unscientific, in that there is no constant and easily comprehended ratio of values. It is quite easy to devise a suitable unit and there is already a legalized method of extending values, but we do not try to use the system, although *it is used successfully* by a large majority of the civilized communities of the world and there is no valid reason against universal adoption. Great Britain and the United States are not wholly to be classed with the rest of the world, because, while the United States — also the English-speaking communities which make up the British Imperial Union — use a logical and scientific method in connection with money, they still retain — except in scientific usage — a cumbersome and antiquated system of weights and measures.

And so it is that the schoolboy must spend precious hours trying to memorize the relation of the foot to the rod, and the yard to the mile; or the square rod to the perch; or the gill to the gallon; or the tierce to the hogshead; the pipe to the butt; the tun to heaven knows what. Luckily for him, there is a limit to scholastic requirement, and

the arithmetics generally add in fine type: —

> These measures of capacity do not express any fixed measure but are usually gauged and have their capacities in gallons marked on them.

Like ready-made clothes, they need a tag to tell how much they are worth!

Then there are the bushel and the peck. There are sixteen pints in a peck; but these are dry pints. There are eight wet pints to the gallon; but who would dare to trace the relationship between a gallon and a peck?

An ounce is a small thing, but not always the same thing. We now have two kinds of ounces, one contains 480 grains, one has 437.5 grains and is still considered a respectable ounce. And the pound? Ah — it is a fickle fellow! If, dear reader, you should step into the Mint and ask for a pound of gold, — of course, you would go fully protected, — you would get just twelve ounces, or 5760 grains. Come home now with your gold and buy a pound of golden butter. The honest groceryman will give you 16 ounces, or 7000 grains — or you can incarcerate him in jail, upon application to an inspector of weights and measures somewhere near the State House. Is not this another case of acquiring knowledge in Wall Street and paying for it?

But forget eatables like butter and sugar for a moment.

The winter is long and cold, and we cannot all go to the sunny South, or the golden Pacific Coast. We try to keep warm by buying and burning coal. We buy it by the ton. And how much is a ton? Why, that depends upon how much coal you buy — and how much money you have. The United States Government requires in its fuel-contracts 2240 pounds to the ton. Many large corporations tell the coal barons to deliver likewise unto them the 'long' ton. With them, a hundredweight means one hundred pounds, plus twelve more. For a ton is made up of four quarters each 560 pounds — those who devised the English system of weights here missed a fine chance to make a ton five quarters — or 160 stones. Everyone in America knows a stone to be just exactly 14 pounds, no more, no less. But, gentle reader, when you buy a ton of coal, you may get some stones to be sure in each ton, but the coal baron will see that you get just 2000 pounds. He gets 2240. That's that. An ounce is not always an ounce; a pound is not always a pound; and a ton is not always a ton.

Now let us come back to the school-children and the size of an acre. There is no need of sticking to the link; but if we must, at least let us be able to answer how many links there are in any given piece of ground — call it an acre. A square link would be 404.6873 square centimetres. Ask foreign school-children: 'How many square links in an acre?' Philippine children, Mexican children, Russian children, German children, Swedish children, Spanish children, Austrian children, Belgian children, French children, in fact, all the children of the world except our own and those in Great Britain, would answer without delay: 40,468,730.

Is it not time that our school superintendents took a hand in the game? The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would undoubtedly be glad to second any effort to protect defenseless youngsters from the cruelty of memorizing ancient and no longer honorable tables of weights and measures. That the system fails utterly is attested by asking so simple a question as: 'How big is an acre?'

LYRICS

BY AMORY HARE

THE FLAME

Life is a gusty night, and I a flame;
But never think me fearful of the dark.
Out of the night was born my spirit's spark,
The star-winds blew it till the hill grew bright,
And the recording heavens watched a face
Moved suddenly to laughter by its light!

FOUND

I saw the young moon, blue and cool,
Reflected in a shallow pool
Set in a public square;
So that I lifted up my eyes
To the dark wonder of the skies
To find her there.

I saw Love in its gentleness
Shine on a face I love to bless;
I saw it there;
So that I lifted up my eyes
To see if God were in the skies —
And found Him everywhere.

THE CROWN

THRICE have I seemed to view Eternity.
The night my first-born leapt against my side;
Once when I cried
To God and watched a star fall down the sky,
Flung earthward for my lonely soul's reprieve;
And once when, quietly,
You laid your tired hands upon my head
And smiling said
'Believe.'

THE DEVIL'S INSTRUMENT

BY PAUL GREEN

I

FOR several days Tim Messer had been thinking about his soul. And on this hot August afternoon, as he gave his bottom corn its laying-by ploughing, his mind kept running on the mighty revival raging across the creek a mile away, at Little Bethel Church. Many a 'big meeting' had come and gone without disturbing him. But the new preacher from Johnson County had stirred up the neighborhood with his fervor, and Tim was beginning to feel the effects of it. At the end of a row he stopped and wiped his streaming face with his sleeve, while he blinked at the Lazy Laurence dancing across the fields. The dust choked and irritated him, and his crops needed rain.

''y God, apt as not the whole shooting match is praying fer me over there right now!' he muttered to himself, pulling his mule around.

As yet he had made no step to go near the meeting. But each night his Aunt Margaret had attacked him anew, holding up to him the conversion of this and that friend. And Tim had heard of their going, one by one, into the fold. Every day for the last week there had been special prayers for him and Sam, the two hardened sinners of the community. And most disturbing of all had been the news that the day before Sam's sweetheart had prevailed upon him to go to hear the man of God.

'If he gives in, I 'm ruint,' said Tim,

shooting a squirt of tobacco juice at a buzzing horse-guard, and watching the dry dirt slide over the aprons of his Carolina plough. He smiled wryly and slapped his mule with the sweat-hardened line. 'Well, so fur we 've shore give 'em a run fer they money — me and him.'

And they had. For nearly ten years Sam and Tim had been traveling the road to the devil, as the holiness people of Little Bethel termed their way of living. And the cause of Tim's wickedness was his father's old fiddle, an instrument accursed because of the many reels played upon it by both Tim and his father before him, and doubly a thing of evil in that old man Messer had died suddenly one night while playing it before the fire. Sam had been seduced by a banjo. To the Little Bethel people this was second only to the fiddle in its harmfulness.

These two had started playing together as boys. And most of their 'sparking' was done together. Not a dance from Summerville to Dunn could be held without Sam and Tim to do the playing. No man along the Cape Fear River could fiddle off 'The Arkansas Traveler' talking-piece or 'Leather Breeches' or 'Sally with her Shoes Run Down,' the way Tim Messer could. Nor could anyone whang the chords and hang up the minors like Sam Adams when he got down to business. And the way they both overflowed with variations at 'balance all' was a thing to remember. For years they had walked off with all the first prizes at the fiddlers' conventions in the Lillington courthouse.

They were inseparable cronies, known far and wide as 'Sam and Tim.' Tim was long and leathery and silent. Sam was short and jovial. Each found in the other what he lacked in himself. And they would have been content to farm their crops and play at dances the rest of their lives. At least, Tim would have.

As he ploughed along, listening to the maypops and hogweeds tear against the keen steel sweeps, he ran over in his mind some of the merry times they had seen together. And he soon forgot the danger their partnership was being subjected to. Stowing his tobacco far back in his jaw, he broke out into one of the ballads he and Sam knew —

'My li'l' goose swum down the river. —
Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.
If I 'd been a gander I 'd a-swum with her. —
Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.'

A low roll of thunder sounded in the west, and he looked up to see a long dark bank of cloud stretched across the horizon, rising here and there into a boiling sun-lit point. He sensed a shiver of delight running through the corn as he stopped his mule and drew in a great breath of cooling air.

'That there rain 'll come pime-blank right,' he said, 'jest as I 'm a-ending up the last row.' And then he was startled by a sudden thought. 'I be dad-burn! Aunt Marg'ret said that there preacher was going to pray fer rain to-day.' He hastily clucked to his mule, uneasy at what might be a further and greater proof of the revivalist's power.

When he had finished stabling Fannie, he went into the house. From a case in the corner of the room he took out his fiddle and sat by the window. The rain soon settled into a steady drone on the roof. Out of the thankfulness of his heart he began to play snatches of melodies, his 'made tunes,' as he called them. His music and reverie were interrupted by a stamping of feet on the porch, and Aunt Margaret, a thin little old woman, wet and bedraggled, came into the room. Spying him at the window, she called out fearfully, —

'Lord-a-mercy! don't set at that there window and the lightning bolts a-flying. Put up that devil's instrument, and sich a black cloud coming over the world!'

'You better git you on some dry clothes, and I 'll build you a far,' was all he answered. But after a moment he rose and put the fiddle away. When she came back from dressing, he saw by the firelight that her eyes were red and swollen from weeping at the meeting. And there was a sort of elated look in them too that disturbed him. 'Something must a-happened to Sam,' was his first thought. Finally he asked somewhat timidly, —

'Did — did you have a good meeting to-day, Aunt Marg'ret?'

'Why you ax that?' she quavered sharply, giving him a direct look.

'I was jest — jest axing,' he said, sitting down and gazing into the fire.

'Oh, it was a great outpouring of the spirit!' she cried. 'God was with us. Brother Baxter prayed fer rain, and see, it 's come. But what 's God 's power to you, Tim?' she went on, turning away her head. 'You ain't one o' his children and don't seem lak you never will be.'

Foreseeing a repetition of last night's scene, he got to his feet and said he 'd better go out and feed. But she motioned him to sit still.

'Tim, I 've tried these many days to git you to live the way yer ma 'd want you to. But they ain't no sign o' you giving in. I got a feeling if you ain't saved this meeting you won't never be this side the grave.'

'We talked all that over yistiddy and the day before, and you know how I feel,' he spoke up unhappily. 'And they ain't a bit o' use worrying over me,' he added a little warmly as he went to the door.

'How can I help worrying over yer immortal soul's salvation and you my own blood and kin, I 'd lak to know!' she burst out.

The rain began coming down more heavily outside. He turned back into the room and stood at the window, watching the flood of yellow water running by the house in the lane.

'Tim, don't you ever feel yer conscience hurt you a speck?' she queried tremulously.

'I ain't denying I 'm a sinner, a bad sinner,' he presently rejoined, drumming on the window-pane. 'But somehow I don't want to change, and that 's ezzactly how I feel.'

'Yes, you don't want to change!' she broke in warmly. 'You 've played the devil's music till yer heart 's hardened near 'bout beyond redemption. Cain't you see where that fiddle 's leading you? It sent yer pap to a sinner's grave, him playing fast tunes fer loose-living men and women. And you 're tromping right in his steps.' She twisted her thin hard hands together. 'Brother Baxter told me to-day that worldly reels had led more men to destruction than you could think of, and you 'd orter take warning. O Tim, he 's told us 'bout how the Philistines feasted and danced and sung whilst death was a-drawing nigh. And the sons and daughters of Job was snatched away in they hour of music and cutting up.' Here she cried out excitedly, 'Oh, he 's going to call the wrath of Old Moster down on you if you don't change yer ways.'

He eyed her uneasily as she sat shaking in her chair and wiping the tears from her eyes. 'Aunt Marg'ret,' he called gently, trying to hide his perturbation, 'we 've had a monstrous heap o' talk. Le's git our supper.'

'No, I ain't. I promised all of 'em at the church I 'd plead with you ag'in when I got home. They was a dozen prayers offered up fer you. And, Timmy, you got to be — saved.'

'Well, I 'll go feed up.' And he moved toward the door.

'But you ain't heerd what the Lord 's done fer us this day,' she hurried on. 'Sam has perfessed!' She looked at him in a kind of appealing triumph.

He stood silent in the doorway, and then went out to feed the mule and cow. The rain had stopped, and the earth sent up a warm steamy smell. The sun was setting through a bank of cloud that prophesied more rain during the night. 'It shore is all a purty sight,' he said to himself as he stared out across his fields. But his soul was not at peace. The feeling of discontent and wretchedness was growing stronger in him. 'What 'n the name o' Old Scratch 'll I do now with Sam gone? ' he muttered.

His attention was suddenly attracted by a bright illumination in the house. He turned and ran quickly across the porch and into the room. Aunt Margaret was standing near the fireplace watching his fiddle-case burning brightly. Jerking the old woman backward, he snatched the instrument from the flames. He opened the smoking case and found the fiddle wrapped in its flannel unharmed. Old Margaret dropped in a chair, rocking to and fro and sobbing,

'I wanted to save you, Tim. I was doing it all fer you,' she whimpered.

He laid the fiddle on the bed and threw the ruined case back into the fire. It blazed up and finally burned itself out. Then he turned to her.

'Aunt Marg'ret, it may be wrong to play music and go to dances, I don't know. But you got to promise me never to tech that fiddle ag'in. The day you do, I walk out 'n this house fer good, and that 's the gospel truth.'

'All right, have yer own way, Tim, have yer way,' she gulped. 'But it breaks my heart to see — to see — ' She bowed her head in her apron, crying bitterly. He stirred miserably about the room, knowing nothing to say. Soon the light failed in the yard outside, and the fire died down. He laid more wood on the coals, and they sat in silence for an hour or more. At last she dried her eyes and added, —

'Brother Baxter 's going to hold a meeting here in this house Saddy night if you don't go to church before then, Tim.' He tapped his muddy shoe nervously against the bare floor. 'Please go to church to-morrow, won't you?'

But he would not promise.

Next morning they ate their breakfast in silence. He told her she could drive Fannie to church, since it was too wet to plough. And he ignored the dumb request in her eyes by saying that he had to split stove-wood while he had a little spare time. But without knowing why, he ventured to remark that he 'mought go later.' Then he hitched the mule to the road-cart and went to chopping wood.

II

After she had gone, he sat down on a block and fell into a deep musing. For several hours he sat thinking things over. Near noon he was aroused by the sound of footsteps. Looking up, he saw Sam, dressed in his Sunday best.

'Well, I be durn!' he began delightedly; then his face fell and he added quietly, 'Hi, Sam.'

'Hi, Tim. How you come on?'

'Middling, I reckon, how you making out? '

'Well as common, I guess.'

'I thought it mought be better 'n common,' Tim answered somewhat coldly.

Sam flushed slightly and said nothing.

'Set down on this here log if you won't hurt yer clothes.'

'It won't hurt 'em,' he replied slowly.

He sat down and began making marks on the ground with a stick. For a moment Tim drummed nervously on his knee and then absently pulled his tobacco from his pocket, bit off a chew, and handed the plug to Sam, who reached out for it eagerly. But suddenly he let his hand drop to his side.

'I cain't — cain't chew now,' he stammered.

'Excuse me, Sam, I 'd clean forgot fer the minute that you 'd been converted.'

'Oh, that 's all right, Tim. I nearly forgot it myself.' He began digging again with his stick. 'Brother Baxter says God 'll take away my taste fer it. But I reckon I ain't been consecrated long enough yit,' he remarked somewhat shamefacedly.

'I don't want to seem curious,' said Tim, after they had sat in an embarrassing silence, 'but how does it feel to have a change in life?'

'I dunno ezzactly — sorter lost lak or something,' was the mournful acknowledgment.

'Well, I reckon my time 'll come next, Sam.'

'Do you?' He looked eagerly around. 'I — I hope so.'

'Why you hope so fer?'

'Mebbe I ort not to hope so, but you 'n' me 's pulled together so long in making music that it seems lak we mought make a team of it in this new business.'

'Yeh, we shore have run double-yoked many a day. It jest went through my mind 'fore you come how we wound up at Sock Horton's Saddy night a month ago.'

'Did n't we though!' Sam rejoined, breaking into a loud laugh. 'I can still see the weaving of old Lizzie Ryall's thin legs plain as day. And, Tim, how we did put the gravy on "Mississippi Sawyer" ! I 've hearn they 'lowed you 'n' me was in our prime that night.' Then his face grew sober, and he ended hurriedly, 'But le' s not talk o' that.'

'Yeh, I reckon we 'd better keep off 'n that subject, seeing as how things is going.' There was a trace of feeling in Tim's voice that Sam was quick to notice.

'I don't blame you fer feeling out with me, Tim, I shore don't. And I did n't have no idee o' going back on you the way I have, nuther. But Maisie kept after me to go to meeting jest one day. She even put it so strong as to say I need n't look at her no more if I did n't. And what could I do?'

Tim spat off towards a piece of pine bark and said nothing.

'I swear to Go—, I declare I did n't mean to git no religion when I went. But onct in that church and that preacher's eyes sot on me, I did n't have no more chance than a fly in syrup. He preached at me, Tim, and the people prayed at me, and they cut up worse 'n that time in the Bible where a whole county was converted slick as a whistle. And what did I do but git crazy or something, and jump up and shout, "Glory to God I 'm saved." That 's jest how it was.'

'It shore seems lak he 's determined to convert everybody around here,' drawled Tim abstractedly.

'It does that all right.'

'But I wish you could have put it off till next month anyhow,' Tim continued.

'You do?'

'You must 've forgot we 're scheduled to play over on Little River three weeks from now.'

'I ain't forgot it, nuther,' was Sam's quick reply. 'And all last night I did n't sleep nary a wink, thinking 'bout what all this new way o' living 's going to mean. But it 's too late to worry now. I 'm a changed man and

I got to live up to it. And, Tim,' he went on, as he drew a figure with his stick that looked suspiciously like a banjo, 'they sent me over here to see if you won't come to church. I give you fair warning, though, you ain't got a show agin' that man with the black beard onct he gits to tackling you. But, Tim, you 'n' me must be wrong. We cain't stand out when all the whole neighborhood 's already filled with religion. You orter seed how happy the old man and muh was. And think how glad yer Aunt Marg'ret 'll be.'

'I been thinking 'bout it all the whole morning,' he said glumly.

'Well, I got to be hitting the grit back to the church.' He stood up. 'Cain't you git on yer duds and go with me now? We 'll take a back seat in the house.'

'No, I cain't go now, Sam.'

'Well, how 'bout to-morrow? Remember, if you don't go there, they 're coming here and have a meeting.'

'I dunno, I dunno,' was all that he could say.

'Listen! I 'll come by fer you in the morning. Will you go then? '

He waited, and Tim thought a while. At last with a decisive movement he spat out his tobacco.

'Yeh, I will. I 'll go and see what 's being done.'

With that he got up and went to chopping wood. After a few more words, Sam hurried across the fields toward the church.

III

The next day — the last one of the meeting — Tim was filled with a nervous uncertainty. The preaching hour drew near and he had made no preparation to get ready. But Aunt Margaret, who saw her prayers being answered at last, had been up since early morning light, pressed his suit, ironed a collar, and done up his best shirt. He avoided her as much as possible, and after putting the mule to the cart, told her that he 'd come along later with Sam. But she would n't leave until Sam had shown up. And even then there was misgiving in her face as she drove away.

'We 'll have to hurry if we git there in time,' said Sam.

'I 'd druther be a little mite late, had n't you? ' Tim queried.

And Sam was bound to confess that he would. Presently Tim went in and dressed, and slowly they went across the fields and into the path through the woods.

When they arrived at the church they found it packed full of people. Carts, wagons, ox-carts, and various means of conveyance were scattered under the oak trees. And now and then a mule brayed and rubbed his bridle vigorously against the rough bark of a tree. These familiar sights and sounds somewhat heartened Tim, and he breathed easier. They found the door so crowded that apparently no one else could push his way in. A hot fetid air poured out from the building in their faces. And Tim shuddered at the thought of entering. They had just begun to hope that they would have to stay outside to hear the sermon, when there was a stir at the door, and a huge bearded man in black clothes and a celluloid collar shoveled his way through and took Tim by the hand.

'This is Brother Tim Messer, is it? ' the voice rumbled, and Tim felt the jar of it against his chest as he nodded.

In a moment he was in the church, sitting by Sam on the front seat without knowing how he got there. Directly before him was the altar, a large bench facing the audience, in front of which hay was scattered for the mourners and convicted ones to lie on. From

the way the hay was worn and broken, it was apparent that many a stiff bout with the devil had taken place during the last two weeks. All of these particulars floated above the deep misery of Tim's mind. For Sam was right. He had n't a chance against that preacher, and he already realized it.

The service began immediately with singing. Old Ben Truelove led off with 'A Great Day Coming.' At the beginning of the second stanza, two hundred people were making the walls of the little building swell and subside to the rhythm of the song. Tim had been to Little Bethel many a time in his younger days, but never had he heard such singing. Then at the third stanza the preacher asked everybody to rise, at the same time adding his voice to the tumult. If the music was great before, it was sublime now. Tim felt the chills run up and down his spine at Brother Baxter's awful bass roaring like the wind. He whispered excitedly to Sam, ''y God, ain't that fine!' And only a sharp nudge from his partner made him realize that he was being profane in the house of God. He was disappointed when the music subsided. For if there had been a fourth stanza, he felt that he would have joined in.

Brother Baxter then called for the experience and thanks meeting, adding that everyone had much to be thankful for now, yea more than ever before, since the last stronghold of Satan in the community was being broken down. And he cast a quick gleam out of his fiery eye at Tim. Brother Johnson was the first to get up and unroll his list of blessings from the Lord. He ended by saying that his cup was 'plumb running over' now that one of their long-lost brothers was saved and the other was on his way to be. For an hour these experience talks went on, and each person made his especial reference to Sam and Tim.

By this time Tim was thinking of bolting through the crowd and out at a window. He felt rivulets of sweat running ceaselessly beneath his shirt. And Sam's condition appeared no better. It seemed to Tim that the climax to his misery had come when Aunt Margaret broke down in the middle of her talk and began weeping wildly. The preacher sat in his chair on the rostrum, fanning himself and crying out now and then, 'Glory to God! Praise His Holy Name!'

Suddenly a piercing scream rent the air, raising the hair on Tim's head. Old Miss Katie Harris sprang out into the aisle, giggling and whining. She came nearer to Tim, who sat convulsed with terror. Then she fell upon him, clasping him around the neck, tearing his collar apart, and in her ecstasy beating him in the face with her palm-leaf fan. When she had nearly strangled him with her long bony fingers, she moved over to Sam. He clung to his seat and endured her pounding. Then, hopping and skipping in a marvelous manner for one of eighty years, she made her way back to her seat. Already a dozen women were sobbing loudly. And some fed their babies at bared breasts, unashamed in the depth of their emotion. Here and there small boys and girls, wedged in between grown-ups, gnawed their dry home-cooked cakes and stared at Tim with large wondering eyes. A feeling of rebellion rose in him. And if at this point the preacher had not arisen and opened his Bible for the sermon, he would very probably have escaped through the door.

'Brethren and sisters,' the speaker began. 'I 'm going to preach to you on the same subject of a few days ago — the weekedness of worldly music and dancing.' Tim looked helplessly at Sam, but his head was already bowed for the drenching of wrath to come.

Then he lowered his head, nor once did he look up while the flood of words poured from the lips of the big dark orator. Up and down the platform the preacher strode, chanting and quoting from the Scriptures. 'Yea,' he rushed on, his voice gathering violence, 'they was a time when the sons of God come together toting they instruments of praise. It 's in the Book; read and know the truth. And the first one said, "I bring the harp. Is it a goodly instrument?" "Verily it is good," saith the Lord. And another one fetched up the lute, and Old Moster looked at it and said it was good, very good. And still others fetched the psaltery, the sackbut, the pipe, — yea, they played on a kind of pipe in them days, — the dulcimer and the trumpet and the shawm, and even the bells. It 's in the Book; read and know. And last of all, they brung taborettes. And they was all declared to be good and worthy of hymning praise to the Almighty. Later on come two fellows sneaking up, bringing — well, what was they bringing?' he roared. 'They was bringing a banjo and a fiddle. What did the Lord do? He said He knew 'em not, and, "Depart ye 'cursed." And right then and there them two was condemned to rot in Hell, yea, to roast in Hell fer making mock of the Creator.' Here he pounded on the table, and the windows rattled in their sockets.

When he had finally cursed the joy-maker and the Devil's anointed, in the person of Tim, to the bottomless pit unless he changed his way of living, he stepped down from the pulpit and gathered new strength.

He stood over Tim's shrinking form and began to unroll before him the vision of the sinner's horror and despair on that day of days. 'What 's to become of you, O sinner man! in that judgment day? Have you heerd it? Oh, have you dreamed it? Have you seed it with yer eyes? — when smoke begins to roll in the west and a loud voice cries out from land to sea' — he lifted up his voice in a blood-curdling yell — ' "Time is no more! Time is no more!" And the hills will shake with terror, and the trees 'll be tore up by a mighty wind, and the rocks 'll melt and run lak b'iling water, and the sun and moon be turnt to blood. Dark will be over the face of the earth. Where will you be! Where will you be when that last trumpet sounds! Sinner man, yea, you, Tim Messer, where will you be! You will cry mercy,' he screamed, 'and there 'll be no mercy.'

Tim felt his flesh freezing as the terrible picture grew. At last the preacher ended his description of Tim's likely end by imitating the wails and screams that would rise to heaven when he lay in outer darkness. His yells and bellowings swept a score of listeners to their knees. Several little children already were writhing on the hay, and men were crying in different parts of the house. Here and there old women crouched at their seats agonizing over Tim's soul. As if in a dream, he heard them mentioning his name.

Then Brother Baxter turned to the table and drank deeply from the pitcher of water. He came back to Tim and pleaded with him in a gentle voice, as he sketched the estate of the blessed sleeping in Abraham's bosom. 'There they sing and make music all the days as one. Won't you come and be saved now, Tim?'

At the sweetness of his words, Tim felt the hot tears go coursing down his leathery cheeks.

'Think o' yer mother there with her arms stretched out to you this very minute,' he continued. 'And think o' yer father br'iling in t' other place!' he suddenly thundered. And he went on comparing their different conditions. When he had exhausted

his adjectives he bent close to Tim and began speaking of the day when he would die and the neighbors would come to lay out his cold body. 'And, Brother Tim,' he concluded in heartbroken tones, 'on that day, mebbe on that dark and stormy night, while you lays there beating out yer last breath and the lamp burns low beside yer bed, the Devil 'll come creeping, creeping, up, up, on, on to the porch. He 'll open the door jest a crack, now a little wider, a little wider, and he 'll stick his head in, his grinning head in, and look at you laying there helpless in bed.'

Aunt Margaret screamed out above the moaning and praying of the audience. Brother Baxter kept his eyes on Tim. 'He 'll come in easy, oh, so easy, his tail making a grisly sliding sound on the floor. Then!' he roared, seizing the terrified Tim by the shoulders, 'he 'll jump onto the bed and carry off yer soul screaming to everlasting hell!' And he shook him like a rag.

Then Tim could stand no more. He fell upon his knees at his seat. Aunt Margaret screamed a second time and went off in a faint. Thereupon a din arose and went out over the quiet countryside of Little Bethel. Women and men shouted and danced before the Lord. And every little child in the house made his way to the pile of straw and fell upon it, many of them in a half trance from the extremity of terror and the consciousness of their lost and ruined condition. Sam was already down at his bench, praying and clutching his hair.

Brother Baxter called for a song, and a great rhythm of 'Almost Persuaded' shook the roof. Old Miss Katie sprang out into the aisle again and began speaking in tongues. Above the tumult her shrill voice could be heard pouring out a stream of senseless words, 'Hoofey-beigh Jesus! Hokumma-loki! Whizzem-hi-shimminy! Ishiliki!' Others took it up. Combs and hairpins soon strewed the floor, and men threw their coats and collars from them as they sprang up and down in the air. Tim stumbled forward and fell sobbing at the mourner's bench. The victorious parson called for friends to come and wrestle for his soul, and half the congregation swept up and around him. Brother Baxter himself got down beside Tim, and as the song went on with, —

> 'Almost persuaded now to believe,
> Almost persuaded Christ to receive,' —

he shouted in his ringing head, 'Give it up! Give it up! Be saved now, now! To-morrow 's too late. Glory to God, give it up!'

In half an hour Tim was saved. The preacher stood near him, smiling seraphically and smoothing his thin hair tenderly as he would an infant's. And when Tim had grown quiet, he asked him to stand up and make public his profession of faith. He staggered to his feet and mumbled out something about being saved and living the life of God. Then he collapsed on his bench.

Brother Baxter announced that the meeting was over. And after a few business matters had been settled, he pronounced the benediction, ending the greatest revival that had ever visited Little Bethel.

IV

That night for the first time Tim said grace over their supper. He was able to growl out only a few words about being thankful — amen. But he 'd decided to begin right. And after the meal, he got the old Bible down and at last managed to read a chapter in John. Then Aunt Margaret led in family prayer, and they went to bed.

But Tim could not sleep. He felt queer and far away from things about him. The house seemed different, and that afternoon he had not gone down to look at his bottom corn. 'Mebbe I 'm already a-giving up the goods o' this world,' he thought. But he was not happy. Near morning he fell into a sleep, tortured with dreams of the Devil and a fiery pit yawning before him. As he was being cast headlong into the fire, he awoke with a low scream. He lay the rest of the night shivering and miserable.

More than once his mind dwelt on the instrument under the bed. At last, as day was breaking, he got up softly and dressed. Taking the fiddle under his arm, he stole from the house and went to the barn. There he wrapped it well in an old cotton sheet, put it in a box and nailed the lid down. Then he got a shovel and went into the woods back of the house. The birds were singing in the dogwoods, and dew hung over his cotton. Spider-webs gleamed like silver nets among the grass and bushes, and the whole east was a splash of red, sprinkled above with pink and silver racks which the Little Bethel people called 'rain seed.' But Tim no longer noticed the freshness and glory of the earth. Under a shady holly tree he dug a hole, put the fiddle in, and covered it up. And when he had made a little mound, he stood looking at it with a mournful expression. Then he stuck a stick at the head and foot and went away.

About sunset, when he was milking old Sook, Sam came up the lane and stopped. He leaned over the fence and asked Tim if he wanted to take a walk. Leaving the pail at the house, they set off down toward the bottom. There among his corn, Tim looked out at the flaming west and felt something of the old spirit move within him, and he murmured, 'Ain't it purty now, Sam, with all this fine crop and the pink o' evening setting in?'

'Yeh, 't is, Tim. You got a good crop. But you 'n' me 's been warned not to feel pride over the here and now, you must remember. I did n't come special to look at yer crop nohow, Tim. I wanted to ax you what you going to do with yer fiddle.'

'What you going to do with yer banjo, Sam?'

'I done got rid of it. Dunno whe'r I done right or not. Eph Slocumb's boy over on Little River wanted a banjo, and I let him have mine yistiddy to keep fer me. He promised to say nothing 'bout it.'

'What would the preacher say to that, Sam? Mebbe you 're putting temptation in Ed's way,' Tim rejoined.

'Well, I jest could n't tear it up. It was sorter lak a part of me,' said Sam, as he gazed gloomily down a dusk-filled row.

'Yeh, I know. Well, I buried my fiddle out back o' the house under a holly. I reckon it 'll be there till judgment day.'

V

The weeks that followed were wretched ones for Tim. More than once he had gone to the holly and been tempted to dig up his fiddle. And several times he had chewed weeds and grass to ease his terrible hunger for tobacco. But so far he had successfully withstood the tempter. And now, as he went into the fodder-field on this particular Saturday morning, he realized that the day of the greatest temptation had come. For to-night was Molly O'Quinn's dance on Little River. And he could n't help thinking about it. All day long he pictured to himself the different people who would be there. And worst of all was the remembrance of Molly's bright eyes watching him in frank admiration

as he pulled his bow. Once or twice he had hoped — 'But she 's a world'y woman and they ain't nary a glim o' hope now that I 've got religion,' he growled to himself as his long fingers stripped the corn to the ground. 'But I got a good farm and all, and if — if everything had turnt out all right, mebbe, we 'd a — ' He snapped the tie around his handful of fodder, slammed it on a stalk, and went on stripping the next.

The afternoon wore on, and he was more and more tormented by the vision of the dance. 'I don't reckon she 's called it off,' he mused after a while. 'She 'll git old Eph Slocumb and his boy to play. And what can they do making music fer a gal lak her?' In his misery he went to the spring in the hollow for a drink.

Aunt Margaret had an early supper, for she had to go down the road to pray over a sick child. She asked him to go with her, but he said he was feeling too tired. And in the dusk he watched her drive off down the lane. He leaned on the yard-fence gate and looked at the bats flying around the barn. A late whippoorwill was singing in a thicket. He turned and gazed at the dark and empty house.

'I jest cain't stand this here life much longer and that 's a fact,' he mumbled wretchedly. And then heard a noise behind him. Turning around, he found Sam standing beside the fence. He felt like embracing him, but all he did was to wrench off a paling and let it fall to the ground. After a moment he called out, 'Hi, Sam.'

'Hi, Tim. How you come on?'

'Middling, middling. How you standing the weather?'

'Not much, I mought say, and ag'in I mought n't,' Sam answered, leaning back against the fence and looking straight before him.

Suddenly Tim lifted up his nostrils and drew in a deep breath. A sweet tantalizing odor made him gasp. He bent toward Sam and then drew away. His hands fell limply to his side, and a wave of peace and joy swept over him. Sam had his jaw full of tobacco. Tim clung to the fence without saying a word, but in his mind ran a sort of singing, 'Sam has fell, Sam has fell from grace!'

'Tim,' Sam went on presently, 'have you been tempted much to go back to the old life since I seed you last?' He spoke still staring before him.

'What you mean, Sam?' Tim replied cautiously.

'Well, to make a long story short, I 've slid back.'

'You have!'

'Yeh, but I don't want to cause you to fall.' He looked Tim straight in the face. A whiff of tobacco-juice caught him full in the nose. Sam turned away, spat slyly off to the left, and went on. 'I was over in Lillington to-day, Tim, and who should I see there but Molly O'Quinn.' He waited, but Tim said nothing. 'And, Tim, she ain't got nobody to play fer her to-night.' He waited again, but still Tim made no answer. 'I did n't mean to go back to evil ways, Tim, but Providence must a-had a hand in it. While we was talking there in the street to-day, up come Ed Slocumb and said he had the banjo there with him, and I could take it. And he run and brung it 'fore I could say a word. But mebbe it would n't a-made so much difference if me 'n' Maisie had n't had a bad busting up last night. Yeh, I 'd a-helt out then, I believe; but right after Ed crammed the banjo in my hands, Molly dropt a package, and out rolled — what you reckon? — a long plug o' Brown Mule. I picked it up fer her, and she axed me to smell it and see if it was the reg'lar kind her pa chewed. And then

she told me to take a chew and try it and keep the plug, fer the old man had more' n he needed. Somehow the way she axed me and the way she looked at me with them dark eyes o' hern — you know how she looks, I reckon, if anybody does. Well, in two minutes, anyhow, I was in my buggy with the banjo under the seat and my mouth full o' Brown Mule, on my way here to git you. She sent me special fer you. And here' — reaching in his pocket and pulling out a ragged plug — 'is what I ain't chewed.'

Tim's long hand shot out and raised the tobacco to his mouth. Then he lowered it without taking a chew.

'Tim, I don't want to tempt you,' Sam hurried into saying; 'but you see I done give up my hope fer redemption. You reckon they ain't no chance of our going over and playing fer Molly? And you know, Tim, she 's sorter sot on you. I tell you I cain't stand no more o' this way o' living.' But Tim was silent, holding the tobacco in his trembling hand. 'And, Tim,' Sam began again, 'you 'n' me 's allus pulled together. I don't mind running the risk o' being lost if you don't.'

'I don't mind, nuther!' Tim burst out, and he quickly crammed the end of the plug into his starving jaws. There was a ripping sound, and a sheepish grin began to spread over his face. When he had settled the quid in its accustomed place, he spoke up. 'Sam, I 'm lak you. This life ain't fer me. Another week of it and I 'd been crazy as a loon.' He spat a great stream. 'God did n't seem to have no notion o' taking away my taste.'

'Mine, nuther,' Sam answered happily. 'And, Tim, you 'n' me need n't feel so bad after all. Muh and pap ain't half as keen 'bout their religion since that preacher got out'n the neighborhood. And I bet you a dollar yer Aunt Marg'ret won't be in a month or so.'

'Mebbe not,' Tim rejoined absently. 'But we need n't worry 'bout that now.'

'No, we need n't,' Sam agreed. 'But le' s be moving. I got my mule and buggy tied there in the woods. Git on yer duds in a hurry. I seed Aunt Marg'ret go down the road, and we want to be gone 'fore she comes back.'

Tim ran into the house to dress. Soon he reappeared, and they hurried with a shovel to the woods. The full moon had risen, and again he felt the joy of the earth slide into his soul. As they stood under the holly tree, he looked at the patterns and splotches on the ground and turned to Sam,

'Ain't all this here a purty sight?' he said.

'Yeh,' Sam grunted, scratching the leaves from the grave.

Presently they had the fiddle out. And in the moonlight Tim held it tightly to him. All the while they were chewing and spitting around them in great profusion.

'Sound as a dollar!' said Tim, twanging the strings.

At the edge of the woods they untied the mule, clambered into the buggy, and were off.

'Well, we 're set fer the Devil, I reckon,' Sam declared joyously, as they turned the lane into the big road, 'and we mought as well let folks know it.' Thereupon he rolled his tobacco in his jaw and lifted up his voice in their favorite ballad. After a cough of hesitation, Tim joined in with his high tenor. Over the moonlit fields went their song. It rose and wavered under the moon, hung a moment, and then echoed against the creek hills.

'I got a gal lives in the hollow.
Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.
She won't come and I won't follow.
Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.'

And the people of Little Bethel heard them passing and said, 'Sam and Tim 's at it ag'in. They 've backslid.'

THE LITTLE THEATRE IN EGYPT

BY ALICE AND IRENE LEWISOHN

I

THE GREAT WHITE WAY OF CAIRO

We sat in a box reserved for European visitors, sipped our Oriental coffee and smoked, while the orchestra was tuning and the audience assembling. Opposite us, the Moslem bourgeoisie deposited their yashmaked harems behind a long screen of Nottingham lace curtain and then seated themselves below with the unveiled ladies of their acquaintance. Below us was the pit where gathered the rank and file of the audience, completely native in *tarboosh*, *kufieh*, and *galabya*. Above us, packed to overflowing, was the gallery, for this was a gala night when Munyra, the idolized singer of ballads, of opera, of lieder, was to appear.

As soon as the curtain rose, we realized that the appeal to the audience was through neither setting nor costuming, but purely through the sentiment of the romance and the personality of the Prima Donna. Haroun-al-Raschid, in red plush and cotton batting, with beard to match, harangued his grand vizier for many hours in a style reminiscent of the Sicilian marionettes. Our illusions of the romantic beauty associated with the Arabian Nights were shattered by the ladies of the company. Here was no sinuous allure of Theda Bara, but the hearty, motherly figure so popular among the matrons of Grand Street.

Munyra, impersonating a young lover, without any attempt at characterization, costume, or make-up, held that audience by sheer force of personality and vocal technique. No gesture but the occasional swing of a rhythm, no pantomime but an occasional apostrophe to the audience, whose thundering acclamations might have startled even Chaliapin. The really sensational moment of the drama came when the two lovers, flying for safety to the cover of the woods, were overcome by the romantic beauty of the moonlit night and lay clasped in one another's arms — on the floor, in the middle of a perfectly bare stage; and yet the quiver that ran through the house was as intense as that produced by the most lurid moment of the *Jest*.

Another example of the complete rapport between performers and audience was an interval of about half an hour, in the middle of a scene, when the curious zither-like instrument had to be tuned to a new song to suit the mood of the Prima Donna. Everything stopped; the actors on the stage patiently waited, the audience sat in anticipatory silence, but at the first note broke into wild enthusiasm. Throughout all, Munyra held the stage with the dignity, repose, and gracious assurance of an Yvette Guilbert, striking the chord with the technique of perfected art. So different, so remote, so curiously exotic to our Western ears but so appealing to her Oriental audi-

ence were her vocal acrobatics that at each finale they burst into a transport of enthusiastic 'Ah's' and 'Allah's' — clapping, waving, until even a passive sheik was literally swept off his feet in a frenzy of appreciation and, with obvious pantomime, surrendered himself and all he possessed, even his manhood's pride, — his beard, — for just one more note.

We thought that the most enthusiastic moment had come and gone, but when midnight was bringing this lengthy performance to a close another transport swept the audience. Apropos of nothing, Munyra broke into a Pan-Moslem song. Even the romance of Haroun-al-Raschid was lost in the more stirring emotion of Nationalist feeling; and we left realizing that the dream of self-determination is the vital drama of Egypt to-day and that, beside it, Haroun-al-Raschid and Munyra herself become mere illusions.

II

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF THE NILE

We were still at table with our archæological guests when a flying messenger in red turban and bottle-green uniform announced the opening of the Theatre of the Nile. We hurried to the garden, clutched our warmest coats and furs, and wondered at the courage of the oranges and bouvardia that grew so happily in this chill winter air. Through the gates, on to the river we hurried, and were greeted with unction by Abdul-el-Galeel in his most gorgeous and becoming *abáyeh* of Mecca weave, while piercing sounds from the theatre indicated that the orchestral overture had begun. We had our first vision of the Theatre of the Nile! Moored at the foot of a steep flight of stone steps was a magical barge, the outlines of the masts patterned with lanterns of multi-colored glass. In the bow, cross-legged, sat the orchestra. Two pipe-players looked like musicians in the old Florentine paintings; the drummer behind his great drum — which was festively decorated in red trappings — beat with his sticks the march-like rhythm of the Khedive's salutation. Feeling akin to the Caliphs of Bagdad, at the pompous exclusiveness of the entertainment before us, we descended the steps and — praise be to Allah! — were transported into a moment of romance and fantasy which had at once reality and illusion. This was Theatre — we were both audience and part of the setting. We pushed off from the bank, the galley slaves up forward heaving away in rhythm with the drumbeats. We lay back on the cushions of the *fluk-hah* and glided into the starlight night under the curved shifting sail, our master craftsman standing in the stern astride the rudder, the piercing notes gradually beating into our mood with hypnotic insistence. The music grew wilder and more piercing, and a figure rose, scantily clad in a short faded shift. The usual fellâheen vest completed the costume, except for the almost black make-up of the delicately modeled limbs. In spite of the utter poverty and bareness of these garments, the moment the movement began the fellâheen vanished and became identified with the eternal world of bards and minstrels. The tiny brass cymbals in both hands punctuated the rhythm and play of the marvelously supple wrists. After the first introductory movements of foot- and body-muscles — which seemed like the inevitable tuning-up of a relaxed string

instrument — the real dancing began. Feet, body, shoulders, neck, head, each in turn and all together came into play until the great test of skill — the bottle with the lighted candle set on his shaven head — was added. Oblivious of the limitations of his stage, — which was not more than three feet in diameter and undulated to the caprice of the wind and sails, — our entertainer with concentrated intensity flowed from one rhythm to another with the ease and deftness of a master. In the same syncopated rhythm in varied tempos, rising, crouching, bending, swirling, nothing seemed to disturb the poise and equilibrium of the dancer or his charmed 'prop,' which became so much a part of his person that it seemed a jeweled crown.

After the first half-hour of the Marathon of blowing, beating, and muscle-play, which progressed with uninterrupted vigor and passed without a break from one rhythm and melody to another, we recovered from our breathless anxiety over the lung- and heart-capacity of the performers and relapsed into a hypnotic, fatalistic state.

And here let us note that, although the melodies are apparently built on a scale not exceeding three intervals, the rhythmic repertoire is so varied, and the vitality and wind-power of the players such, that performances at weddings usually go on unceasingly for twelve hours at a stretch, — day and night, — the length of time depending only on the bank account of the bridegroom.

Another hour of the same strident noise which will make Scriabine forever sound to us like the soothing delicacy of Mozart, and our barge was again moored at the garden steps.

Still under the unctuous protection of Abdul, who bowed with his characteristic static smile in aloof satisfaction at our childish enthusiasm, we stepped off the magic carpet.

The fantasia of the night was vanishing down the stream; the lantern lights already dim reflections; the performers, so real a moment ago, now fading into phantoms; the barge, so lately vibrating with reality, now but a memory.

III

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF SUDAN

On leaving the Theatre of the Nile, we began our Assuan seminar under the Nubian professorship of Bogadi Mohammed Ali. Within thirty minutes of our arrival we were in our knickers, galloping on spirited beasts over the Nubian desert sands, past the granite quarries with the unfinished shaft for a new temple, then Philæ romantically rising from the Nile, its pylons half visible, gracefully lifting their petaled capitals like colossal lotus flowers.

Our *flukhah* — manned at the oar by the sheik of the Nubian village, aged seventy; at the rudder by the sheik-to-be, aged seven — moored us near the great dam; but we hurried on, impatient to continue our peripatetic dialogue. We galloped over rugged shores of the cataract, romantically wild and gorge-like, past fields of wild castor-oil bean, until we came to our first Nubian village.

Were we really seeing with our eyes or were we at an exhibition of ultra-modern art? Against a ground of white plaster, or ochre, or blue, from the ancient pigment-mines, were displayed the most primitively quaint frescoes. It would be hard to choose the house

most suitable as a setting for a fantasy. While we were considering the merit of ochre-gingerbread men versus blue-spotted gazelles, a muezzin called us to the mosque — in this case an open court where all the men of the village squatted at prayer. A minaret rising to the sky, the figure of the sheik at the top of a winding staircase, silhouetted against the blue, added a more serious note to the modernist scene. The women of the village gathered around, offering their armlet cases for baksheesh, but we galloped on, our Professor luring us away with the hint of a howling-dervish service in the offing.

By the time we reached the next village — due to the Professor's extraordinary educational methods — we were prepared for an examination in the manners and customs of the Nubians and, having added this new race to our museum of nationalist problems, we felt qualified to mix socially with the elect of the tribe. We left our gallant little donkeys at the doorstep of the Bodagdi ménage and were welcomed by Madame Bodagdi into the Nubian household. In striking contrast to other Egyptian domiciles, this court-yard and interior were clean and orderly. The women unveiled, revealed their dusky charms enhanced by the tattoo and the gold nose-ring. The sleeping-quarters showed a built-in bed of the same earth that formed the floor, the rugs and mats rolled up in Japanese fashion. The family wardrobe, gayly displayed, furnished the 'sky borders' of the room. The walls were decorated with everything from Sudanese baskets to lurid colored-supplement 'ads.'

Cocoa and Nubian dates, a European table, Vienna chairs, were presided over with charm and savoir faire by Madame. We were almost shocked by this radical defiance of 'woman's place,' but were assured by the Professor that in this, as in other customs, the Nubians have their independent views. However, Allah does not recognize this laxity, for as we approached the mosque of this village only the masculine elect dared doff their shoes and enter. For two reasons we were admitted: first, because of our nationality, and secondly, because the Professor felt in need of midday prayers. His preparations were elaborate, his libations almost a complete bath, while we in our religious fervor stood in stockinged feet on uncovered dust and dirt, and would have preferred our libations after prayer. We were glad, however, to see this simple, devout service, for we, as women, had been proscribed in Cairo from treading the holy ground during the ritual service.

After a hurried lunch we exchanged our 'subway donkeys' for the 'elevated camels' and were admitted to a new experience — the Bisharin. Here we touched nearest to Nature. Huts of matted grass provide shelter for this amazing tribe of Bedouin camel-breeders, who wander all through the Arabian desert. They are absolutely unique in type, and we felt we had been whisked away to the South Seas. Almost naked black bodies and limbs, heads well set and formed, but dwarfed under mats of bushy hair, set a new standard for workshop wigs and an idea to be achieved by the flapper of 1944. An unbleached cotton cloth was wound in curious drapery round the loins and over one shoulder, on men and women alike; but the latter were more heavily clad with silver amulets and bracelets. The oldest and most shrunken gray-bearded Bisharin squatted on a small mat surrounded by a row of miniature cobblestones. This isolation proclaimed the 'holy ground,' a sacred place of prayer or mosque.

At our Professor's suggestion the performance began. Out of the mud hovels dashed the men of the tribe,

brandishing long swords and round leather-and-metal shields. They leaped at one another in so fearsome a way that it seemed more than a game, when they had to be separated by the sedate umpires. Meanwhile the pacifists on the box-seats of cameldom became so thrilled and excited that they dismounted and cheered the combatants on to greater frenzy. The repertoire of simple leaping-games and war dances is short but violent, and so primitively picturesque that it would satisfy the ultra-æsthete who cries, 'Back to nature.' The Bisharin orchestra seemed to our ears less crude — or at least less strident — than other Arab music. Vocal in part, it was accompanied by a lyre-shaped instrument with five strings, mellow in tone.

Back through the bazaars we cantered, the narrow streets forming roofed vistas and lined with the usual open shops gayly decorated with everything from Sudanese armor to American wheat.

Stars, donkeys, and a kufiehed guard fore and aft, long twisting alleys, shadowed hovels, the silent and stark Nubian desert, an oasis of mud huts, soundless and motionless in the night, and we passing as silently, expectant, tense, confident that our Nubian escort and our donkeys were leading us to the magic and mystery of the theatre of the race of Ham. Or were we already caught in its hoodoo spell?

Our caravan stopped before a mud wall. Dusky shadows began to move; a penetrating voice broke the silence. There was a fumbling of wooden latches and the glow of a charcoal brazier as a door opened and we were ushered through a mud courtyard into the Little Theatre of Sudan.

A low square chamber where one tiny wall-wick, combined with the glow of the brazier on the floor, immediately cast a spell of theatre magic round us. In one corner, huddled on a wooden bench, lay what seemed to be a heap of old rags, but which later proved to be a child. On the floor a great hulking form crouched, warming a large *tambura* over the burning coals. This we have observed is the tuning ritual of the orchestras of Egypt. Cold and lack of food there may be, but always glow enough to warm rhythm and melody into life.

We were ushered to the only seats, our Nubian escort sharing what later appeared to be the community bed, and we once more experienced the thrill of personal rapport between audience and performers. This is the Little Theatre rarefied to its ultimate purpose. First, the audience is sharing directly with the performers in the creation of the production; secondly, there is no physical convention of proscenium or setting to separate the audience from the stage; thirdly, and most important, there is the rare and personal sensation that the moment belongs to you alone — that for you alone the gate of illusion is momentarily opened.

One by one the ladies of the ballet, who had retired for the night but had been roused by a flying messenger, appeared and were presented with all the ceremony of hand-kissing. The costume: a printed cotton of Mother Hubbard cut, a probable survival of an early missionary period; a gold nose-ring as a chic and individual touch; make-up of charcoal number 3, relieved by decorative patterns of tattoo-work; a coiffure beyond the skill of any wig-maker — a multitude of tight ringlets of wool in even rows, suspended from a smooth oiled surface, which we recognized at once as a survival of the ancient tomb-paintings. The fashions of their headgear, the pride of the Sudanese flapper, accounted for the fields of castor-oil plant through which

we passed earlier in the day. Bracelets, necklets, anklets of heavy silver set off the dusky features and massive limbs.

The performance began with the customary salutation; then the first motive of the movement — the swaying of the body for the complicated flexibility of head, neck, shoulders, arms, torso, and so on, every muscle coming into play in anatomical succession. Romance, as with us, forms the plot of these dramas of the East, and the happy ending is also demanded. The heroine, a dusky ingénue who would have captivated Gauguin, impersonated the bride, and one of the dark-veiled matrons impersonated the mother of the tribe. The pantomime suggested the conferring of the powers of motherhood and the passing on of the tribal line.

The première danseuse arrived. Every muscle heaved in amazing gyrations and the syncopations of the bare feet continued as the body bent back in a Salome-like attitude. The abandon of the movement was in strange contrast to the missionary cut of the trailing Mother Hubbard. Not only was this accompanied by the rhythmic beating of the *tabla* and by hand-clapping, but, at intervals, the most arresting climaxes were induced by a sudden call, piercing and vibrant as the call of a wild creature to its mate in the jungle. So close to the primitive world was the unhuman cry that it would take centuries for a less savage race to acquire the technique of this coloratura of the jungle. The movement, meanwhile, grew more and more primitively sensuous, the danseuse directing her charms from one to another of the gentlemen present, until, at its most seductive moment, each in turn jumped up and passionately beat the air with his stick or fist, to acknowledge her conquest and incite her to further triumphs.

The next number explained itself: 'To make the dirt fly' — and it flew! Producing a psychological cough, we fled to the door and watched what probably was a relic of a spirit dance: a semicircle of black forms, more dusky than the night, gleaming eyes and whitened teeth half shrouded in a gauze of dust, shuffling, stamping, leaping, crying, that revealed to us an orgiastic ritual of black magic.

The stars and the cool fragrant night and the stretches of the desert sands seemed homey and familiar after the scene so remote from us in tradition, in development, so close to a savage life beyond our ken.

Even the most insatiable first-nighter might have paused for breath and retired to the realities of bed and the relaxing influence of a hot-water bottle after this seriesof the season'sopenings; but the Nubian constitution is no more enduring than that of Grand Street and we revived at the idea of another divertisement suggested by our resourceful Professor. On we cantered to a Nubian village where we were welcomed with customary grace. The setting for this performance was an exterior: an alley-way bounded by newly built mud-houses formed a background for two rows of dervishes, squatting cross-legged on the braided ground-cloth used for the ceremony, lit by a hive-shaped light that shed its beams on the faces of the performers. The 'overheads' twinkled with brilliant star-effects.

It was an interlude in the prenuptial festivities of a young Nubian felláheen. Contrary to Western traditions, the hero of the occasion was not the bridegroom, but his mother's second husband, a gentleman of great dignity and repose, robed in handsome galabya and kufieh. No women, of course, were present, but on inquiry we learned that the bride was making the most

of the last moments of her childhood in a final fling with her pals.

Familiar trays of what we thought the inevitable brewed Nile were served to us, but it proved to be an exotic drink of distilled annis, that was a strain on our crude Occidental palates.

The howling dervish ceremony began. Two sheiks, leading the service in high-keyed voices of brilliant quality, intoned the praise of the Prophet, and the two lines swaying in opposition, pendulum-like in rhythm but moving in ever-enlarging spirals, chanted the responses. From the most subtle movement of the heads the relaxed bodies swayed in ever-increasing tempo until, with simultaneous impulse, all rose to their feet. Without a pause or loss of a beat, the movement and intoned reiteration continued faster and yet faster, until both lines swayed themselves into an ecstasy of the infinite spiral rhythm of 'Allah —— Akbar.'

This was merely one incident in the munificence of a pre-nuptial fête. We were next ushered through dark courtyards and corridors to still another scene of praise and prayer. The brazier was this time the central point, around which squatted another company chanting the words of the Koran. Sandalwood, incense, and burnt annis, mingling with the natural perfume of the Nubian, filled the windowless, airless chamber. The pale-faced audience was soon surfeited with atmosphere and religion, and cantering back to Assuan, welcomed the waning stars and the chilling approach of dawn.

IV

THE CARAVAN THEATRE

After various changes we finally transferred at the corner of the Pyramids and cameled across the desert sands, while the moonlight played in fantastic shadows on the distant hills, and our luggage followed in rope 'prop' bags on Sambo's humped back.

When we reached the tent flap of the desert theatre, Machmud — producer, manager, impresario — greeted us with desert courtesy. Instead of the drab canvas effect we anticipated, what was our amazement to find ourselves 'magicked' into the setting of the paladins! Luckily, we remembered that we had brought our dress clothes, — abayas, kufiehs, and burnous, — or we should have felt as painfully conspicuous as if we had been in overalls at the opera. The other guests arrived on gray Arab steeds, accompanied by a claque of Bedouin jackal dogs.

The curtain rose. The 'back drop' twinkling with star-effects, was seen through a low proscenium. The orchestra for this important opening was conducted by the Barrère of Mena village, a *sofara* player of great distinction in the Bedouin tribe. As in other Little Theatres, percussion was the accompaniment, and Gamma, a young prodigy of twelve years, performed on the tabla, with fingers and wrists moving in rhythmic skill comparable only to the intricacies of Pavlowa's toes in her most technical ballet. Voices in strange minor intervals came in, in complicated rhythms. And then one figure after another rose spontaneously, and began to move in subtle rhythm — the feet first, then the movement of the body surged upward with the melody of the reed pipe, until the neck, and then the head itself, was moving in curious syncopations. The tempo increased as the mood grew

more and more excited, with the clapping of hands from the audience and performers who found themselves swept into the spell of the reiterated call of the desert. The stick of the camel-driver now came into play as the most important 'prop.' Such grace and subtlety of the wrist, such sinuous litheness of each muscle defies western imitation. Next the kufieh or headkerchief caught the night air with the delicacy of a chiffon scarf. A deliciously floating rhythm combined with a sudden pause told the story of the baking of the bread, and then came the final dramatic climax of capturing the kufieh in the teeth of the performer amid the wild acclaim of the syncopated orchestra — drums, flute, voices, hand-clapping, that was at once discordant, yet harmonious.

Our guests departed on their Arab steeds and we, already adopted by the Machmud tribe, had our first initiation into the mysteries of the Dervish. Ali, our irrepressible donkey-boy, was suddenly swayed by a religious impulse and began to move in a slow minor rhythm as he gradually hypnotized himself by the repetition of the Prophet's name. Faster and faster until, loosened by the spiral abandon, the kufieh unwound and floated in white waves about his head and body. He rose, still swirling, and was joined by the whole clan until there were two lines in orthodox dervish fashion. So hypnotized were they by their own impetus,—not, alas, by religious frenzy, — that finally their relaxed bodies collapsed utterly with exhaustion, and Ali in particular had so completely surrendered his senses to the abandon of rhythm that he had to be revived to a waking state.

So successful was this opening that the management rejoiced and the traveling audience's dreams became that night a fantastic mirage, in anticipation of the first day on the road.

The morning bath in a glassful of muddy Nile. . . . Breakfast coffee of the same complexion, with bread and treacle from the fresh sugar-cane, were tempting *hors d'œuvres* to caravan life. As we did not belong to the Arab Union, 'striking' gave us an opportunity to observe the cast of ten of the night before, who were now transformed into the crew. Each seemed to head his own department efficiently but never rose to the finished standard of Machmud with the all-seeing eye and helping hand! Sardi, the poet and slave of Sarifa, the dromedary; Hamid, the tribe's strong man, tossing the heavy water-tanks on to the groaning camel's back; Ali, the dervish, saddling 'Mary Anderson' and 'Gazelle,' who brayed their morning antiphon; Byume, caging the cackling fowls that formed part of our commissary. Even we, hardened to orchestral rehearsals, were slightly unnerved by the caravan method of harmonics. Only after each tent peg had been checked up and every prop was in its balanced position on the camel's back, did Machmud give word to start. It was interesting to find how like the technique of the static theatre our caravan methods were.

Thrilling to new experiences, the Caravan Road Company began its route across the yellow sands. The dignified pace and the solemn mien of Sambo and his followers could not dampen the gay spirits of the company. On they danced and on and on, the tabla and the sofara lightening the way of this barefooted ballet; there was standing room only for all but the audience and impresario in this traveling show. And how analogous the life, with its intricacies, its adventure, its camaraderie, its absorbing interest in the perfection of one vanishing moment, its demands on the vitality of the producer and his staff!

But, on the other hand, what a

difference in perspective. . . . In the desert theatre the horizon line widens until the human creature dwarfs into a mere atom, and even the caravan — where every tribal instinct was centred — for the moment disappears into immensity, and leaves but its tracks upon the shifting yellow sands.

Our first stand was made beyond the pyramid field, on the edge of the great Libyan Desert. We sat in the evening by our tent flap, gazing at the palm trees of the distant village of Dashur, which we knew would soon be lost to sight as we continued our trail into the wide horizon of the desert.

This dramatic pause in the day's adventures rightly presaged a change of mood. An armed guard, sent by the sheik of the village, arrived to look over the personnel of our troupe and see if we were harboring a desert pirate with a price on his head. For these Arab sheiks are stern upholders of tribal rights, and their tribunal is still the gun rather than the court of law. Reassured by Machmud, they stayed and took part in what became a lyric interlude instead of — what might have been — the last act of a melodrama.

We were suddenly reminded by the tuning-up of a chorus that the second performance of our repertory theatre was about to begin. This proved to be a strictly Arab folk-drama and even the tabla and sofara were banned as too sophisticated, being pro-Egyptian. The ballad form is still the popular Bedouin tradition. The performance had all the flavor of true romance and the 'personal note' desired by our ablest critics. The lyric was apparently aimed at one of our guests, who tossed his gun carelessly while he pantomimed an acknowledgment in response. The romantic cadences told that it was a love song, and through our interpreters we gathered that in Bedouin life romance is not confined to the past but flourishes also in the present. The love song celebrated in extemporaneous couplets the charms and beauty of a lady in a near-by village, soon to be the bride of our guest who brandished his gun so carelessly, and who seemed to suggest a Bedouin Cyrano, so swift and apt were his responses. They sang of his lady's eyes; of the day when he had seen her pass on a camel; when he swore to win her love; of the beauty of the night; and of passionate love too great for any heart to hold. And then they sang of the rival who also claimed the lady. And — still in song — he said, if the rival won his lady, it was Allah's wish that this should be; and so his rival would not be slain.

As a foil to this romantic tale there was an interlude of a martial character in which the gun became the dramatic 'prop' of a war dance. Far into the night they sang and danced, these children of the desert, as the moon played over the tops of the distant palm trees.

Caravan life and fighting winds and sands are too absorbing in mid-desert to admit of the nightly repertoire; but rehearsals were always called, and the regular subscribers had the sense of real adventure in the addition of occasional neighborhood patrons — gazelles, hyenas, and jackals.

It was only when the stage was set on the fringe of the palm trees and canals of an oasis that another important opening claimed the attention of first-nighters. This was a gala performance of a visiting company. All star cast was promised and did not fail. The custom of the desert is to offer both food and lodging to its entertainers who come without wardrobe trunk or toothbrush to spend the night. After the customary hospitality had been dispensed, the dining-hall with Machmud's deft technique was soon

changed into stage and auditorium.

As the two subscribers entered, the orchestra burst into the Khedive's March of Salutation. The company rose and offered ceremonious welcome. The premières stepped forward and embraced the hands of the patrons, who promptly retired to the seats assigned them while a prologue was sung. Its interpretation may sound euphemistic to foreigners: 'This is the greatest moment of my life — no honor like it has ever been mine — I have never felt so inspired.'

During the song we looked about. Instead of four or five there was a large retinue. Conspicuous among those present were a picturesque figure in sacking rags, whip in hand; a sheik from the Sudan, a study in black-and-white; innumerable neighbors wrapped in heavy Bedouin burnouses, besides our own tribe.

The curtain rang up on a setting by Omar Ismail, the famous tent-maker of the Mouski. Bakst at his best never produced an atmosphere at once so simple and complete, so colorful yet so restrained. The brazier lighting-system in vogue here was supplemented on this occasion by the usual Jones touch: one half-burned candle skillfully placed to play upon the hem of the star's trailing calico Mother Hubbard.

The danseuse was a lady whose figure outweighed the fair Turkish Delight of Cairo's White Way by several hundred. Her costume had evidently been partially executed by the Egyptian agent of Jaeger and Company. And our conjecture as to the depreciation of Austrian currency was confirmed: a point that has been overlooked by the international financiers — all the gold currency of that country now hangs on the breasts, arms, and ankles of the yashmaked and unyashmaked ladies of Egypt.

Our dancer began to tune her muscles, and we now understood the pride in each added pound, and why obesity is considered a distinguishing mark of beauty. Just as with us, the popularity of the toe dancer is measured by her skill in executing intricate pas-de-ballet, so here these coryphées display sensuous emotions through the movement of each muscular fibre. From head to toe, independently and with coördinated skill, every one of the tissues vibrates like an anatomical chart controlled by electricity. This muscular virtuosity was continued amid the approving Ah-a-a-h's and Allah's of the audience.

The danseuse resumed her seat, snatched a cigarette from the mouth of the tabla-player and joined the chorus, lustily singing one of the popular airs of the day. The performance grew more and more informal and flowed from song into dance, from ballad into song-and-dance. The tabla always set the rhythm, reënforced by the hand-clapping of the audience; the penetrating falsetto of the men carried the melody, the sofara added the melodic counterpoint, and the women supplied both rhythm and movement and often the melody as well. This gave the effect at times of a symphony orchestra rehearsing ultra-modern discords, and we gasped with amazement when all ended the coda simultaneously. Instead of being — as we had imagined — an independent solo by each performer, to them it was a familiar harmonic composition.

We must not forget one of the most important and original orchestral effects — which we strongly recommend to all our friends of the baton. Comrades all, do not bemoan your empty bottles; a most æsthetic use can be made of them, to add color to the harmonic and pictorial effect of production. Like some other Little Theatre colleagues, these artists of the desert

do not confine their art to one medium but are able to express themselves with equal ease in movement, melody, or acrobatics. This was next demonstrated. A dark powerful creature, who up to this point had been as remote a member of the orchestra as the tympana-player, sprang into the centre of the stage and captured most of the laurels of the evening by his amazing feats. Snatching off his galabya or outer garment, he stood transformed — a gorgeous figure in the ravishing Egyptian parallel of the B. V. D.

Dexterously capturing Sardi's kufieh from his unsuspecting head and twisting it round his own waist, the transformation from orchestral player to dancer was complete. Steel blades glistened in his hand and became the dramatic motif of a wild Syrian dance. Brandished in every direction, now here, now there, sometimes perilously near the audience, they vied with his eyes in their passionate fervor, while the body moved in vigorous rhythmic contortions. This thrilling exhibition reached its climax in an orgy of pantomimed self-mutilation, but was only prevented from reaching a still greater height by the inartistic sensibilities of the western audience who, satisfied with this symbolic rendering, refused to accept the more realistic conclusion, with flowing blood.

This was merely a prelude to the divertissement. . . . There was no suggestion of the usual effete Occidental or Oriental effeminacy about this dancer and his *pas seul.*

Dark hair in confused masses, eyes gleaming, he sprang into another mood. He snatched up two incongruous chairs, setting them one on top of another and both crowning a table. Still with no interruption of the rhythm of feet and body, he grasped the edge of the table in his teeth, and lifted it and its burden upwards with the nonchalance of a Spanish dancer toying with a lighted cigarette. Tossing these properties aside, he next grasped our young Mohammed, who was gazing with bated breath, and swung him lightly through the air.

This was too insignificant a test of strength and skill; so he challenged the strong man of our Machmud tribe, and the powers of these Titans were transformed into the figures of a wrestling dance, amid the wild acclamation of the audience. The opposing tribes now applauded with the enthusiasm of a football match, but were never carried beyond the rhythmic beats set by the orchestra.

When two-thirty arrived and the performance was still at its height, we realized that even we, accustomed to midnight hours, could not compete with the inexhaustible flow of the repertoire of this Theatre of the Desert. We apologetically rose to leave. This proved to be the signal for another motif. The première stood also, swaying toward us, the orchestra playing with greater fervor. She placed a hand on either of our shoulders and with irresistibly insinuating movements challenged our waning endurance still further. We found ourselves in the centre of this swaying, beating, singing, cheering, swarthy company. Round and round, on and on we turned, in what was probably a pathetic imitation of her movements, until we found ourselves near the open tent-flap and fairly reeled from it into the quiet calm of the night. Our desert players still shouting to us, '*Quies chales,*' — 'better than the best,' — and we in turn, panting for breath, '*Vive le Théâtre! Vive l'Arabi!*' we retired to our sleeping-tent. The morning stars had come and gone, but our guests were still lost in the enchantment of their fantasia.

JONAH

BY W. O. STODDARD, JR.

'THERE is no God. There is no Heaven. There is no Hell. There is only ignorance.' The speaker stood on a soap box on the east side of Madison Square. He was short of stature, medium weight; the face was round, with the forehead low and projecting. He was past middle age but not old. His eyes were black as was his hair, which he wore after the manner of an impresario. The accent, though faint, suggested Southern Europe.

His constantly shifting audience gave him but casual attention. New Yorkers will stop to look at, to listen to — almost nothing. Down in their hearts is the country general-store-and-post-office habit, though they pride themselves on their cosmopolitanism. There were messenger boys, there was a policeman, there were taxi-drivers, there were real business men, there were loafers, there were foreign- and native-born. There was also a tall man who looked the stranger even in so motley a group. He did not belong. He was from the country; that much was evident to any New Yorker. Therefore he was queer and to be smiled upon. He wore a squarish goatee — that also was provocative of laughter; but there were little tufts of hair protruding from his ears and that was something to call forth a full-throated laugh. However, no one had laughed as yet for there was a dignity about the rustic that gave pause. Dressed for the part he might have posed for the standardized caricature of Uncle Sam. However he wore a slouch hat; a rough tan suit, and his face though kindly did not invite familiarity. The hair was gray and black, the eyes gray, the nose Roman, and the mouth wide and firm. He was listening intently to the foreign orator. His first sensation had been shock, surprise, and pain. Then came confusion of mind and doubt as to the sincerity of the speaker. Presently resistance began to assemble within him and he edged nearer to the soap box, listening, waiting — a born fighter from a land of fighting men.

The orator was gaining headway and he had caught his audience. They were listening. 'And as for Jonah, nobody, not even your church-going hypocrites themselves, believe in Jonah — '

'I believe in Jonah.' It was the tall man with the square goatee.

Ah, this was going to be good. A sensation at last. Hush, let the old boy have his way. Look at him. He does n't need a soap box to stand on. Watch him wag his head.

'Shut up, you fool,' snapped the orator. 'When I finish you can have your say, if anybody will listen to a man who believes in Jonah. As I was saying — '

'I believe in Jonah.' It was a voice not to be hushed. The soap-box orator glowered his hate but the believer in Jonah rolled on. 'I reckon yo'-all are men an' I reckon I 'm one. Jonah was a pesky mean cuss jes like we-all. God give Jonah a job. He said "Go to Nineveh an' tell 'em they 're hell-bent, an' if they don't quit in fo'ty days or less I'll wipe 'em off the slate an' that's

that."' The speaker paused. The soapbox orator opened his mouth as though to recapture his lecture, but the crowd had forgotten him. Here was something new. 'Go on Whiskers!' called a voice, while other voices echoed, 'Go on.'

'Did Jonah obey orders? I'll say he did not. He piked it for Joppa, bought a ferry-ticket for Tarshish, tryin' to lose Jehovah, but that's where he smashed his molasses jug. Yo'-all can't sidestep God that away. Jehovah jest messed up them waves till the old tub lay over on her beams' ends, an' was like to bust in two. The sailors lost their nerve an' chucked over everything that was n't nailed down. Presently they came to Jonah, who was sleepin' comfortable-like down in the hold. The captain give him a call-down and told him to git busy an' pray his god an' see if it would do any good. Everybody had his own particular god them days.

'Nothin' doin', an' the storm gittin' worse every minute. Them heathen had to blame somebody — so they throwed dice an' lit on Jonah.

'Jonah knew he was a quitter an' made no bones about it. Fact is he stood up for his god like a man. The sailors liked that and asked him what to do, and Jonah braced up an' says "chuck me overboard an' the sea will flatten out." Just the same them sailors rowed for all there was in it, tryin' to make the shore. Nothin' doin'. Then they prayed to Jonah's god. Nothin' doin'. Then they chucked Jonah overboard, an' they did n't like the job either. Then the sea flattened out into a calm, an' the sailors admitted as how Jonah had a regular god.

'But God were n't through with Jonah yet. Yo'-all can't beat out God by jest kickin' off. There's more to it yet. A fish comes along with a mouth like a cellar door. Open an' shut; an' Jonah had a reservation for three days an' three nights.'

'Listen to that!' screeched the soapbox orator.

'Go on, go on,' yelled the crowd.

'Friends,' said the southern farmer, 'yo'-all can see what I am. I ain't got enough theology about me to fill a toad's pocket-book, but they's somethin' so darn human about this here Jonah I can't stand no reflections on his character, a-tall. In fact, he's jest like me an' maybe like you, I don't know. An' here's this fish that come along so opportune. I don't know about that fish an' I don't care; the only thing I do understand is Jonah, an' that's because he's so tarnal human. Look here, now, look at this Jonah, down an' out. What's he do? Cries to God jest like you an' me. God gives him a chance to do somethin' worthwhile. Jonah chucks the job an' then, first minute he's in trouble, he calls on his god. I done the same, mebby yo'-all can remember somethin' like it. What's Jonah say? He's down, way down, death would look good to him but he can't die. He's lost his chance an' he's a failure in his own eyes. He's down an' can't raise himself out o' it all. But he calls on his god an' tells him where he is — down there on the bottom of the mountains under the sea among the weeds, under the bars o' the world and lost forever. An' look here! Jonah's prayer came into the holy temple right befo' Jehovah; an' Jehovah saw it, and Jehovah spoke to the fish, an' it lifted Jonah up, up from the black hole at the bottom o' the sea where we all git, an' let him out on dry land. As I said befo' I ain't no theologian, an' I don't know a thing about big fish an' not much about little fish. All I know is Jonah. He's so darn human.

'Now here's Jonah on dry land ag'in. What next? First, what's Jehovah goin' do, an' second, what's Jonah goin' do? First Jehovah gives Jonah a second chance. That's what we all

want — a second chance. Then Jonah, jest back from the blackness down there at the bottom o' the sea, jest back from cryin' an' prayin', Jonah grabs off his second chance jest like I want to do an' jest like yo'-all want to do an' Jonah beats it, hot foot, fo' Nineveh. An' he parades up an' down Main Street shoutin' to them foreign sinners that they is on their last laigs, an' that in fo'ty days they 'll be plum destroyed.

'Jonah had done his job this time an' done it good an' plenty, but he did n't reckon nobody would pay no attention, an' he had a sneakin' idea he 'd like to see the grand finish when the fo'ty days was up accordin' to his prophesyin'; an' he kep a-thinkin', "What 's the use o' bein' a phophet if nothin' happens when yo'-all prophesy?" Fire an' brimstone in forty days accordin' to schedule was his way o' thinkin'.

'But the Nineveh folks surprised Jonah by listenin' to him an' quit bein' rotten. They covered themselves with potato sackin' an' ashes accordin' to their idea o' repentin' an' wantin' to do better. Yo' see they wanted a second chance jest like Jonah did when he was down an' out. They was like Jonah, an' me, an' yo'-all.

'An' Jehovah give them a second chance jest as he did to Jonah. Did that make Jonah glad? No, he got peevish. It spoiled him as a prophet. He had told them the finish was set fo' fo'ty days, an' now accordin' to the new ruling it was all off.

'Jonah turned on Jehovah an' said, "I told yo' so. I knew yo'-all would n't do nothin' to them Nineveh folks. Here I 've prophesied destruction in fo'ty days an' now there 's nothin' doin'. I 'm through. I wish I was dead."

'Just the same he went outside the city to a safe distance, in case there might be fireworks, an' made him a comfortable seat. He figured he 'd watch an' see if somethin' would n't happen to the city after all, an' prove to the people he was a regular prophet. Jonah was so darn human.

'But Jehovah was n't through with Jonah. He made a plant with big leaves sprout up an' grow mighty fast so that next day, which was a hot one, it shaded Jonah. And Jonah liked it.

'Now I ain't argufyin' about a plant growin' that fast. I admit it was right quick maturin'. That ain't it. The plant growin' all out o' proportion ain't neither here nor there. It's Jonah that I believe in; not the big fish and not the fast growin' plant — only Jonah. But Jehovah ain't through with Jonah yet. A cut-worm got busy, so that next day the plant that made a comfortable shade fo' Jonah wilted right down in the hot sun flat as a flannel cake. Then Jonah got peeved again, an' did the baby-act an' said he wanted to die same as befo'. Brave one minute, childish the next, an' allus thinkin' too much o' what the Nineveh folks might think.

'Then Jehovah asks Jonah has he any honest-to-god excuse fo' bein' peeved. An' Jonah let on he had; an' then Jehovah said, "Yo'-all can make a great fuss about that weed that grew up in the night without yo' doin' a hand's turn to make it grow — jest a weed, that's all; an' yo'-all can get mighty peeved about it dyin'. How about me an' all them people in Nineveh — all so poor an' ignorant? How about all them, Jonah?"

'I reckon Jehovah was right, givin' Jonah a second chance; an' I reckon he was right givin' them Nineveh cusses a second chance; an' I hope he gives me a second chance. An' as fer Jonah, I believe in him, pesky mean as he was because he's so darn human. Now friends, do yo'-all believe in Jonah?'

'Sure, sure,' came from the crowd.

The southern farmer who looked like Uncle Sam turned to find his soap-box orator but he was not there.

IMPERIALISTIC AMERICA

BY SAMUEL GUY INMAN

I

It is difficult to follow the expansion of America in the Caribbean without feeling that it will go farther. Utter recklessness and incompetency have characterized the management of every one of these pseudo-states which the preoccupations of the real nations have temporarily abandoned to independence. It was a matter of chance which one of the dancers should first pay the piper, but all have danced and all must pay. To the independence party Central America is its own little world. To the imperialistic party it is but a pawn on the mighty chessboard of world empire. The United States plays the vaster game, must play it and play it well, for the stake is its existence. We have learned subtler ways of winning, more varied ways of ruling. Never was our frontier more alive than it is to-day. Not one American in a hundred realizes that we have a protectorate over Haiti and that our control is creeping out through all these southern seas. If he knew, his only reaction would probably be a slightly increased complacency. The door is thus opened wide for a government, embarrassed by the mischievous irresponsibility of these petty make-believe states, to take refuge in an ever-broadening imperialism. — H. H. Powers, in 'America among the Nations.'

This bold statement of North America's imperialism in the Caribbean may shock some readers, but the fact of its rapid development cannot be denied. It is the outstanding development in the international policy of the United States, as interpreted by its Government and its financial interests. After watching it rather closely for several years, the author believes that it bodes more evil than any other tendency on the American continent to-day.

In these smaller countries of the South, controlled by our soldiers, our bankers, and our oil kings, we are developing our Irelands, our Egypts, and our Indias. So far they are weak and we have been able to hide them from others. But at the rate the world is moving they can hardly be expected to remain always powerless and isolated. Our North American Christian civilization will find its final test in the way we treat our next-door neighbors. We are piling up hatreds, suspicions, records for exploitation and destruction of sovereignty in Latin America, such as have never failed in all history to react in war, suffering, and defeat of high moral and spiritual ideals. How can the United States expect to be the one exception to the rule?

Run your eyes rapidly down the map and note the countries where the United States is now in practical control. And remember that this control always brings resentment and enmity among the people, though their officials may approve it. Here is the list: —

Cuba, where the United States has a navy base, with marines often found in the interior of the country, with the threat of intervention always held over the Cuban Government, which can make no loan nor dispose of any territory without the consent of the United States, whose representative at

Havana largely controls the political and financial policies of a land whose economic life is determined by absentee landlords and bankers living in the United States.

Haiti, where two thousand United States marines direct and 'protect' the Haitian Government, elected under their supervision; where an American financial adviser exercises absolute control over finances, collecting customs and making loans which the United States Government guarantees, thus assuring its continued occupancy of Haiti, and where, moreover, the nation's constitution was rewritten to permit the acquisition of land by United States' companies.

Santo Domingo, where for the first time in the history of republics, one republic, without declaring war on another, landed an army, dismissed the president and congress, and for seven years ruled entirely, without even a semblance of national government, by military decrees enforced by a foreign military governor, backed by 2500 marines. Recent promises to retire the military governor are conditioned on the Dominicans' ratification of all the acts of the military government and agreement to allow the United States to continue to collect the customs and administer the finances of the country.

Panama, where, as President Roosevelt said, 'I took Panama,' since which time it has been under control of the United States, with an 'agreement' providing for the disbanding of the Panamanian army, the taking over at any time of further Panamanian territory considered necessary for protection of the Canal, and carrying out any other measures which might be covered under the general formula of 'maintaining the independence of the Republic of Panama.'

Nicaragua, where we have maintained one hundred marines since 1912, keeping in control a government which — according to the United States Admiral in charge — is opposed by eighty per cent of the Nicaraguans, but which is favorable to American bankers, who, with the approval of the State Department, collect the customs and own the national bank and the railroad — such a complete control that the country is known throughout Latin America by the name of the bankers who hold these privileges.

Honduras, where the American minister and two American corporations have long been the controlling powers, and where recently marines have been landed for 'protection of American life and property' — the same formula under which they have entered and remained in the other countries mentioned.

Here then are six republics where the United States' economic control is backed by military forces on the ground.

Next we come to the countries where North American financial advisers directing the fiscal policy of the governments have not yet brought military forces, but following precedent in the above named republics, they may at any time bring those forces which are always handy on the battle cruisers that continuously patrol the Caribbean. These countries are as follows: —

Salvador, where a loan at eight per cent — plus extra charges — has been recently made by New York bankers, which loan is guaranteed by seventy per cent of the customs receipts, collected by the bankers, with the agreement made by the Secretary of State of the United States that if any differences arise between Salvador and the bankers, he — the Secretary of State — will refer the question to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of

the United States, whose word shall be final.

Colombia, where an American financial mission has just outlined a reorganization of the fiscal system of the republic, especially advising as to the expenditure of the $25,000,000 the United States is now paying to Colombia — officially because of the Panama Canal Zone, but, according to the explanation of Messrs. Lodge and Fall in arguing for the treaty which they had before so bitterly condemned, because we needed Colombia's friendship in order to favor American petroleum companies and secure other concessions.

Ecuador, where the government has recently engaged an American financial adviser, where an American president of the principal railroad owns most of the stock, and where American interests recently blocked an English loan.

Peru, where an American financial adviser directs the fiscal policies of the government, and a loan is pending by American bankers which would be guaranteed by the customs, collected by Americans.

Bolivia, where the hardest bargain of all has been driven, with a loan of 24,000,000 floated, which is guaranteed by the country's customs, by the stock in the government bank, by a government railroad, and finally by all the internal revenues of the country, which may be augmented at any time to suit the commission of the American bankers — which commission now assumes complete control of Bolivia's finances including practically the power to dictate what Bolivia's tariffs and taxes shall be.

Here are five more countries where Americans have been called to direct the fiscal policy of the governments, making a total of eleven. But this is only official direction.

We must now retrace our steps on the map and look at the third class of countries. These are the ones dominated by North American capitalists, though not having Americans officially appointed to direct their fiscal programme.

They number three as follows: —

Guatemala, where American bankers control the business, American money is the medium of circulation, and the United Fruit Company and other American financial interests have secured control of the railroads, which now become a part of the International Railways of Central America — the largest American-owned railway enterprise outside of the United States.

Costa Rica, where, after thirty years' peace, American oil and banana interests recently fomented a revolution against a reform government and at present largely control the economic life of the country and often act as brokers for the government.

Mexico, where Americans own one third of the $2,500,000,000 of the nation's wealth, with seventy-three per cent of the oil lands and much the largest part of the 54,874,557 acres of land owned by foreigners (an area equal to France, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland), and where American financial representatives are the most important plenipotentiaries received by the Mexican Government.

II

To recapitulate: Out of the twenty Latin-American republics, eleven of them now have their financial policies directed by North Americans officially appointed. Six of these ten have the financial agents backed by American military forces on the ground. (This includes Cuba, which has no official financial adviser; but General Crowder has so acted during recent financial

readjustments.) Four of the remaining half of these Southern countries have their economic and fiscal life closely tied to the United States through large loans and concessions, giving special advantages to American capitalists.

This leaves the six countries of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Venezuela as the only ones outside the circle of North American financial control. While Americans have recently made large loans or secured extensive concessions from these last-named countries they have, so far as the author knows, not yet acquired such a preponderant influence as to dictate their fiscal policies. But these six countries are trembling in their boots, wondering how long before the inevitable must arrive!

Along with this economic and military dominance goes a dominance in the internal affairs of Latin America. In the Caribbean countries especially, the word of the American Minister is the most important factor for any government to consider. It is impossible for anyone who has not come into close contacts with these countries to realize how completely their governments are held in the hollow of the hand of the State Department at Washington. In fact the government officials of these countries are so far accustomed to doing Washington's will that the State Department frequently finds it necessary to refuse to do things related to internal order that native officials, often indebted to their Big Brother for their position, request it to do. This creates a strong inconsistency in the policy of the State Department from time to time. What one official refused to do as interference with internal order, another will do, and even the same official will judge differently at different times. At one time we allow a revolution, at another we forbid it. So it happens that, as with a fond parent, who at one time will insist on making all decisions for his son, at another will throw him entirely on his own resources, at one time will pay the forged check, at another will let him go to jail, so it is with these little countries — pawns on the international chessboard as Mr. Powers says — who never know what is to happen to them. Usually the State Department seems hesitant about making suggestions to one of these smaller governments concerning improvement in a national educational programme, lest this be considered as interference in internal affairs. But it is always sure of the right to do anything that comes under the formula: 'protection of American lives and property.' Since American lives seldom are in danger, American property naturally gets first place. In fact it is only in countries where American property interests are paramount that this tutelage is employed.

III

This recent economic dominance in Latin America is directly connected with the recent resurgent policy of isolation from Europe. We stay out of Europe; we go into Latin America. The corollary — Europe must stay out of Latin America; Latin America must stay out of Europe. 'Business first.' 'Why take a mandate for Armenia,' asked one of our Senators, 'since there are no oil fields there?' The greatest oil deposits in the world are in Latin America, so we 'll take our mandates there, and we will write our own terms. To be sure that these terms are to our liking, we are recently giving the Monroe Doctrine a new application, isolating Europe from Latin America.

As President Lowell says: 'Some Americans, while professing a faith in

the right of all peoples to independence and self-government, are really imperialists at heart. They believe in the right and manifest destiny of the United States to expand by overrunning its weaker neighbors. They appeal to a spirit of patriotism that sees no object, holds no ideals, and acknowledges no rights or duties but the national welfare and aggrandizement. In the name of that principle Germany sinned and fell. The ideas of these American imperialists are less grandiose, but at bottom they differ little from hers. According to that view Central and South America are a game preserve, from which poachers are excluded but where the proprietor may hunt as he pleases. Naturally the proprietor is anxious not only to keep away the poachers but to oppose game laws that would interfere with his own sport.'

During the last few years the United States has pursued a steady policy of eliminating European poachers. The first way is by American Government and American banks 'funding,' that is, combining together all the various international obligations of a nation, after which one big loan to care for it all is floated in the United States. The foreign creditors are then paid off and eliminated. Then the United States Government, in seeing that such a loan is paid, is protecting only its own citizens. This funding process was first tried out in Santo Domingo in 1905. It has been extended now to about half the Latin-American States. As the Department of Commerce has recently stated: 'Our great interest in Latin America is largely a growth of the last few years. Yet our investments now include $610,000,000 in public securities and $3,150,000,000 in industries.'

The next step in this elimination of Europe is in the matter of arbitrations. The president of Switzerland, the king of England, the king of Spain, the president of France, and other distinguished Europeans have in the past been selected by Latin America as arbitrators in the many cases Latin America has settled by arbitration. But the United States Government is now using its great power to eliminate all this. At the Santiago Conference there was a steady drive by the North-American delegation to eliminate all European participation in arbitrations and all other American matters.

One of the first acts of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State was to settle a dispute between Panama and Costa Rica, sending military forces to emphasize his settlement. Both these nations were members of the League of Nations, whose Covenant required that it extend its good offices to any members in controversy. But the League was not allowed to use its good offices. In the same way the Tacna and Arica dispute between Peru and Chile was first brought before the League of Nations for settlement. But the Monroe Doctrine did not allow the League to touch it, and it is now before the President of the United States.

The third way in which we are eliminating Europe from America is seen in the naval mission to Brazil. The principal reason for sending that mission was the one which is given for every imperialistic act from Santo Domingo to Honduras: 'If we don't, Europe will.' For a century England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy have sent military or naval missions to Latin America. But that policy must be stopped. So when England was about to send a naval mission to Brazil, we substituted our own. If the Government that called the Disarmament Conference in Washington had sought, when this matter of a mission came up, an agreement among all interested parties that no more mis-

sions should be requested or sent; and if it had then lent its good offices in the Santiago Conference to bring about an agreement on disarmament instead of standing off, as a disinterested spectator, the terrible race for armament, now beginning in South America, could have been avoided. But to Argentina's appeal against the mission, as a movement that would generate suspicions and augment naval expenditures, the State Department replies: 'We play no favorites, we are ready to send you a mission also.' In fact, we have another mission in Peru.

In one of the recent proposals made by the State Department to Santo Domingo it put as one of the conditions of withdrawing the marines that we be requested to send them a military mission. In the last few years our government has sold arms to different Latin-American countries. Of course, our arms-manufacturers are continually in the business, one recent order being for ten submarines made for Brazil, another the reconditioning of the two dreadnoughts owned by Argentina. We have just established a further military precedent, which is likely to have a far-reaching influence, by our Government selling arms to the Mexican Government to suppress an armed revolution against it.

We have invited a number of Latin-American countries, as a special work of friendship, to send their officers to West Point for further training. Our Government has never sent an educational mission to Latin America, nor offered scholarships in her scientific or cultural institutions to Latin Americans. Where unofficial educational missions — like the one recently going to Peru — and official educational advisers, like the one that went to Nicaragua — have met with difficulties, it has let them go down in defeat and withdraw in ignominy. To do otherwise would have been 'interfering with the internal affairs of a sister nation'!

Will not someone kindly explain why, when we are arranging to direct the financial and military affairs of these nations, we should not with equal propriety arrange to direct their educational systems? At least it might have the advantage of economy. For what the United States Government paid for the Pershing expedition into Mexico it could have built and equipped in every town of Mexico, of over four thousand population, a high school, a hospital, and a social centre, and in addition presented each one of these towns with an endowment of $700,000 with which to conduct these institutions. Yet a proposal for the establishment of a North American college in Mexico City, advocated by the most distinguished educators of the United States and Mexico for the last ten years, has languished because a beginning cannot be made on furnishing the five million dollars finally needed.

Here we have then, briefly stated, the programme of economic imperialism and isolation from Europe which the United States is fostering to-day in Latin America.

IV

What does the rest of the world think about this programme?

In no country has the military occupation of Santo Domingo and Haiti been more discussed than in Japan, where the Government has formed now its own Monroe Doctrine of the Orient, by which it justified its recent Twenty-one Demands on China, and its imperialism in Korea.

The press of France is filled with comment on the matter, running from sarcastic slurs on the United States as the good Samaritan of the New World

to the defense of France's policy in financing the Little Entente, in buying arms, and in the occupation of the Ruhr for the alleged collection of debts.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in an article recently reprinted in more than a dozen different countries, has clearly told the story. The press of Spain, of course, finds here its favorite theme. Italy, Egypt, India, Ireland, and Russia find here proof texts, alike for preachments favoring radicalism and reaction.

As for Latin America, the situation is tragic. Since the Santiago Conference a resurgence of opposition against the United States has made the old campaigns of Ugarte and Blanco Fombona seem as nothing. During the last year at least two papers have been founded in Argentina and one in Honduras, backed by some of the most distinguished men of Latin America, whose whole purpose is opposition to the United States. In practically every one of the prominent Spanish-American magazines it is now the custom to carry in each issue one or more articles against the United States. Formerly friends of the United States in those countries combated such attacks. But scarcely ever do we find defenders now. Old friends have either changed or they do not care to oppose the tide. Latin-American government officials, of course, are still outwardly friendly. They have to be. This is probably why our State Department has recently expressed its opinion that never before have our relations with Latin America been so cordial. But if the Department thinks that, it is living in a fool's paradise.

La Prensa of Buenos Aires sharply challenged the optimistic report made to the Secretary of State by the United States delegation to the Santiago Conference, saying: —

What occurred in Santiago, and the inexact, the incomplete, exaggeratedly optimistic report made to the Government of the United States, demand a rectification in the interest of Pan Americanism which to-day is facing a profound crisis. . . . The Conference has perturbed the tranquillity of the situation in general and especially among certain groups like the Rio de la Plata group (Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil). In the question of disarmament the part of the United States was scarcely welcome, since they, being the initiators of the movement for universal disarmament, and authors of that subject on the programme of the Santiago Conference, then abandoned this attitude at Santiago. . . . Do the good people of the United States know these things, which so profoundly affect their interests? . . . The United States has a great mission in favor of Pan-American friendship, but they must reorganize their work on another basis, taking into account the discontent which exists in the greater part of the Latin-American countries. The lack of diplomacy, of exact information, and of coördination among the various officials of the United States Government, in regard to Pan-Americanism, is blocking its development.

No one who visits these countries, mixes on equality with the people in general, reads their literature and attends their theatres and lecture halls, can fail to realize the truth of the following, written by an Argentina professor — a friend who laments the fact he describes as much as does any American: —

As is well known, up until the present, whenever reference is made to closer relations between the two Americas the intensification of economic relations between them is the usual method advocated. This attitude, in which many eminent personalities have taken part, has not been able to accomplish the desired results. It is certainly true that in Latin America the conviction seems to have grown largely that the egotistic motive is the one that guides the United States in its relations with these countries and the materialistic

conception of the North-American civilization has been more largely confirmed in recent time. The current of sympathy toward his country which Wilson succeeded in arousing during the war, and which caused Ricardo Rojas to say that the legend of a ruddy and cannibalistic Yankee had disappeared and that the United States was displaying a magnificent spirit, has gradually disappeared. For people in general once again the North-American civilization is considered as barbaric, and automatically moved only by a utilitarian objective.

We would even venture to say, at least in reference to Argentina, that she finds herself further removed from the United States to-day than she was in the sixth and seventh decade of the past century. At that time, at least, our people were influenced by the fervid enthusiasm for North-American democracy, felt by Sarmiento and Alberdi. Certainly with France and England the United States had captured our sympathy. To-day this has all been modified. While France continues captivating us by the excellencies of her literature, and Great Britain continues attracting our thinkers as the country of free institutions and good political sense, the United States presents herself to us as principally concerned in the conquest of our markets.

Only in the United States do the press and the people ignore how our economic imperialism is eliminating friendships and fostering suspicions. With our accustomed optimism and assurance of our altruistic motives we continue as the trombonist, who claimed he was the greatest trombone-player in the world. When someone told him he would have to prove it, he replied, 'I don't have to prove it, I admit it.' And, should all the world challenge our idealism in relation to Latin America, we might go on serenely; for this is the greatest nation on the face of the earth, owning one third of the wealth of the world and possessing the largest force of efficient man power humanity has ever seen. To quote Secretary Olney, 'Its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.'

But can we be sure that always we shall be strong enough to ignore the feeling of Latin America and all other potential enemies seeking their alliance? Already there are three combinations forming which may some day become strong enough to challenge effectually this ever increasing dominance. These combinations are The League of Nations, the proposed Latin-American League and the Pan-Latin Movement.

Suppose the League of Nations already comprising three fourths of the population of the world should some day feel itself strong enough to accept the request of one or more of its Latin-American members and mediate between them, as its covenant provides that it shall. Can we look forward with complacency to the question of deciding as to whether we shall flatly oppose the moral consciousness of the world or whether we shall back down under pressure? Suppose that some day in the future we repeat in some Latin-American country, member of the League, a landing of marines and seizing of the sovereignty of the country as we did in Santo Domingo and Haiti, and the League feels itself strong enough to protest — as it did in the case of Italy and Corfu? Can we look forward with pleasure to such a challenge?

Certainly we cannot be entirely sure that the League will not grow more powerful, and more disposed to carry out its agreements with its American members.

One of the outstanding opponents of the World Court in the United States Senate recently said to a friend that one strong reason for his opposition to our entering the Court was that some

of the Caribbean countries now under our control might then challenge this occupancy before the World Court.

Col. Roosevelt even before the formation of a League of Nations said of the proposed treaty with Colombia:—

> If succeeding administrations can act as Wilson's is now acting in reference to mine, then unquestionably there is far heavier claims for reparation against the United States . . . by Santo Domingo and Haiti for her invasion and overthrow of their government by armed forces without declaration of war, while Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Guatemala, all have similar grievances and in the case of one (I think Costa Rica) the International Court of the Isthmus has actually decided we are to blame.

Certainly, so far as a combined Latin America is concerned, no one will question the fact that these nations are growing stronger every day, and at the end of this century will have come to be foes worthy of consideration. Our recent restrictive immigration law will be a considerable factor in the growth of these southern lands.

With the present policy continued, then we shall find ourselves more isolated than the fondest nationalist ever dared desire. Then we shall find that the profits on oil and bananas and sugar, which went into the pockets of a few, were not worth the price of enmities developed in our Southern neighbors against our whole nation.

V

This isolation forced on Latin America is already bringing its counter movements. While we are talking of how we are protecting Latin America from Europe, the Latin Americans are betaking themselves as fast as they can to Europe for protection against us. In the League of Nations they have found exactly the kind of international understanding they have advocated for years. And the Europeans have not hesitated to give Latin America the leading honors in the League. Two of the four presidents of the annual assemblies of the League have been Latin Americans. Two out of the six elected members of the Council are Latin Americans. Two out of the eleven judges of the World Court, elected from all nations of the world, are Latin Americans. Some of the most important heads of committees come from Latin America, and the Latin-American section of the League at Geneva is a section of great influence.

While the Latin Americans are becoming more engrossed in the League, they are becoming more indifferent to the Pan-American Union. At the last Pan-American Conference at Santiago the United States told Latin America that the Monroe Doctrine was none of its affair; that we are interested in commercial agreements, but that we should have nothing to do with an American League of Nations where all American countries could sit at a Round Table to discuss their problems; and that we were opposed to a reorganization of the Pan-American Union, so that the dominance of the United States should be less apparent — a dominance so marked at Santiago that even the Director of the Union figured as a member of the United States delegation. While the Conference did some useful things, the United States delegation pushed nothing but commercial and health questions, and fought every move which would put Latin America on an equal basis with the United States in determining inter-American questions. As a promoter of good feeling between the Americas, the Conference was a distinct disappointment.

On the adjournment of the Conference without effecting any agreement on disarmament, the Brazilian delega-

tion announced that the question would be referred to the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations, which could no doubt work out a satisfactory solution. The League has since been working on an agreement between the ABC countries, to stop the armament race and ugly feeling started at the Santiago meeting.

Following the Santiago Conference, a movement has been launched in Buenos Aires, by influential university professors and students and other prominent men, for the establishment of a Latin-American League. They are publishing a paper and pushing their organization with all enthusiasm.

The old idea of a Pan-Latin League has also been revived, taking advantage of the growing distrust of the United States. While King Alfonso was visiting the Pope recently, Mussolini and Primo de Rivera were planning a new entente between these two Latin countries and Spanish America. Portugal also has been drawn into the movement and the proposed visit of King Alfonso to South America is expected to contribute largely to it. France, always recognized as the inspiration of the spiritual life of Latin America, is more active than ever in its promotion.

VI

Altogether, this is a dark picture. It is a severe indictment of our imperialism — an imperialism which the author believes has not been developed deliberately, but has stolen over us as a part of the materialistic spirit of the times. It is a departure from the ideals of our fathers. The North American visitor in the Caribbean these days, sensitive to those ideals, often blushes with shame and suffers the deepest humiliation on beholding sights enacted in the name of our fair America — acts which his fellow citizens at home would deem impossible. So one who has seen much of these things and has become alarmed at their rapid spread is constrained to risk all the penalties of plain speaking in order to challenge this un-American movement — un-American although some of the finest men one can meet have been caught up in its onrush. These men have often built good roads, established sanitary codes, and enforced peace. But these are not worth the surrender of American principles, the bowing before materialistic gods, the hatreds and the sacrifice of the spiritual, which the programme involves. Even if such a programme should help Latin America, the people of the United States cannot go on destroying with impunity the sovereignty of other peoples, however weak, cutting across the principles for which our fathers fought, without the reaction being shown throughout our whole body politic.

Some day we shall realize that the whole rotten mess of investigation now being played with at Washington runs directly back to the mental attitudes and the combinations involved in the policy of 'cleaning up' our next-door neighbors — a phrase which may seem to have moral significance to the average innocent citizen and official, but which, for the privileged few, takes on the more modern significance of 'cleaning out.' No one objects to legitimate business with our neighbors. On the contrary, it is vital to all concerned. But the continuance of this dollar diplomacy, with its combination of bonds and battleships, means the destruction of our nation just as surely as it meant the destruction of Egypt and Rome and Spain and Germany and all the other nations who came to measure their greatness by their material possessions rather than by their passion for justice and by the number of their friendly neighbors.

THE DIPLOMATIC WAR IN TURKEY

BY WILLIAM WORTH HALL

I

THE main objective of all the diplomatic skirmishing over the Turkish situation has been much obscured in the confusion of the many side-issues of this dramatic play. Behind the maze of press dispatches and magazine articles dealing with refugee movements, technical treaty work, theoretical economic wealth, and desertion of the harem by Turkish women, there has been one main story running. This is the story of the political antagonism which arose between Great Britain and France over the control of the Mesopotamian oil lands.

It was just before the war, about 1912, that the potential value of the petroleum-bearing regions in Asia Minor was fully recognized. Immediately, the strongest European powers took occasion to concern themselves in the economic welfare of Turkey, and there was a rush to win concessions covering these territories. Momentary dismay reigned when it was found that American interests had, in 1910, already obtained the enviable Chester concession, admitting railroad rights through all the valuable oil regions and including the privilege of mineral development. However, satisfaction ran high again in Europe when it was seen that American capital hesitated to enter a dubious oil-promotion venture in so distant a field, particularly when production of petroleum at home was so far exceeding consumption. And since the Chester rights were not strongly followed up, the Germans, French, and British got a shoulder in.

According to the sentiment prevailing in Germany, France, and England about 1912, petroleum was nearly worth the cost of a war. To Germany and France, struggling under a rankling monopoly held by the Standard Oil Company, an assured oil supply meant industrial independence, while to England fuel oil meant the turning-point in English naval supremacy. So 'catch-as-catch-can' rules were resorted to in the diplomatic contest for the 'favored-nation' pledge from Turkey and for the exclusive right to exploration of petroleum-bearing lands under her dominion. Three years after the signing of the Chester grant by the Turkish Minister of Public Works, Germany, France, and England had secured later concessions duplicating the privileges conceded to Mr. Chester and placing in the hands of these European Powers practically all the territory promised to American interests.

The German project was the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad. The Turkish Government looked upon this with favor, since it would open a main stream of commerce between the European markets and the productive agricultural districts of Mesopotamia. To the Germans the railroad meant control of the Mosul region — richest of the oil regions.

French entry into the arena was effected through a railway concession

in northern Anatolia, duplicating in part the lines proposed for construction by the Chester grant. The concession is dated 1913, and the French paid a considerable portion of a loan of 500,000,000 francs to the Turkish Government to secure their rights.

British capital made the most direct effort. The Turkish Petroleum Company was organized for the stated purpose of developing the Mesopotamian oil regions. The British Government itself held a controlling share in this Company. Turkey was much interested in the enterprise, and in 1913 the Turkish Petroleum people secured concessions from the Government covering the Mosul and all the productive Mesopotamian territories.

So, at the beginning of the Great War, German and British oil interests found themselves facing each other on the same ground, with France edging her way in. Mesopotamia became one of the chief objectives of the fighting forces. Germany was apparently ready to place a considerable portion of her strength on this front to protect her cherished 'Berlin-to-Bagdad' railroad, while the British Foreign Office felt that the realization of this project must be forestalled at any cost. 'To foil this scheme,' said Sir Charles Greenway, of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company shortly after the cessation of hostilities, 'was the sole purpose of the British army in Mesopotamia during the war.'

Even the imminent danger of collapse of the Allies' Western front did not divert the minds of the European nations from the problem of oil. Probably it was because of the constant reminder pressed by the hampering shortage of fuel oil and the dependence of the Allies' navies upon the American oil companies. That France was not overlooking the material advantages of occupation of the Mesopotamian field was evidenced when as early as 1916 she asked for the Syrian mandate. The British continued to allow the Mesopotamian forces vast extravagances. The opposing armies in the East were pushed back; Palestine, the Mosul, and Bagdad were won over, and a British mandate was set up over these territories. But this was accomplished at a cost which made all England indignant when the bills were reckoned up after the Armistice. Meanwhile, on the Western front, America carried the Allies to victory 'on a wave of oil.'

II

The Peace Conference opened. The American people, now that the spectre of a German victory had vanished, showed a pronounced unwillingness to lend counsel in any of the readjustments through which Europe was passing beyond the advice of President Wilson. This left France and England to settle things by themselves, with possibly a little advice from south of the Alps. So these two saviors of civilization coolly decided, it seems, to wring every possible advantage from the situation in Eastern Europe, and to divide the proceeds into two portions only. And secretly, as evidenced by later events, the English and French leaders determined to yield no emolument to each other which could be retained for one country alone.

At the conclusion of the Armistice, France pointed out that it was her right to hold the mandate over Syria, both by right of her concessions in that territory gained from the Turkish Government before the War, and through her operations in that field during the conflict. This mandate was granted, Great Britain holding a similar control over the adjoining regions of Mesopotamia. The English

were now in a somewhat disadvantageous position, because the French controlled nearly the entire coast. The British army held the Mosul, to be true, but there was no outlet for the oil, either from this region or from Persia, where the Anglo-Persian Oil Company was operating other valuable concessions. Somehow there must be a link between the oil fields and the Navy. It was necessary to secure the coöperation of the French, and the British were afraid they would be pinched and forced to pay dearly for an outlet to the sea. So the British Foreign Office set about to devise a plan by which the French could be made to ensure safe passage of the British oil to points on the Mediterranean, and at the same time prevent France from profiting from the strategic position she held.

It was first necessary to prevent the oil interests of France becoming estranged from those of England. There had been much talk in France, just after the war, of floating new oil companies. France held rights in the oil lands of Russia, Rumania, and Mesopotamia, as well as potential fields in her African colonies. She wished to become independent in regard to the problem of fuel. British capitalists determined to divert this interest of French capital in oil, and a clever scheme was hit upon which won the support of French capital for the English oil companies.

Early in 1919 when the pound was rising and the franc dropping, English bankers commenced to flood France with shares of the Royal Dutch, Shell Transport, and other English-controlled companies. French capital accepted these eagerly, since the shares could be bought at a fair figure, and then sold at a considerable profit as the franc dropped. The French brokers were so interested in this speculation and easy profit that much of the capital originally ready to enter the support of the new French oil companies went to buy blocks in the British companies instead. A little later the pound began to drop and the franc to rise, as the British had suspected it would. To sell the English oil shares now meant a loss for the French speculators. There was no turning them to profit except by holding them and waiting for dividends. The franc rose steadily, and much of the stock was sold out at a loss, recrossing the Channel to England. Thus the French brokers who still retained shares were forced to back the projects of the English companies to save their investments. This left insufficient capital to finance the visionary French-producing companies, and the considerable French capital invested in English companies exerted no great influence there. France would still have to ask favors from her Ally.

This was the occasion on which the British industrialists made their offer to France. France wanted oil, and France had insufficient unemployed capital to produce oil herself. So through the British Foreign Office the following proposals were presented to Clemenceau: that Great Britain and France undertake the mutual exploitation of all oil lands formerly belonging to enemy powers; that British capital be allowed to develop the oil resources of the French colonies and of the French mandate in Syria; that England grant to France twenty-five per cent of all the oil produced in Mesopotamia through the Government exploitation, or, in the event that exploitation should be carried out by a private company, that the French should be allowed a twenty-five per cent participation in the same; that in return for this 'gift' of the oil so produced, France should coöperate with England to the

extent of guaranteeing the security of pipe-lines across Syria from the Mosul and Persian oil fields to Mediterranean ports.

These proposals seemed to the French to be fairly conceived. The guarantee of twenty-five per cent of the oil produced in Mesopotamia was an important consideration. Still, the less impetuous French statesmen were reluctant to enter so binding an agreement. There were many influencing circumstances, however. The Arabs had begun to grow uneasy under the French dominion in Syria, and under the leadership of the native king, Feisal, commenced to resist the authority of the French troops. A campaign against Damascus was initiated, and the situation demanded the support of Great Britain's military forces in Mesopotamia. Lord Curzon said, 'Sign the Mesopotamian oil agreement, and we will help you secure Syria. If our military interests should be coördinated, so also should be our commercial interests, and we must have a contract of coöperation.' Yet the French diplomats hesitated.

Then came the question of whether France should have the left bank of the Rhine. Lloyd George said, 'Certainly our old Ally shall have it; but if we are willing to rest in accord with France in the attaining of so important an object, France should be willing to grant us the favor of her coöperation in the project of the Mesopotamian oil development.' Clemenceau was eager to see French troops in control of the left bank of the Rhine, and quickly granted the 'favor.' So the secret Pact of San Remo was signed on April 24, 1920, confirming the propositions previously presented by the British Foreign Office; and on the same day a twenty-five per cent holding in the Turkish Petroleum Company was transferred to the French Government. The British forces united in action with the French in Syria, and the Arabs were subdued in their restless movements, though again at enormous expense. Then a second secret pact was signed, definitely assigning to France the old provinces of Syria and Lebanon. The conclusion of these pacts was followed by the signing on August 10, 1920, of the Treaty of Sèvres with Turkey, by which the feeble Turkish Government sanctioned vast concessions to the Turkish Petroleum Company, in accordance with the plan of the Anglo-French exploitation of the oil in Russia, Rumania, and Mesopotamia, as well as northern Africa.

III

Now came a turn in French opinion. The more conservative and skeptical political elements began to point out that the officers of the nation had naïvely delivered to the British every advantage in Asia Minor. The possession of the twenty-five-per-cent share in the Turkish Petroleum Company gave France little influence in determining the tactics of this organization, and the control of the entire oil business centred in London. On their part, the French were guaranteeing a British pipe-line across their territory, a privilege for which England could have been made to pay dearly, if properly 'sold,' since it was the only outlet for the Persian and Mosul oil fields. Public addresses were made by Barthou, Briand, and Tardieu, condemning in the severest terms Clemenceau's hasty action in entering the San Remo Pact. To increase the excitement of the French, the Arab forces under Emir Feisal continued to threaten the invasion of Syria, and the British refused to put more men into that field. The Paris periodicals shouted that Curzon intended France to be pushed

gradually out of Asia Minor, and that London would soon be holding dominion over Syria. It was going to be another situation like that of India, they said. The resentment against the British Foreign Office and its alleged underhand tactics became intense.

Consequently, France herself initiated a little arch-conspiracy, and proved herself past-master in the Machiavellian arts. France wished first to protect herself in Syria and next to extract herself from the San Remo Pact. So she tried to pass the Arab menace on to the British in Mesopotamia, and at the same time make the newly signed Pact untenable for England. This she accomplished in one move. Secret negotiations were entered upon with Turkey, which resulted in the signing in London, on March 9, 1921, of the preliminary articles of a treaty through which France returned to Turkey a portion of her Syrian mandate, consisting of Cilicia and a long narrow strip running just south of England's Mosul holdings, which formed a kind of barrier between the French and British mandates. In return, France was promised first consideration in the granting of all concessions by the Turkish Government.

This treaty was concluded without any consultation of Great Britain or the League of Nations. Now the French had the Turks on their side to throw back the Arabs, who, meeting this new barrier, would probably turn their energies upon Mesopotamia. Concerning the San Remo Pact, if the Anglo-Persian Oil or Turkish Petroleum Company wished to run pipelines through to the sea, the guaranties of the San Remo agreement were not sufficient, since Turkey's consent must be obtained to cross this strip of northern Syria.

As a sequel, the French withdrew 50,000 soldiers from the Anatolian army, on the plea that their maintenance was too expensive. The spectacle of the combined French and British forces had been sufficient to quell the restless movements of the Arabs; but now that one half of this strength had disappeared, insurrection again loomed up as imminent. The determined attitude of the Turks in their newly acquired territory turned the Arab energies upon Mesopotamia. The British hold seemed very precarious. Lloyd George bitterly denounced these acts of France in a public address delivered on November 24, 1921, saying that it was a pure case of 'one power stealing a march on the other.'

British diplomats saw only one solution of the difficulty. In August 1921, England recognized Emir Feisal as King of Iraq, or Mesopotamia, and by the treaty of October 10, 1922, Mr. Lloyd George's Government guaranteed the new country financial and military protection for twenty years. It was no more than recognition of naturally asserted nationality, the English maintained in accordance with the catch-phrase of the year. In fact, the English felt that Iraq was destined to become a more consolidated nation than Turkey, and consequently favored the dismembering of the latter country and the corresponding growth of Iraq. Needless to say, King Feisal was immeasurably grateful, and willing to grant the British limitless concessions of any nature.

Again the French felt themselves being outwitted. If Great Britain's Near East policy were realized, Feisal would be the dominating authority in Asia Minor. The young kingdom of Iraq seemed ready to burst its bounds and take in Syria. The Paris periodicals shrieked that England was trying to deny France her share of the oil in Mesopotamia, and that Great

Britain was deliberately forcing France to give up the mandate of the League of Nations in Syria. Obviously it was to France's advantage to see that the Turkish dominion should be extended as widely as possible.

IV

The dramatic scenes of the Turkish defiance before Great Britain followed. Smyrna was burned in September 1922, and the forces of Mustapha Kemal swept up the Anatolian coast and confronted Constantinople. The British threatened to chastise the audacious participants in this disrespectful disorder; but the Turks, far from yielding, continued to advance their forces and increase their demands. In London there was a tense situation between the aggressive and pacifist parties, which eventually resulted in the resignation of Lloyd George; and finally the London Government agreed to 'compromise' with the Turks — which meant almost a complete acquiescence with the Turkish demands.

It cannot be asserted with any degree of conviction that the Paris envoys coolly proposed the Turkish venture. However, the British were uncertain of the support of the French in the event of armed conflict, and it was this doubt that lent the Turkish position its strength. A new 'balance of power' was being effected. The Turks persisted in a mode of conduct which assaulted the dignity of England, but the British exhibited the greatest self-control evidenced in centuries and extracted themselves from the arena without a tussle. When the dismay of Europe was at its height, France sent Franklin Bouillon to treat with the rowdy Turks, who were ready to fight anyone. This gentleman and diplomat, who had so nicely arranged the Bouillon Treaty of 1921, now whispered a little counsel in the ear of his old acquaintance, Mustapha Kemal, telling him that France considered Turkey had done well enough with her show of armed force, and that Angora must look for further support from Paris only through a diplomatic conference. So the informal Turkish conquest ceased, and Franklin Bouillon advised the world that he considered himself one of the greatest peacemakers of history.

Then the sessions of a new Lausanne Conference opened, on November 20, 1922. On this occasion the representatives from Angora spoke as often and as loudly as those of any government. Turkey had suddenly become a power, not a pawn. France, too, gazed with some wonder and chagrin upon her determined protégé. She had reason for dismay, because the promises of preference in the way of concessions, specifically stated in the Bouillon Treaty, were now ignored by the new Angora Government. This time the cat's-paw scratched the cat. Angora was skeptical — commercial agreements offered too much opportunity for political intervention. So the Government determined to repudiate unequivocally all the old English and French agreements. At the same time it wished to keep the good-will of France — so much depended on keeping the two Allies estranged in their Near East policies and on preventing united opposition to Turkey's growth. The Government's problem was to escape from the binding conditions of the Treaty of Sèvres — through which such sweeping concessions were placed in the hands of the Turkish Petroleum Company as practically to give this corporation control of the industrial future of the country — and also to evade the obligations to France specified in the Bouillon and previous treaties, without embittering Paris.

The way out was the Chester concessions, old, never ratified, antedating and embracing all the later concessions granted to the British and French. In April 1923, a thrill ran through the diplomatic world when it was broadcasted that Turkey had recognized without reservations the validity of the Chester grant. This meant that the exclusive right to exploit the valuable oil regions of Asia Minor was placed in American hands, and that the British claims to the earliest concessions in these petroleum-bearing lands were discredited beyond dispute. The French raised a disturbance on the ground that the Chester concession included privileges granted to the French in 1914, for which France had advanced a large loan to the Turkish Government. However, the validity of the Chester claims was held not to be affected by these French objections, and American capital possessed an absolute monopoly on Turkish trade.

Notwithstanding, remarkably little fuss was stirred up through diplomatic channels over the recognition of the Chester grant. The feeling in England and France was that the exclusive rights given American interests would never be exerted, because the widely proclaimed policy of the 'open door,' guiding the Washington Government, would permit no such inconsistency. This sentiment was verified when, on May 2, Mr. Grew, the American Minister to Switzerland, announced officially that the United States would not support any claim against the acquired rights of other nations. This sounded the death knell for the Chester programme, since without the support of Washington, American capital was afraid to embark upon the enterprise. The Chester concessions were annulled in December.

So Turkey cleaned the sheet in the way of concessions. She is now starting a new page in her economic and political history. The successful termination of the Lausanne Conference has confirmed the return to Turkey of the territories given her by France through the Bouillon Treaty. Equality of all nations in commercial matters is guaranteed. Apparently the diplomatic bout of Great Britain and France over Asia Minor has failed because neither nation now holds advantage in the dominions of the Angora Government, while Iraq may soon pass under the control of the League of Nations.

We cannot, however, expect this state of equilibrium to remain undisturbed long, since in politics as well as in athletics a neutral victory means another struggle. Already there is a new uneasiness in the air. A corporation backed by French capital has recently obtained the promise of concessions duplicating the annulled Chester grant. British commercial enterprises are stubbornly combating this project on the same ground. Turkey's prosperity still depends in large degree in continuing her game of playing France and England against each other, and she will endeavor to sustain the hopes of each in the success of their Near East programme. The 'eternal triangle' means that Turkey is safe as long as two strong nations are courting her favors. Angora will keep on flirting with London and Paris.

Other events in Europe are not drawing France and England more closely together, and it seems a safe wager that the diplomatic war in Turkey is not yet concluded. The oil lies in the Mosul, and in the recently signed Lausanne Treaty it was left in abeyance whether these valuable petroleum regions should be included in Iraq or Turkey. Here lies the prize for which the French and English leaders have dared so much. How much further will they dare?

'GRAVE CONSEQUENCES'

BY H. H. POWERS

At a time when the American Congress seems incapable of mustering a majority on any subject, it has with practical unanimity passed upon an issue probably the most momentous upon which it has ever taken action. By majorities of five to one in the House and ten to one in the Senate, Congress has voted the practical exclusion of foreigners and the total exclusion of Asiatics from settlement in the United States. This action may have been wise; indeed I am inclined to think it fundamentally right and inevitable. But it is not so clear that the actors were wise or that the manner and motive of their action were justifiable. The avowed reason for this action, at least in individual cases, was a trivial diplomatic incident, capable, perhaps, of the construction placed upon it, but equally capable of a different construction had such been desired. The real reason was a political and economic situation superficially perceived and little understood, and the compelling cause a vast, cosmic pressure of which political discussion has as yet betrayed no consciousness. This action, considered in its immediate international reactions, in its relation to our traditional policy, and in the immeasurable scope of the forces which it challenges connotes a crisis, not only in our national life but in the life of the world, compared with which our struggles for national union and for the abolition of slavery are of but secondary importance.

The action in question presents three distinct problems which, beginning with the trivial, rise in overwhelming crescendo, to the momentous. The first is a diplomatic episode; the second is the problem of race discrimination; the third, the problem of exclusion. Let us give to each of these an attention somewhat proportioned to its merits.

I

The diplomatic episode looms large in the discussion of the moment and obscures the larger issues. Its details are familiar. The exclusion of the Japanese, long a recognized policy of our government, has for some years been effected without law or treaty by the so-called 'Gentleman's Agreement,' a pledge on the part of the Japanese Government not to grant passports to Japanese settlers and a perfectly correct refusal of our Government to admit them without. This considerate method of exclusion, so passionately desired by Japanese sensibilities, was unsatisfactory to the radical elements of the Pacific Coast, apparently not because it was ineffectual, but because it was too gentlemanly. The stigma which the Japanese sought to avoid is precisely the thing which certain elements desire to affix, race competition having long since engendered race antipathy. The minor issue in the immigration bill was, therefore, between the Gentleman's Agreement and a flat law of exclusion.

As a compromise it was suggested that the Gentleman's Agreement be itself enacted into law, thus ensuring

greater sanction and perhaps greater stability. It was in support of this measure that Ambassador Hanihara addressed to Secretary Hughes his letter in which he made the unfortunate allusion to 'grave consequences.' This letter was sent by Secretary Hughes, a pronounced supporter of the proposed compromise, to the Senate, apparently with the thought that it would further the desired end.

The effect was the reverse. The Senate chose to construe the letter as a threat and found in it a reason or a pretext for the overwhelming rejection of the compromise.

Need the Senate have taken this attitude in deference to our national interests? The expression, 'grave consequences,' is one of a series including: 'would regard as an unfriendly act,' 'could not view with indifference,' and so forth — which, in the euphemistic language of diplomacy, have acquired a more or less technical meaning. I think, however, that no one experienced in diplomatic usage will claim that these expressions are equivalent. To 'regard as an unfriendly act' is a direct threat of war and must be followed by a declaration of war if the other country persists in the objectionable course. A statement that we 'could not view with indifference' means a very strong protest with war as a possibility, but it hardly necessitates an immediate declaration of war as an alternative or precludes another settlement. An allusion to 'grave consequences,' though serious, is a much milder term and by no means implies a threat of war.

Not only is this term milder and more vague, but it can hardly be said that this technical meaning debars the phrase from use in the looser, popular sense. It is obvious that very many relations between nations might be characterized as grave even when the possibility of war was excluded. Thus the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods following the episode of 'the twenty-one points' was certainly a grave consequence. Nor is it too much to say that the situation already created by the action of Congress is to be thus characterized.

It is clear, therefore, that these words, whether used technically or popularly, did not necessarily imply a threat of war or of other unfriendly action on the part of the Japanese Government. They did imply, of course, deep resentment on the part of the Japanese people with whatever of inconvenience and loss that might entail. That was a foregone conclusion. Whether it meant more than this was to be inferred from the situation.

Now the situation was to a remarkable degree reassuring. There has, undoubtedly, long been a party in Japan which looks forward to the necessity, possibly even the desirability of eventual war with the United States; but there is reason to believe that this party has steadily lost ground in recent years. The Washington Conference with its cancellation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and other measures greatly lessened the power of Japan for such an offensive. On top of this came the earthquake, which for a considerable time virtually paralyzes Japan as a military nation. These, one and all, do not preclude the possibility of war between Japan and the United States, but they do postpone that possibility for a considerable period. Economic relations, in turn, amounting to little less than dependence, preclude any rational resort to other forms of hostility.

If Ambassador Hanihara, therefore, intended his message as a threat, it was peculiarly ill-timed and foolish. Japanese statesmen have rarely been open to this charge. In astuteness, ability to

size up the situation, and above all in self-control and ability to dissemble and bide their time they have few equals. It was therefore perfectly possible to construe this message in an innocent sense. Secretary Hughes, the equal perhaps of Heflin and Caraway, evidently so construed it. Possibly contact with Secretary Hughes misled the Ambassador into thinking that he represented the temper of the American people. He did not. The American people has drifted into an attitude of antipathy toward the Japanese and the Congressional sounding boards at Washington reverberate the antipathy. The call was for drastic action, however unnecessary and however unwise. The problem was to find the pretexts. The message could be made to serve the purpose and it was so used. We threw away, deliberately and consciously, the results of our finest diplomatic achievement since Roosevelt kept the Kaiser out of Venezuela; and we reopened the sorest international wound in our recent history. All for nothing.

It is claimed, of course, that the Gentleman's Agreement had been evaded. Does anybody think the exclusion law will not be evaded? that our Canadian and Mexican borders will be effectively policed? Does anybody think that a million Japanese settled across the Mexican border would be restrained by that international chalk-mark? Was Japanese official honor, probably the highest in the world, worth nothing as enlisted for our protection in the Gentleman's Agreement? One of the finest achievements of statesmanship is to lay the onus of action upon the other party, to enlist his sense of honor and moral responsibility on your side.

This achievement of Roosevelt we have wantonly sacrificed. Congress has failed disastrously to consider the 'imponderables.'

II

Thus far we have considered only the question of method. We now come to a far more vital question, race discrimination. This takes two forms — absolute exclusion of the non-white races, and unequal restriction as applied to the white race. Of the non-white we shall consider only the Japanese who alone have the organization and the alertness to make serious protest. We shall not quite forget, however, that back of Japan are other races, many fold more numerous and potentially more powerful, for whom the logic of events makes Japan, in a sense, the spokesman. What differences, relevant to our inquiry, exist between these races and the white races in whose favor we discriminate?

The assumption on both sides is that the difference is one of quality or capacity. The whites constantly imply if they do not assert their superiority, and the non-whites as constantly resent it. Passionate arguments against this assumption only bear witness to its reality and establish a presumption in its favor. Whoever heard of Englishmen arguing that they were the equal of Hindus, or resenting Tagore's claims in behalf of his race? While no measurement is possible and no criteria can be agreed upon or defined, we only make ourselves foolish by arguing for the equality of the races of men. Equal in God's sight if you will, but if this is so, then frankly that is one of the last points on which we are likely to come into sympathetic understanding with the Almighty.

But while we must recognize immense differences of attainment and presumably of potential capacity as between different races, it is by no means clear that the line is to be drawn between white and non-white. Not all the white races are of high capacity

nor all the non-whites feeble. The history of China and Japan, already a very long one, does not stamp them as inferior. England boasts that for over eight hundred years her island home has been inviolate. Japan, similarly situated and confronted by a far more powerful enemy, can boast an immunity three times as long. The Mongolian East was civilized and had its inimitable art and its aristocracy of letters when the Saxons were tending swine in sheepskin clothing. When we opened the door of Japan with complacent condescension, the interchange of amenities brought to our President beautiful specimens of gold lacquer, bronze, silver, porcelain, rolls of silk brocade and pongee, coral and silver ornaments and other articles innumerable, in return for our own gracious gifts to his Imperial Majesty, which included among other things a diminutive locomotive, a telegraph key and wire, a natural history of the State of New York, sixteen volumes of the Annals of Congress, Journal of the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, two volumes of Lighthouse Reports, a barrel of whiskey with an assortment of other liquors, and *three ten cent boxes of tea.* A dozen other notables received more modest gifts in all of which whiskey figured largely. Speaking of national affronts, it must not be forgotten that Japan has had something to put up with.

If the relative showing at that time was not wholly flattering to us, I doubt if the subsequent period has redressed the balance. It is a period in which we have little occasion to be ashamed of our achievements, but even less has Japan. Very wonderful has been the Anglo-Saxon's progress and his peaceable adaptation to modern conditions during the last seventy years; but the record of the Japanese during the same period is one for which the Anglo-Saxon can offer no counterpart at any period of his history.

We would better go slow, then, in provoking comparisons of capacity between ourselves and the Japanese. The facts cited are typical and relevant, nor do I know any counter facts to offset them. It is a matter both of fairness and of good policy to withdraw all insinuations or implications of Japanese inferiority. Judged by any common-sense standard, the white races as a whole are superior to the non-white, but there are whites who are less fit for American citizenship than the Japanese, and we have received such and are still receiving them into our fellowship.

The test is not capacity or superiority but assimilability. By this I do not mean ability to learn our ways, our habits of thought, and our ideals. There is no reason to doubt that the Japanese can become as good an American as the best in these respects. But can he cease to become Japanese and become one of us so that we shall not think of him as anything different or remember his origin any more than we remember our own ancestry of a few generations back? This is primarily a question of intermarriage. If he will marry us and we him, we shall forget. If not, not. This the white races do, though with unequal facility. The German or the Norwegian released from Ellis Island may not seem an eligible party, but no one draws the line at his son or daughter. In two or three generations at most the separate strain is lost and we are all Americans together.

But we do not wish to marry the Japanese and the Japanese are as little disposed to marry us. Procreation therefore perpetuates the race distinction instead of obliterating it. With extensive contact there would no doubt be some crossing of the line; but

most of it at the bottom of the social scale and thus of a nature to discredit the union. The lot of the Eurasians in the East or of the mulattoes with us is not one to commend their origin to right-thinking persons.

But why this necessity of assimilation if the Japanese can acquire our ideals and become loyal supporters of our institutions? Why can we not live in harmony side by side — distinct, yet united by a common loyalty to a common government? This question is very honestly asked by a certain number of the benevolently minded to whom the policy of exclusion is inherently distasteful. It is perhaps sufficient to reply that we are not very harmonious at best, that differences of opinion and clashes of interest are at all times threatening our peace and limiting our power of action, and that differences of any sort are constantly exploited by the spirit of faction. Even the temporary race-consciousness of our immigrant population, obliterated in a generation or two, is a grave political and social danger. What would it be if it were perpetual?

But in the case of the Japanese there is a far graver danger. The white races, broadly speaking, have reached a common solution of the problem of civilization. They differ widely in their standard of living and in innumerable details, but they seek well-being in fairly uniform ways and under similar conditions they work by similar methods toward similar ends.

Not so the Japanese. They have reached a very different solution of the great problem — a solution which is quite as satisfactory to them as ours to us and which may well be our envy and our despair. They have made far better terms with nature than we seem able to make, terms which permit them not only to live but to provide themselves with the elegances and refinements of a very high civilization at a fraction of the cost which our method imposes upon us. If their standard of living were inferior to ours, they would quickly learn to prefer ours when brought in contact with it. But it is not inferior. It lacks much that we care for, but it has much that they care for and that ours lacks. In a word, they have hit upon a marvelously efficient and cheap way of getting high-grade results. This gives to their way of life a tenacity which a life of squalor and deprivation does not possess.

No doubt with prolonged contact even this difference would disappear. We should adopt their way of living or they ours or there would be a compromise between the two. But the two facts to be remembered are first, that we are dealing with a relatively permanent rather than a temporary race-consciousness; and second, that theirs is a tenacious rather than a willingly surrendered way of life. For both these reasons the disparity is likely to be long continued. For generations the Japanese would remain among us a peculiar people.

And during all this period, be it remembered, the odds would be overwhelmingly against us. They would make money where we should lose and would flourish where we should starve. The competition might be perfectly honorable, even considerate; but it would be not the less fatal to the dispossessed and disastrous to the social order.

It may be objected that this process of displacement is always going on, that the fit are always displacing the unfit and that philosophically considered it has its justification. This is true; but few realize how delicate is the adjustment required to permit the continuance of this wholesome process without disrupting society. Every society has its submerged tenth, its

margin of the inefficient that it is concerned to eliminate, but with the least possible disturbance to the social structure. Let the number become too great or the process too harsh, and society is at once confronted with a revolt which may prove its undoing. The rejected must be too few and too weak to be dangerous, too obviously unfit to inspire dangerous sympathies or futile efforts at rehabilitation. Exceed those limits in whatever manner, and you raise up against society an enemy against which the organism is incapable of protecting itself.

What may be expected to happen when the line is drawn between two races consciously distinct, and the losing race is in the majority? What prospect is there that a race as virile as our own, and perfectly capable of annihilating its rival by weapons ready to its hand, would submit to be peaceably dispossessed by economic forces so favorable to its opponent? The question has already been answered by the revolt of the Pacific Coast. It is well that the decision has come thus early when the result is assured without a struggle and with a minimum of cost. With a larger Japanese population on the Pacific Coast, race rivalry would have become race conflict with an inevitable appeal of the Japanese to the mother country for aid that could not and would not have been refused. If we want war with Japan, the sure way to get it is to open our doors to Japanese immigration.

Most of the foregoing holds with equal or greater force of other Asiatic peoples. Chinese and Hindus are even less assimilable than Japanese. They have less powerful backing and this makes their exclusion easier — but not less imperative. Our door is and must be closed to Asiatic immigration, to the immigration of the non-white, *id est*, the non-marriageable races.

III

Turning to the white races the case is somewhat different. These are assimilable, though unequally and after a certain delay. At the head of the eligible list stand the English, who have the advantage of a common language. A close second stand the Nordics generally, — the Germans, Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, — whose assimilability has long been demonstrated. There can be no question that the Mediterranean peoples become less quickly and less completely American than the Nordics, due in part to their different temperament but more to their different inheritance of political and social ideas. In marked contrast with these easily assimilable races stand the Jews, not because of inferiority or inherent defects but because they have managed, through all the vicissitudes of twenty troubled centuries, to obey too strictly the injunction: 'Come ye out from among them and be ye separate.' Something of race solidarity which is in part their choice and in part imposed upon them remains as an uneliminable obstacle to their assimilation.

Our policy of discrimination as applied to the white races is a pretty delicate matter. Our preference for the Nordics is undoubtedly justified, but among peoples as among individuals, the expression of these preferences needs to be tempered by discretion. The choice of the census of 1890 as the basis of our quota is probably less offensive than calling names; but it is entirely arbitrary and a very bold expression of Nordic preference. Perhaps no better method could have been devised, but it has glaring defects. It favors the English, but also the Irish — a matter for finite congratulation. If it excludes the Russian Jew, there is nothing to prevent the large German quota being entirely Jewish.

But this question of discrimination as between whites loses significance in the face of clear indications that it is a stepping-stone to complete exclusion. It is not so much the fact of restriction as its progressive character, not so much the decision as the increasing unanimity with which we have reached it, that counts. The previous quota of three per cent is reduced to two per cent, and this is reinforced by an absolute numerical limit. Exceptions have been abolished. It is amazing with what rapidity this new policy has developed. For years no restrictive measure could secure a majority in Congress. When finally voted it was vetoed; then vetoed again and passed over the veto; and now in this most drastic form it is voted with approximate unanimity. No one doubts the country's consent. What next? The tide may turn, but there is no sign of its turning. The prospect is for complete exclusion at an early date.

This is the momentous issue already referred to as more important than slavery or national union. Slavery was a domestic issue. It aroused the opposition of philanthropists, but it affected the life of the outside world but little. National union was perhaps of more interest, for upon it depended our weight in the council of nations. But neither of them approximated in international interest to this problem of immigration which our senators affirm to be 'a purely domestic question.' It is, on the contrary, the most obviously international of all our modern questions. The transfer of citizens from one allegiance to another is clearly a matter of joint concern.

For let us not forget, this policy is absolutely without precedent in the history of the world. There have been plenty of exclusions but not of this kind. There have been hermit nations like Japan and Korea that forbade all intercourse with foreigners, punishing either entrance or exit with death. There have been attempts without number to expel undesirables and to attract desirables, all predicated upon the right which we now invoke of determining the kind of persons with whom we shall choose to live. But never before has a nation attempted exclusion under such conditions and for such ends as in the present instance.

Men everywhere tend to multiply to the limit of sustenance, and since that limit is a fluctuating one, a season of crop failure exposes them to famine. Increase, crop failure, and famine, this is the normal cycle of life for an incontinent people. The majority of mankind has always been and still is in that class. The constant background of history is a succession of these cycles. Where relations between nations are complex and confused as in Europe, the sequence is obscured, and famine and pestilence are more or less systematically commuted for their more merciful alternate — war. But in the record of a hermit country, such as was Japan for two centuries and a half, where war was excluded by organization and isolation, the cycle was repeated with monotonous regularity. Men thought of famine as we do of death, as a thing sure to come though you could not tell just when.

This equilibrium which we may fairly characterize as the normal lot of mankind has long been the condition in India and China where the efforts of philanthropy and science advance the fighting line but gain no permanent advantage. It was the condition in Europe throughout the Middle Ages, though here famine was more often commuted to war than in the East. It is true in Russia to-day.

But for the last two or three centuries a favored portion of humanity has been granted a suspension of sen-

tence, a suspension so long that it is mistaken for a permanent reprieve. During all these centuries of crowding and intermittent famine half the world was unknown and virtually unoccupied. Suddenly this empty world was discovered and appropriated by the more favorably situated of the old world peoples. They were slow to realize the advantage, and but a part availed themselves of it.

But to that limited part these discoveries brought an opportunity so vast that it changed for a time the fundamental laws of their being. As the barriers to occupancy were slowly broken down and the inertia of the situation overcome, all the pent up energies of the race were released and expansion proceeded unchecked. If the potato crop failed in Ireland, half Ireland moved overseas. If there was revolution in Germany, the defeated party came to America. If Russia persecuted her dissenters from the Orthodox faith, they found asylum in the new lands. Each year the movement became easier and the swelling tide increased. The new lands not only received the immigrants but sent back food to those who remained. Thus, while Europe was peopling a new world, she doubled her population at home. And still famine remained afar; the ban upon increase seemed lifted. Nature seemed even to have put a premium upon it. Coinciding, as the movement did, with a vast series of scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions, and favored of necessity for a time by the law of increasing returns, increase of population has for a century connoted an increase in well-being. Superficial thinking has been quick to throw the time-honored philosophy into the discard and grasp the proffered optimism. Nature is not niggardly but bountiful; famine is not necessary and therefore it is disgraceful, a concomitant of savagery and sloth. Thus a contributor to the Boston *Transcript* makes the confident assertion that, when our population reaches the figure of two billions, there will be more food per capita than now and we shall just be beginning to be comfortable.

This comfortable optimism leads to many agreeable conclusions. The notion that there is pressure of population in Europe is a myth. If Belgium imports four fifths of her food why can't the rest of them do it? Why can they not house as many as they have standing-room for? The sufficient safeguard against famine is enterprise, thrift, civilization. The numerous population of Europe is not a source of hardship or danger. It is an advantage — a source of strength. This may sound a little extreme, as is wont to be the case when we formulate into definite propositions those vague assumptions to which we commit ourselves under the lead of interest and predilection. But left in their usual hazy and subconscious form they form one of the major premises of our modern psychology. Their significant corollary is that we inflict no hardship by restricting immigration. We may admit aliens if we please, as we may admit strangers to our homes; but we are equally free to exclude them and may do so without injury and without compunction.

Meanwhile the old world, in its turn, has developed a psychology equally abnormal, born of the situation. The peoples of Europe have been accustomed for centuries to find in emigration a refuge from famine, persecution, and misgovernment. If you cannot get a job or a piece of land in Europe, go and settle in America. If you are too old to go, send you son and let him send back his earnings for you to live on. If you are unreconciled to your government, go where there is a better one or one more pliable to your will. If

you are persecuted or ostracized for your religious opinions, go where religion is a matter of private choice. Precept and practice have united in enforcing this philosophy — a philosophy endorsed by none more completely than by ourselves. Under this philosophy, the very antithesis of the stolid fatalism of static societies, the world has become fluid and dynamic. This enormous privilege of expansion, abnormal and temporary though it certainly is, has been of such scope and duration as to be mistaken for a permanent condition. This privilege of migration, almost unrestricted for three hundred years, has inevitably acquired in the popular mind the character of a natural and inalienable right.

To further complicate our problem, these empty lands, while as yet they were but beginning to be filled, have passed largely under the control of a single people, themselves largely supplanters of rivals earlier in possession. The Spaniard still has a feeble mestizo hold on a large part of his original possession; but the most and best of the American continent, with nearly all of its mineral resources, as well as the whole of New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, are in Anglo-Saxon possession. This is more than half the white man's land of the world and more than two thirds of the territory available for further settlement. To much of this the French and Spanish had an equal or prior claim. They lost it chiefly because of restriction or discrimination in connection with immigration. The Spanish favored Spaniards; the French would have none but Catholics. But the Anglo-Saxon, despite local intolerance in some of his settlements, has welcomed everybody. The Anglo-Saxon policy has been an open-door policy. His achievements in the way of assimilation have been simply colossal. From every part of Europe have come throngs with their babel of tongues, their diversities of practice and belief, all to become in due season fairly standardized Americans, speaking a more or less intelligible American dialect and measurably devoted to the country and the flag.

And here again this open-door policy has become to the popular mind a part of the constitution of nature, a natural right. What else does it mean when European and Japanese denounce our exclusion policy as unjust? They are as confident of their right to enter as we are of our right to keep them out, and all for the very good reason that they have so long enjoyed the privilege. Let the public make a thoroughfare through your premises for a sufficient number of years and you cannot close it. You have created a public highway. Europe has enjoyed this privilege since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and privilege has hardened into right.

I am not defending this view. I am merely noting its existence. We have a head-on collision between two instinctive assertions of natural right. We are colliding, too, at a moment when the opposing forces are at their maximum of energy. The static mood has well nigh disappeared. The world is on the move. Never was the desire to migrate so general or the need so urgent as now. It is at such a time that we decide to close our gates, against Asiatics wholly, and against Europeans in major part. Thousands are waiting at the border, ready for the midnight rush when the ban is briefly lifted, and steamers are counting seconds in their race across the line. Foreign governments are clamoring for consideration for their nationals and threatening reprisals. But we sit complacently deaf.

There are reasons and good ones for what we are doing. The best reason of all is the desire that the Anglo-Saxon in

his true character, undiluted and unperverted, shall inherit these lands and give his incomparable guidance to our developing world. It is an ideal to be boldly avowed. The best chance to make this an orderly world, a prosperous and peaceable world, is to make it an Anglo-Saxon world. Let those of other view act according to their conviction, but let us act according to our own. Every foot of soil that we control we hold in trust for that world of the future whose very flesh and blood is to be determined by our holding. It is a great trust and the end in view is worth any hazard.

But let us not be blind to the hazard. It is a fighting proposition that confronts us. The world will not tamely relinquish the prize that we withhold. The Anglo-Saxon still has room, enormous room, which others need and covet. Australia has a population of one and a half to the square mile, Canada two and a half, the United States 32, Europe (as a whole) 110, Italy 326, Japan 376, and England 649. Will these peoples acquiesce unresistingly in so unequal a division of the good things of the earth? Yes, if they must; not otherwise. There will be lip service to our doctrine that immigration is a purely domestic question, but it will be in recognition of our power, not of our right. The country is ours, we say. Well, we got here first. If we can hold it against later comers it will be ours; but our right will be the right of the strong. Against any ethical claim that we may assert, they can oppose another quite as good and one to them far more apparent.

I do not wish to imply that other nations will declare war upon us on this issue. Europe will not force open our gates as she did the gates of China, or as we did the gates of Japan. The conditions at present are unfavorable to such a course and grant us a deceptive immunity. Moreover the excluded peoples have other weapons in their armory, of which they have more than once made effective use. But the issue is a fighting issue and it engenders the fighting mood, a mood which may conceivably make the peaceable settlement of other issues impossible. The reaction of Japan to our decision is significant. An exceptionally friendly attitude has been suddenly followed by an attitude of bitter hostility. Whatever the possibilities of the new policy, it does not make for peace or fellowship. Our reputation as a refuge for the oppressed and a home of the free, though somewhat a matter of jest, was still an asset and an asset which we have now sacrificed. We enter upon a more difficult period of international relations, a period of increased contacts and lessened sympathies.

To summarize briefly. Restriction of immigration with total exclusion of Asiatics has become necessary if American development is to continue along our chosen lines. But exclusion is not a purely domestic problem nor does it rest upon an obvious natural right. Interests and instincts are sharply opposed and we shall not make away with the prize unchallenged. It is the most difficult thing we have ever tried to do, a thing fraught with great danger. We have no sufficient consciousness of these difficulties and these dangers. We are prodigal of the world's good-will and reckless of its hostility. We must be wise as well as strong if we are to escape 'grave consequences.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LIMERICK

THE limerick's is indeed a happy fate — or at least it has been so up to the present. Serious-minded critics have been so afraid of lowering their dignity that they have never thoroughly discussed it. But — alas, poor limerick! — it shall no longer be allowed to rest in peace. Its pedigree, growing steadily larger every moment, cries out to be chronicled, and, pitiless of the limerick's personal feelings, I shall emblazon its history — not so dark by half as many believe — upon these pages.

Limerick is the name of a city, of a county, and of a diocese in Ireland. You will probably object to being told such a universally known fact, but there is ample reason for mentioning it here, as it has given rise to much dispute among those rare scholars who have dedicated a few moments to the verse form of the same name. J. H. Murray states that there has long been a song in Ireland, whose elaborate refrain is built on the question, 'Will you come up to Limerick?' And he further says that the stanza form of this song is identical with that of Lear's limerick.

Well and good. But the *Encyclopædia Britannica* upsets that apple-cart by impertinently contradicting Mr. Murray, saying that his Irish song does not resemble Lear's limerick in the least.

You may say, 'Why don't you read the song yourself, and settle the matter?' but that question, unfortunately, is as easily answered as asked. The song must forever be consigned to the limbo of the unpublished, for Mr. Murray says it is endless, and of extremely doubtful moral character. Now my personal inclinations command me to steer clear of two scholars when they meet in battle. Therefore let us consider the source of the limerick and of its name as two more riddles of the Sphinx, awaiting only an Œdipus to solve them — and he will most certainly have to be an Irishman.

On the other hand, there can be no dispute that some of the earliest limericks come from the Mother Goose rhymes. Truly that is a noble birthplace, which no verse form should disdain. And in the country of nursery rhymes the limerick is king. Numerous verse forms far more distinguished can claim no such honor. How many, for instance, can produce an early ancestor so charming to a dieted man as this Mother Goose rhyme: —

> There was an old man of Tobago
> Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
> Till, much to his bliss,
> His physician said this: —
> 'To a leg, sir, of mutton, you may go.'

'Far and few, far and few' are forms richer in food for the mystic. Only the deepest clairvoyant, the most confirmed opium-eater, the profoundest alchemist, could extract from lines like these their hidden but golden significance: —

> So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.
> Feedum, fiddledum, fee.

Very justly have such words been clothed in legend with magic potency, and the Mother Goose limericks are rife with such magic.

Furthermore, the limerick showed itself to be a true supporter of freedom, even at its outset. Not only do we find

in the Mother Goose limericks the usual triple-beat metre of 'There was an old man of Tobago,' but also many variations, of which there is room to give only the most unusual: —

Pitty Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt!
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

The Mother Goose rhymes, however, cannot be assigned any definite date. And heretofore the serious-minded critics mentioned above have, by their indifference to the limerick, overlooked the first one ever published. It has been printed twice before: once in Michael East's *Second Set of Madrigals to 3 4 and 5 parts: apt for Viols and Voices*, 1606; and again in Fellowes's *English Madrigal Verse*, Oxford, 1920; but never previous to now has it been recognized as the first dated limerick.

O metaphysical tobacco,
Fetched as far as from Morocco,
Thy searching fume
Exhales the rheum,
O metaphysical tobacco!

The honor of writing the first signed poem in limerick form must be added to the already overladen Robert Herrick. Of this poem, the 'Night-piece: To Julia,' the last stanza is peculiarly beautiful.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

The record of the limerick lies buried in shade as deep as that of Hades for two hundred and more years after Herrick wrote his 'Night-piece: To Julia.' Who can tell to what great heights it rose, or to what vast depths it fell, during that gaping void of years? History keeps quieter than the tomb. At all events, the limerick reappears about 1810 with the *Irish Melodies* of Thomas Moore. In the well-known songs, 'The Young May Moon,' 'The Time I 've Lost in Wooing,' and 'I Can No Longer Stifle,' each stanza is formed of two limericks.

We find the limerick next in the verse of Leigh Hunt, who uses the form in a 'Song to Ceres,' given in Emerson's *Parnassus*, though not to be found elsewhere under covers, even in the bibliography of Hunt's work given in the Oxford edition. This perhaps accounts for its not having been mentioned in other essays on the limerick. Hunt also wrote in 1830 a series of humorous limericks on the poet Galt, but they are not nearly so worthy of quotation as the 'Song to Ceres,' one of whose stanzas is as excellent poetry as any of Hunt's I know.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
That's fit for a goddess to work in,
With shoulders brown,
And the wheaten crown
About thy temples perking.

And with thee come Stout Heart in,
And Toil that sleeps his cart in,
Brown Exercise,
The ruddy and wise,
His bathèd forelocks parting.

The next limerick really begins the history of the form as we generally know it. That is the well-known 'There was a young man of St. Kitts,' which had a wide circulation in the English university circles about 1834.

Beyond this point, there is a steady, consecutive growth, from Lear to the present day. Who, again I ask, can tell to what vast depths the limerick may fall, or to what great heights it may rise, not far in the future? But no! as I live in a practical age, I must be practical in this history, by limiting it to the past.

Returning to Lear: as everyone knows, he was the limerick's earliest champion. His first *Book of Nonsense*, issued in 1846, marks the transition in

the history of the limerick from the prehistoric stage, where relics are few and insufficient, to the historical, where there is a blaze of glory shining on the record. Here is a limerick which surely possesses a vivid beauty; who would guess from his other works that Lear ever wrote thus: —

There was a Young Lady of Tyre,
Who swept the loud chords of a lyre;
At the sound of each sweep
She enraptured the deep,
And enchanted the city of Tyre.

Dear me, how very unobservant I am! I shall have to withdraw my compliment, for, as Lear's illustration shows, the Young Lady was using a broom!

Here is another limerick of Lear's: —

There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He replied, 'Yes it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!'

with the 'Nonsense Rhyme in Blank Verse,' which it inspired in W. S. Gilbert: –

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When they said, 'Does it hurt?'
He replied, 'No, it does n't,
But I thought all the while 't was a hornet.'

Next we find that the limerick seems to be the favorite verse form of artists. Of the painters known to have written limericks only a few are Whistler, Rossetti, and Du Maurier. The last, besides succeeding very well in writing limericks in French, composed a classic in English, — of a sort, — which I recommend to all Americanization propagandists: —

I am gai, I am poet. I dwell
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.
And I sing tra-la-la,
And I love me mamma,
And the English, I speak him quite well.

After this are the serious poems in limerick form which have come to my attention. Kipling used a strange variant of the usual limerick in 'The Peace of Dives,' and even stranger varieties in other poems. So unusual they are that few, I suppose, recognize them as limericks, and none have — to my knowledge — mentioned such notice in writing.

In future generations, enlightened by the renewal of vision, men will regard Carolyn Wells as the ideal rebel against the materialism of our time, in the most important limericks that are being written to-day. For, scorning the narrowness of a zoölogy book, she creates with true poetic imagination a new and gorgeous animal-world of her own: —

The Lollipopossum, it seems,
Is made out of chocolate creams.
He hangs by his tail
From a bough or a rail,
And he has most remarkable dreams.

Likewise she is the leading writer of those limericks which attain great suggestiveness by spelling words in remarkable fashion, on the analogy of other words similarly pronounced. I forbear giving an example from her work, as I consider that the masterpiece of this type appeared long ago in the Harvard *Lampoon:* —

An amorous M. A.
Says that Cupid, the C. D.,
Does n't cast for his health,
But is rolling in wealth —
He's the John Jaco-B. H.

Reader, is your tongue straightened out yet? Then let us proceed. Would that I might, in closing, give you a wide selection from popular anonymous limericks, great numbers of which are part and parcel of our daily speech. You would there see, for the first time perhaps, the prototypes in limerick form of moss-grown tales that you have heard over the boards of every vaudeville house, that you have read in the pages of every comic magazine. You would weep with sheer delight at seeing

so many old friends joined in a reunion. But alas! two facts prevent me from giving you this delight: the majority of these beloved brethren are too disreputable in their morals to gain admittance to this magazine; and the others are so numerous that any selection would be grossly unfair, incomplete, and arbitrary. How could I slight the feelings of so many boon companions of my youth? No, it would never do. I shall end, rather, by indicating the balms for afflicted mortals that are found in limericks. Have you vague suspicions of approaching baldness? Then comfort yourself by the pathetic verses of Gelett Burgess: —

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose,
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's all there,
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

Does excessive modesty make you redden at every ambiguous remark? Turn for consolation to this famous limerick, by an unknown though certainly illustrious writer: —

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor;
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say:
'Now hoist up the top-sheet and spanker.'

There are endless other panaceas I could give you from the recipe book of the limerick, but unfortunately for my benevolence, this magazine is not equally endless. It is fitting, however, for me to close with a remedy appropriate to my own troubles. If, like me, you belong to the great army of the ugly and unashamed, — as I hope from a spirit of comradeship you do, — you will join with former President Wilson and myself in treasuring this limerick of Richard Burton's: —

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face — I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar.

ON THE PERSONALITY OF OUR POSSESSIONS

THERE can be no gainsaying the fact that the neighbors, in Congress assembled, have voted our family slightly queer. It is not that we 'put on airs'; that we dress in an eccentric manner; that we speak in accents strange; or that our lives are any less well-ordered than theirs. Oh no, it is none of these offenses against the well-established social standards of a New England town. The whole affair may be summed up in a simple statement: —

We have named our lawn mower Gideon!

A seemingly unimportant matter, this, but what a difference in viewpoint it represents! To us, Gideon is a cheerfully and helpfully pugilistic person who, shouting his battle-slogan, sallies forth once a week to quell the upstart ranks of grass who are mobilizing for a rebellion. To our neighbors, Gideon is — a lawn mower; and he is nothing more.

Perhaps even Gideon might be forgiven us, if he were all; but the fact is, as I can hear them protest, —

'They have names for everything, even the electric toaster!'

It is true. We have. And in the eyes of our neighbors, therefore, we are 'queer.' In this particular respect they consider us morons; we have never quite outgrown the infinitely childish practice of naming our possessions. This fact modifies their respect for our opinions. It makes no difference how learned and enlightened we may appear in our discussion of religion, politics, gardening, or modern poetry — they mentally shake their heads and remain unconvinced. We have a lawn mower named Gideon.

Of course they admit that it is perfectly proper to name the family cats, provided always that one remain true

to orthodox titles like Thomas, Tabitha, Fluffy, or Nigger. If one desires to deviate a bit, perhaps even Buddy or Skipper are permissible; but when one departs to such nomenclature as Boswell, Eli, Boadicea, Huckleberry Finn, or Señor Don Alonzo Estaban San Salvador, — this last as applied to a small blue-eyed scrap of a Maltese kitten, — really, is n't it going a bit too far? And as for the outlandish practice of identifying the feathered denizens of the poultry-house by such names as Oliver, Harry, Walter, Ben Hur, Prunella, Elizabeth, and Martha — it is quite unspeakable!

But, worst of all, they point out, is this naming of things — *inanimate objects!* One day my sister, in displaying some snapshots, turned to one entitled 'Alice and Annabel.' Yes, there was Alice, right enough, but —

'Where is Annabel?' politely inquired our guest.

'Oh, don't you see?' my sister replied ingenuously; 'Annabel is the tree beside which Alice is standing.'

A look of blankness swept over our friend's face.

'Oh, I see,' she faltered.

But plainly her mental vision was obscured, even when we pointed out to her our slender, lissome Annabel. To us, it would be little short of sacrilege to speak of Annabel as 'that maple tree in the front yard.' To our friend any other designation was impossible.

It is the same way with Othello, our plump, jolly little air-tight wood stove; with Araminta, the comforting, motherly, hot-water bottle; with Adelaide and Galahad, the sturdy, dependable oil-heaters; with David, the dignified elm tree; with Honza, my friendly violin; with Barnum and Bailey, our two shimmering goldfishes; with ponderous, verbose Doctor Johnson, the typewriter; and with a host of other possessions.

Oh yes — we may be queer, even silly. But how else can you treat your friends? They are so indispensable and they all radiate such diverse, but sympathetic and jovial personalities. I would no sooner think of leaving them unnamed than the family next door would consider allowing the new baby to grow up without appellation. Oh yes, our lawn mower's name is Gideon and, according to the lights of our matter-of-fact neighbors, we may be queer. And yet — I wonder!

'AMERICA FOR AMERICANS'

Sometimes, especially of late years, a Canadian who happens to be domiciled in the United States has a momentary image of himself as a man without a country, or rather, without a continent; he experiences much the same symptoms as Mr. Leacock associates with the sartorial disease of *fractura suspendorum*, or broken suspenders — a sinking feeling accompanied by a sense of loss. For he listens to Senator X's announcement that 'America' will or will not intervene in Europe; he learns how Representative Y thinks 'America' ought to improve Mexico; he sees moving-pictures of an Olympic hockey match in which Canada beat 'America'; he reads of what 'America' is doing for Christ in the financial report of the Southern Baptist Church; he hears, with concern for dear ones in Ontario and Saskatchewan, that Kansas reformers hope to carry a bill in Washington to banish cigarettes from 'America.'

Everywhere, in conversation, in newspapers, in books, 'America' means the United States; Canada as an integral part of the continent does not seem to exist in the average 'American' mind — not to mention the spacious tract named South America. And this habit is not confined to the duller classes;

Professor Sherman, for instance, writes a book of brilliant essays on aspects of life and letters in the United States, and entitles it *The Genius of America.*

This little article is not meant to stir up war; it is only a modest inquiry into the mysteries of nomenclature and mental habit and perhaps patriotism. Canada has eight million people or so, and the United States something over a hundred million, and the relative importance of the two countries is, at present, in about the same proportion. But in a few generations the disparity may be rather less, and even now Canadians may feel a certain good-humored reluctance to resign their share of the continent to a great neighbor. After all, Canada occupies quite a respectable strip of territory, and, on the map, which, like the grave, levels all distinctions, it is certainly half of America.

There is of course a difficulty in such a name as 'United States.' However inspiring in itself, for rhetorical and adjectival purposes it is clumsy. When on Independence Day a Congressman or Chautauqua orator runs his hands through his hair and cries 'What is America's answer?' the effect on patriotic bosoms is vastly more thrilling than 'What is the United States's answer?' And you can't thump yourself (or somebody else) on the chest and say, 'I'm a hundred-per-cent United Stateser,' or, 'I speak United Statesish' — which last, as someone has said, sounds like the housemaid mopping the front steps. With the adjective American, as applied to men and things of the United States, one probably can't quarrel; it seems unavoidable — since Mr. Mencken's circumlocutions are too long for daily use. Yet it is rather odd that while an Englishman or a Frenchman or a Dutchman is a European, a Canadian or a Mexican or a Brazilian cannot call himself an American (much less a hundred-per-cent American) without being quite misunderstood. As for the noun America, as synonymous with the United States, that cannot be justified at all, for the book of books has laid it down that a part is not equal to a whole.

Many good people in the United States have some astonishing notions about Canada. I have talked to some — voters — who knew that Queen Victoria now reigns in Montreal, the national capital; as citizens of a free country, they felt a little sorry for me, one of many ground under the heel of despotism. One widespread delusion, nourished by the movies and the red-blooded school of fiction, represents all Canada as a wilderness of ice and snow, where virile American heroes, in the Canadian business suit of furs, revolvers, and snowshoes, breathe husky and virile proposals into the fur earlappers of pure, ardent, courageous heroines, in the great silences of the North Country, under the Northern Lights and the malignant eyes of a lynx crouching in a tree. A young woman from Georgia once gurgled with delighted fear at the thought of my driving through the Canadian woods. It was vain to protest that I had never driven anything wilder than a Buick, that I had never seen gray wolfish shapes gliding among the tree trunks — that was only the modesty of a strong, silent man. She loved me for the dangers I had passed, and I — well, what average male of sedentary pursuits would rudely insist on destroying a gushing damsel's picture of himself as a strong, silent man?

But when individual Canadians achieve fame in the United States, 'America' takes them warmly to her heart and appropriates them henceforth as Americans. Sir William Osler was, and Llewellys Barker is, 'the great American medical authority.' Bliss

Carman appears in Mr. Untermyer's anthology of American verse. How many readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* are aware of the Canadian origin of such typical American figures as the following, who, in various ways, adorn or have adorned the American scene: Franklin K. Lane, Jacob Gould Schurman, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett, Willard Mack, Arthur Stringer, Harvey O'Higgins, Frank L. Packard, Charles G. D. Roberts, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, George Pattullo, Alan Sullivan, Maud Allan, Elinor Glyn? Distinguished Canadian professors, if professors mattered, might be enumerated by the hundred; they infest practically every American college. Some celebrities who remain in Canada preserve their national roots intact, at least partly. I have seen Mr. Leacock's contributions to the gayety of nations welcomed in American literary and college journals as emanating from 'Magill University, Toronto' — as who should say 'Harbard University, New Haven.'

However, Canada is growing more familiar to citizens of the United States. Thanks to prohibition, hospitable Quebec has become the oracle of Bacbuc for thousands of pious pilgrims, from Maine to California; and all summer long, motorists speeding along the northern side of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence begin to ask, soon after leaving Toronto, 'How far is it to Montreal?'

The web of Canadian life is highly colored by American influence. There are some real, and countless surface, similarities of tone and temper, both good and bad. We suffer the familiar maladies of 'American' civilization, though in a less aggravated form. Our breakfast food comes form Battle Creek, a portion of our intellectual food from Hollywood, another portion from New York. Canada, as the weaker vessel, naturally receives much more than it gives, and is not wholly blessed thereby. But in spite of the apparent identity of Canada and the United States in their ways of life and thought, Canada in its civilization is not merely the most northern state in the Union. Canada has a distinct individuality, which Canadians feel, and feel deeply.

This Canadian quality has not got into literature very much, but it is beginning to; and there is a real and not insignificant school of Canadian painters.

So, with much that is 'American,' and much that is English, and much that is its own, that part of America which is Canada might well join an Anti-Lucy-Stone League of Nations and gently insist on sharing its better-half's name.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

John Fletcher Moulton was born in 1844. Educated at Cambridge, he was honored as Senior Wrangler and on 'going down' to London, became a Barrister of the Middle Temple. He received his baronetcy in 1912 and in that year became a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Chairman of the Committee on High Explosives at the outbreak of the war, he subsequently was appointed Director General of Explosive Supplies, in which capacity he rendered distinguished service. Officially and otherwise, Lord Moulton was a happy conversationalist and a most felicitous speaker. Singular as it may seem his speech as here given was impromptu and no changes whatever have been made in the printed text. ¶The journal of **Edward A. Wieck** pictures industrial relations at the rock-bottom in so fair, manly, and trustworthy a manner as to confide us of their ultimate adjustment. **Dhan Gopal Mukerji**, who returned to his Bengal home after western wanderings, listened there with unaccustomed astonishment to the expressions of the younger and older generations of India.

* * *

Following his graduation from Harvard in 1922, **Douglas Burden** made his way through the jungles of Indo-China and the Vale of Kashmir, collecting family groups of big game for the American Museum of Natural History. For others like ourselves, who can easily confuse a markhor with a red-headed parrot, we quote the following definitions.

Markhor: a goat of the mountains of northwestern India, reddish-brown in summer, gray in winter, having a black beard and enormous spiral horns.

Ibex: one of the various wild goats of the genus *Capra*. The European or Alpine ibex, or steinbok, is about two and one-half feet high, with horns curved backward, transversely ridged in front, and above two feet long in the male. It lives above the snow-line during the day, descending at night to graze. *Capra sibirica* of the Himalayas, with smoother and more divergent horns, curved inward at the tips, is a smaller species.

A versatile chemical engineer, **Arthur D. Little**, by means of professional foresight, has given us entertaining little look-offs into a near and dazzling future. **Una Ellis-Fermor** is an English poet, now at the University of London, who sends her first contribution to the *Atlantic*. **Ernest Poole**, novelist of distinction, has recorded a tale such as one might hear from the lips of a wandering exile, so honest is its quality of Russian character and atmosphere. ¶Many readers of **Sarah N. Cleghorn's** '1995' will wish to change places with their great grandchildren. For us, we accept our own lot and time with a new complacency.

* * *

That the world still offers chances such as **Robert M. Macdonald**, adventurer and Australian prospector, describes will be pleasing news to most Americans. **Alexander McAdie** is director of the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard at Readville, Massachusetts. For many years **Amory Hare** has been sending to the *Atlantic* poems beautifully interpretive of nature's mood. In this number her 'Lyrics,' of a somewhat different imagery, are marked each by its single vivid impression. ¶Ever since the reign of King Cole, the fiddler has been beloved — though whether as the Lord's or the Devil's disciple who shall say? We find **Paul Green's** answer very appealing. **Alice** and **Irene Lewisohn**, patrons of the Neighborhood Play House, have followed the Little Theatre movement far afield. Their experiences and their unusually dramatic criticisms were taken from their picturesque letters. **W. O. Stoddard Jr.'s** account of Jonah draws a just line between jocularity and satire. Mr. Stoddard's father was private secretary to President Lincoln.

For fifteen years **Samuel Guy Inman** has traveled extensively and continuously in Latin America. With an array of trenchant observations Mr. Inman has taken a very strong position against the 'ever-broadening imperialism' of the United States. **William Worth Hall's** study of the oil industry and international politics is written not from casual observation but from six months of thorough and professional research. ¶A far sighted student of national policy, **H. H. Powers** has added moral weight and heavy responsibility to a phrase and an enactment which have been too lightly appreciated in recent months.

* * *

There are times when the concentration of an umbrella, say, is highly to be desired.

CHANGSHA, CHINA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your January number was probably read in a number of queer and out-of-the-way places; but it is my belief that none of the circumstances can equal those under which that magazine was devoured on the twenty-first day of February, in a third-class car of the Canton-Hankow Railway.

Notice, please, that I not only mentioned the railway line but also make mention of the fact that I was in a third-class car. It is almost a hopeless task to explain just what that means. If you've ever been third class on a Chinese train you know something about it. If you have n't, it is very difficult to make you visualize it. My personal opinion is that the Canton-Hankow line is the worst in China. The third-class coaches on this division of the Chinese Government Railways are what might be called 'glorified freight cars.' The expression is hardly adequate because it implies rather too much. The 'glorification' amounts to cutting about a dozen holes in the sides of the cars to be used as windows, and putting benches along the walls, with double benches running down the centre of the car. Over each bench is a shelf, about eighteen inches from the top of the car. These are presumably for baggage. The rack in the middle is about three feet wide. At each end of the car is a door, leading into the next car, while in the middle of each side is a wide sliding door which provides the main avenue of ingress and egress for the car.

In the winter time, when the car is unheated and drafty, and the roof leaks, and the windows are shut and the atmosphere reeks, it bears but little resemblance to any parlor car you have ever seen. And after all, you ought to take into consideration the fellow travelers who are apt to swarm into the car. Knowledge of the mysteries of bacteriology is possessed by none. Cuspidors are unknown. And —— but what 's the use? The place becomes what you might call 'thick.'

On the twenty-first of this month I was on the train, undergoing the twenty-five hours of travel which are required to complete the 225 miles of this trip. The car was as full as usual. The train when in motion, which was little enough of the time, swayed and rattled and jolted along at the breakneck speed of about ten miles per hour. Garlic, cheap tobacco, and the evident need of baths all around made free breathing rather difficult. Down at one end of the car a mother, dressed in blue coat and trousers, was nursing her young son who was still gay in the red suit which he was wearing in celebration of the lunar New Year. Sitting on the end of a bench, gazing pensively out of the open door, was a gray-clad soldier, shoeless, but bulging with his three or four padded coats. He nudged the farmer next to him, borrowed his cigarette holder, took a box of matches from the lap of a satin-gowned merchant across from him, and gravely lit up. The train jerked and halted to a stop and the air became filled with cries and curses as passengers near the ends of the car tried to fight their way through the crowd between them and the door, while a pushing, fighting mob attempted to force its way in at the same time.

Was I being crushed under foot, buffeted about, dug with elbows and crushed by the ubiquitous bedding-rolls? I was not. In calm unconcern I glanced up a moment, gave an interested look or two at the fray, and returned to a perusal of 'A Conversation with Cornelia.' When the scene was reënacted at the next station, I gave it hardly more than a cursory glance, for I was deeply engrossed by the doings of the wily Sam. But lest you conclude that I must be either a liar or deaf-and-dumb, or both, permit me to explain the secret of this remarkable power of concentration. I was lying on my own unrolled bedding in the centre baggage-rack. The tumult and the shouting rose and died. The coolies and the soldiers departed and were succeeded by others of like kind. Tea was gulped and gurgled and the floor became unspeakable. But the *Atlantic Monthly* and I were above all that, and nothing disturbed us but the conductor and his five armed guards and two announcers who came for tickets and dragged me out of the fourth assembly of the League of Nations.

D. C. SMITH.

* * *

We imagine that the adage, 'Where there's a Will, there's a Way,' assisted

Elizabeth C. Adams's article in offering encouragement to these two readers and others who may share a resembling fortune.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Only a few months ago you printed a very sane and helpful article entitled 'The Will to Love.' Since that time there has come into my life an experience which has led me to realize the great necessity of having a will *not* to love.

A few years ago I was called upon to live through a great tragedy — that of seeing my husband infatuated with another woman — and finally marrying her. I then felt, that, had I been in his place and found myself infatuated with another — I surely would have made every effort to control my affections, and have exercised my will *not* to love.

Now I myself am being put to the test! It is my duty to exercise my will, *not* to love; for rather suddenly I found myself really in love with one who, I believed, reciprocated my feelings. I have since learned that it is my dearest friend (who often makes her home with me) whom he really loves. It came to me as a real shock and is the more difficult to bear because circumstances demand that I entertain them frequently in my home, and of necessity am a witness to their happiness. It is only because I am making every effort to meet the test as I believe every man and woman should meet it, that I am able to keep out of three lives, the unhappiness which would result were I not willing to exercise my will 'not to love.'

SUSAN M. WEEKS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May the wife of the Will that is loved greet the author of 'The Will to Love,' and tell her that her article has been responsible for at least one exceedingly happy marriage?

Will and I have been friends from childhood. He tells me that when he was still in short rousers he used to include in his nightly prayer the petition that he might grow up to be worthy to marry me. However, though we were closely associated all through school and college days, our paths afterward led far apart, and we did not marry. In the years since then, he has been more or less in love with several women, but has never gone so far as marriage. I, on the contrary, was married in war time to a young scientist of unusual promise, and peculiarly sweet and radiant personality. The sacrifice of his life was one of the costliest that the war-monster demanded. He never saw our little son.

For nearly four years my boy and I have carried on, as cheerily as might be, together. Each year at Christmas-time has come 'Uncle Will,' from a distant city, and each year the small boy has welcomed him more joyously, and crept closer to his heart. After the Christmas visit this year, the thought of our old love, and the possibility of bringing old hopes to fulfillment, arose. We discussed the matter pro and con, but, neither of us feeling quite certain that the past had left us enough to offer each other, and our distance apart making it impossible to further test out our personal reaction, we had about decided to abandon the idea.

Then, in the February *Atlantic*, came 'The Will to Love.' It impressed us both profoundly. Will wrote: 'It has set my mind operating in a new groove. I am eager to give the theory an immediate trial. As I understand it, we are making a wager with fate that we can deliberately enter into the marriage relationship and make a success of it, in spite of the fact that circumstances have kept us physically apart for many years, so that we have no way of knowing from recent experience just how, without some voluntary control, we shall react upon one another in daily contact. It may seem like a wild leap in the dark, but I should not propose it if I did not have high hope that it will ultimately lead to much real happiness for both of us.'

We were married late in February. It took less than a day of married life to show us how beautifully complete our response to each other really was. A few weeks later my husband said that he believed he loved me at least four times as much as when he had asked me to marry him. As to the little boy, who has found at last a living meaning for the name 'Daddy,' and the childless man who has opened wide his heart in welcome, I cannot imagine a finer happiness than has come to both of them, and to me because of their mutual joy.

Will carefully laid aside a copy of our marriage service with the February *Atlantic*. 'There,' he said, 'are the constitution and the by-laws.'

H. W. W.

* * *

Mr. Masterman may have forgotten the Scot's pride in the right not the might of Englishry.

DENISON, TEXAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I be permitted to take exception to a statement appearing in your current issue? Mr. Masterman speaks of the Scottish race 'which we (Englishmen) once conquered by the sword.'

As far as final results are concerned, the term 'conquered' is equally inapplicable to both England and Scotland during their centuries of warfare. A permanent peace was established in

1603 by what was technically the annexation of England by the assumption of the English Crown by James the Sixth of Scotland after the death of 'that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory.'

On two separate occasions the English (I use the word in its restricted sense) repudiated the Scottish kings, but in both cases reverted to the Stuart dynasty. To-day His Britannic Majesty, George the Fifth, derives his right to the British throne from his descent from the Scottish Stuarts.

R. D. D. IRVINE.

* * *

From one Victim to another.

MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read, with intense hope, the 'victim's case' of the American Malady in the April *Atlantic*, but alas — she merely mentions the finding of the 'Source of Joy,' and she does not tell us what it is. I wonder if there would not be a large number of persons to acclaim her if only she would give us the treatment as frankly as the diagnosis.

May I ask if one must wait ten years for the vision? I have spent about half that time in a small New England village, which may be much worse than any city. When I came here I was delighted with the beauty of the country and I had long enchanting walks with my husband. But, after reveling in the fairyland of a winter morning, I was introduced at a 'Main-Street' party as 'the lady who goes walking in snowstorms.' I discovered that, in all dignity, one must not run down the hills. One cannot go skating on the school pond without being looked at askance. Like the other victim I find plenty of clubs, too many for a village, but they stir no least bit of interest or enthusiasm; they only bore. Domesticity is deadening to the mind, and I find one may live very respectably by spending only a small fraction of one's time thus. One can read widely and long, but there must be something more. What has she discovered — won't she please tell us other victims?

PRISCILLA DALTON.

* * *

Of the readers who have listened to the delicious table-talk of Cornelia, Professor Sherman, and the others anent prohibition, several have wished to raise their voice in the discussion. We wonder if any of them would care to answer this gentleman?

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wish to express my appreciation of 'Cornelia and Dionysus' which is one of the most subtle and convincing articles against prohibition which has so far appeared; but, knowing the mentality of many prohibitionists, would you satisfy the curiosity of some of your readers by stating whether the author wishes to be pictured as exultingly wiping the blood of the 'wet' from his dripping sword at the end of the article, or as politely offering a pinch of snuff to the 'dry' to convince him that his head has been deftly but efficaciously severed?

S——.

* * *

And who has not slunk silently out into the sunshine when the visiting minister arose for his address?

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In this article on 'The Preacher's Handicap,' Mr. Horwill doubtless took into consideration the devastating possibility, from the preacher's point of view, of the entire congregation leaving en masse during the ten minute interval suggested between service and sermon, with only a handful, or perhaps no new recruits at all, enlisting for the sermon. A lapsus linguae by a preacher, which I once enjoyed hearing, and which may have been induced by the boredom of having to sit through a programme of the usual banal sacred music, would aptly describe the situation. The preacher in question wished to announce that a pile of leaflets would be found at the rear of the church, which the congregation could obtain as they passed out at the close of the service. As actually made the announcement was as follows: 'The congregation can obtain the leaflets as they pile out at the close of the service.'

ALFRED B. YEOMANS.

* * *

We have clipped this charming apology from the letter of an oriental admirer.

TRAVANCORE STATE, SO. INDIA.

In the meanwhile I implore your mercy in the shape of a request that a relative of mine who is entirely in the grip of deep potation posted to the *Atlantic Monthly* a bundle of papers, which is nothing but a net-work of his deranged brain. I knew it, only the 3rd day, while I accidently stepped into the Post office. I hope you will open your basket of sympathy, and do full justice to my prayer.

I am really at a loss to comprehend anything that are contained in those papers. If you could kindly re-direct it to me, I shall be thankful to you, and will destroy the scamp unquestionably.

As I am your dutiful and obedient Servant, I feel confident that my humble request will not go in vain.

K. P. KASAVE-DASS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1924

KEEPING UP WITH THE SMART SET IN LITERATURE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

BEFORE Tomlinson joined our Literary Society, it was a very quiet affair. We were only a company of friends who met together and read aloud from the literature of the day. We did n't interpret 'the day' too literally; indeed we were inclined to the Biblical idea that one day might be as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. If any member came across a good thing, he brought it along and shared the pleasure with us. A trifle like a thousand years since the decease of an author did n't trouble us. We gradually drifted into the habit of reading poetry not because we thought it intrinsically better than prose, but because it was more condensed. Moreover it was particularly adapted for reading aloud. We got more pleasure through the ear than through the eye. We found we could enjoy many of our contemporary poets better that way. We found that their poems sounded better than they looked. In this way we were not confined to the old favorites, but were gradually becoming accustomed to new voices.

That was before Tomlinson joined the society. He came in with a bang. There was an urgency about him which was a little disconcerting to the older members, but we realized that we needed new blood. He gave us his views at the second meeting that he attended. We should look upon ourselves not as a society of antiquarians, but as a poetical current-events club. We should be on a sharp lookout for new genius, and we should aim to be ninety per cent efficient. We should let no gifted man escape. Poetic genius is like a fire: we never know where or when it 's going to break out. We must rush to it at the first alarm, and not wait for the heavy critics who are never on the spot till the fire 's out. He had noticed, he said, that some of the members had brought in old stuff, some of it published as much as a dozen years ago. We must cut that out. If we were to keep up with the march of literature, we must think no longer in centuries or decades, we must be up to the minute.

He warned us that we must beware of the obvious. Anything that is obviously agreeable is likely to be reactionary. Keats, who in some respects was in advance of his age, confessed as much. He said: —

> 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
> Its loveliness increases . . .'

That 's why our most up-to-date critics are suspicious of a thing of

beauty. People stop to contemplate it and watch its beauty increase, and by so doing they obstruct the intellectual sidewalk. The progressive artist who wants to keep the crowd moving must make it painful for any to loiter too long before his work.

The purpose of poetry, according to Tomlinson, is to serve as an intelligence test. It would never do to have the same test repeated. You could never get at the intelligence quotient that way. If you find you can understand a bit of poetry, then you must try something harder. If we eliminate the easy pieces, he said, we will soon get rid of the dead wood. Those who can't stand the pace will drop out.

Tomlinson spoke in an easy, confident way. He had been taking a correspondence course in salesmanship that guaranteed that he could impose his ideas on others by sheer force of acquired personality. The rest of us had n't taken the course, so we yielded.

From that day our literary society changed its character. Those who proved unadaptable dropped out. Whenever we saw an old head we hit it. Whenever we heard of a new verse form, or an example of formlessness, we studied it. We had no tolerance for the things of yester-week. We had no longer any literary background and were glad of it. We had emerged from the shadow of great names and were in the open. Tomlinson began to talk of the New Humanism and assured us we were 'It.'

Those were great days for the club, when we could watch a succession of books of poetry emerge from the Unknown, like Pharaoh's fat and well favored kine presaging years of plenty. But Tomlinson was just as well pleased when they were followed by lean volumes whose meagerness grew on acquaintance.

'People used to *write* poetry,' he would say. 'Some do now; but some of the smartest poets just throw a line or two upon the page, and let us do the rest. It saves their time and cultivates our imagination. Here's a specimen page of a book of poems. It's not much to look at, mostly margin. You have to read between the lines, and all around. The poet is a master of the hiatus. All his hiatuses are rich and revealing. You will notice that he begins as if he were going to say something, and then he does n't. That makes it exciting. It's like watching a man on skis at a winter tournament. He comes like a streak down the icy slide to the jumping-off place, and then shoots through the air for a hundred feet or so. The thrill comes when you see him going off through space, and you don't know whether he will land on his head or on his feet. We must get rid of the old pedestrian traditions and enter into the spirit of the poet Ezra Pound tells about.

'My muse is eager to instruct me in a new gamut
or gambetto.
Up, up, my soul, from your lowly cantillations,
put on a timely vigor.'

'What is a gambetto?' asked a timid new member.

'It's something the old poets did n't have,' said Tomlinson. 'The thing which this society needs to take to heart is that if we are to keep up with the march of mind, we must put a timely vigor on.

'According to the Freudians a person is either an introvert, or an extrovert. An introvert is always turning his mind in on itself to see what it looks like. An extrovert sits up and takes notice of what is going on outside. Now that explains the different kinds of poetry. An extrovert will look out of doors and describe a rain storm, the drops of water falling on the umbrella, and that sort of thing. An introvert is not interested in a rain storm, but he can

make poetry out of his own brain storms. He gives you an instantaneous view of his mind when it is struck by an emotional blizzard.

'We want to study both kinds, just as they come along. Now here is a poem by an extrovert. It's thoroughly objective. The poet does n't waste any emotion, he just gives a snapshot of what goes on.

> 'I grasped the greasy subway strap,
> And I read the lurid advertisements,
> I chewed my gum voraciously.

'That is n't a very pretty scene, but you are made to see it. It bears the stamp of truth. Now if the poet were an introvert he would n't say anything about these details. He would give you an impressionistic view of what was going on in the gum-chewer's mind as he was hanging on for dear life to the strap. It would n't be much, but you would get a general impression of mental vacuity. There are flutterings of inchoate sensations. There is a suggestion of intelligence somewhere, like a faint perfume. You can't be sure of it. Perhaps it is n't a thought, but maybe it is. What it is that the gum-chewer has in mind the poet does n't tell directly. Such brutal frankness would destroy the whole effect. He gives you the impression of what something in the gum-chewer's mind, makes on his mind. Then he leaves you with the impression that it does n't matter much anyway. It's all very stimulating. If we can only keep our minds limbered up so that we can catch each poem as it comes we'll be all right.

'Let me read what a competent critic says about an admirable new poet: —

> 'He has pregnant fragile untouched emotions. His verse has the appearance of perverse abandon, of dizzy falling. There is always the appeal to the motor and visceral sensations, change of position, alarming passive motion — as in an elevator.

'That sounds like something new. The poem makes you have that gone feeling which you have when an elevator drops from under you. The old poets could n't produce such effects; they did n't have elevators in those days.'

'Do you really like all that, Tomlinson?' I asked.

'It is n't a question of liking,' he said, 'It's a question of learning to like what's being produced. If we are going to encourage the producers, the consumers must do their part. If the people in Fresno are to produce more raisins, the people in Boston are told to eat more raisins, and they do it. If we are to keep the wheat farms in North Dakota at the peak of production, we must eat more bread. And so if we are to have an American school of poetry, we must read more poetry, and read it quick.'

This view of the subject gave me a new respect for Tomlinson, as I saw that he had a sense of social responsibility. But it put a new strain on our critical powers. We felt that procrastination might be fatal. As Tomlinson said, 'We must appreciate while the appreciation is good.'

As we were whirled through contemporary verse I had glimpses of beautiful things over which I wished to linger. There were ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. But to ask Tomlinson to slow down that we might enjoy them was like asking a motorist to leave the state highways in order to loiter along a shady wood road. So we yielded to his will and began to adopt his language of hasty admiration for all that was unfamiliar.

Sometimes I expostulated mildly. 'Don't you think it would rest the club if we stopped to get a bit of perspective?'

'We don't want perspective. What we are after is originality.'

'But what is originality?' I asked.

'It is being different from the way they used to be.'

'But how can we know that we are different unless we know how they used to be? The other day I took up Dr. Johnson's introduction to Cowley and it struck me that the fashionable poets of the seventeenth century might not have been so different from their successors as we imagine. Dr. Johnson says, "They were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising. . . . Their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before. . . . Authors of this race were more desirous of being admired than understood."

'In their headlong search for originality these seventeenth-century poets produced "a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike, and they conceived that to be the highest kind of writing in verse which is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose. . . . This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren and flattered the laziness of the idle that it immediately overspread our books of poetry, and all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion."'

'Dr. Johnson was an incorrigible old Tory,' said Tomlinson.

'Perhaps so,' I answered, 'but in this instance he was talking not about a new fashion, but about one that had for the time gone out. He says, "The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it and Milton disdained it."

'Don't you think we could have a better sense of values in contemporary literature if we had something to measure them by? When an inventor has a happy thought about a mouse trap he employs someone to go to the Patent Office to find out whether there is anything like it there.

'He inquires as to "the state of the art." Of course if we were contented to enjoy a thing of beauty just because it is beautiful we would n't mind how old it was. But if it 's this season's novelties we are after, we ought to make sure they are novelties.'

Tomlinson looked at me with commiseration. 'I see that you are feeling the strain. All of us do at times. But you must n't look back. Remember Lot's wife. Remember what Washington — or was it Jefferson — said about entangling alliances. Don't get entangled with former generations. They had another set of primary interests — in poetry as in every thing else.'

'But what if it should turn out that the primary human interests are the same in all generations, and it's only the secondary interests that are different? Let me read you a bit of Euphues' *Anatomy of Wit*, which was very fashionable reading in the sixteenth century. He watches the swift procession of the books of the day with eagerness to keep up with them.

'We constantly see the booke that at Christmas lieth bound on the stacioner's stall, at Easter be broken in the haberdasher's shop. It is not strange when the greatest wonder lasteth but nine days, that a new booke should not endure but three months. But a fashion is but a day's wearing and a booke but an hour's reading.

'Euphues expounds the changing taste of the day to his elderly interlocutor and we are told that "Euphues having ended his talk, departed leaving the old gentleman in a quandary." That was just the effect he meant to produce.

'There were some books written in that breathless age that were destined to last more than three months. But I doubt if the author of Euphues knew which they were.'

II

It was useless to contend against Tomlinson, and our search for literary novelties went on. But after a while the club began to feel the retarding force of the law of diminishing returns. There came a faint suspicion that poets who took pains not to imitate their predecessors might yet imitate one another. People who are living in the same generation, and writing for the same public, cannot escape a certain taint of sameness.

When my turn came to present a new candidate for the Hall of Fame I racked my brain in vain to find some one sufficiently different to satisfy the exigent taste of our little society.

As a refuge from my anxieties I took up a well-preserved copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.* I had ventured a number of times into the Arcadia, but had always lost my way in the labyrinth. But this time I skipped the prose and picked out Sir Philip's curious experiments in verse.

With wits sharpened by the tuition of Tomlinson, I realized that here was something that would delight our club by its daring modernity. The chances were that they would never look into the *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.* It would be against their principles.

So I made a few extracts from the less regular poems of Sir Philip Sidney and presented them to the club for consideration.

'You know Sidney Philip, of course?'

Some of the members looked eagerly anxious, as much as to say that they knew him quite well but had forgotten his name. Tomlinson was inclined to be scornful. 'Phillips'? he said. 'He's of the past generation. He edited the *Poetry Review* away back in 1910. He was writing at the beginning of the century. His work is old stuff.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'I'm not talking about Stephen Phillips, or Wendell Phillips, or Philip of Macedon. If you want something up-to-date, and that tests your intelligence, you must take up the last thing of Sidney Philip. It is n't written for the kindergarten class. Sidney Philip does n't waste words. His style has no adipose deposit or connective tissue. He's an artist in words and does n't waste his material. He's a post-futurist as much as any thing. He flings his nouns and verbs at you, and then it's "Catch as catch can." The words mean something to Sidney Philip. If they don't mean any thing to you he does n't care. He's not writing for Main Street. He can take the dictionary just as it stands, and make poetry out of it. It's great stuff for those who can appreciate it. Yet I suppose there are not a dozen persons in this part of the country who know who Sidney Philip is. That's what comes of living in a country given over to common schools, and the Volstead Act. It is n't conducive to art. Let me read you a bit from Sidney Philip's last volume, and see what you can make of it.

'Virtue, beauty and speech did strike, wound, charm
My heart, eyes, ears, with wonder, love, delight
First, second, last did bind, enforce, and arm
His works, shows, suits, with wit, grace and vows. Might,
Thus honor, liking, trust, much far and deep,
Held pierced possessed my judgment, sense and will,
Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, steal, creep
Bands, favor faith, to break, defile and kill,
Then grief, unkindness, proof, took, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain,
But Ah; alas; (in vain) my mind, sight, thought
Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shun, refrain
For no thing, time, place can lose, quench, ease,
Mine own, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

'Now poetry like that is not milk for babes. It is strong meat for strong men. You must masticate it. Take the

words, one by one, and let each make its individual impression on your sensitized imagination. Then turn your mind into a motion-picture machine, and run the film through rapidly. Then see what you've got. When you do it several times, you'll begin to appreciate Sidney Philip. He tells us how that poem of his came to be written in this elusive style. It is supposed to be written and sung by a young lady who was very temperamental. "The verses," says Sidney Philip in his quaint way, "were with some art curiously written to enwrap her secret and resolute woes." By confining herself to a list of disconnected nouns she was able to sing her secret and keep it too. The general public could not guess what it was all about, but to her lover the detached substantives were exquisitely meaningful. "The quintessence of each word distilled down into his inmost soul." '

'That's a good suggestion for study,' said Tomlinson. 'Let's take the words as they come and do some distilling. It's time for us to get results.'

'But don't think,' I said, 'that all his work is like that. He's as much at home in prose as in poetry. But when he does write poetry, he is careful not to say anything in an obvious manner. He wants to keep you guessing. He keeps you on the jump. Thus apropos of nothing in particular he says,

'Ah; that I do not conceive, to the Heaven where a mouse climbs.
Then may I hope to achieve grace of a Heavenly Tiger.

'The more you repeat those lines, the more of a mystery they become. Then follows swiftly,—

'O sweet, on a wretch wilt thou be revenged,
Shall such high planets tend to the loss of a worm?

'These sudden contrasts between the high and the low are characteristic of Sidney Philip. He does n't care a rap for the commonplace middle classes. For him it's either the high planets or the worm, the climbing mouse, or the Heavenly Tiger. He does n't care which it is, so that it's the real thing. This is an age of extremes, and Sidney Philip is its prophet. It is the age of the soaring airman or the crushed strap-hanger in the subway car.

'Sometimes Sidney Philip uses the familiar forms of versification just to show his mastery of the medium, but even then he manifests the post-war mood of rebellion against things as they are, and even against things as they ought to be. He has all the charming perversity of untrammeled genius. Nothing that he can think of satisfies him. He insists on being consciously pathological.

'Like those sick folks, in whom strange humors run,
Can taste no sweets, the sour only please,
So to my mind while passions daily grow,
Joys strangers seem, I cannot bide their show,
Nor brook all else but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefs taste best, pain is my ease,
Sick to the death, still loving my disease.

'Could any thing express more penetratingly the mood of our present-day writers?

'But when Sidney Philip writes as an imagist, he never allows his emotion to intrude. Each image is clear cut and unrelated. There are no entangling alliances with moral ideas. It's pure art. Take this.

'O sweet woods the delight of solitariness;
O how well do I like your solitariness;
Yet dear soil, if a soul closed in a mansion
As sweet as violets, fair as a lily is,
Straight as a cedar, a voice strains the canary birds
Whose shade doth safely hold, danger avoideth her.

'What exquisite art! The first two lines strike that note of childish innocence which our best poets use as a foil to their perfect sophistication.

'O sweet woods the delight of solitariness;
O how well do I like your solitariness.

'It's just the kind of poetry a child of eleven would write. It's a class by itself. It puts you in the right frame of mind for what is to follow. Then the images come thick and fast, the dear soil, and the mansion, the violet, and the lily.

'Then comes a line that gives you pause, and tests the quality of your imagination.

'"Straight as a cedar, a voice strains the canary birds."

'"Straight as a cedar" is clear enough. Anyone could think of that. But what do you make of "a voice strains the canary birds"? You were n't expecting that? Sidney Philip does n't explain. There's something exquisitely cryptic in the phrasing. There is a faint suggestion of Chinese influence. I should like to try it on a Mandarin and get his reaction.'

'It sounds good to me,' said Tomlinson. 'It reminds me of that line of T. S. Eliot, we had such a time over.'

'His soul stretched tight across the skies.

'You remember that it took us a whole evening to work that out.'

Finding that Sir Philip Sidney under a slight disguise could satisfy the demands of the club for ultra modernism, I ventured further into the fashionable literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods.

I introduced George Herbert by reading the opening lines of *Artillerie*.

As I one evening sat before my cell,
Methought a starre did shoot into my lap,
I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap.'

'That's new to me,' said Tomlinson, 'a star shooting into your lap while you are sitting before your cell, so that you have to get up and shake your clothes. There's something of the Wild West in that young poet. He's the kind that would shoot up the town.'

'Yes,' I said, 'and you'd like his titles. There's nothing commonplace or obvious about them. They don't give you a hint as to what he is writing about. "The Quiddity"; "Superlinary"; "Charms and Knots." He ties up his words in a knot, and then lets you untie the knot if you can.'

'That's good,' said Tomlinson. 'Let's begin with the "Quiddity," and see what we can make of it.'

'I think we had better leave that for the next time, I said. Quiddities will keep.'

George Herbert's brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, gave much pleasure as a daring innovator.

'Here is a little thing of a new man named Cherbury, which I think you will like. It begins: —

'Within an open sea of gold,
A bark of ivory one day I saw
Which striking with its oars did seem to draw
Toward a fair coast.'

'That sounds significant,' said Tomlinson.

'Yes; but significant of what?'

'Why it's significant of what it's about. By the way, what's the title of it?'

'The poem is entitled, "A vision of a lady combing her hair."'

'Oh, I get it. The curled sea of gold is her hair; the bark of ivory is her comb, and the oars, are the teeth of the comb. That's quite an idea.'

III

By keeping in the byways of English literature, I think I could have come down to the present day, and provided novelties for the club without awakening suspicion, but after a while Tomlinson became critical. It is just possible

that he became a little jealous, and feared that I was setting a pace that he could n't keep up with.

One day he said, 'Your selection of new authors of the imagist and symbolist school is very stimulating, but I 'm afraid the club is getting a little soft. We have n't had enough rough stuff lately. There must be some new writers in Oklahoma that you missed. We'd like something large and virile, and under-worldly, something with the lid off.'

Instigated by his earnestness, I thought I would make a sudden jump into Tennyson, and see what happened. Every one in the club despised Tennyson, who was a synonym for sweetness and all the other childish things we had put away. I should not have ventured on 'May Day,' or 'Locksley Hall.' 'Come into the Garden, Maud' would have been the signal for a riot.

But there was a Darkest Tennyson which might be unknown to Tomlinson. So I said, 'Have you ever come across *The Northern Cobbler* by Alf Tenterton? If you are looking for some one who is realistic Alf's the boy. He 's a man's man. He gives you poetry with a kick. He does n't care a rap for politeness or prettiness. He does n't aim to please. He aims to shock, and he hits the bull's eye every time.

'How Tennyson would gasp if he could see how the new generation faces life. You might say it outfaces life.

'The hero of the poem is a regular old soak. He gets drunk every night, and kicks his wife and breaks the furniture, and all that sort of thing. But Tenterton does n't lay it up against him. He makes you see all the while that the cobbler is n't a bad fellow at heart. It's just his way of working off his inferiority complexes. It's a heap better than having a lot of Puritanical suppressions and taboos. Tenterton is up on psychology, and then he looks at things with the detached eye of an artist. He does n't mind when the cobbler breaks up the furniture — it is n't Alf's furniture. It's hard on Sally, but then she does n't come into the picture except incidentally.

'Just see how naturally the cobbler expresses himself. "I coom like a bull loose at a fair," he says. He just lets himself go. He's a genuine caveman.

'Once of a frosty night I slither'd an' hurted my huck
An' I coomed neck-an'-crop soometimes slaäpe down i' the squad an the muck:
An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor.

'Now a conventional poet with a standardized mind would have described the battle as a fist fight; something rather fine and Dempsey-like. But Tenterton is a realist and he knew that the tailor would n't fight according to the rules of the ring.

'He scrawmed an' scratted my faäce like a cat, and it maäde 'er so mad
That Sally she turned a tongue-banger and raäted me, "Sottin thy braäins
Guzzlin' an's oakin' an' smoakin' an' hawmin' about i' the laänes,
Soa sow-droonk that tha doesn't touch thy 'at to the Squire."

'Then follows a strong line: —

'An' I loook'd cock-eyed at my noase an' I seed I 'm a-gittin' o' fire.

'You see there the conscience of the literary craftsman. There 's no squeamishness. If there was anything to smash the cobbler smashed it. If there was anything to kick he kicked it. Tenterton's business was to set it all down just as it occurred. The poem is authentic.

'As for Sally, we see her just as she was, sloppy in her draggle-tailed gown.

'An' the babby's faäce wurn't washed an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.

'Of course the cobbler felt bad after his spree: —

'Like a graät num-cumpus I blubbered away o' the bed,
Weant niver do it naw moor, and Sally loookt up an' she said,
" . . . thou 'art laike the rest o' the men
Thou 'll goa sniffin' about the tap till thou does it ageën.
Theer 's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws it and knaws thee sa well
That if thou seeas 'im an' smells 'im tha 'll follow him slick into hell." '

'That's a strong line,' said Tomlinson. '"Slick into hell!" Tenterton is a little too rough for the *Atlantic Monthly* crowd, but he'll be heard from. He strikes out from the shoulder. You can't keep that kind of fellow down.'

Then the talk fell naturally into self-congratulations over our freedom from the old Tennysonian conventions.

IV

I think I should have established my position as a fearless explorer of the wild frontier of modern literature if it had not been for an unlucky association of ideas. While Tennyson was delighting the cultured Victorian public, Martin Farquhar Tupper was enjoying the rewards of the best seller. The members of the club were accustomed to use his name as a term of reproach, but it was not likely that they had looked into the *Proverbial Philosophy*.

As there was a ruder Tennyson who would delight the admirer of the caveman in literature, why should there not be an esoteric Tupper to reward the lover of the wilfully obscure?

I introduced a new author who should be nameless. 'He is just trying out his instrument, but he shows promise. He is a rebel not only against all literary traditions, but also against all previous and all contemporary rebels. He scorns ordinary verse patterns, yet he uses them as it suits his purpose. He takes over the whole field of knowledge by right of eminent domain. He delights in paradoxes which he clothes in language so demure that the undiscerning public accepts them as truisms. But beneath the demureness there is a sardonic spirit that laughs bitterly and vanishes. There is a subtle irony which masquerades as commonplace. The humor is so dry, that it seems to belong to the permanently arid belt. Then there are sudden sublimities for those who like such things. It's like being in an aeroplane. One minute you are running along the ground, and then suddenly you are off into the sky.

'Let me read you these lines on seaweed: —

'The sea-wort floating on the waves, or rolled up high along the shore,
Ye counted useless and vile, heaping on it names of contempt;
Yet it hath triumphed gloriously, and man has been humbled in his ignorance.
For health is in the freshness of its savor, and it cumbereth the beach with its wealth
Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet-tinctured essence,
And by its humbler ashes enriching the proud.

'There's what I call an intriguing kind of poetry. Some of it you can understand. You have seen the seaweed heaped up on the beach, and you may have sufficient agricultural knowledge to be aware that its ashes have value as a fertilizer, or as the writer cleverly puts it, alluding to the Cape Cod farmer, "by its humbler ashes enriching the proud." You visualize the humble seaweed, and the proud farmer.

'But what do you make of the previous line?

'Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet-tinctured essence.'

I read the line slowly, watching the reaction of the club members.

'This line,' I said, 'is intriguing. We all recognize its beauty. "Violet-tinctured essence," contrasts poignantly with "the tossings of pain."

'Even if the words mean nothing in particular, they are very precious.

'But what has the "violet-tinctured essence" to do with common seaweed? Perhaps it has n't any thing to do with it, but if we should find out that it has, there would be an added pleasure which comes with intelligence.

'But perhaps we had better go back to the vivid phrase "tossings of pain." Perhaps you have had a touch of erysipelas which has caused the tossing of pain, and perhaps it has been relieved by the application of iodine. You can visualize the bottle. Now all that you need is a very slight knowledge of pharmacy to make the poet's meaning sun-clear. When you learn that one of the chief sources of iodine is common seaweed, you are on a perfect intellectual equality with the poet. The rather sloppy seaweed on the beach is glorified by its relation to the violet-colored essence in the bottle. It is a process which the psychoanalysts call sublimation.

'You ask, "Why does n't the poet explain all this?" The answer is, "He does, in a footnote, and that is the reason why I have been able to explain it to you."'

That was an unlucky moment for me. The reference to the footnote was my undoing. I glanced at Tomlinson. There was a strange look on his face. It was not scorn or indignation, but a look of outraged innocence. Tomlinson seemed as one who was wounded in the home of his friends.

'Martin Farquhar Tupper!' he exclaimed. '*Proverbial Philosophy*, footnote to page 14.' His tone conveyed deep respect for an honored name, and sorrowful surprise at the liberty I had taken with it.

As we walked home, I broke the silence which had become painful. 'Tomlinson,' I said, 'I did n't know that you read Tupper.'

'I don't,' he said, 'in public, but what a man does in private is something between himself and his conscience. One has to keep up with the procession in literature as in every thing else; but it's hard on the nerves. The mind is kept on the stretch. It's the price we have to pay for progress. But when I go home from the Literary Society and sit down by the fire to enjoy myself, I always take up the *Proverbial Philosophy*. It's a link with a happy past. Makes me feel at home with my own mind. He tells me what I knew beforehand, and it's very comforting to be told it in such a serious way. It makes me feel safe and sane. In these last few years when I 've felt that it was my duty to keep up with the literary advance movement, I've craved something I can understand without too much effort. Now I can usually understand what Tupper is driving at. And when he makes an allusion that is a little difficult all one has to do is to look at the bottom of the page.

'For instance take the poem on memory, which begins: —

'Where art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner of facts and fancies,
In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine airy chambers?
Or art thou that small cavern, the centre of the rolling brain
Where still one sandy morsel testifieth man's original.

'I should n't have guessed what that small cavern was, or what was the sandy morsel in the rolling brain, if it had n't been for the footnote, which explained that "the small cavern is the pineal gland, a small oval about the size of a pea, in the centre of the brain, and generally found to contain, even in children, some particles of gravel. Galen and afterwards Descartes imagined it to be the seat of the soul."

'That shows what Tupper had in

mind. After that, it's all clear sailing, though I don't know what the new physiologists would say about that piece of gravel in the centre of the brain. Galen, I suppose, is looked upon as a back number in medicine.

'When I'm reading the text of Tupper, I don't tax my memory with the words. It's the general impression that every thing is all right that I retain. But when it comes to a footnote I take notice. I'm sure to get some useful information. That's where you slipped up. If you had just recited the poetry, you might have got away with it; but when you quoted the footnote I spotted you. I can repeat every footnote in the *Proverbial Philosophy*.'

'I'm sorry, Tomlinson, that I made such a bad break.'

'I'm sorry too,' he replied. 'I'm afraid it will break up the club.'

SHALL I DIVORCE MY WIFE?[1]

BY BURNHAM HALL

I

During eight months of exile from my home I have pondered this question. Two months ago I filed suit for divorce in a near-by court; yet I still ask myself whether I should put it through. The case will not be contested. It is clear, definite, and simple, and duly substantiated. My wife herself wants it to go through, quickly. She wants to marry the man she has loved, still loves, and believes she always will love. Having given me just cause for divorce, she is willing to take her medicine and abide by its inward and outward results.

I, however, would infinitely rather she would get a decree against me instead. We consulted with three lawyer friends and tried to work up a case against me for our local courts, obviating the necessity for travel into another state, with its consequent expense of time and money. I lent every reserve of my personal history, and even considerable of my imagination to help build up a case of mental cruelty against me in support of my wife's claim that she found it impossible to live with me. Two of our friends thought we had a case, but when we placed it in the hands of the third, who alone of the three was licensed to practice in our state, he gave it up, saying that he could not face a judge with such evidence as we had built together.

He thought, however, that he might construct a case of alienated affections if I would compromise one or another of my women friends, of whom my wife might claim jealousy!

Then a somewhat celebrated lawyer offered to get a divorce in favor of my wife, if I could provide myself with a professional co-respondent, furnish the necessary cash for detective witnesses, and meet a fee of fifteen hundred dollars. A less prominent, but doubtless wiser man of law, advised me against such procedure. He said that the

[1] This paper is, of course, an absolutely true record. — The Editor.

state of the public mind, and therefore that of the bench, was at present dangerously against such collusion and that it was very apt to fail.

Weeks slipped by and my wife grew impatient of delay. She thought I was stalling in the hope that she would settle down again to dull existence with me instead of realizing her dream of abundant life with one whom she loved. She had acted honestly, openly, and either courageously or merely imprudently when she ran away to him on their first adventure. Courageously, I say, if she went with a full understanding of the consequences, and was willing to face them; imprudently and foolishly if she dived off on impulse from a springboard of ignorance.

I choose to grant her full credit for knowing what she was about. She seems to have faced the world and marched straight ahead. Now she was through with me as a husband, wanted her freedom, and wanted it quickly.

I had indeed hoped she might change her mind and, with it, her heart. I had wondered if this romance were not what William James once called an emotional jag, precipitated by a long and tedious strain and forgivable and forgettable as one might forgive and forget a spree. I did not know how to help her change that ever mysterious mind of hers. Perhaps some men know how. Sometimes they seem to do such things in novels and movies. I confess to failure, and I also confess to a myopic misunderstanding of what can, and does, really happen in a woman's soul when she hits the trail of her dream, not in reverie but in fact.

I had welcomed her back to roof, food, clothing, and the material artefacts of life, not as her husband but as a friend in time of need. Having been dropped as a husband, I chose to remain a friend, and was accepted as such.

But the problem of her freedom remained, and after much more communion with legal minds (marvelous contraptions of historic sophistry!) I found myself, as it were, in the very clutches of the law.

II

I know very little about divorce in the abstract. I have read, since it became a personal problem to me, a few articles in the *Atlantic*, in the *World's Work*, and in scattered periodicals here and there. None of these articles mean very much to me. Not one of them throws the faintest light on my own individual case. I sit, in enforced exile, awaiting the day appointed for me to come into court and accuse openly, publicly, a friend of mine, my one-time wife, of a statutory crime. I sit here in the very spirit and letter of those lines from Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol:* —

> I know not whether laws be right
> Or whether laws be wrong,
> All that we know who sit in jail
> Is that the wall is strong,
> And that each day is like a year,
> A year whose days are long.

My little reading has led me through discussions as to whether marriage was made by God or by man; whether Church, or State, or both, or neither, should control marrying and unmarrying. I have read citations from judges, quotations from Scripture, extracts from anthropology, precedents from the law, and a host of opinions, lay and clerical, legal and medical; and I seem not one whit wiser, and certainly not the least trifle comforted by all these acres of printed word.

What concerns me is a definite, bitterly earnest conflict of feelings within my soul, or heart, or mind, or whatever it is that becomes the battlefield of one's emotions. Shall I end these days of uncertainty, of anxious waiting, of inward

perturbation both for myself and for my erstwhile wife, by throttling my sense of courtesy and even decency, go to court, and pillory a woman whom I respect and admire; or shall I drop the case and go my way, leaving it to her to find her freedom as best she can, alone?

Nor does retrospective analysis of the factors involved in this case lend a helpful hand toward the settling of my question. It has become a struggle of almost pure feeling, in which facts, dates, figures, picture-memories, opinions, and abstractions serve as a mere hazy background, or as a dimly interested audience of wearied faces. The outcome seems to lie in the final resultant of two tugging, striving, major forces, pulled on tangents by minor issues of chance circumstance and time.

If it were only possible for me to be angry, or to feel deeply injured or dramatically jealous — how easy my answer would be! As it is, my coming approach to the law has all the semblance of cold-blooded, maliciously calculated murder. The end may justify the means, but I am not as yet a convert of Machiavelli, nor an emulator of Benvenuto Cellini, both of which worthies I read with considerable delight. Yet I cannot even work myself into a rage against the man who has stolen my wife, to use a phrase rooted in the time when wives were private property — like swords, or pipes, or horses.

He is no villain. He is a most admirable young man in many ways, many years younger than I, and several years younger than the woman he loves and wants to marry. Physically he triumphs over me at every point. His shock of curly brown hair would turn the Apollo Belvedere jaundiced with envy; he has the shoulders of a young gorilla, while as a typical caveman he would enthrall the feminine element in any movie audience. I, on the contrary, am built along lines of the proverbial bean-pole, regret a sprinkling of gray over my ears, shall probably be nearly bald within six years and, as a movie-actor, would make an admirable bookkeeper or professor in a boarding-school. I do not jot down this contrast in levity, but in quite serious earnest. Physique doth count in unmarrying as well as in first marrying.

Only inscrutable Providence knows why my wife elected me the successful candidate from among her bevy of would-be husbands before we were married. The fact remains that she did, and that she afterwards regretted her choice. On the contrary, I know full well why I selected such a charmingly buoyant amazon for a possible wife, and I have not regretted it even through our latest storm, and perhaps our last. The hand of the great potter did not shake when he fashioned her frame, and he breathed a remarkably vital spirit into her clay.

There must be primal, fundamental reasons for a romantic revolution in a woman's heart, and sheer quality of physical fitness for reciprocal matehood doubtless plays an all important part. I mean more than a mere functional capacity for paternity or maternity. Our vibrantly wholesome daughter, reincarnating so much of her mother's magnetism and versatility of physique belies such a physiological level. Nor am I persuaded that Mr. Wilfrid Lay's thesis, in his interesting but enormously padded *Plea for Monogamy*, has solved the major problems of the matrimonial universe. There seems to be, at least on the part of my own wife, some conscious or unconscious physical standard or ideal to which I have not measured up; and this probably accounts, in part at least, for her change of mind and spirit toward me in our married life.

This factor cannot be affected practically by any academic, literary, legal, clerical, or scientific discussion of our

problem. It remains a constant, or at least a very slightly variable factor. The odds here are against me. I accept a defeat which was written in my ancestry before I was born into this droll, Darwinian world.

III

The variables in my perplexity consist of that multitude of wavering, stressing, straining, and conflicting thoughts, feelings, words, and acts, which, together with desire, sympathy, and sometimes with love, go into the building of married life. Only an impossibly complete record of these, in the hands of an omniscient psychoanalyst, would prove of much practical value in an attempted solution of such a problem as I have faced during the last eight months and more.

I have had ample leisure, lately, to go over these elements very thoroughly and even microscopically. I have tapped long-buried memories in retrospection, reread years of diary and stacks of old letters. My wife and I have chatted over our historic petty differences and major conflicts of opinion in a friendly attempt to sift their proper worth, and perhaps to understand each other better. These items, fit for amicable discussion, are welcome in law courts, and would make delightful material for gossip among our acquaintances; but to one's own soul the details are like so much wind-blown chaff, and may become as irritating as they are useless.

Stripped to the skin, exposed in primal nakedness and unashamed, our case seems to be that threadbare story of a self-satisfied husband, content with his wife, believing he loved her, and feeling quite sure that she was as happily content with him as he was with her. It is the same old story of yet another woman who has tried to adjust herself, in married life, to less than she had hoped and dreamed of in that supposedly blessed state, and then suddenly decided to snatch from life by sheer force that which it had failed to give her with an open hand. Who shall say that she is wrong? The law court, yes; the clergy, yes; her neighbors, acquaintances, and even some of her friends, perhaps; but if within her own heart she believes she is right, what boots it judge, Church, or people? Where, in literature, or in tradition, or in our own convictions is there a solidly satisfactory answer to such a query?

I ask myself these questions in what is perhaps a futile attempt to be intellectually honest with myself and with her. I doubt if anyone is ever completely honest with himself in such a situation; but one may keep on trying.

My wife seems to feel something, to understand something in life that I do not. She seems to want something of which I have only a cloudy and somewhat poetic conception. Love, to her, seems to be something vitally different from what it has been to me. She left me, not because she hated me, or even because she greatly disliked me; but because she did not love me and because she did love somebody else.

That somebody has no money. He has no home. He has no job and does not want one. He is a romantically independent fellow, intent on building his own independent career outside of our vast system of corporation slavery. He offers her nothing save himself and his ambition and his own peculiar brand of love, with which she felt imperatively impelled to mate and there found happiness. For him she was willing to leave home, fireside, husband, child, and friends. For him she is willing and anxious to do this again, after her temporary return during a time of material stress.

Yet she loves and wants a home, a

fireplace, motherhood, and friends. I provided these, but failed to provide a satisfactory husband with them. Things — solid, tri-dimensional things — we had in plenty. I even supported for her a yearly new edition of the most famous motor car in the world. But these things were not enough; nor were my affection, my variety of devotion, my quality of love (if we may dignify it by that name) enough to make her feel that she was living a life instead of leading an existence.

The essential fact is plain. I have failed to provide that subtle and supreme something, perhaps a mystic fusion of physical and spiritual elements necessary in an ideally reciprocal relation between man and woman, which my wife feels it is her right to have from life. And having failed here, what, I ask, have legal, clerical, ethical, scientific, or social precedents, conceptions, dogmas, theories, and traditions to do with this essentially individual and imperatively personal fact?

IV

Just as verbal and printed discussions of the divorce problem have been drably arid and hollow to me, so all those sages who have discussed my own theme so wisely seem thrust like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn are scattered and their mouths are stopped with the dust of their own exegesis. Freud, Forel, Ribot, Krafft-Ebbing, Kisch, and even such sympathetic souls as Stanley Hall and Havelock Ellis have left me stiffly cold with my haunting perplexity. I have had ample time to read scientific, medical, and even mystic views upon love and marriage, and have even added such cream-pufferies as Elinor Glyn's complete and final philosophy of practical erotics. Yet the inner mystery of my wife's primitive and protean mind remains to me as inscrutable as ever. She continues to hold the benefit of all my doubts and blundering surmises. She continues to hold my respect, and no little of my affection and admiration.

I have found no reason under heaven why this woman should remain my wife in name and to outward appearance when she is wedded in spirit to another. I have found no shadow of excuse to justify my asking her to live with me, save only the problematic welfare of our daughter. But this small girl has never heard a cross word, or seen a bitter look, or had reason to suspect the least note of discord between her father and mother, and there is no reason why she ever should except as she may absorb the opinions of others than ourselves. My wife and I have set our stage and played our appointed parts right well in the sight of our youngster, and played not without considerable reality of feeling — especially where she herself was concerned. Yet my wife is weary of play-acting, and wants to live. She believes that only by true living can she be to herself, or to her daughter, or to anyone, that which is worth being at all.

She claims that the quicker we remove our wigs and wash our faces, the happier we shall be with ourselves and with everyone with whom we dwell. She regards one phase of legal mummery in such a cause as noxious as any other, and prefers to suffer acutely if need be as a result of quick action from me, rather than to endure the almost chronically painful lengthiness of bringing a suit herself under the circumstances as we find them. To her the way seems clear, and the problem appears simple enough. To me it remains a conflict into this eleventh hour.

I feel, as the time draws near for me to enter a courtroom for the first time in my life, like a man drifting without a paddle in a lost canoe. I seem to be

headed toward a sudden plunge into water of unknown depths. Perhaps the fall will prove short, the current merciful, and I may be landed gratefully on a green and solid shore; but I cannot see ahead.

So easy it is for folks to say, as I have heard them say, or heard they have said: 'Serves her right; he ought to be rid of her quick. . . . He should drop the matter and leave it up to her. . . . She ought to be spanked into her senses and settle down in her own home while she has the chance. . . . He's a damn fool to let that youngster steal his wife. . . . Abnormal creature, deserves to lose her. . . . They ought to get together, forget themselves, and live for the child. . . . It would be ridiculous if it were not so pitifully tragic. . . .' This last utterance is the only one that seems to hold the least glimmer of understanding. I do, indeed, seem to be playing in a comedy fit for a Sunday supplement, and in a tragedy suitable to a highbrow novel; but opinion and comment have in no wise helped me to decide what is best for me to do.

V

I have always hated Adam's reply to God in the Garden of Eden. Eve very bravely and impudently ate her apple and disobeyed the Almighty. I respect her for it. Adam whimpered excuses about his wife's misconduct and example. That makes me sick. Men seem to have been justifying themselves in much the same way before the Lord ever since, and if not before God, then at least before judges and their fellow men.

Imagining myself in court on this case of mine, I feel like a miserable incarnation of that cowardly progenitor of our human race, and no amount of logic, or law, or custom, or man-made justice serves to make me feel one whit better about it. If I arise in court and solemnly swear, hand on Bible, that my wife has criminally injured me, I shall feel like an Adamic cad. I shall deserve to be cast out into a land of thorns and sand, and to have the serpent proceed to bruise my heel.

If I drop my case at the courthouse door, as I sometimes feel I shall be impelled from within to do, I shall have added a cruel weight to the shoulders of my wife and friend, who already bears as much of a burden as any woman should be given. I shall postpone indefinitely the day when she may realize her heart's one supreme desire, which, be it a sublime reality or an absurd illusion, has held, holds, and shall hold my respect as the integrity of another person's mind. I shall seem to have backed out of a painfully difficult job simply to satisfy a whimsy of courtesy and personal preference on behalf of my own ego.

My lawyer writes me to keep my nerve, to play I am a surgeon about to perform a necessary and saving operation. Now I have already performed minor surgical operations upon my wife, with a scalpel, when those were necessary. I have also held her hand in mine through a major operation, and assisted in the birthing of her daughter. The legal operation that confronts me, however, seems sometimes quite beyond my small powers of endurance; and there seems utterly no answer to my inward perplexity save that resultant of struggling forces within me which must lead, right soon, to conclusive action. I do not know, to-day, what that action will be. And I do not ask anyone for suggestion or advice.

VI

I am not a moralist. I rather hate 'morals' tacked on, like label-tags, to the end of a story. I have set down an

attempt to crystallize a mood, or set of feelings, and I do not want to preach. Yet to any man who has spent a goodly portion of eight months thinking along a certain line, there ought to come a few tentative conclusions, if not in regard to the problem as a whole, then at least as to his own future conduct in the wake of its consequences.

Were I to proceed with this case, what should I do next?

Obviously my wife is taking a chance where the odds are tremendously against her. She steps from a world of friends and congenial acquaintances into a land organically inimical toward anyone who acts openly against its more sensitive *mores*. She enters a union whose success is doubted, if its consummation is not wholly disapproved by her family and friends. She gambles on the promise of integrity, solidarity, lasting affection, moral and financial support of a young man still a verdant freshman in the school of life, into whose hands she is willing to place her future as a wife, and as the mother of children, a profession she elected early in life to pursue. She knows she is playing with chance, though perhaps she has not tried to calculate the odds. That marriage is a job at adjustment, she has also learned, but she believes she can do better a second time than she has the first.

Personally, I wonder if she will be better able to adjust herself even to a man so different from myself. I do not think I flatter myself. I am sure I must bristle with irritating negatives like an Arizona cactus, and I probably remain as serenely unconscious of their sharp and stinging points. Yet, from the little I know of this young man, his surface is not smooth as an apple; and, as to my wife, she is not without antagonizing traits which call for adjustment in return.

I somewhat fear that they both bank on the indubitable, but perhaps overestimated, power of physical attraction, of biological love, if you will, to bring the necessary compensations; and yet every intelligent person knows that sex as a physical mechanism is subject fundamentally to the law of diminishing returns, and perhaps even to Helmholtz's psycho-physics law of stimulus and reaction, both or either of which would at least modify the solidity of such a foundation for life.

Altogether I have reason to wonder whether their experiment will prove a success. What am I to do, I who gave my word of honor to love and to cherish this wife of mine until death do us part? Shall I so easily pragmatize the situation, let her lie on the bed she has made, and go my way relieved of further worry? I can hardly do that. I think without doubt she will leave me; it is probable that she will marry again.

There remains, it seems to me, but one thing for me to do: keep friendly. She will need financial support for a while whether she marries or not. I can help there through an allowance, or what you will, for the care of our daughter, for I shall certainly not take the girl from her mother, whatever judgment a bench may hand down. She will need moral support, the thought of a few friends in the world, more than once. This I can give as I may be able.

Does that sound sentimental? or like a merely verbal pose? Think of our daughter. Marriage may be dissolved, a home may be broken, man and wife may drift apart on their respective ways; but the child remains, concrete, steadfast, a lovely reality.

With respect to our daughter, my job seems to be, again: keep friendly. Without friendliness between my wife and me, the child will be hurt, deeply, lastingly. With concord and cheerful-

ness, for her sake if for no other, she will weather whatever physical and nominal changes a divorce may bring about, with only a surface perplexity and pain. She is now of that grimly realistic age when everything is true which does not go contrary to her own inward wish. Santa Claus, Mother Hubbard, God, her daddy's power, and her mother's goodness are equally true.

Marriage is a reality to her, but if ever there were to be a time when her mother and father might be unmarried or remarried without any more disturbance to her own little soul than would be their getting a shave or a shampoo, it is now. Thinking seriously about it will come much later.

I think she should know the truth regarding our separation of ways very soon. I think she should know it in the same spirit and atmosphere that she has known me to come and go 'on business,' or has bade her mother good-bye when she has gone 'to Europe.' She can live with me in the future, as she has in the past, and trade back to her mother, and to her grandmother, or to one of the half-dozen loving and lovable women who have mothered her temporarily while her own mother has been 'away.' Gradually she will get perspective. Slowly she will gain a knowledge of the way things are done in the world, the way they 'ought' and 'ought not' to be done; but for one thing I sincerely hope, and for that one thing I shall diligently work: that she may grow up in an atmosphere of friendliness, of coöperation, and of as much cheerfulness, as possible.

Further, I shall endeavor to lead her to feel that marriage and motherhood are the supreme goals of life, and to believe that marriage can be successful, and that it may be happy. Does this sound impossibly grotesque? Perhaps; but I feel sure that here, at least, I shall have the child's mother in full sympathy and in active help. If her own second married life is happy, the task will be easier than if it is not; but even should it not be, this effort can still be made. Perhaps our endeavor will have more power of feeling and thought and sympathetic effort than even an average mother and father might give to such a job. Emerson's law of compensation often works strange miracles in life, does it not?

I seem to have then, two very definitive personal angles to my problem, or at least toward its aftermath. For myself, I want to follow out as far as I can my promise (and my desire) to cherish, at least, and to help a woman and a mother who has meant much of happiness, and somewhat of sorrow in my life. For our child, I want to make every effort to keep her happy and unperplexed in childhood, enlightened as well as we may know how to enlighten her in youth as regards her coming life, and especially concerning love, marriage, and parenthood. And by every means I shall try to keep hope high in her heart that, whatever mistakes and blunders and even tragedies have befallen her father and mother in their attempts to adjust their life together, she may, by hard work and a resolute spirit and a steadfast faith in her finest inward feelings, *make* life worth living, with happiness as a possible by-product.

PRAYER

BY KIRSOPP LAKE

To past generations prayer meant primarily the process of petition to God by which He was induced to do otherwise than He would have done if prayer had not been used. Fasting and sacrifice and prayer were the great magical triad by which men endeavored to secure favor from God. The Bible and Church History supply countless examples of the importance of this triad. They also illustrate the way in which fasting and sacrifice have gradually come to lose their importance.

But prayer meant also, or rather took with it, the sense of communion with God, not as the Supreme Governor who controls the universe, but as the Father who advises, comforts, strengthens, and forgives his children in answer to their cry of need, who enables them to bear the temptations of success and failure, and lightens their darkness when the clouds hang heavy overhead. The language in which this sense of communion has been expressed, has often changed, and will no doubt change again, but the experience which it expresses is permanent.

Moreover, because conversation is the best means of clarifying thought, prayer has been always the means whereby men have become conscious of their own aspirations, have seen glimpses of a better world, and have sought henceforward to make the life which they must live on the plain approach more closely to the vision which they have seen on the mount. The vision has always gone with them, and as the inevitable day of weakness has drawn near, when they have known that Mt. Pisgah and not the Land of Promise was the farthest that they would reach, it has been to the vision that they have turned to find in it the true Reality. To errors of intellect and to the weakness of human nature they may have succumbed, for sinners as well as saints, ignorant as well as learned, foolish as well as wise have been among their number; but they have never wholly forgotten the vision, and those who have come after them have perceived that these were men who were pilgrims and sojourners here because they belonged to the city which 'hath foundations.'

Finally, confession or self-examination is a constant element in all the classic examples of prayer. It does not perhaps necessarily mean the recognition of error, though it often does so; but it is essentially a spiritual 'stock-taking,' revealing to him who prays what is the true nature of his life, strengthening the good, and condemning the evil in it. For this reason it perhaps plays a smaller part in public prayer than in private. Nevertheless there are certain causes for failure which are common to the race, and can be recognized and confessed in common prayer — the pride of life, the lust of the eye, and the desire for revenge. These are the simplest and most powerful enemies of good, and they are met openly though not always by name, in all the great examples of prayer. It is impossible to pray 'Thy Kingdom come' and, at the same moment, be

infected by the pride of life or the lust of the eye; or to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' and lightly to harbor schemes of revenge. To pray thus is to make confession and to seek amendment, and will remain the refuge of sinful humanity long after it has abandoned all belief in the magical power of petition to the Almighty.

Thus prayer means petition, communion, aspiration, and confession. In the public worship of the churches petition has always been put in the first place, and naturally so, for it is historically the most prominent. Nevertheless probably few educated men believe in its efficacy. The laws of life — which is the Will of God — are not changed in their working by prayer, sacrifice, or fasting.

The most striking example of this fact is the crudest and simplest. In my boyhood, it was still customary to pray for fine weather, or, in the rarer occasions when the English climate demanded it, for rain. The custom is now, I fancy, almost dead. It has not been killed by any atrophy of religion, but by increased knowledge of meteorology. If you teach the public in the newspaper every week-day that the weather is fixed through complicated laws, that if the barometer is rising fair weather is probable, while rain may be expected if it is falling, you cannot expect them to believe on Sunday that the humidity of the atmosphere will be affected by prayer.

Nor is the question very different with regard to prayer in time of sickness, though the issue is often obscured by pious people who cling to the custom, and do not analyze their belief. Opinion on this subject probably ranges itself into three groups. There are those who still think that prayer will cure disease; the belief of innumerable generations supports them, but not the evidence of medical experts. Secondly, there are those who, frankly admitting that prayer cannot change the course of disease, advocate it as a consolation to the sufferer and to his friends. This is no doubt often true: it is a sound and charitable reason for praying; but it is likely to lose its efficacy when its motive is perceived. Finally, there are those who think that in some mysterious way they can by prayer divert a stream of energy to a sick person, and so make him better. Conceivably this is true, though personally I doubt it. But why should this stream of energy be most effectual when put into the form of petition to God? It seems to me that if there be any truth in this theory it is not so much that prayer diverts a stream of healing energy as that it serves as a 'suggestion,' focusing all the powers of resistance and recuperation which the sick may possess but be unable to 'will' to use. That this may be valuable, should be practised and studied, I do not doubt; but is it prayer? In any case it is not the same thing as the strictly supplicating prayer of our ancestors, which was a petition to God who might be persuaded to do what He might otherwise not have done.

My own attention was once called somewhat painfully to the unconscious change of thought which has affected almost everyone in this matter. I was taking charge of a church for a friend who was going away for a fortnight. 'You will have,' he said, 'nothing much to do. But poor Mr. Smith is very ill, and Dr. Brown has promised to let you know if it becomes hopeless, so that you can put him into the prayers.' I was very young at the time, and it was somewhat of a shock to me to realize that 'praying for' someone in the church, by the customary device of dropping to a lower note the voice which had hitherto monotoned the

service on G, and announcing that 'The prayers of the congregation are desired for M, who is seriously ill,' had become a means of preparing friends for bad news, under the pretense of asking the Almighty for help. The shock to young minds when they discover such changes as this alienates more of them from the churches than any direct attack could ever do. The tragedy is that the churches do not know it, for the young do not say much about it; they merely stop going to church. The death of churches is not likely to be violent or spectacular, for controversy implies life. The deadly sequence of symptoms is when one generation goes to church, supports it financially and prevents all change in the customs of the forefathers; the second generation continues the support, but otherwise leaves it alone; the third generation abandons it altogether.

That the religion of to-morrow will have prayer I do not doubt, unless the churches should be so foolish as to insist that Prayer must include Petition, in which case they will keep the word, and another name will be given to the reality. For I do not believe that the religion of to-morrow will have any more place for petition than it will have for any other form of magic. But how are the churches going to deal with the question? It is a matter which especially affects the non-liturgical churches, strange as it may seem. In a liturgical church the prayers are frequently unintelligible to the congregation. In the Catholic Church they are in Latin, in the English Church and Protestant Episcopal Church of America they are in an archaic idiom which diverts attention from the strangeness of its meaning by the beauty of its sound. Converts and strangers may criticize the doctrine of these prayers, but we, who neglect it because we have been born in the church, perhaps do more justice to their significance. Members of non-liturgical churches seem rarely to understand that it is the dramatic, not the theological side of the service which makes itself felt, that many members of the congregation are purified and inspired by the service as a whole, without ever stopping to think about its meaning; indeed, if they did they would probably cease to be inspired. In any case, petitions written five hundred or fifteen hundred years ago cease to be regarded as petitions in the same way as those which at least pretend to be the fervent supplication of a minister for the special congregation.

Obviously the non-liturgical Protestant churches are in a very different position. Every Sunday the minister is responsible for the 'long prayer' as it is usually called. He is supposed to make it apply to the needs of his congregation; it is — at least in form — an extempore performance marked by fervor and unction. If it be not sincere the salt has lost its savor. It is traditionally always in the idiom of petition, but it is significant how many Liberal ministers endeavor to quiet their conscience, which dislikes that idiom, by passing — if I may somewhat abuse the grammarian's language — through the optative mood to an *oratio obliqua* intended to express the aspirations of the congregation. I cannot resist the conviction that this can be but a temporary expedient, and I believe that this question of petition in prayer is the most difficult problem which the non-liturgical churches have to face. It is to them what the question of the creeds is to the liturgical churches.

To see this is not difficult, but merely to abandon the custom of prayer because we no longer believe in the efficacy of petition would be to throw away the grain in an effort to be rid of the chaff.

Prayer, it was said above, is not only petition, but also communion and aspiration. What will the religion of to-morrow say about communion and aspiration?

If the religious life of the future contains 'public worship' as an integral part of its manifestation, it will be because many men feel that not in solitude but in the company of others who have a like necessity do they most feel the communion of a higher power, do they cleanse their souls from impurities and littlenesses, and light the flame of aspiration which illumines their path through the darkness of daily life.

Indeed, it is becoming increasingly clear that to stimulate and quicken communion and aspiration — whatever explanation may be adopted of the experience covered by these words — is likely to be the main purpose of the services of the church of to-morrow, though this will be a serious breach with the tradition of the past; for in the Catholic Church the services are means of salvation, and in the Protestant Church have been hitherto largely, if not chiefly, means of instruction. Nevertheless, Protestants of the Liberal wing have to a large extent accepted the change indicated. The services of the church are held to have a 'spiritual' rather than an intellectual value, which seems to mean subjective rather than objective. Catholics while of course asserting the spiritual value of the service would maintain that this value is objective — it is in the service not in the frame of mind of the congregation. Nevertheless, the paradoxical truth is that the Catholic service is more successful than the Protestant in giving the subjective value. The Catholic goes to Mass, believing in the objective supernatural value of the service, and for him it does not depend at all on the presence of a congregation to be 'valid'; for he accepts what to the historian is a myth connected with the sacrament. He gains spiritual help. Moreover others, not Catholic, often feel the value of the service. The Protestant goes to his service, believing in the subjective value of the service, and that its importance is entirely in the effect which it has on the congregation. He hopes that the sermon of the minister, supported by some slight musical introduction, and a few hymns, will somehow do him good. He is often disappointed, he goes less frequently, and his children are ceasing to go at all. The danger to the Catholic Church is that it will fail to satisfy the intellect, which will reject the Church's interpretation of the Mass; to the Protestant that it will not satisfy the soul, which is not nourished by the service. The religion of to-morrow will doubtless devise a method which will satisfy both intellect and soul. If neither Catholics nor Protestants can mend their ways, both will perish, but Religion will survive.

Just as to stimulate and develop this sense of communion and aspiration is the work of the churches, so to analyze and explain it is the task of the psychologists, and it is not certain as yet what their answer will be. The problem is this: granted that there is a consciousness of communion, which appears to be with some external power, is that appearance correct, or is the communion really with some part of the man's own nature which is ordinarily submerged? Only the professional psychologist is really competent to discuss this question properly, but anyone can see that it is not an idle one, and that any answer gives rise to others.

It is common experience that whereas our words and actions are usually the result of conscious rational thoughts, there are moments when we are — so it seems both to ourselves and to others — in the clutch of a higher

power, sometimes inspiring us to good, sometimes to evil deeds and words. God and the Devil are the explanation which theologians have given to this duplex phenomenon.

The psychology of to-day has questioned this explanation. It seems to many who have most deeply studied the question, that our conscious life of reason has a deep penumbra of which we are not habitually conscious. It makes itself felt only when emotion or some other cause calls it up into action. It contains all the instincts, ethics, and thoughts of the past generations, whose history is latent in every individual. If this side of it be called into action by some momentary collapse of our usual psychical balance, anyone of us may relapse for a time into the condition of primitive man, with primary instincts, and animistic thoughts. But some at least would hold that it contains also the germ of all the achievements and triumphs which will make life better and fuller for our descendants. If by the splendor of art or the inspiration of religion this side of us be roused into life, we become capable of rising for the moment to the heights which only our remote descendants will fully master, and we become living prophecies of a new world. For the Devil is the ghost of primitive man, and God is the unborn life of the world that is yet to be.

THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE

BY GLENN CLARK

I DO not know why God should have blessed me for the past two years with an almost continuous stream of answered prayer. Some of the answers were marvelous, many unexplainable, all of them joy-giving. But, greater than any particular blessing that came with any particular answer, greater than the combined blessings of all the combined answers, was a gift, a blessing, that was so much larger, so much more inclusive than all the other special gifts, that it encompassed all within itself. I refer to the peace and happiness and absolute liberation from the bondage of fear and anger and the life-destroying emotions that came to me and revealed to me the practicability of finding the Kingdom of Heaven in the practical world of men.

Concomitant with this great blessing came the impulse to share it with others — to pass it on that they too might have their burdens eased and their paths made smooth. But whenever I approached a friend to tell him how I prayed, my brain stumbled and words failed me. My method was so simple, so natural, it seemed to me, that its very simplicity defied analysis. Like the air I breathed it could not be captured and confined in any form.

So two years went by. Then one day while walking home from college a student said to me: 'I wish very much that you would tell me how you pray. Won't you tell me sometime?' It suddenly occurred to me that this was the first time anyone had put that question to me. I do not know whether it is that every question has its own answer residing in it, just as every seed contains

the entire life plan of the completed plant; or whether the commands of Jesus, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' were meant to be applied to questions we ask of each other as well as questions we ask of God when we do so in the spirit of Christian humility and love; but this I do know: late in the evening the answer to this question leaped full-fledged into my brain. For two years I had striven in vain to answer a question that no one had ever asked; and then in a twinkling, before a question asked in all sincerity and with honest purpose, the answer came.

The essay which follows contains the answer to that question. I wish to have it clearly understood, however, that I do not wish the method here described to become a formula. I offer it rather as an opening of doors and windows through which man's soul may find liberation from the confinement of the things which bind, and expand a bit to meet the ever-expanding love of God.

I find the 'frame' for my method in the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. I say 'frame' because either one of these can be recited in less than half a minute, and a prayer such as we materialistically minded moderns need is one which will demand at least fifteen minutes of our time.

In this day of the coliseum, the gymnasium, and the 'daily dozen,' I know it may sound impractical and visionary to suggest that the spirit deserves as much care as the body. But is not our spiritual health as important to our well-being as our physical health? Is not the life more than the food, and the body more than the raiment? Is not the kernel within the seed and the sap within the oak — in other words, that which is within, vitalizing, propelling the life processes — more important than that which is without and can be seen and touched?

Let me stand in the market-place with the physical culturists and demand, as they demand, fifteen minutes of your time every day for two months. And while I hesitate to promise, as they promise, that at the end of that time you will find yourself a new man, this I can say: at the end of that time you will find yourself in a new world. You will find yourself in a friendly universe, where religion will no longer be a thing to be believed or disbelieved, a thing to be worn or cast off, but where religion will be a part of life as blood is a part of the body. You will find yourself in a new world where your God no longer dwells in churches and meeting-places and forms and days, but where He governs every minute of every day of every year. You will find yourself in a new world where immortality will no longer be sought as something far away, to be found at some far distant time, for you will know that you are immortal now and that the entire universe with all its good and with all its beauty belongs to you now and forever.

Let us take then as our model the zeal and steadfastness of the physical culturist and utilize it in the field of the spirit. To associate these two fields in our mind will prove very helpful for our present purpose, for a prayer should be for the spirit exactly what calisthenics should be for the body — something to keep one in tune, fit, vital, efficient and constantly ready for the next problem of life.

Now what are the underlying principles in Walter Camp's Daily Dozen?

1. The first principle is that the man shall stretch his muscles, as the caged lion stretches, whenever he can. And, mark you, the muscles that are seen are not so important as the muscles that are unseen — in the language of Walter Camp, 'the muscles under the ribs.' This should be the first principle of prayer also.

One should first of all stretch the mind to take in God, not a one-sided, two-sided, or a three-sided view of God, but *all*. Moreover, this stretching should not be for the objective mind — which is out where we can see and control it — so much as for the subjective mind, the mind that is out of sight, the mind that is 'under the ribs.'

2. The next principle underlying the daily dozen, as well as all other good setting-up exercises, is to breathe deeply and freely. There is nothing that clears the brain and avenues of circulation like breathing with eleven-elevenths of the lungs and not with one-eleventh — breathing out the old waste poisons and breathing in the new clear life from the atmosphere which surrounds us. This should be the second step in our prayer. We should pray out the bad and pray in the good; dismiss from our mind the trouble which seems imminent and restate emphatically the great promises of God; forgive the sinner and accept forgiveness for the sin.
3. The final phase of these exercises is that they should be kept up steadily, daily, until the habit of deep breathing has been transferred to the nervous system; in other words until it becomes an automatic habit, so that a man between jobs at his office unconsciously stretches his legs under the table and continues all day to breathe deeply and freely from the depth of his lungs. This is also the goal of all true prayer — to make the 'stretching' of the mind to see God a continuous habit all through the day, to make the deep breathing of the soul — which mentally denies entrance of the bad thought to the brain and expands the good thought — a steady automatic habit of the subconsciousness.

This is in accord with St. Paul's admonition, 'Pray without ceasing.'

As stated above, we find this 'frame' suggested to us in the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. The first phase — the expanding of the mind to take in all of God — is given very briefly in these short half-minute prayers; nevertheless, they were full of connotation to the ones to whom they were addressed. 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' 'Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.' Think of what the words 'Shepherd' and 'Father' imply!

The second phase of prayer, the denial and affirmation, is suggested figuratively in the Psalm by 'Thy rod and Thy staff,' and the actual denials are given in very clear-cut form: 'I shall not want,' and 'I shall fear no evil.' Each of these is followed by a series of affirmations. In the Lord's Prayer, this rhythmic handling of our problems is suggested by 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' This suggests the in-breathing and out-breathing of that prayer which is real communion with God.

The third phase — that is, keeping the prayer thought as a continuing force throughout the day — is suggested very beautifully in both the examples we are using: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever'; 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in Heaven.' You can see in these statements a realization of the Kingdom *here* and *now*, about us, in whatever activity we may be engaged.

How then shall we apply these principles to our own prayers? Perhaps some examples may help here. The following may open your eyes a wee bit to the possibilities you yourself might work out in prayer.

I. Stretching the Mind to Take in All of God

1. Our Heavenly Father, we know that Thy Love is as infinite as the sky is infinite, and Thy Ways of manifesting that Love are as uncountable as the stars of the heavens.
2. Thy Power is greater than man's horizon, and Thy Ways of manifesting that Power are more numerous than the sands of the sea.
3. Thy Wisdom is greater than all hidden treasures, and yet as instantly available for our needs as the very ground beneath our feet.
4. Thy Joy is brighter than the sun at noon day and Thy Ways of expressing that Joy as countless as the sunbeams that shine upon our path.
5. Thy Peace is closer than the atmosphere that wraps us around, and as inescapable as the very air we breathe.
6. Thy Spirit is as pure as the morning dew, and yet as impervious to all that is unlike itself as the diamond which the dew represents.
7. As Thou keepest the stars in their courses, so shalt Thou guide our steps in perfect harmony, without clash or discord of any kind, if we but keep our trust in Thee. For we know Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. We know that if we but acknowledge Thee in all our ways, that Thou shalt direct our paths. For Thou art the God of Love, Giver of every good and perfect gift, and there is none beside Thee. Thou art omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, in all, through all, and over all, the only God. And Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever. Amen.

II. The Deep Breathing of the Soul

Before it is possible to breathe, one must be surrounded by atmosphere and atmosphere must *be in one.* Likewise, before it is possible to commune with God, which is a more conventional way of characterizing the deep breathing of the soul, one must know that God surrounds all and God is in all; that the Kingdom of Heaven is *here* and *now.*

As breathing is a mere rhythmic interchange of that which is within with that which is without, a casting-out of that which seems to be bad and a receiving, in its stead, of that which seems to be good, so the breathing of the soul is a casting-out of all that would poison, cramp, or belittle life — in short all that is *unlike* God, and a taking-in of all that is pure, perfect, and joyous, and which enriches life — in short, that which is *like* God.

Without question the very finest examples of this rhythmic communion with God are to be found in the Psalms of the Old Testament. And as our New England forefathers used to begin the day by offering a prayer and reading a Psalm, why can we not emulate their example and add to it perhaps just a touch of originality by offering a prayer and improvising a psalm? Indeed, is not the psalm as much a part of worship as a prayer, and is there any more reason why present-day worshipers should be limited to the collection of Psalms preserved for us in the Old Testament than that we should be limited in our prayers to the petitions preserved for us in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the ancient Prophets?

The only new and revolutionizing idea that I am introducing into this discussion of prayer, in fact, is a plea for reinstating the psalm, the little brother of prayer, in our private and public worship. We find it now lost complete-

ly to our private worship and reduced to a mere form in our public worship. What I wish to see is the bringing of the psalm back in the form and manner that the old Psalmists themselves made use of as a frank and spontaneous improvisation in the presence of a real need, an imminent calamity, a present sorrow — an actual outpouring of that particular need, trouble, or sorrow upon the outstretched arms of God, and the breathing in of His healing peace, comfort, and love. Such spontaneous psalms were in themselves prayers — the finest and purest examples of prayer that the world has ever seen, of prayer which is dynamic and healing, of prayer which is a real communion with God.

As our first spiritual exercise of the morning was a stretching of the mind to take in God, so this is a breathing of the soul. And just as in physical breathing we give a quick expulsion of the poisons we wish to eliminate, and then drink in slowly of the new, fresh, life-giving, body-building ozone, holding it, first deep in the lungs, then high, turning it over, so to speak, till we have extracted the life-giving oxygen it contains, so we should give our denials with expulsive force, turning instantly to the constructive, soul-building affirmations. The trouble with most of our praying, as with our breathing, is that it is too negative. We shut ourselves up in a cramped little three-dimensional room with our negations, breathing in again and again the troubles that we should let vanish into thin air, instead of turning to new and fresh air — to God.

Marvelous results will come if one will turn in thought to God and Heaven, deny the existence in Heaven of the wrong thing felt or thought, and then realize that in God and Heaven the opposite condition prevails. One must dismiss from his mind completely the thought that the wrong thing felt or seen is permanent, and then follow instantly with the realization that the opposite condition exists here and now.

For money troubles, realize: There is no want in Heaven and turn in thought to 1, 2, and 7 in Exercise I.

For poor health, realize: There is no sickness in Heaven, and affirm 1, 7, 6, 2, and 5.

For aid in thinking or writing, realize: There is no lack of ideas, and affirm 3 and 7.

For happiness: There is no unhappiness in Heaven, and affirm 1, 4, and 5.

For criticism and misunderstanding: There is no criticism in Heaven, and affirm 1, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

For friends: There is no lack of friends in Heaven, and affirm 1, 4, and 7.

For worry: There is no worry in Heaven, and affirm 4, 5, and 7.

This is the kind of prayer the Psalmists of old had recourse to in their hours of trouble — the most beautiful example of which is the Shepherd Psalm: —

First Phase: —
The Lord is my Shepherd.

Second Phase: —
I shall not want.
He maketh me
to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me
beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me
in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
(Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death)
I will fear no evil.
For Thou art with me.
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies.
Thou anointest my head with oil.
My cup runneth over.

Third Phase: —
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

III. Practising the Presence of God

And now, having finished the prayer which in form is something like a Psalm, and having finished the Psalm which is similar to a prayer, let us consider how we can turn the strength derived in the quiet hour into the daily routine of the world of action. For the test of every life is, after all, How do the hours of contemplation harmonize with the hours of action?

The value of Walter Camp's Daily Dozen is that, after the fifteen minutes' exercise in the morning, you find you are breathing a little deeper *all day*. We should expect the same results from our fifteen minutes of prayer every morning. We should be living in the Kingdom of God a little more vitally all day. How? Let me tell you.

Here is where we can learn a lesson from the movies. No longer does one have to depend upon newspapers for news; one can see the world's news thrown on the screen if one desires. Then why does one have to depend entirely upon one's prayers for contact with God? Cannot one see, if one knows how, the spiritual ideas of God revealed in the cinema pictures that flash by in actual life? The moment one awakes to the fact that one lives in God's world here and now, one begins to see in every event that comes, a part of the beautiful symmetrical plan of God. Of course, as it flashes by in little separate pictures of a fraction of a second each, not every picture may seem the most perfect. Neither would every stitch of a famous mosaic tapestry appear perfect to an eye looking through a microscope.

Once reach this stage and you have found the secret of following Paul's seemingly impossible command, 'Pray without ceasing.' And now miracles will begin to happen around you.

When a visitor comes, accept him as a messenger from God, and before long a divine message actually will come to you. Accept every disappointment as a signpost to show you to another path, which is better, and you will always find the other path is there. Gradually this practising the presence of God, or living in the Kingdom of Heaven, will become a habit. Then you will wonder why for so many years you had not been living there before.

But remember that the best way to get there is to stretch the mind frequently to take in all of God that you can, and practise frequently the deep breathing of the soul. In other words, one can enter the Kingdom only by prayer and meditation. 'Love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.' 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto thee.'

Thoughts about Prayer

I. Think of God and Heaven, not of the bad thing you are tossing off into the air.

II. Pray if possible out of loyalty to God, for the joy of it, not for results.

III. Do not pray to bring things to pass; pray to see things that are already in the Kingdom.

IV. Do not limit the avenues by which God will answer your prayers. Remember that God's ways of manifesting His love are as uncountable as the stars of the firmament.

V. Do not feel responsible for your prayers, or the answer to them. God alone is the planner and knows best. Love, rejoice, and be thankful for the unfoldment of His plan as you see it.

PROFESSOR BOYNTON REREADS HISTORY

BY EDITH R. MIRRIELEES

I

At ten minutes before twelve, according to his daily custom, Professor Boynton got up from his study table, stretched his arms vigorously once or twice above his early gray head, and strolled out through the open door of his study to the veranda. At its farther end his daughter Helen was sitting between two of her high-school classmates, all three surrounded by a sea of books and notebooks and scattered papers.

'Why did n't you ever have me learn any history when I was little, Father?' she reproached him as he came up the porch. 'When you used to teach it —'

Boynton let himself down into the hammock behind her. 'Probably that's why. Whether you teach it or whether you write it, you find out how much of it is n't so. What's the examination this time?'

'She is n't giving an examination; it's a question we're to write on for Monday. "In your opinion, what has Magna Carta given to West Brookins?" She means, what's lasted that we get out of it.'

'She's chosen a good place to put the question,' Boynton commented. 'Now if she were teaching in San Francisco, and trying to find what fragments they still had — What are you deciding?'

'We have n't finished yet, but there are three things — What is it, mother?'

Mrs. Boynton had been putting last touches on the lunch table inside. She came to the door now.

'Nothing. Only I wanted to tell your father something. Edward — Parker has n't done a thing toward getting that wall down. He came over to say Mrs. Parker was sick and he could n't. Mrs. Thornley says they were chasing each other around and screaming half the night, last night.'

'Where on earth do they get it?' Boynton wondered briefly. 'Sick' for the Parkers had a definite meaning. 'I thought she was sent up for a cure of some kind last month?'

'I thought so too, but she got off. But what I started to say was this: he went out through the back entry, and when I looked, your garden coat was gone. He was the only person here.'

'I'll kill that old scoundrel one of these days,' Boynton threatened, more amused than angry. 'I like that coat. I wonder if Thornley'd mind getting it back for me.'

He went in to the telephone and found the number.

'Thornley? This is Boynton speaking. Thornley, Parker stole a coat from me this morning. A brown one. . . . Yes. Yes, I knew they'd been at it again. Mrs. Thornley told us. If he's over there working on your lawn, I wonder if you'd mind telling him to leave the coat there till I can get it? He can't have had time to do anything with it yet. And you might mention to him, too, that if he sets foot on my place again, I'll save expense and shoot

him on sight. Last time it was my best trowel. . . . Oh, over in Brookins, I suppose. You know what law enforcement amounts to over there. . . . Yes, she's worse than he is.'

He came back laughing to the porch.

'Now there's a question, Helen, that Magna Carta did n't settle. When it comes to a town like this, ninety per cent of it law-abiding, home-owning professionals, having to stagger along with neighbors like the Parkers — You young people staying to lunch?'

II

They were near the end of the meal when Mrs. Boynton, who was facing the open door, motioned through it.

'Look, Edward! It's both of them.'

Outside, the two Parkers, the official derelicts of West Brookins, were coming waveringly along the pavement, arm in arm. Three or four small boys derided safely from a distance.

It was the boys Boynton saw first. He got up instantly.

'Oh, come, we can't have that! Why, he's a man as old as I am! She's going round to the back, Cara. You head her off and I'll go down and speak to him.'

Parker had turned in behind the hedge with which the Boyntons were replacing a partly torn down brick wall. Behind it, he was out of sight from the house, and remembering the three girls at the table, Boynton hurried, with the charitable purpose of saving him the embarrassment of an audience.

'Where's that coat, Parker?' he demanded as he came into hearing.

'What coat, Mr. Boynton?'

'Now look here,' Boynton ordered with exasperation, 'you know what coat as well as I do. Have n't you just come from Thornley's? Did n't he tell you I said I'd finish you if you came near this place again without bringing it back? If you have n't it —'

'I don't know about no coat, Mr. Boynton. I don't know what you're talking about. Mr. Thornley, he come out an' said somethin', but I did n't know —'

The sentence went unfinished. Boynton, facing the speaker from the other side of the pile of bricks, had turned his eyes away in a sort of vicarious shame at his protestations. As the words broke off, he was conscious of something, he hardly knew what — a kind of concussion, a sense of violent disturbance to which there was yet attached no movement. The man in front of him flung up his hands with a choking grunt and crumpled forward. Instinctively, Boynton caught at him as he fell, but he broke through his hold, a dead weight, and dropped across the bricks. On Boynton's hands and his cuffs, blood had flicked itself in sickening red blots. The still sunny lane, with its signs of peaceable labor, was suddenly a place of horror.

And then at once the stillness was broken. Mrs. Parker rushed round the end of the hedge. She threw herself on the thing on the ground, howling and wailing, pulling at it, grotesque, unhuman. Mrs. Boynton had run out too, and Helen and her friends, and two men from the street, and Boynton knew that he must have cried out, though he had not meant to do so.

The two men dragged Mrs. Parker up and bent over the body. They babbled together of a doctor, though all of them knew in advance that the thing on the ground was dead. Nothing living could have had that look. In the press and sudden confusion Mrs. Boynton was the only one who had a definite intention. She caught hold of Boynton's sleeve.

'Come into the house. They 'll look out for things. You have to get — to get this off you.'

She would have accompanied him

into the bathroom, but he stopped her at the door. 'I have to have a minute to pull myself together. I 'll be down directly. What on earth was it that happened to him!'

Inside, he turned on all the taps. It seemed to him he could never get water enough on his hands. When his hands were clean he pulled off his cuffs and let them drop on the floor, and scrubbed his fingers again after touching them. He could not bear to put the befouled things into the laundry hamper, but with his foot he pushed them out of sight behind the tub.

By the time he came downstairs, the knot of people in the lane had disappeared. Mrs. Boynton was sitting on the porch, and Helen, with scared, reddened eyes, was leaning against her knees. Boynton had recovered enough to be paternal and soothing. He sat on the steps for a few minutes, talking over the grotesque tragedy.

'Poor old soul, I wish I had n't harried him about that coat. He was always honest enough when he was sober. They 've taken him to the morgue, I suppose? — Well, we'd better get back to work, had n't we, little daughter? There 's no advantage to him in our spoiling an afternoon.'

III

Inside his study his mind refused to apply itself to work. In spite of him, it flashed back again and again to that minute in the lane. He got up and walked up and down the room, puzzling. 'What happened to him? What on earth happened to him?' Toward the middle of the afternoon, when he heard a masculine voice answering Mrs. Boynton's, he took advantage of hearing to stroll out from his seclusion. Their next door neighbor, Judge Bolling — a judge long since retired — was filling one of the porch chairs. Boynton greeted him briefly.

'Oh yes, I 'm working, but I heard you out here, and I was wondering — Cara, I suppose somebody 's looking out for Mrs. Parker? She would n't have many friends to fall back on.'

'They took her to the hospital.'

'That 's good. If you think one of us ought to go over —'

'I don't.' Mrs. Boynton flushed crimson as she spoke. 'I 've heard from her. Edward, she — she 's —'

'Might as well say it, Cara,' the judge advised. He turned round, laughing.

'You ought to know, Boynton, you 're hovering on the edge of the gallows. I was telling Cara just before you came out. Mrs. Parker —'

Mrs. Boynton cut in on the sentence. 'She says she heard you say, "I told you I 'd finish you if you came on my place," and then —'

'Why yes. Yes, that 's what I did say,' Boynton corroborated. He grasped the other part of the idea slowly. 'Do you mean she has the effrontery — the — the assurance —'

Their guest laughed again, more reassuringly than before. 'She 's still two thirds over. Wait till we see what she says when she 's sober. — Funny thing is, what was the matter with him? Do you suppose one of those boys who were following —'

'I have n't the smallest idea. I 'd think he had a fit and struck his head when he fell, only I saw the blood before that. I tried to catch him, and it was all over me.'

'If I were you, I 'd forget about seeing it beforehand,' the ex-judge suggested casually.

He had been gone an hour or two and it was nearly dinner time before the force of his suggestion struck home to Boynton's mind. He commented on

it indignantly to his wife and daughter while they ate.

'A man like Bolling, too! That's the worst of having anything to do with the courts, even as far up as he was. I've never had to testify at an inquest, and naturally I've always kept clear of getting on juries or anything of that kind; but as to using any subterfuge to get out of testifying —'

By the next morning, though, his attention had been diverted to newer reasons for indignation. Mrs. Parker was still too ill to leave her bed, and the inquest was being postponed for her, but her pre-inquest statements, as they seeped out by way of hospital attendants and doctors, were voluminous. She had heard the damning words, she had seen the brick picked up, the blow struck. She breathed out fire and threatenings, between relapses into post-alcoholic grief. The news of her accusations was all over West Brookins. From early breakfast-time the Boynton telephone rang continually as prelude to messages satirical or humorous. Even families in Brookins, the town to which West Brookins was a remote and superior suburb, had heard and added their messages to the nearer ones. Boynton, going out to the box to mail a letter in the middle of the morning, found Mrs. Boynton waiting in the study for him when he came back.

'I don't know whether you 'll like it, Edward; I've just had a 'phone from Charlie.'

'If I don't like it, I suppose you won't have had it. What does Charlie have to say? Offer to defend me?'

'Something like that. He said he was coming down as soon as he could get out of court, and — and to keep you from talking.'

'To *keep* me from it?'

'That 's what it sounded like. The 'phone was n't working very well.'

'That's probably what it was,' Boynton agreed. 'It has the ring of Charlie's advice. Well, run along, dear, and I'll get back to writing. Let me know if he favors us with any more suggestions.'

Inwardly, though, he was pleased. Charlie was his younger brother and in a mild way the black sheep of the family. That is, he had given up an irreproachable law practice in Los Angeles for the sake of criminal practice in San Francisco, and had added to that the extra offense of taking a somewhat holier-than-thou attitude over the change.

'It 'll be good for him,' Boynton mused, while he glanced over the notes on his desk. 'To come racing down and find us all going about our business — It's what I've tried to tell him about those clients of his he gets so excited over. If a man lives in a decent place and leads a decent life, he 's out of reach of accidents. Now with me —'

He let his mind go, house by house, down the street. There were people he disliked in some of the houses, people no doubt who disliked him; but there was not one house of them all — he knew it perfectly — in which the ravings of Mrs. Parker could meet with any reception except indignant incredulity.

It was pleasant, though, all the same, that the telephone kept up its friendly clamor, that Mrs. Boynton on the porch was holding what amounted to an impromptu reception. Two or three times Boynton strolled out to add his greetings to his wife's.

'To let you see the villain of the piece,' he explained his coming. He was good-humoredly qualified in his comments on Mrs. Parker. 'Poor old wreck! In her condition no telling what she would see! No, I don't

blame her; the people I do blame are the town authorities. A little more sense of responsibility on their part —'

IV

Charlie arrived just before dinner, a smaller man than his brother — hawk-nosed, black-haired. Through the meal they kept chiefly to family topics. Even in the study afterward the newcomer fended off discussion until Mrs. Boynton, leaning forward in her chair, taxed him directly: —

'Is it Helen and I that are the difficulty, Charlie? Would you rather talk to Edward by himself?'

He gave her his first unqualified smile. 'Could I? It 's a sort of a professional prejudice of mine. You don't mind?'

He got up to open the door for her and came back from it to the fireplace, where he stood staring down at the logs.

'Well, what do you think, Sherlock?' Boynton challenged him.

'I think you 're in a hole.'

'Did you actually take it seriously enough to come down from San Francisco on account of this?'

'I did.'

'Now that,' Boynton commented, 'is what criminal practice does for the mind. I might be in a hole if I were a tramp picked up on Pacific Street — I admit that; but here in West Brookins —'

'It's exactly that "here in West Brookins" that worries me — Did you really tell the fellow you'd kill him?'

'Why, as far as that goes —'

'Did you or did n't you?'

Boynton got up too. 'Look here, I'm not on the witness stand. If you've come down with any idea of cross examining me —'

'Oh, tell it your own way, Ed,' the younger brother agreed resignedly, and Boynton ran rapidly through the narrative of Parker's death. When he had finished, Charlie came back to his chair and sat down in the circle of light from the lamp, leaning his arms on the table.

'And you still don't think you 're in a hole — after telling me all that?'

'I know I'm not.'

'You said you'd kill him and said it in the presence of witnesses and repeated it over the telephone. Then you were alone with him when he dropped dead; his blood was all over you, and the widow —'

'Well, do you believe I did it?'

'That 's not the question.'

'It's exactly the question. I tell you, Charlie, you could n't get any intelligent man in West Brookins — no, nor in Brookins either, though it 's not a place I'm fond of — to believe a thing like that. Not any more than you 'd believe it yourself. The evidence would n't matter; they'd *know* it was n't true.'

'You could n't get a change of venue?'

'There is n't any question of "venue." You talk as though I'd been held —'

His audience seemed not to hear. 'I never lived in this particular town, of course, but most of them — How big a place is it?'

'Three thousand, I believe — *West* Brookins, that is. Brookins is larger.'

'That 's about what I thought. See here; I knew exactly how you'd treat the thing — that's why I came down; but we've got to take it seriously. It *is* serious! Any lawyer 'd tell you so. This business of being a valued old resident that you seem to be depending on to keep you out of trouble —'

'And that will!'

'Sure of it?'

'Of course I'm sure of it.'

The questioner drew in a deep breath. 'Well — maybe! But where do you get it, Ed?'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'That "first-citizen" stuff? Oh, I'm not trying to hurt your feelings. I'm trying to find out. What do you do in Brookins — I don't mean the United States; I mean right here in West Brookins — to keep them all so certain about you? Vote once in a while?'

'I always vote.'

'I know you do — for President. Vote in the last town election?'

'I don't remember —'

'I remember all right — even if I was n't here. You meant to and you thought you would and you did n't know anything about either of the candidates, and it looked like rain, and you sat right here and let 'em elect anybody they good and pleased; and now you'll get tried for murder by those same good and pleased parties.'

Boynton laughed. It was an effort to do it, for he was angry, but he made the effort.

'It's a beautiful peroration, Charlie. It's a pity it's wasted. Even an ex-professor knows that town officials don't try for murder.'

'Any idea who binds you over to the superior court? Oh, I don't say a police judge could help it on the evidence, but I do say he won't break his heart over it — not with one of the little high-and-mighties from West Brookins. If you think the cheapest skate there is likes being elected and run by the scum of a town — Know any of the police judges?'

'I've never had occasion to.'

'Or the town marshal? Or the coroner for that matter? Then you don't know the kind of men you're up against. If you want my advice —'

'I seem to be getting it.'

'You're going to get it. You won't take it, but you're going to get it, all right. If I were where you are, I'd do one of two things: either I'd get a theory about that killing and I'd work it for all it was worth, or else I'd get out. Nobody'd look very far for you.'

'You mean — go into hiding?'

'It don't matter what you call it. Go on a visit if you want to. Just get out of the way for a while till there's time to look around. And do it now while you've the chance to do it.'

'If your other clients —'

'I'm not helping you as a client; I'm helping you as a brother. I'm scared, Ed. That's the truth. If anything I can say can get you away —'

'It can't.'

'I knew it,' Charlie acknowledged regretfully. 'I hand it to you as far as that goes. That French-Revolution-Charles-the-First stunt is the one you first citizens always pull when you get into trouble. All right, that's ended — though I still hope you change your mind before morning. What about the widow? Young? Pretty? Well, I don't know which is worse — that, or old and feeble, prop of her declining years removed. You need n't laugh. If you'd had as much experience as I have —'

'You've had entirely too much, Charlie,' Boynton agreed. This time his laughter was sincere. 'You're trying the case down on Kearney Street. What you overlook is that, even if there should be some preliminary unpleasantness — I don't believe there will be — still, I have a safe resort. Nothing can go very far without being passed on by a jury. I know enough law for that.'

'It's the jury you're depending on?'

'It's precisely that.'

'You think if the widow took the stand and swore to what she'd heard you say, and cried and had hysterics —'

'I think it would n't make the slightest difference. I've lived here twelve

years; any jury you could get, any dozen men picked at random —'

His brother repeated the words thoughtfully after him. '"Any jury picked at random?" All right — we'll pick 'em; enough to show what I mean. Got a telephone book? It won't be a perfectly fair sample, but it'll give us an idea. Here, I'll read the names off.'

He turned to the A's under West Brookins. 'ABRAMS, ADAMS, ADAMSON —'

'There's a good place to stop,' Boynton interrupted the reading. He spoke good-naturedly with an obvious desire not to insist on his triumph. 'Any one of those three or all of them. Adams and I have played chess together for years. And Abrams —'

'Abrams the one that writes the law textbooks?'

'Yes. He was at the State University when I was, and ever since —'

'Ever serve on a jury yourself?'

'I'm exempt. As a teacher —'

'It's ten or twelve years since you did any teaching.'

'Teaching is my profession, though, and naturally —' He saw the application of the question and was silent.

'What does Adams do?'

'He's a doctor.'

'That exempts him. Adamson?'

'He's retired now. He was formerly counsel —'

'Exempt then.'

He read off three more names. At the end of the next three, he got up and moved his chair over to his brother's.

'It'll be quicker to run down the page and check the exceptions. Know AGNEW? — ALLEN, A. R.? — ALLEN, R. N.? — ALLIGER?'

'Alliger? I don't know any Alliger — Oh yes, he does odd jobs. He brought me some fertilizer once.'

'And you probably objected to the price and he's had it in for you ever since. He'll be eligible — ALSBERG'?

They had turned one page and were half way down the second before Boynton raised his head from above the book.

'I think we need n't go any farther. I think I see your point.'

'Let's see what we've got, then: one odd-jobs man; one truck farmer — he may get off, it's just a chance if we get him; one garbage man's helper; one you don't know; one delivery-wagon driver — What'd you say about him? I've got him checked twice.'

'I said I'd asked Breck to discharge him because of the way he got orders mixed. If he is n't feeble-minded —'

'He won't be too feeble-minded to remember that — you can bank on his having that much mind; nor too feeble-minded to get accepted, either, so long as he's outside an institution. You see what it comes down to. That's what brought me down as fast as I could travel. I did n't know anything about this town, but I knew what towns full of retired lawyers and bankers and professors and cultured classes generally are always like. Look at Boston! Rottenest city government — You would n't think now of what I said a while ago about going off for a visit for a while? It's just till we'd have time to get our hands on some clues and get in first with them. When you're up against a combination like this —'

Professor Boynton got to his feet. His face was suddenly as old as his gray hair. He swallowed hard before he spoke.

'No,' he said. He stood looking down into the fire. 'It's Helen I'm thinking of, of course. She's just at that age — But no! Whatever I've done —'

'But it's what you have n't done! Good God, Ed, if you'd done anything to him —'

'I don't mean that,' Boynton said. For a little while he resumed his con-

templation of the fire. 'What I mean is this: all my life I've prided myself on being a good citizen. If I have n't been —' He paused. 'Since I have n't been, to take the consequences of not being—'

'But you could n't have turned the thing — not single-handed.'

'I could have helped. In a place as small as this, if I'd set the example —' He stopped: the telephone, which had been quiet longer than at any other time in the day, was ringing again. 'Cara's gone upstairs, I think. I'll answer it.'

'*I'll* answer it! The less you talk, the better. If it's anybody trying to get a statement out of you —' He went out to the instrument. Inside the study, his brother could hear the quick bark of his responses.

'Hello. . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . No, he can't come just now. This is his brother. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. *What!* . . . What's that? . . . Yes, I got you!'

V

There was a long listening silence. Then the receiver crashed down on the hook and Charlie came back into the study. His face was queerly mottled with red and his teeth ate at his unsteady lower lip.

'God's good to you, Ed! The widow got up when they were n't watching her and got hold of something she thought was whiskey. She's just made a statement in expectation of death. She threw the brick herself — came round from behind you. He'd been chasing her with a knife the night before and that was her answer. It was a Judge Somebody telephoned. He said he and some of your other friends were coming over.'

He stopped, waiting for his brother to answer, but Boynton said nothing.

'I think I'll duck out before they come. I've a meeting in town I ought n't to cut if I can help it. . . . But I'm glad! You know that. I'm tickled to death. I could sit down and cry, just out of plain relief. You'll say good-bye to Cara for me, won't you? And the next time you get accused of murder or arson or kidnapping —'

But Professor Boynton, though he held his brother's hand longer than was usual with him, did not respond to the joking. When he was alone, he went to one of the bookcases and took down from it a little shabby brown-bound volume and turned its familiar leaves. The passage he turned to he could have repeated as well without the book as with it: —

> No free man shall be taken or imprisoned or dispossessed, or outlawed, or banished, or in any way destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor send upon him, except by the legal judgment of his peers. . . .

The telephone book was still open on the desk. His eyes went from the page in front of him to the checked names on its list — to the names of the garbage man and the odd-jobs man and the driver of the delivery wagon.

'"His peers!"' Boynton quoted under his breath. '"By legal judgment of [my] peers."' The color flooded his face, even to his rim of gray hair. 'My superiors! The men I've left alone at Runnymede!'

He was still holding the book between his fingers when the doorbell sounded and he went out to let in his other peers — the recreant barons of West Brookins.

MEMORANDUM FOR A SUBWAY STATION

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

See her, then — this perfect perfect city,
This wild fantasia of an artist's dream,
And who has time for dreaming? Throb, throb, throb . . .
I tell you, there 's a madness in her method
That creeps into the soul. First, just a grain,
A little grain of innocent harmless haste
And brisk ambition. Then it swells and rots,
Puts down its fiery tendrils in the mind,
Feeds on a thousand trivials and palavers
Until the inward precious pulse of thought
Is bagged and netted in a lace of nerves;
Until the generous essence, life itself,
This grave slow Time that ripples through our days,
Is something we must clutch at, fever for.
Magnificent damnation! Faster, faster,
Herded in mobs and capering from destruction,
With yells and mirth and talking, always talking,
We're scouting to and fro.
And then the telephones go ring, ring, ring,
The eager spirit answers Hurry, Hurry!
Against the naked fury of the brain
The clock is beating faster, tick-tick-tick —
You 'll tick yourselves to death.

A VOCABULARY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

SOME years ago I wrote to a friendly author — who also chanced to be a stylist — a protest against one of the wanton assertions in which his soul delighted: 'It is n't true, and, what is more, you knew it was n't true when you said it.' To which the answer came back prompt and clear: 'Must I explain even to you that it is not a question of what I say, but how I say it?'

Yet that man was an American, and should have felt with the rest of his countrymen that what he said was a matter of vital import to a listening — or an inattentive — world; but that the fashion of the saying was negligible provided he made his meaning plain. 'A language long employed by a delicate and critical society,' says Walter Bagehot, 'is a treasure of dextrous felicities.' To ask from it nothing but intelligibility is to rob ourselves of delight as well as of distinction. It is to narrow our magnificent heritage of English speech to a bare subsistence, the only form of voluntary poverty which has nothing to recommend it. It is to live our intellectual life, if we have one, and the social life we must all have, upon a rather shabby assortment of necessary words, when we are rich in our own right, and can draw at will upon the inexhaustible funds of our inheritance.

A professor at the University of Chicago, who recently published an 'American translation' of the New Testament, turning it into language 'intelligible to the American ear,' surrendered in the name of scholarship (for he is a scholar), and in the names of his readers, all claim to this inheritance. When he substituted a bald simplicity for a rich and masterful idiom, he signified his assent to the impoverishment of our national speech. There are some among us who think that if Americans cannot read the King James Bible, they had better learn to read it. Men and women without the tenth part of their schooling have succeeded in doing this. Its heroic wealth of monosyllables, which exceed those of any other English masterpiece, should lighten the reader's task. To understand the precise significance of every word is not essential. To love the sight and the sound and the glory of them is part of a liberal education.

There is no liberal education for the under-languaged. They lack the avenue of approach to the best that has been known and thought in the world, and they lack the means of accurate self-interpretation. A heedless clumsiness of speech denies the proprieties and surrenders the charm of intercourse. Chesterton says that Saint Francis of Assisi clung through all the naked simplicities of his life to one rag of luxury — the manners of a court. 'The great attainable amenities' lent grace to his mistress, Poverty, and robbed her of no spiritual significance. The attainable amenities of manner and of speech, the delicacy of the chosen word, the subordinated richness of tone and accent — these gifts have been bequeathed us by the civilizations of the world.

With a 'treasure of dextrous felicities' always within reach, frugality is misplaced and unbecoming.

Nineteen years ago Mr. Henry James gave as the Commencement address at Bryn Mawr College a matchless paper on 'The Question of our Speech.' He did not approach this many-sided subject from all its angles. He did not link the limitations of the ordinary American vocabulary with the slovenliness of the ordinary American pronunciation, and the shrill or nasal sound of the ordinary American voice. He did not seem to be deeply troubled by the fundamental unconcern which makes possible this brutalization of language. If he regretted the contentment of too many American parents with the 'vocal noises,' unmoderated and uncontrolled, of their offspring, he laid no emphasis upon the contentment of the same parents with the fewness and commonness of the words at their command.

But for the *vox Americana*, 'the poor dear distracted organ itself,' and for 'formed and finished utterance,' he pleaded earnestly with the Bryn Mawr students, and, through them, with the nation at large. It was to him incomprehensible that a people 'abundantly schooled and newspapered, abundantly housed, fed, clothed, salaried and taxed,' should have, in the matter of speech, so little to show for its money. The substitution of 'limp, slack, passive tone for clear, clean, active, tidy tone,' was typical of a general limpness and slackness which nullified the best results of education. 'The note of cheapness — of the cheap and easy — is especially fatal to any effect of security of intention in the speech of a society; for it is scarce necessary to remind you that there are two very different kinds of ease: the ease that comes from the conquest of a difficulty, and the ease that comes from the vague dodging of it. In the one case you gain facility, in the other case you get mere looseness.'

The phrase 'security of intention' has the shining quality of a searchlight. It clarifies and intensifies Mr. James's argument in behalf of the coherent culture of speech. He probably never heard the American language at its worst. He was by force of circumstance aloof from the more furious assaults upon its dignity and integrity. 'Amurrica' he did hear of course. It is universal. Also 'Philadulphia.' He says he heard 'Cubar,' 'sofar,' 'idear,' 'tullegram,' and 'twuddy,' — for the deciphering of which last word he gives himself much credit. But the compound flowers of speech which bloom on every side of us were lost to him because of his limited acquaintance with the product of our public schools, and with the cultural processes of street, workshop, and office. From this rich array we can cull many blossoms which he must have been happy enough to miss. 'Whaja got?' 'Wherya goin'?' 'Waja say?' 'Hadjer lunch?' 'Don' leggo of it!' ''Sall I can say.' 'Na less'n fifty cents.' 'I yusta know 'im.' 'Wanna g'wout?' All of which blendings suggest the fatal 'Dom-scum' of the greedy chaplain in Daudet's story of the *Three Christmas Masses*.

The overworked American *r* has intruded itself upon all observers; but some have failed to notice the whimsicalities of the letter *g*, which absents itself from its post at the end of certain words, as 'goin' and 'talkin,' only to force an entrance into the middle of others, as 'ongvelope.' An Amherst professor has informed us that the word girl may be rendered — according to locality — as gal, göl, gûl, göil, geöl, gyurl, gurrel, girrel and gûrl. All of these variants he heard on the tongues of the native-born. The No Man's Land of the immigrant he has not ventured to invade. That the child of the

immigrant corrupts the already unbraced speech of the child of the native-born is a fact so undeniable that educators have recognized the danger, and have striven to counteract it. The youthful Pole and the youthful Serb forget their own tongues without acquiring ours. I have listened for ten minutes to the voluble utterances of half a dozen young Jews in a Fifth Avenue bus before it dawned on me that they were not speaking Yiddish, but what was meant to be, and thought to be, English. 'We have among us, multiplied a thousandfold,' says a despairing philologist, 'the man without a language.'

Ten years ago the first Good Speech Week was started as a protest against this careless corruption of our tongue. Its object was to awaken in the alert American mind some conception of what language means, and what advantages may accrue from its preservation. Unfortunately, the wave of sentiment which popularized Old Home Week, and Boy Scout Week, and Mother's Day, and No More War Day, was necessarily lacking when so abstract a thing as speech came under consideration. People saw the point, but could not dilate with any emotion over it.

Moreover, incidental diversions, like wearing a white carnation, or revisiting one's birthplace, are easy and pleasant, while fundamental reforms are admittedly laborious. Therefore the promoters of the movement were compelled to overemphasize its practical utility. Pupils in the public schools were told that clear convincing speech in a pleasant well-modulated voice was a financial as well as a social asset. 'Invest in Good Speech. It pays daily dividends,' was a slogan which might have startled Mr. James, but which was expected to carry weight with the great American public.

And 'American' is a word of wondrous import to its hearers. The educators who were striving to persuade the youth of this country to speak with correctness a language which they were obliged to admit had been imported from England, eliminated, as far as possible, the unpopular adjective 'English.' There were rare and bold allusions to the 'English tongue'; but for the most part the appeal was made for 'pure, forceful, American speech.' Schoolchildren were asked to pledge themselves not to dishonor the 'American language' by lopping off syllables, or using base substitutes for yes and no. One school had an 'ain'tless week.' Another put up a poster, 'Remember the final G.' Shops inserted the more familiar Good Speech apostrophes in their advertisements. Moving-picture producers screened them with 'Topics of the Times.' A few enterprising clergymen preached sermons on 'The Integrity of Language,' and 'The Sanctity of Words.' A Detroit club registered a heroic resolution to avoid the cheaper forms of slang — such expressions as 'Say, lissen'; 'You said something'; 'I'll say so,' and 'What do you know about that?' It was felt that when men dispensed with these familiar and beloved phrases, they would have to think up other phrases to replace them; and that *any* thinking about the words they used every day could not fail to be a novel and stimulating process.

That we are a phrase-ridden nation is apparent to every newspaper reader. A few of the cheapest combinations — 'red-blooded men,' 'great open spaces,' 'battle of the sexes,' — have been drained dry of substance in moving-picture halls. It is the exclusive privilege of the film to 'send the red corpuscles tingling through the veins' of the stolid audience which sits motionless and soporific as though asphyxiated

by the foul air. But 'God's out-of-doors' still lingers on the printed page; and so does the misappropriated word, 'colorful,' and 'tang' — a bit of educated slang worse than the slang of the gutters. A purist has recently protested against the substitution of 'home' for 'house' in the notices of real-estate agents; and the daily advertisements of American women's clothing as designed for 'milady's wear' is an intolerable affectation. 'Correctness, that humble merit of prose,' is not out of place in the walks of commercial life.

An American critic has called our attention to the fact that Henry James habitually conveys his elusive and somewhat complicated conceptions in the simplest terms at his command. The sentences are involved; 'his concern is to be precise, not to be clear'; the words are plain, unpretentious and well-bred. 'It is the speech of cultivated England. It is the speech of England, cultivated or not.'

This instinctive preference for the tried and tested, for the blazed trail of language, is held to indicate a lack of intellectual curiosity; but Mr. James was intellectually so curious that common human curiosity, which is part of our normal make-up, was frozen out of his consciousness. It was intellectual curiosity which interested him profoundly in British speech, carried by fate to an alien continent, and forced at the bayonet's point upon an incredible array of alien populations.

'Keep in sight the interesting truth that no language, so far back as our acquaintance with history goes, has known any such ordeal, any such stress and strain, as was to await the English in this new community. It came over, as the phrase is, without fear and without guile, to find itself transplanted to spaces it had never dreamed, in its comparative humility, of covering, to conditions it had never dreamed, in its comparative innocence, of meeting; to find itself grafted on a social and political order that was without precedent, and incalculably expansive.'

It was a mighty experience for a tongue which had been guarded with some tenderness at home, and which had grown in excellence with every generation of Englishmen. I know of no single line which expresses the perfection of language as it is expressed in Dr. Johnson's analysis of Dryden's prose: 'What is little is gay; what is great is splendid.' The whole duty of the educated writer, the whole enjoyment of the educated reader, are compressed into those ten words.

Mr. James is not the only critic who has pondered upon the mutual reactions of men and speech, upon the phrases which have been forged by human emotions, and upon the human emotions which have been in turn swayed by the traditional force of phrases.

'If reason may be trusted,' says Mr. Henry Sedgwick, 'nevertheless its processes must be expressed in words; and words are full of prejudices, inheritors of old partisanships, most fitful in their elusive and subtle metamorphoses.'

The richness of allusion in our everyday language escapes notice, but it is not without its influence on our subconscious conceptions. The careless cruelty of the phrase, 'Hanging is too good for him,' echoes the conscious cruelty of the persecutor, as he lives, hating and hateful, in *Pilgrim's Progress*. The solemn swing of 'From now to Doomsday,' is heavy with the weight of mediævalism. The great traditions of Christianity have powerfully affected the languages of the Western world, and have lent them incomparable splendor and sweetness. The Spanish tongue is so full of religious derivatives that it has been called the language of

prayer. Just as the Italian who cannot read sees his Bible on the walls of church and cloister and campo santo, so the Spaniard who cannot read hears the echoes of his creed in the words he uses all his life, and responds instinctively to their dominion.

Strange and interesting links in the story of the human race are revealed in the study of phraseology. Strange and interesting influences — national, religious, and industrial — are at work on our speech to-day. Linguistic idiosyncrasies are social idiosyncrasies. I thought of this when I heard an American prelate — a man of learning and piety — allude in a sermon to 'the most important and influential of the saints and martyrs.' It sounded aggressively modern. 'Powerful' is a word well-fitted to the Church Triumphant. 'Virgo potens' is as significant and as satisfying as 'Virgo clemens.' But 'important' has a bustling accent, and an 'influential' martyr suggests a heavenly banking-house.

I have read in the reports of far-traveled adventurers that the most convincing example of language reflecting social conditions may be found in the speech of certain African tribes who have a separate word for the killing of each and every undesired relative; one word for the killing of an uncle and another for the killing of an aunt; one word for the killing of a grandfather and another for the killing of a grandson. A rich and precise vocabulary to properly express the recurrent incidents of life.

Educated Englishmen and Americans have generously admired the careful art with which the educated Frenchman uses his incomparable tongue. Santayana says that this precision is part of the 'profound research and perfect lucidity which has made French scholarship one of the glories of European culture.' Henry James compared the vowel-cutting of the French actor and orator to the gem-cutting of the French lapidary. Lord Morley sorrowfully confessed that the French have more regard for their language, whether they are writing it or speaking it, than the English have for theirs.

It is a severe and conscientious, as well as a tender and a proud regard. It is part of the intellectual discipline of the nation.

For France, ever on the alert to guard this high inheritance, is far from the danger of complacency. She watches sharply for any indication of slackness on the part of her educators. It is not enough that a young engineer should be accurately informed unless he can accurately voice his information; unless he can write a clear, concise, intelligent, and well-ordered report. A schoolboy is expected to be what Mr. James calls 'tidy' in his speech. An actress is required to be articulate, pleasing and precise, to give to every word she utters its meaning and its charm.

The high-pitched, artificial, and eminently ill-bred voices of many American actresses unfit them for their profession. They can act intelligently, but they cannot speak agreeably. The stage has always been the exponent of correct vocalization, of that delicacy, finality, and finish which sets high the standard of speech. It was left for an American dramatist to complain that he was compelled to rewrite his play in order to eliminate all the words which his leading lady mispronounced.

If some Americans can speak superlatively well, why cannot more Americans speak pleasingly? Nature is not to blame for our deficiencies. The fault is ours. The good American voice is very good indeed. Subtle and sweet inheritances linger in its shaded vowels. Propriety and a sense of distinction control its cadences. It has more ani-

mation than the English voice, and a richer emotional range. The American is less embarrassed by his emotions than is the Englishman, and when he feels strongly the truth, or the shame, or the sorrow his words convey, his voice grows vibrant and appealing. He senses his mastery over a diction 'nobly robust and tenderly vulnerable.' The formed and finished utterances of an older civilization entrance his attentive ear.

Next to the conquest of the world by the Latin tongue through the power and sovereignty of Rome comes the conquest of the world by the English tongue through the colonizing genius of England. In the second year of the Great War, when the vision of 'der Tag' still illuminated German hearts, and Lissauer had expressed with animation his distaste for English interlopers, there were sanguine schoolmen in Germany who prophesied that a conquering Fatherland would drive 'the bastard tongue of canting island-pirates' back to the British shores, and replace it elsewhere with the blessing of the German speech, 'which comes direct from the hand of God.'

This reform has been temporarily sidetracked; and, for the present, one hundred and sixty million people are making shift to converse in such English as they can master. If the mastery be imperfect, the responsiveness of these multiplying multitudes to images evoked by a world-wide tongue is the most stupendous fact in modern history. Dr. Arnold Schröer has emphasized a blessed truth when he says that the cultural connection between England and the United States has never been broken, and that their common language, as represented by their common literature, gives them a common purpose and a common delight in life. In so far as this language is the expression of jurisprudence, of democracy, of mercantile adventure, it is a strong link between nations that have builded on the same foundations. In so far as it is the medium of social and intellectual pleasures, it is an indissoluble bond. Our conversation with our friends in Boston or New York ties us up with English men and women conversing with their friends in remote quarters of the globe. The treasures of the 'island-pirates' are our treasures. The heaped-up gold of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Keats is part of our spending money.

With truth has it been said that reading and writing constitute a liberal education if one is taught what to read and how to write.

THE HOLY ONE OF BENARES

BY DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

I

BENARES again! The bend of the Ganges that first came to view glittered and flashed like a scimitar held under the sun. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we entered the Holy City. From the distant bridge over which we walked, the turrets and towers of the thronging temples rose to the sky that burned like a turquoise shell. Stone upon stone, — yellow, gray and brown, — houses upon houses, rose tier upon tier; some had blue doors and windows, and some red; but each and all breathed only one spirit: it was the city of holiness raised above the world on the trident of Shiva. Even the monkeys in the temple of the Mother seemed holy to me.

Benares cannot be described. It is held aloft on the trident of holiness — no description can come near it. I can only set down a few impressions as background to my experiences there. I expected to be disappointed, for I had come to it after a long sojourn in an utterly alien world; and instead of disappointment — I felt its overwhelming majesty. It was Brahmanism incarnate; for no matter what new sect rises amongst us, in Benares it will find a temple and worshipers. In truth, the long arm of the Eternal Religion that abides here reaches out and sustains any new religious experience that utters itself in any form of worship. Thousands of years, thousands of religious teachers — Buddha, Shankara, Ramanuj, Nanak, Kabir, and Vivekananda — all have their place here. It is the vast banyan tree which gives shelter to any spirit that wishes to come to it. Here every arch is a soul story and every roof the footstool of God. There is no other city in the world, unless it be Rome, to which one can point suggesting an image of what Benares means to us.

Color on color beat upon us like a changing sea. The tawny minarets of the Beni Madhav rose clear against the intense red of the large gaunt temple-towers next to it; the latter in turn stood against the pure white domes of lesser houses of worship. And over them all danced the gleaming turquoise sky, on fire with the sun. Men and animals jostled one another as we walked the ancient flagstone, while beside us paced the multitude of pilgrims clad in robes of ochre, yellow, white, and red. The large Shiva bulls, their humps throbbing with heat and fat, rubbed their sleepy gray sides against us.

That July afternoon was not a day, but a revelation. No sooner had we entered the city than we felt that the veil of delusions had been torn asunder, giving us a glimpse of the road that we were destined to travel in order to reach the Holy One. It seemed quite natural that every one we met should point out to us the way. In Benares the streets have no names, and houses are not numbered; yet everyone whom we asked for direction told us which

turn of the road to follow. One white-bearded old man said, 'Go to the Spice Market and turn north; that will bring you to the Jewelers; there, if you do not find anyone to tell you which way to turn, go east; that will bring you to the Flower-Weavers' (garland-makers) quarters; turn east again — But Shiva Vishnu, what is the use of so much information? One step at a time, say the senile and the wise! Therefore go, brothers, first to the Spice Market, and if you lose your way, it will only fulfill some prophecy or other — what is life but a fulfilling or defeating of prophecies? Without doubt you will find your Holy One — Shiva, Shiva!'

As we took leave of the old man, my brother said, 'There is no race on earth that can talk as poetically as we do. Every one of us is born with the peacock's colors in his imagination.'

We hastened to the Spice Market, then to the cross-roads of the Ten Stallions; there we turned northward to the embankment called Gem of Gems. Here we made an ascent of a hill covered with houses five hundred years old, buttressed and held together like small Gothic churches hugging one another. We went through courtyards of old palaces, flagged as early as the days when men first learned to make flags. We passed people's drawing-rooms, laundries, flower gardens, over yellow sandstone fences, down broken pavements, in and out of gullies wrought with stones as old as the world itself.

Then suddenly we came upon a vast garden enclosed by tall red-brick walls. There was a gate made of blue-black iron bars; on it two letters were carved in Sanskrit: we pushed through this gate into a garden, green with the fierce verdure of the tropics after heavy rain. We did not wait for permission. We pressed our way past a person or two — men or women — until it seemed, after passing endless bungalows and corridors, that we were held at bay by a sound — the sound of a marvelous lion-like intonation of Sanskrit. Both of us felt its power. It was not Sanskrit; it was a ring of fire woven out of a chant. One who wished to cross that ring must know the secret of Immortality. No doubt it was the tiger-voice of the Holy One intoning, —

'He has no fear of growth, senility, or death, for he has put on the flame-garb of Immortality. Now with hands of clay he gathers the golden fire of deathlessness. He is stiller than the mountains, hence swifter than the swiftest flight of man's mind: subtler than the subtlest, as a tiger in the blackness of the forest. He is the Eagle of Eternity flying through the wilderness of Time. He has unlocked the door of soul-ecstasy for the Spirit of men to enter in. Though desireless, he fulfills all desires! O thou fierce silence! quicken my senses, smite my tongue till it drips with the flaming honey of Truth-Utterance, and this my mortal body becomes Thy Chalice of Immortality. *Hari — Om — Hari Om — Hari-i-i O-O-m-m!*'

Yet it was not these words, but the golden thunder-vibrant voice, touching chords of infinite range and shade, that held us motionless where we stood. He chanted till the sun went down.

I know not how long we waited in the vestibule, but at last, when we entered the presence, we found the Holy One seated on a wooden couch and a small brass lamp burning near him. The room was absolutely bare. The red-sandstone walls looked gaunt and hard, the cemented gray floor felt cool under our travel-hot feet.

We fell on our faces before Maharaj-keshar, the Lion — the name they gave the Blessed One. It was such a joy and relief to lie there on one's face! Every moment I felt that gladness was passing

into my heart with a pang. I know not how long we lay thus, prostrate before him.

Suddenly we heard him say, 'Rest a long time here.'

Now I looked at him. Yes, he was indeed holy. The power poured from him, infusing all the air of the room with life. It is impossible to describe it. Those dark brown eyes shone upon us with the simple radiance of a child's, yet they were full of maturity; slanting a bit when he looked sideways, their pupils and the whites almost wrinkled with age; but his gaze was as fresh as a child's after a night of restful sleep. He had a straight tall forehead and straight brows. His face was lean and strong, there was not an atom of superfluous flesh, nowhere a single line to indicate care or worry. When I looked at his mouth I knew at once that he was old, for his lips were drawn and sunken; but the youth of his beautiful nose, firmly modeled chin and clear eyes, mitigated the age that had touched his mouth. I learned later on that at the time the Holy One was suffering from a carbuncle on his left shoulder — it was the pain of it that one saw in his lips.

He spoke: 'What brings you here?'

I answered, 'Problems, my Lord.'

'Problems?' he questioned — then laughed. 'Thou hast acquired the Western habit of worrying and running the Universe. Whose Universe is it, thine or Brahma's? If it is His why not look for Him and find out what He wants from it?'

'But this hate between the East and the West, my Lord. Throughout the East I have heard nothing but distrust of the West. From Egypt to Burmah all men say that the Westerners are thieves, all that they want is oil wells and money. I am afraid this attitude will cause much trouble between Asia and Europe.'

'Thou art very tender-hearted, my child. But do not rob the heart of the discrimination that is its own. Thou art in need of rest. Sit here and idle away time. Eat sweetmeats and sing songs. The Universe can wait till thou art well!'

That evening we spent quietly in the bungalow allotted to us by the Holy One.

II

Next morning about five o'clock we were roused by one of the disciples of the Blessed Master. He wished to know if we would care to bathe in the Ganges. We assented, and were hardly outside our rooms when we heard the thud of human feet. Beat, beat, beat, sounded the bare feet of the oncoming pilgrims. If I were to describe India by a single sound, it would be that beat of the feet of Man. Someone is always walking barefoot and marking the rhythm of pilgrimage; the dust of illusion darkens our eyes, and the veils of time and space delude our minds; yet the heart and feet of every Indian know where to search and whither to look for that ultimate Holiness of the Universe — God.

A very short walk brought us to the river bank. The brief morning twilight had already vanished, and the warm white light of day shimmered on the waters of the Ganges. Every time a woman or a man clad in crimson or saffron dipped in the water the colors broke into a thousand running bits of liquid splendor. Here and there against the half-leaning and half-falling sculptured walls of a temple, girls in violet chuddars, their yellow skirts dripping, moved like statues in stately procession in an antique world, or like frescoes, suddenly come to life.

At last I found myself swimming down the glad currents of the sacred river. The tall stiff embankments of

the Gwalior Ghat slipped by me; half-submerged temples, shrines of an older cult, raised their red turrets as if to greet me, as stroke by stroke I went where the dead were being cremated and their ashes thrown into the Ganges. Now and then I swam past a calm figure of a Yogi sitting on a fallen temple tower, lost in meditation. Little boats with their painted sides crossed and recrossed my way, yet I swam on to the burning ghat. Death, death alone, I wanted to see. The many colored draperies of the bathing populace, the umbrellas made of coco palms, the chanting priests — all the moving life against the hard yellow walls of the embankment, delayed me not. I wanted to behold Death. At last I reached the burning ghat. There I stopped.

I saw two bodies on their respective pyres just catching fire, while the ashes of a third were being thrown into the river. Ah, wonder of wonders. 'Thousands are dying the death that no one can avoid, yet the rest of us live as though we should never die!' Those burning pyres sputtered and sang as if life to them was a festival.

Suddenly I saw the Holy One. I could not believe my own eyes. Near, yes, right near one of the pyres he stood, with three of his disciples, all dressed in ochre-colored robes. I at once climbed out of the water and went toward them to salute the Maharaj. He said; 'One of our patients died during the night. We had to cremate him. The weather is so hot that any delay in burning a corpse may cause putrefaction.'

'But, Master, why do you have this institution? Why have a hospital right in the midst of a sanctuary of meditation?'

'It is a long story,' he answered. Then turning to the three of his companions, he remarked, 'I think now that the fire is well started you will not need me, so I will go and bathe. Will you all go home after you have finished your work?'

Then he turned toward me. 'Come, let us bathe and have a swim.'

In a few moments he and I were swimming in the Ganges. He swam wonderfully. Suddenly I remembered the carbuncle growing on his back and urged him not to swim any more. Like a naughty lad he answered, 'I do not think of carbuncles when I am at play. Come, race me against the current!'

It was hard work for me. I admit he went against the moderate current faster than I. Again we passed the Yogi lost in meditation on the turret of a fallen temple, and the bathers, their glittering purple, orange, russet, and green draperies clinging to their bodies like liquid colors as they came out of the water and up the stately steps of the ghat, while above them gleamed the red, brown, white, and tawny temples in the fierce light of the sun. Lo, he had sprung like a lion of white flames over the city and flung himself on a black cloud — that 'elephant of the sky' as the poet said.

At last we reached a place where we saw my brother standing on the edge of the water, with eyes shut chanting to the sun: —

> 'Golden hands,
> Golden wings,
> With thy fiery radiance
> Scorch and consume all ills and evil,
> And bring that day
> That will press my heart against the
> heart of God.'

The Holy Man looked at me, his dark brown eyes twinkling with mischief. He said, 'I suppose thou canst no more sit still and meditate on God than a tiger can concentrate on vegetarianism!'

'I am not pious like my brother,' I replied meekly.

'Ha, thou callest him pious, him who has beheld God?' the Holy One ejaculated.

'Has he truly seen God, my Lord?'

'Canst thou not smell the fragrance of his soul? If thy spirit's nostrils cannot inhale it, can words give thee the perfume of yon man's vision?'

'Then he has seen God?' I inquired and affirmed in the same breath.

'Ask him. He will tell thee,' said the Holy One very simply.

We left my brother to meditate on the river bank, and went on toward the Holy Man's abbey. Again I noticed how beautiful some of the figures looked clad in their wet raiments. The rhythm of their barefooted walk and the close clinging wet colors made the women seem creatures from some ancient myth. Here and there a porter, bare to the waist, would pass with a heavy weight on his head. To see so much of a body, such pleasing skin, such play of muscles was a strange contrast to New York, where everyone is dressed to the hilt. Here in India the bronze men carrying loads on their heads looked stately — in fact no king is so majestic as men or women carrying loads on their heads. The dignity of it is unsurpassable. No matter how cultivated a society grows its toilers will always look more in harmony with art than its idlers. 'The carrier of a load is greater than the wearer of a crown,' Benares told me.

The Holy One who had been walking silently beside me suddenly remarked: 'If the Without is so beautiful, how much more beautiful the Within must be!'

'But, Master, can't I tarry a bit at the door of the Without?'

He answered: 'Thou dost not tarry; thou dost hasten to catch the glamour of the apparent. The pursuer of the thunder cannot afford to tarry. But he who sits above the thunder cloud in the centre of Heaven tarries forever. He need not move any more, for all things are happening before him. The centre of the Within is the seat of vantage from which to see the drama — the players, on the stage as well as off, and the audience too. Take that seat and none other. Come Within, my son!'

We were at the gate of the abbey. We entered and again passed the many buildings on the grounds. In one I noticed about a dozen sick people being carried in. In the next building we saw patients lying in bed close to the wide open windows.

'Why a hospital, and a day clinic as well?' I asked. 'How did you come to have them here?'

'My son, it is the punishment for doing good. Go, change thy dress and come back to my chamber. I will explain it to thee.'

III

When I entered his room again the odor of sandalwood greeted my breath. The walls looked cool and hard and the floor on which I stood felt cooler yet. This was the first time I had walked barefoot in thirteen years; my feet were sore. I had almost lost my entire faith in the rhythm and beauty of barefoot walking. But I felt the same sense of a strange power pervading the room.

On the floor were seated two young ladies, an old gentleman, their father, and a young monk in yellow, crouching before the Maharaj as though bowed by his sanctity.

The Holy One bade me be seated. 'I am glad,' he said, 'that thy feet pain thee. That will start the easing of the pain in thy soul.'

He turned to the others; 'What was I talking about? — I remember — the hospital which is a punishment for doing good.'

'How so, my Lord?' questioned the old gentleman.

'Even thou, an old man, dost ask me that question also? Well — it all began one day about eleven years ago when one man, a pilgrim, fell ill. I, who was meditating with a brother disciple under a big tree decided to stop meditating, and care for the man who had fallen sick by the roadside. He was a lean money-lender from Marwar and he had come to Benares to make a rich gift to some temple in order to have his way to Heaven paved in solid gold. Poor fellow, he did not know that any gift made thus binds a soul all the more to the Chain of Desire.

'I ministered to him until he recovered and could return to Marwar, to lend more money, I suppose. But the rascal did me an evil turn. He spread the news all along his way that if people fell sick near my big tree I took care of them. So very soon two more people came and fell sick at the prearranged place. What else could my brother disciple and I do but take care of them? Hardly had we cured them when we were pelted with more sick folk. It was a blinding shower. I saw in it all a terrible snare: beyond a doubt, I felt, if I went on taking care of the sick, bye and bye I should lose sight of God.

'Pity can be a ghastly entanglement to those who do not discriminate, and there I stood, with a wall of sick men between me and God. I said to myself, "Like Hanuman, the monkey, leap over them and fling thyself upon the Infinite." But somehow I could not leap, and I felt lame. Just at that juncture a lay disciple of mine came to see me; he recognized my predicament and, good soul that he was, he at once got hold of a doctor and an architect, and set to work to build the hospital. Very strange though it seems, other illusions coöperated with that good man to help him — the money-changer, the first fellow I cured, sent an additional load of gold and built the day clinic. In six years the place was a solid home of delusion where men put their soul-evolution back by doing good. Shiva, Shiva!'

'But, Master, I notice that your own disciples, boys and young girls, work there?' I put in my question.

'Yes, like these two young ladies here, other young people come to me to serve God. Well, youth suffers from the delusion that it can do good. But I have remedied that somewhat; I let them take care of the sick as long as their outlook on God remains vivid and untarnished, but the moment any of my disciples show signs of being caught in the routine of good works — like the scavenger's cart that follows the routine of removing dirt every morning — I send that soul off to our retreat in the Himalayas, there to meditate and purify his soul. When he regains his God-outlook to the fullest, if he wishes, I let him return to the hospital. Beware, beware: good can choke up a soul as much as evil.'

'But if someone does not do it, how will good be done?' questioned the old gentleman in a voice full of perplexity.

'Live so,' replied the master in a voice suddenly stern, 'Live so that by the sanctity of thy life all good will be performed involuntarily. My children do not *try* to do good. Live like the holy man, my whilom teacher, the Air-Eater; live so that evil will never dare come near where you live, and all the good will be accomplished of itself. For, as a scavenger removes dirt and constantly watches out lest the dirt infect him with disease, so the doer of good lives in perpetual fear of his soul being diseased with the evil he carts away from the house of life. He does not know into what danger the routine of good work can plunge his God-seeking

soul. The pestilence of improving others may kill his spirit. Try the safer way — live so that by your living all good deeds will be done unconsciously.'

At this moment my brother entered the room, dressed in fine ivory-colored silk. He had a look in his eyes that was not of this world. But my mind was after another thing. I asked the Blessed One, 'What did the Air-Eater teach you, my Lord?'

'O thou soul of vulgar probing, dost thou not know what I learned from him I can utter only through my living? If the fragrance of my living does not call the soul to suck the honey of eternal bliss, then — but I will tell thee one thing more,' he conceded. 'I will tell thee of the last visit I made to him, some time after he had entered his mountain cavern.

'I reached the spot in April. All the hills were dry, every scrap of the earth was parched, almost cracked with the dry heat. When I reached the cave-mouth at midday, I was fainting with thirst. I saw him come out, a man old, ah, old as this city of Benares. His hair was like threads of white silk, his eyes were sunken like large lamps in a misty cave. He gave me a drink of water out of a black shell. I drank on and on — it seemed that I could never have enough. I had no desire to look at anything. Finally, when I had drained the last long drop, I raised my eyes to see my master; but lo, I beheld only but for a moment his back at the cavern-mouth. Then he was gone!

'I knew what it meant — I had lost him! I said to myself, "The thirst of thy body took precedence of thy soul's thirstiness." But there was no time to rebuke myself — somehow I must attain that man! So I sat down to meditate. I meditated about five hours. Yet no answer from the Air-Eater. Darkness was shutting down upon me. The young bears were linking their voices together in the upper woods and shook the echoes in all directions. The stars came out and questioned me. Again I plunged myself into meditation and not before the first faint preening of the wings of dawn did I emerge therefrom. Then I felt a cool something resting on my hand. I looked carefully — it was the chin of a fawn, dripping with dew. I looked beyond — a pair of small ruby eyes glowed near by. As if they caught my glance and took the hint, they disappeared. The fawn, breathed more easily, and raised its chin; I gently stroked its nose and forehead with my hand. Turning my gaze from the deep brotherhood that danced in its eyes, I looked at the stars; they were close and quivered questioningly like the beckoning finger of a man — it is a terror-rousing sight: do not let the stars question you!

'Suddenly they stopped those heart-breaking signs and fled. The small Himalayan sparrow set the theme of dawn with two notes. After a pause of several moments he repeated them half a dozen times, then stopped. Like a long call of a flute rose a silver light in the east. Again the bird answered. Again came the flutings of silver light in the east. The fawn, now standing near me almost whistled a cry. That was the signal — now began the cymbal crash of gold all over the sky: color upon color, bird note upon bird note, forest upon forest tore the vestments of night into ribands and shreds of silver, gold, purple, and green. Then like the groaning of drums the bellow of the bison came. It startled me. I looked around and the fawn, scenting fear from my movement, fled; while, like the cool cry from a happy heart, came the chant of the holy man from his cave: —

'I am the founder of all life;
I am the many branched emerald tree of Heaven;
I am the sanctities, higher than the highest hills,

The jewel of immortality,
The secret in the sun,
And the song of gold in the dross of life.'

'The sky was by now two wings of glowing sapphire, on which flew the sun, the Eagle of Gold.

'I spent nearly three weeks waiting for the holy Air-Eater to come out of his cave. I never saw him. At last one day in deep meditation the secret flashed through my mind.'

Here the Holy One paused. A great light shone in his eyes. The whole room was filled with glory; the man before us was no more a man, but a song — not from some other voice — but aching in our own throats. Yes, that was the secret: perfect identity of each one of us with all. Alas, hardly had that glorious light broken out when again it vanished.

'Then,' he continued slowly, all the radiance gone from his eyes, 'Then I said to myself, "He will not teach me with words; from now on my instructions must come through Silence": and I rose to leave, for I had accomplished my purpose. After I started down the hill I could not help looking back over my shoulder. Behold, he was standing there at the cave-mouth, smiling a tender, inscrutable smile. I said to myself over and over again, "Yes, I know, my instructions will come to me through silence now."

'I never saw the Air-Eater again. The next time I went to his cave, I stopped at the village first and they told me what I suspected: the Air-Eater had passed onward.'

At this moment the arrival of the doctor, Saravdikari, interrupted the Holy One's discourse. That he had a carbuncle we all knew, but none had been told that the Master was to be operated on that day. The young ladies and their father left the room and I noticed that they bowed very low before the Presence, and with the ends of their napkins took the dust from his feet. Is there any sight more noble than men and women bending reverently before what they cherish as the highest? In this gesture man attains the acme of his art.

Before the three had left the room two more monks entered with large fans embossed with red and blue semi-precious stones. With these they began to fan the Master.

The doctor, who looked exactly like a bronze Sophocles, began to arrange his weapons on a large sheet of leather which he had spread on the floor. This Sophocles was sombre as well as brown and had very little sense of humor; he laid out his goods with all the unction of a priest poking among his sacred vessels and bells. I whispered to my brother that there must be the manuscripts of tragedy in this man's pocket. He whispered back, 'It is likely he has enough bills there to visit tragedies on many a patient. He is our most prominent surgeon; sometimes they nickname him "the butcher."'

I looked at the Holy One; he had, in the meanwhile closed his eyes like one withdrawing himself into the deeps of his own thought.

The doctor turned to him. 'I must give you an anæsthetic,' he said.

The Master opened his eyes and added gently, 'I don't think that is necessary. One of the disciples will assist you while to the others I shall talk philosophy; that will be my anæsthetic.'

'But you will suffer pain. You may bungle my work,' retorted Sophocles.

'Oh no, doctor; I will not spoil the skill of your instruments of torture. Do begin!'

So they began. Sophocles deftly cut into the carbuncle while the Master described in a quiet even voice the need of Bhakti, Raja, Juana, and Karma Yoga to us. He went on and on with

his ideas as the doctor worked with his scalpel. Yet the Blessed One's tone did not change, nor was there a mark of pain visible anywhere in his face. Once in a while I felt the running and trickling of blood down his back as he paused between sentences, but even that feeling in me was brushed aside by the words coming from his lips.

At last it was over. The wound was completely bandaged. Now the doctor turned to the Master and asked with a smile, 'Did you feel any pain?'

'Why should I, doctor?'

'I felt the temperature not quite normal on that side of your back. Are you sure you felt no pain?'

'How could I? I was absent from that part of the Universe where you were working. I was present in this part where I discussed philosophy.'

Suddenly the doctor glanced at us and remarked, 'When this man dies one of the most astonishing specimens of Hindu religious culture will go with him.'

He bent low, and as the others before him, took the dust from the feet of the Master, then stood up to go. He enjoined his patient to take absolute and perfect rest, then helped the disciple to put the place in order.

I was unable to contain myself any longer. I said to the Blessed One, 'You who are so holy, why do you not heal yourself?'

Here the doctor interposed, but the Holy One said, 'I am able to answer the child.'

'Very well,' said Sophocles. 'I shall wait till you finish answering. Then I will put you to bed.'

'Doctors and Death are absolute,' exclaimed the Holy One. 'The reason, my son, why I do not heal myself is that the will here,' he pointed at his heart, 'turned into ashes long ago. I gave my will to the Will of the Universe. Now I spend my time willing the happiness of all. If in the happiness of all I incidentally am to be healed, then my friend the doctor is the incident. If not, why should I call my will back from the embrace of the Infinite to do here a little repairing upon myself? No, my son, I would rather not be Holy than stoop to take back a gift to my Beloved!' He turned to the doctor. 'Come, dear friend, you have been very patient with me; put me to bed!' At this, everyone save the doctor and the two monks with fans left the room.

IV

The quest of my brother's face is nothing new. It is the old, the age-old search for the happiness that comes in a flash, but abides with us till death, and which perhaps continues beyond that final event of Life.

Who *is* our brother? Is he the man we find, or the man we look for? The sages of the Upanishad have answered that our brother is He who wears that One Face dwelling in the thousand faces of all life.

That Face I have never seen, but as time passes, and as the shadow of age falls across my path, I feel more often in my brother's face that Absoluteness of truth as well as of love, though only for the length of time that a mustard seed may sit steady upon the horn of a Shiva bull.

I was thinking of these things a few days later, as I was sitting alone on the porch of the temple. My brother had gone on a short tour of inspection connected with his medical work. Suddenly I saw my sister coming toward me holding a telegram. At first I thought it was from him, but when she handed it to me, I saw that it was from Benares, from the Holy One. It said only one word: 'Come.'

It was not too cryptic to hide from me the final command. Had my brother heard also, I wondered? I

must make ready and go at once. The whole world depended on my reaching Benares without delay.

It was hard to say good-bye to my sister, because she asked for nothing. She said, 'Live long. Abide in serenity wherever thou art. I shall fast until thy journey's end, and that will purify our hearts and may give thee what thou dost desire. Only the hearts that are pure can attain what they need. Farewell, farewell!'

Farewell — the bugle had been sounded; I must hasten to action.

I took a last look at our temple, a glimpse at Shree Krishna's face. 'Yes, as long as he sits there, the world will go on,' I said to myself. 'If this religion dies, wherever that Krishna statue goes, a new temple will be built to enshrine him. Gods live long and compel the tribute of time. Farewell, farewell!'

I crossed the bridge and drove for the railway station that looks like a palace of crimson.

Next morning I got off at Benares and went immediately to bathe in the Ganges. It did not take long, but the ablution in the holy water was a necessary preliminary to visiting the Holy One.

I found my brother at the entrance to the monastery. After I had taken the dust from his feet, he led me within. The master was lying on his couch, and two monks in yellow were fanning him. Sunlight poured into the room through the open windows. His face was white as a dying man's generally is, and a black beard, of about fifteen days' growth, covered it. His eyes were closed, and his forehead once in a great while contracted momentarily, then grew smooth again with the passing of a paroxysm of pain; but the power was still about him like a garment. He began to speak as if resuming an old familiar conversation.

'My son,' he said, almost in a whisper, 'as to the eye of the sky, the clouds and stars are in it, and yet contain not all of its intangibility. So are the experiences of man.' Then suddenly, in a stronger voice, he commanded me, —

'Return to the West! Thy time for peace has not come. Thou wilt commit some errors yet. Only be pure in spirit — vanity is the worst impurity — and through thy errors thou wilt learn.'

He paused, closing his eyes. When he opened them again, they were clear and keen. He said to me, —

'India needs love. The West has given her criticism these many years, therefore give the West love, till she learn to love this land of the Sages. I am quite clear in what I am saying; love her; and she will fulfill her destiny. The West still believes that knowledge will give her God: we think that God can be found by Bliss alone. A decade of intense loving will enable her to accomplish a century of God-realization.'

'But Holy One,' I cried, 'I am most pained and bewildered. What of conversion? Shall I go to the West as a missionary of Brahman? Is ours a missionary religion?'

'Thou of thyself canst convert no one, my son,' he replied, 'for thou art not holy. When a saint converts a man to his eternity the saint takes the burden of the man's sins upon himself. Therefore I say to thee thou mayest not convert, but speak thou of God to any one who has time to waste.'

'Holy One,' I exclaimed in amazed awakening, 'then vicarious atonement is true?'

'Indeed, my son, only saints may convert others, for when you convert a man you yourself become responsible for him. People should not be converted from one religion to another, but from all religions into the Eternal Religion whose name is Viswarupadarsana

— which is to behold one's Own Self as the self of the past, the present, and the future of the Universe.

'That last conversion, that supreme realization — the realization of one's own identity with the existing All — is the goal to which little human conversions point. Desire then to convert the human into the divine, the temporal into the timeless, to convert all men not to one religion, but to the essence of all religions! Go, my son, and ask each man to realize that he himself is God.

'Make thy mistakes like a king, my son, but love with all thy heart. Love — love.' His voice became fainter. 'Go hence now, and look upon thy brother's face!'

He closed his eyes and spoke no more.

We bowed and touched our foreheads to the floor and walked noiselessly out of the Presence.

V

For three days I did not see the Master again. My heart was heavy. In India when a man dies we say he is about to start upon the great journey — literally — he makes the supreme change of habitation. 'I relinquish my hut to enter my palace,' say the dying. But must I, after knowing the splendor of his presence, remain behind in the darkened and empty hut to wait — for how long? I am not able in words to convey the experience of this man. Sick and fragile as he was, the power of his presence charged the very air we breathed until it lived like an organism to bleed at a touch. How many times I had entered his room to find him, 'The Lion,' sitting straight on his bed and the people crouched about him on the floor like mice, bowed before his silent power. Once I had been so overcome that seeking where to hide my face, I had buried it in his shoes which were cool, like stone.

It was the daybreak of my third day in Benares that the Master asked for everyone to be present. Since a hundred people could not be accommodated in his room, we brought him outdoors. He wished to be placed under that mango tree where he had meditated for so many years. A group of disciples and friends surrounded him.

In the open he seemed better, his unshaven face did not look so white. He lifted his eyes and gazed at us slowly; not the least one of us all was hastily passed over. Each one received his message, so far as he could interpret the great glance cast upon him. Then the Holy One spoke:

'The call has come, my children. I must go. No lamentation! I have taken you upon my back; I shall not drop you into the ditch on my way Home; you shall be in His House with me! To be afraid is vile, therefore fear not! Even the ultimate sin cannot touch the fearless.

'Whatever I took from my master, I in turn pass on to you. I leave behind me for you all that he taught. I take nothing with me. All knowledge, all benediction, I lay here at my feet for you; spring from it into the Infinite!'

He ceased, and we saw that he was in great pain.

Suddenly he said,

'I am in haste,' and chanted out: —

'Kamasya ytrapta
Kamastatra Mam
Amritam Krisi,'

signing to all of us to chant with him. But his voice was soon drowned under the cry of a hundred men and women: —

'Make me immortal,
There, where all are vestured in light.
There, where no longing is,
For all longing has been stilled by fulfillment.'

Our love had surrounded him like a fence, and he could not depart nor free himself from the entanglement of our affection; so he had commanded us to chant; and as the intoning engulfed us — *Om Hari Om* — and our hold relaxed, he slipped through our loosened grasp. Suddenly, as a sword falls through the air, silence fell upon our chanting — he was gone! His face, which was always so full of expression, now lay expressionless and white. His eyes were closed. His mouth grew hard and rigid. The morning breeze trembled through his hair for a moment.

We anointed the corpse with pure sandal oil, covered it with hand-made homespun silk of ochre color, then carried it, bed, cot and all, on our shoulders to the burning ghat.

It seemed that all Benares had heard the news, but how I do not know. Other men and women, holy also, had already gathered at the ghat, and the old lady, who taught that All is nothing, that truculent old man who cried there is no God — both of them had reached the ghat before us. Flowers poured from all directions as we went our way. It was overwhelming.

Now it is a law in Benares that if a Holy One dies in the sacred city he is not cremated. His naked body is thrown into currents of the river, to be borne to the sea. A holy body must be given to the Holy Ganges. Even the flames are too impure for it!

'Prehi, prehi
Pathibhih purbevi.'

'Go, go, on the path of ancient mystery!'

The old words rang out, and the river received him in her arms; and swiftly bore him from our sight. We gazed and gazed at the flowers that floated after till they too were lost in the blue distance like bubbles in the sea.

After our ablutions and prayers, we returned to the monastery. Now that he was gone, we must remember his injunction to shed no tears. When a holy one departs this life, there can be no official or unofficial mourning. So as soon as we could gather our forces of self-control together, we gave a feast of rejoicing to all Benares. Pilgrims, priests, holy men, beggars, and rajahs — seven thousand or more came and sang the praise of God. His light shone on all faces and his essence danced in every heart. 'In every human being I am the expected flush upon his face.'

And then at last I was no longer alone. Peace returned to my heart with the light from the eyes of my brothers.

The following week, I set out on another pilgrimage to the New World. What had I found to bring back with me — what offering from India in upheaval to America in the heyday of her prosperity? Only the ancient sweet spices and myrrh, only the old incense of love; but my orders were plain, and with joy I turned again to the West.

I bade good-bye to my brother; his face is with me now. Next to the Holy One, his is most sacred to me.

As for the last time I took the dust from his feet, he said simply: 'Finish thy quest. Remember the warning of the Holy One. Criticize no more! Buddha blessed the world, and in blessing gave new life. There the miracle! Farewell — but come back again and bring to us the face of blessing and benediction from the West.'

I kept looking back at my brother as my train moved out of Benares, and for the first time in my life, I beheld tears in his eyes. Then all was lost to view. But no — for now on the *western* horizon I saw dimly, but ever growing more and more clear before me, the beloved Face of my Brother.

LONDON — FORTY YEARS LATER

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

SINCE I first entered London through the granite portals of Euston Station, forty years ago, London has been practically rebuilt. The London of my youth was the London of Charles Dickens, which has to all intents and purposes disappeared: it lay, roughly, between the Strand and Oxford Street and west of Ludgate Circus. If that keenly observing novelist were to come back, it would take some time for him to reëstablish himself; for whole districts which he knew well have disappeared and in their places are wide avenues lacking altogether the character that was distinctive of the London of his day. The Strand, once the narrowest of the great thoroughfares connecting the east with the west end, has been widened and almost entirely rebuilt, but it still remains one of the ugliest important streets in Europe. The semicircle of Aldwych and the wide avenue, Kingsway, abutting upon it, are equally characteristic of New York, Chicago, Berlin, or any other large city.

Probably the finest site in London presents at the moment a rather desolate appearance, occupied as it is by one very large office building, built by Mr. Irving T. Bush of New York, bearing the legend over its principal entrance, 'To the Friendship of the English-Speaking Peoples.' Only the middle one of three equally large buildings, all to be under the direction of Mr. Bush and occupying what is termed an island site, is at present completed. I cannot wholly commend the beauty of 'Bush House,' as it is called, but it is a magnificent venture, and I am inclined to doubt whether any man in England would have had the courage to undertake it.

Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square remain much as they were when I first saw them. Coutts's Bank is now occupying the site of an arcade where toys and trash were formerly sold, and a row of mean buildings have given way to a group of unimportant portals called the Admiralty Arch, giving entrance to a superb roadway leading to Buckingham Palace, planned a century ago by John Nash.

The thought of this great architect who did so much to give to London its substantial, if somewhat gloomy character, leads me to condemn as restless and trivial much of the work that has displaced his. He is responsible for the dignified Carlton House Terrace, which yet remains, and for Regent Street which extends from York Steps to Oxford Street, which is rapidly disappearing. His was, as someone has said, a supreme example of good manners in architecture. Nash, having secured an elevation that satisfied him, got out his charts and compasses and laid out a fine wide street with a quadrant and squares and circuses to break its monotony, and then said to the builders, 'Now go ahead and build two miles of that, one on each side of the

street.' Gradually these old buildings are coming down. Piccadilly Circus is a circus no longer, and soon the old insurance building with its arcaded front, which has been for so long a landmark, under which so many women have waited for the man who never came, will disappear, and there will be revealed in all the cheap tawdriness of white terra cotta, now mercifully hidden, the Regent Palace Hotel of Messrs. Lyons.

It will, I suppose, be another ten years before Regent Street is completely rebuilt; the buildings now being erected are expensive and elegant, but are suggestive of New York rather than of London, only in New York the buildings seem better fitted for their purpose. From the point of view of an architect seeking to make the most of his opportunity, there is, I should say, too much wasted space and too much utterly meaningless decoration.

Who does not know Liberty's? A shop for several generations famous for household art goods and silks and satins of exquisite texture and lovely color. On the right side of Regent Street going toward Oxford Street, there are several Liberty shops which will be replaced by new and presumably magnificent premises; but Messrs. Liberty are now engaged upon a project in Argyll Place, in the rear of one of their present locations, where they are erecting what seems to me to be the most beautiful structure now building in London. It is Tudor in design, of timber and concrete; in appearance not unlike the old Staple Inn in Holborn. The heavy timber work, the overhanging gables and the window frames are made from oak timbers from old battleships which once formed the wooden walls of England. There are ten gables of different elevations and on different planes on the Argyll Place front, and a mass of handsomely wrought chimneys break up the roof line which is five stories above the street. Had this old world structure been placed conspicuously, on Regent Street for example, it would have been horrible, but in a by-street one comes upon it with delight. I took the trouble to ascertain that Mr. E. Stanley Hall is the architect.

Oxford Street, too, has been almost entirely rebuilt, and easily the finest shop in this street is that of Gordon Selfridge, once of Marshall Field & Company of Chicago, now closely identified with the modernization of London. Without a doubt Mr. Selfridge has changed the character of shop building in London, of his quarter in particular. In Baker Street just around the corner great changes are taking place, and an effort is being made to make it a fashionable shopping-centre. The houses in this neighborhood, when originally built, were leased for a period of ninety-nine years; as they 'fall in' ('expire' would be our word) they are not renewed, but the buildings razed to make way for modern structures. An idea of the constant and rapid growth of London is suggested by a clause which the old leases contained restricting tenants from keeping pigs on the premises.

FOR MEN ONLY

As one looks in the windows of the tailor shops, and there are more such in London than anywhere else in the world, one is struck with the beauty of the cloths displayed in them. Exquisite in weave and color and style, one is powerless to resist the temptation to order one more suit. If you obey that impulse you are lost. Obsequiously the shopman listens while you tell him of the harrowing experiences you have had at the tailor's in the next street.

'It's too bad, sir,' he says; 'it makes

it 'ard for them has tries to please their customers. You shall have no difficulty like that with h'us, sir, h'I h'assure you, sir.' Seduced by a fine line of talk and beautiful cloth, and a low price, — cloth suits are to-day the only cheap thing in England, — you order a suit, being very explicit in your instructions.

Will you get what you ask for? Not a bit of it. After the third trying-on, the suit, originally cut for a giant, begins to work down to within a few inches of your measure; that is to say, you can stuff only one large sofa cushion in the seat of your trousers, not two. Eventually, after several more 'fittings,' in disgust, or despair, or both, you pay for the suit, and have it sent to your hotel. Some weeks or months later, in the seclusion of your own room at home you put on the garments. This is what you find: the waistband of your trousers, which are cut heart-shape in the back as though they were intended to be worn conspicuously on St. Valentine's Day, is three inches too large; they are four inches too large in the leg; in them you look like a comic music-hall artist. They are several inches too short, while between vest and trousers there is a hiatus of an inch or more which reveals a strip of your shirt, or it may be that for variety's sake they come well up under your armpits.

Recently a new species of trousers has been introduced with pleats around the waist; but I cannot think that this 'maternity' type will long endure. The arms of your coat are too small; you smash your cuffs getting into it — seemingly nothing fits anywhere. Then you begin to explore the pockets. How wonderful they would be were you a shoplifter by profession. In each of your coat pockets you could secrete a large dictionary: in your lower vest pockets you could carry away a nice supply of toilet articles. But hold! here is a small pocket, two in fact, the upper vest pockets, which you insisted upon having made very narrow as you house in one only a narrow leather case containing your commutation ticket, and in the other a tiny cardcase or a lead pencil. These pockets have indeed been made narrow in accordance with your specifications; but only at the top: below they are so large that anything you put therein drops down and extends itself lengthwise, well out of reach. In the fob pocket of your trousers you can carry an extra large Waterbury clock, while in your hip pockets — which, out of deference to your being an American, the cutter insists on calling 'pistol pockets' — you can conceal such weapons as are necessary only to a villain in a melodrama.

I am wearing at the moment of writing a fine new suit of black-and-white check: I call it a 'certified check' to distinguish it from another suit which has been 'protested.' Now, would you believe it? the lining of the vest, the back of it, that is, is made not of the satin or fabric usually employed, but of the same check cloth as the front. The effect produced is that of a porous plaster. You have seen the advertisement, 'Feels good on the back'? Well, this does n't, and the straps that buckle together are so long that I invariably entangle myself in them in putting the garment on. I have in mind a number of shops in the West End, over the doors of which heraldic animals prance dangerously as though to imply protection to those within from the assaults of outraged customers. I mention no names, but I am preparing a confidential list which may be purchased for a small honorarium, and which will be found much more valuable than those letters to which you are subscribing which purport to tell you how to make money in Wall Street. And lest these remarks

are considered too sweeping, I would except the overcoat foundries of Studd and Millington in Conduit Street, famous for topcoats the world over.

II

Being in Conduit Street, let us call on my friend Mr. Maggs, the bookseller. There are two brothers, — there were three, — who tell me they have struggled hard to overcome their 'shyness': this is what an Englishman always calls his inability to come forward and grasp a man warmly by the hand and suggest, at least, that he is glad to see you, as Gabriel Wells does, for instance, when you call on him in New York. But if you are interested in fine books, you will do well to call on Maggs Brothers, and after you have broken the ice — and it won't be hard — you will see some things that will make your pocketbook look as though it had been stamped on by elephants. Two minutes' walk further west, and you will be looking into the window of the Dobells, who have moved their finer books from the rather sordid atmosphere of the Charing Cross Road. I would suggest that you enter and do not let Mr. Dobell's 'shyness' affect you. You will probably find some books that you can be happier with than without. Not far away in Grafton Street is Sawyer's, whose rise in the world has been rapid and deserved. No 'shyness' about Mr. Sawyer; maybe you will be more successful than I have been in prying him loose from some of the finest Dickens items in existence. He boasts, so far as an Englishman can be said to boast, the finest Dickens collection in England. He says it is his private collection; but some day, when he gets ready, he will sell it. When I last saw him he had a wonderful copy of Pope's 'Essay on Man' — Pope's own, full of his notes, and very cheap. While I was counting my money to see whether I could buy it and at the same time afford a steamer ticket home, Colonel Ralph Isham stepped in and carried it off. To quiet my anathemas he gave me a beautiful priced copy of the 'Sale Catalogue of Boswell's Library,' which will match up very nicely with my copy of the 'Sale Catalogue of Dr. Johnson's Library'; so I have something to show for my rage.

Quaritch is just next door: more 'shyness.' There is little to choose between Mr. Dring, the manager-in-chief, and Mr. Ferguson, next in command. Both are men of profound knowledge of the old school of booksellers, who might be called scholars first and booksellers afterwards. If in a Quaritch book you see in pencil 'C & P,' signifying 'collated and perfect,' followed by Ferguson's initials, you need ask no questions: collated and perfect it is. Of late years 'Quaritch' has relaxed its austerity a little: you might possibly find there a first edition of *Moby Dick*, that great, great book which we are all now seeking; but you would be much more sure of getting there a first folio of Shakespeare or a King James Bible. Bookselling in London is a highly specialized trade.

Sabin's is in Bond Street, just around the corner; not many books now, but what there are, fine, very fine — and prints! The ease with which Sabin says 'two thousand,' when you ask the price, will amaze you; and when, to hide your confusion, you become facetious and say, 'dollars?' he hisses 'guineas' in a way that will teach you to respect a West-End tradesman. That extra shilling in the pound is a thing no American can ever get accustomed to. But I have n't the least doubt that Frank Sabin would gladly buy back from me every item I have had from him, and at a profit — to me.

At 29 New Bond Street is the oldest-

established bookselling business in Britain to be carried on continuously for not quite two hundred years on the same spot, Ellis's. The business was founded by a John Brinley, who chose this location 'on account of its convenience to the Royal Family and the Quality of England.' The firm still retains this 'convenience,' and no doubt the patronage also, for these things never change in England. A little more than a century ago when this shop bought very expensive books, such as unique Caxtons for three hundred, and Shakespeare folios for a hundred pounds, it was supposed that it must be buying for Napoleon Bonaparte, but it was later discovered that its client was the Duke of Devonshire. I knew the business forty years ago as Ellis and Elvey; now it is Ellis simply; but there has been no Ellis connected with it for more than a generation.

If you go to the top of Bond Street and cross New Oxford Street, you will bump into Bumpus, an old established firm of booksellers, who for years have been handling new books almost exclusively, but who have recently opened an excellent rare-book department in charge of a very competent man whose name I have forgotten — but my check book shows the scars of several encounters with him. And by all means, wander still farther north and call on my friend Francis Edwards, in Marylebone.

I always think of Austin Dobson's lines as I go —

> And ladies of rank to perfect their tone
> Went out of town to Marylebone!

Mr. Edwards has one of the best general bookshops in London, in which I pleasantly loiter away many hours. Or, go the other way toward St. James's Square, and near by in King Street is Pickering and Chatto, a firm that specializes in Tudor and Stuart literature. No need here to enquire for Samuel Butler, meaning thereby the author of *The Way of All Flesh*. The only Samuel Butler they have ever heard of wrote *Hudibras*, whose couplets are always on our lips, perhaps without our knowing who wrote them. From them I secured my copy of *Hudibras*, with the arms of Charles the Second thereon, whose favorite poet Butler was.

Jimmy Tregaskis has moved his shop from Holborn to Great Russell Street, opposite the British Museum, which he laughingly refers to as his annex. A gentleman first, and a bookseller afterward, I have heard him described. Not as young as he was when I first knew him, forty years ago, he is still going strong and will some day hand over a well-established business to his son Hugh, the most popular boy selling books in England, and justly so. I love him for himself, and for his father's sake and his mother's.

III

Reader, if some day you happen to be in that quarter of London known as Soho, about lunch-time, drop into a well-known restaurant, 'The Rendezvous,' in Dean Street; go in and keep on going until in the back room you may espy two men seated at a small table in the corner. You must not speak to them but you may listen — and you will learn much. You will observe that the wife of one of them has permitted her husband to retain a great deal of hair: that would be Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Sphere*, a most kindly man and a fine bookman, the possessor of an excellent library at his delightful country place at Great Missenden, where I have spent many happy hours.

The man with him, whose hair is conspicuous by its absence, is Mr.

Thomas James Wise, whose library of first editions, from 1640 say, is unexcelled in the world. This is a tall order, but no one acquainted with it would dispute the statement. These two men have been lunching together once every week for — well, how many years old is their business? All that time they have been talking books — nothing but books! For subjects within his range, no man has the knowledge that Mr. Wise has. Alert, shrewd, gifted with a wonderful memory, and with sufficient means to gratify his tastes, he has for fifty years secured the best of whatever has come upon the London market. A stickler for condition, only the best can secure a place upon his shelves. Reader, think of the rarest book (since 1640, mind you) you know, and then go to Mr. Wise's library (if you can), and you will find it: in boards, uncut, if perchance it was published that way, 'with the label'; or perhaps a presentation copy with some especially significant inscription.

When I am in London, you will see three men at that corner table; I shall be listening, and when I assume the rôle of a listener there must be a good reason for it. Into this little coterie, I several times last winter introduced a fourth person, Colonel Ralph Isham, an American officer now living in London, who during the war served in the English army with distinction. Colonel Isham collects Johnson and Goldsmith, which he may, for I have mine; but if he supplants me with my friends he will be in greater danger than he ever was in France. These little verses came to us from him after one of our meetings.

THE TRIUMVIRATE

In Shorter and Newton and Wise
A simple affinity lies
    They have mutual books
    And tastes — and good looks
And they argue the 'Wherefores' and 'Whys.'
A cavernous longing they share
To possess all works seasoned and rare
    That were pressed out of Johnson
    Or Caxton or Tonson
And thus do they banish dull care.

In public with Shorter and Wise
It is Newton that causes surprise
    His dominant suiting
    From Mayfair to Tooting
Occasions ungracious surmise.

With Shorter and Newton and Wise
Confusion is apt to arise
    But Newton is Shorter —
    At least by one quarter —
And certainly Shorter is Wise.

Not everyone can wear plaids with distinction, and I feel that this slur was prompted by jealousy.

IV

'So this is London,' I remarked to myself one day as I laid aside my *Times*. 'But is it possible that George, the Fifth of that Ilk, is reigning?' From glancing at what is going on in the theatres one might suppose that Queen Victoria was still upon the throne. Bear with me while I run over the list of attractions. 'When Bunty Pulls the Strings' and 'What Every Woman Knows,' both clever, amusing comedies, but not of yesterday or even the day before. Would you see a bright sparkling operette? 'The Merry Widow' is at Daly's, as it has been any time these last three years. And there is, of course, that best of all operas, 'The Beggar's Opera,' first produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1728. It is really the most up-to-date show in London. Certainly it is the most artistic and enjoyable performance given here in a generation; but I have seen it seven times and am not qualifying for a place in 'The Beggar's Opera Club,' to attain which one must have seen it fifty times. 'The Prisoner of Zenda' is playing somewhere, and

'The Importance of Being Earnest' is at the Haymarket; this, the most brilliant comedy of my time, I went to see. It is just too old to be young and too young to be old, still I enjoyed it, but to think that I should live to see Oscar Wilde out-moded, to use a phrase of Max Beerbohm's! 'Our Oscar!' who introduced the comedy of words to our stage after a century's absence. The costumes were of to-day and the women were not up to their parts; the country girl, who, when told by the city belle that 'she had no idea that flowers were so common in the country,' replies that 'flowers are as common in the country as people are in London,' gave these telling lines while people were snickering from the first witticism and, seemingly, no one heard them but myself. I was waiting for them. Once again, one can see 'Sweet Lavender' and 'The Private Secretary.' One has a horrid feeling that 'Two Orphans' are lurking just around the corner — and is that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that I see in the distance?

Now there is a tragic reason for all this: the war did alike for playwrights, actors, actresses, and audiences. London to-day has no important playwrights other than Shaw and Barrie; these are still with us but their work is done. The fine actors of a generation ago have passed away, and the people who fill the theatres to-day are a new generation of playgoers who know little either of plays or of acting and do not demand the best. 'The money has changed hands,' they tell you in London: the people who had it once have it no longer; it is very sad.

'You must see "Our Betters." You won't like it, but it is the best thing in London,' someone told me. Looking in the newspaper, I read: 'It makes the audience gasp.' I went, I did not 'gasp'; I yawned. Somerset Maugham wrote it, and it was played seven or eight years ago in New York. The story is this: an American girl of some charm and wealth comes to London and marries a man with a title. Her husband never appears; he is the only man in London who is never to be seen in his wife's drawing-room. She is being 'protected' by a rich, vulgar American who allows her ten thousand a year, which, with her own fortune, makes her independent. Her younger sister, also with money, comes to London from New York, or Chicago, or somewhere, followed by a stupid American boy very much in love with her. There are two or three women who talk interminably to two or three Englishmen of the 'silly-ass' type.

Nothing happens but talk, until the last part of the last act, when the young girl — having become engaged to a Lord, the usual exchange of money for title — discovers that her married sister, being 'protected' by one man, is misbehaving with another. The younger girl tells her sister what she thinks of her, whereupon the elder sister gives the younger a piece of her mind. There is something that approaches acting for seven minutes, and some plain statements of the English people's feeling for us, such as one would never think of uttering at the English-Speaking Union in Trafalgar Square or at a Pilgrim dinner.

'Do you think,' says the married American woman to her sister, the ingénue, 'that without money an American would be tolerated in London society?'

'Do you think your lord would have proposed to you if he had n't seen you in the setting in which I have placed you?'

'Do you think anyone in society would come here if I did n't pay them for coming by giving them what they love and are too poor to buy for themselves: rich food, fine wines, music, flowers, luxury?'

'Do you think the English love us? They don't: is there any reason why they should?' 'Do you think English fathers and mothers like to see their best young men married to American girls? Do you think the English girls like it? An American girl that marries an Englishman deserves what she gets — snubs on all sides. The English love our money, but they hate us.'

This was the 'gasping' part; it is not a good play but the playwright, an Englishman, told the truth, and it needs telling.

Without a doubt the most artistic production in London was the Nativity Play at the 'Old Vic,' which, under the direction of its guiding spirit, Miss Baylis, carries on finely in spite of the blight which has fallen upon the London theatres. Miss Baylis wanted a play suitable for Christmas and communicated her desire to Robert Atkins, who is responsible for its production. He read a score or more of plays in the British Museum, and finally stumbled upon 'The Play of the Shepherds,' formerly acted by the 'Paynters and Glasiors' of the old city of Chester about six hundred years ago. It was handed down from mouth to mouth for several hundred years before it was written out in the form in which it now is, and, as one critic said, 'to our shame and ecstasy,' it is now given for the first time in centuries at the Old Vic.

Its incidents are very simple: it is the eve of the Nativity; three shepherds are sitting on a hillside; while eating their supper of bread and cheese and an onion, washed down with a flagon of mead, they fall into discussion of the diseases of sheep and boast of their skill in curing them.

It seems curious to one brought up in the tenets of democracy to observe the operation of the principle of rank even among shepherds. They are comic or at least jovial characters, but it is the eldest of them who stands and offers a grace before they begin: —

'Come eat with us, God in heaven high,
And take no heed though there be no housing.'

to which another replies, simply: —

'Housing enough have we
While that we have heaven over our heads.'

When they have finished they call their servant, Trowle, and offer him food; but he, being a sturdy and independent fellow, refuses to eat what is left and is brought to a show of friendliness only by the offer of a wrestling match. He floors his masters, one after another, with ignominy, and departs.

The three shepherds, rubbing their bruises and mildly cursing him, then lie down to sleep, from which they are awakened by the Star that blazes over their heads turning night into day and filling them with dread. Trembling they take counsel together and Trowle creeps back to them abashed. They hear a *Gloria in Excelsis* (in this case a newly discovered Gloria of the Elizabethan composer, Weelkes) and dispute over such words of it as they can catch. Then an angel appears to them and reassured they start upon their pilgrimage to Bethlehem, singing as they go.

Finding the Virgin and the Christ Child, they lay at his feet such gifts as they have; a sheep's bell and a flask

'Whereat hangs a spoon
To eat thy pottage withal at noon,'

and a stick with a crook in it, for

' . . . although thou be come from God,
And be God thyself in thy manhood,
Yet I know that in thy childhood
Thou wilt for something look,
To pull down apples, pears, and plumbs it maybe.'

And Trowle gives him the cap from off his head, having nothing else, and

'My good heart while I live
And my prayers till death to me call.'

And solemnly the shepherds kiss one another and depart to tell the world what they have seen.

The effect this old play had upon the audience can hardly be described. One could have heard the fall of the proverbial pin as the loveliest legend of all time was unfolded, with absolute simplicity, with complete reverence, and with profound feeling. If the play had been given at a fashionable West End theatre, the papers would have rung with its praise, but the West End was busy with that hardy perennial, 'Charley's Aunt,' and it passed almost unnoticed.

Taking only a little over an hour to act, it was followed by Russell Thorndike's dramatic version of '*A Christmas Carol*,' beautifully given, to the delight of the audience who were transfixed with horror at the coming of Marley's ghost, and enjoyed the transformation of Scrooge and Bob Cratchit's dinner as much as he did. These performances were given repeatedly to packed houses; most of the audience paid a shilling! Well may Augustine Birrell say, 'I rank the Old Vic at the very top of our educational institutions'; and the last word from London is that Miss Baylis is to be given an honorary M.A. by the University of Oxford. Well does she deserve it!

I spent three months in England, three of the worst months in the year: November, December, and January. During all that time England was in a fog, but it was financial and political, not atmospheric. I suspect the weather has been much maligned. We had a half-rainy day once, a rainy half-day once, a little fog, and for the rest — well, not bright sunshine, the sun we seldom saw, but it was clear and not cold. Damp? Yes, incredibly so; but I dressed like a Laplander, and I was at all times perfectly comfortable.

When I came home my partner met me at the dock in New York, and in my enthusiasm I said I had had occasion to put up my umbrella only once all the time I was away.

'My experience exactly,' he said. 'The last time I was in England I put my umbrella up as I came down the gangplank and I put it down as I went up several months later.'

But the fact is, —

It's sunshiny weather
When we are together

my 'Old Lady London' and I.

A BOY'S WAY IS THE WIND'S WAY

BY NELSON COLLINS

I RAN on him first in a university library. How he got there heaven alone knows — and possibly some kindly library attendant. Back in the stacks I detected a pungent odor differing a little from the blend of crowded books and stale cleaning-fluid that characterizes all libraries. I looked around the corner of a stack and saw him, unwashed, undarned, and unconcerned, fifteen years old. By an ingenious arrangement no holes showed in his long stockings. Three pairs were drawn one over the other, each hiding the holes in the others, and so his legs were decently completely out of view. An exceedingly dirty torn woolen sweater, survival of some woman's devoted work 'for the boys in the service,' hung limply half down his chest, and worn faded-blue overalls were over all the rest of him. A barber's heart would have ached and leaped at lost and found opportunities in his matted hair. In the most orthodox of Big Brother or Rotary or Kiwanis moods, I started in to be cordial to this outrage upon all academic expectations — too young for a university library, too dirty for any place under a roof, and in any case a frightful intruder 'back in the stacks.' He was in the fiction section, among the *C*'s.

I aimed a little high for his years, and said, ever so kindly: 'Here is a book by a man named Joseph Conrad, *Youth*, that I believe you would like. There are three stories in it and that is the name of the first one. You might not care for the other two — a little old for you — but you would like *Youth*, I believe.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I have read it. *Lord Jim* is a peach of a book, too, don't you think? But I must read it again.'

I blinked a little and swallowed once. I was professorizing in that university for a while and being confined to mere upper-class men, I was n't used to any such offhand, uncompelled utterances. We talked a little more, and he seemed to have read backward and forward all over the field of literature.

It just occurred to me on the way out to make some comment on the kid to a woman at the circulation-desk who I knew would n't feel compelled to go after him and yank him out. 'Odd to find such a boy and in such clothes and in such an — uh — unsanitary condition back there.'

She smiled indulgently. I was kind of a guest-professor person out there and was expected to show more or less tourist interest like this in any odd or end I ran across. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'strange you have n't seen him before. His father was gored to death by an elk six years ago. The boy is fifteen and a half and has the mentality of a child of nine. One of the assistants in the psychology department is doing a thesis on him. He comes over here from his grade school after hours. A case of arrested development or something. He does n't give any trouble, but he 's just hopeless.'

'He seems to have read absolutely everything,' I took the time to insist as I gathered up my own books.

'Oh, yes; it 's quite amusing. But they tell me he might as well be reading a Montgomery-Ward or Sears-Roebuck catalogue — or the census tables. It all passes through his brain like so many meaningless symbols.'

I have a great respect for psychology and psychologists and all science and scientists, — a greater respect than they have for themselves and each other, because I am a man interested almost solely in the arts, — and so I forgot the lad who I had too fondly hoped might have a real reading tendency, so rare these days, and minded my own business.

Still, two weeks later, when I happened to see him again, in the street as I was starting on a ride into the country, I invited him into the automobile. We were gone two hours and I had a chance to talk with him, and let him talk, a good deal. After that I said: 'I don't know anything about psychology but I have had a lot of experience with college students in literature classes, and this boy reads more, remembers it better, and discusses what he reads with greater variety of well-judged comment — that still is n't over-precocious — than most university Juniors. All the rest of the things they say about him may be so, but this one thing — what they say about his reading — clearly is n't.'

I invited him into my house and I took the trouble to have a look at his. It was so dirty it smelled sour; the beds apparently were never made or changed; untidy food stood on the untidy table all day long.

He called at my house four or five times a week after that and he bathed at the university gymnasium next door whenever he called. He liked to do it. I frequently left him alone in the house. Stick-pins and odds and ends of money were usually one place and another around the rooms where he was free to range. There is a six-cent street-car fare in the town, and if ever I gave him a dime for a ride home he brought me the four cents change when next he came.

The psychology people were tolerant, but quite apparently considered that my heart had run away with my head. So did his school-teacher. The psychology people told me he drew random lines in a plot of a field when asked how he would hunt for a ball lost there, instead of drawing gradual concentring circles from the outer area to the middle of the field as, they said, a nice, normal, systematic child would do; that when asked to give the substance of a paragraph read aloud to him all he could remember out of it was the name, 'New York'; that when quizzed about himself, — solely for his own good, as was clearly explained to him, — he was n't able to open up at all: just stood dumb. These three things, as I remember the chart they showed me, set him back about a year in reducing his mentality from fifteen to nine. I felt myself growing younger as I listened.

After six weeks they were openly triumphant. The police came to me and told me he and his little brother, twelve years old, had burglarized twelve stores on the main street in the course of two nights! I did n't believe it, but ten minutes at the police station with him convinced me it was so. It was the very enormity of the thing that left me unimpressed.

'That 's too bad,' I said.

Their look convicted me as well as the boy.

'What you going to do about it?'

'That 's too bad,' I reiterated. 'That is what I mean. It is too bad. If it was n't quite so bad it would be worse. So there is nothing to do about it but protect the boy.'

'If he had stolen from one store it might be serious,' I argued. 'But twelve stores, — and the stuff all

stowed in the attic at his house, a bushel of revolvers, a bushel of jackknives, a bushel of cigarettes and him hardly smoking at all, — no, it is too much like a paroxysm. He has never had anything; lately, around my house, there has been a little release of such stricture upon living for him, and something long pent-up has broken out in this deplorable way. He is an honest boy. As well call me a murderer if in a nightmare I dream that I cut my wife's throat.' Everything that I learned about the boy later confirmed me in that diagnosis and that opinion.

An enlightened judge lived in that Oregon town and he telephoned me that he did not care if he never saw the boy so long as I would make myself responsible for him. I said that was rather a large order, as I had known him only six weeks, but I 'd undertake it for three months and then say what I would do. In spite of the protest of the deputy-sheriff that he was 'a dangerous young criminal and ought to be put away,' I lugged him from jail and courthouse and police headquarters, skirted a block to dodge the psychology building on the way home, and that was the last he saw of such surroundings. I had just lost a dog by an automobile running over him and figured on the kid as a substitute.

He had read all of Scott except *The Talisman* and preferred him to Dumas. Incidentally, and quite amazingly, I found he could run a typewriter. So I dug up *The Talisman* for him, marked two pages in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* that I wanted typewritten with a carbon copy, and left him for the day. The psychologists and the university campus in general were interested. Personally I felt I had done more for him in rescuing him from the psychologists than in rescuing him from the police.

There were rumors that inside of twenty-four hours I had to thrash him and lock him in a room. As a matter of fact, in a year and a quarter there was never great occasion, never any occasion, for punishing him, excepting for one thing: a tendency to refuse excitedly when told abruptly to hurry and get some chore done. I cuffed him half a dozen times for that before I taught myself to see that it was his nervous response to my own nervous excitement, and nothing in his disposition to work or not to work.

His typewriting was slow but accurate. Reading was more or less a vice with him. He read half as much again as he should. He needed to learn more exact study and more manual work, with a spade or a saw. So did — and do — I. But his reading was invariably of good selection. He never read as low-down stuff as I occasionally did. Once he asked for twenty minutes off in an evening of getting his lessons for next day in order 'to read a while.' I asked him what he wanted to read and he said he was halfway through *Henry Esmond* and would like a breathing spell from study to read a bit more of it!

In front of the public library of Portland, Oregon, are stone benches, each carved with the name of a great writer. I took him over to Portland — passing en route the reform school where the deputy-sheriff was sure he should have been — and he headed for the library while I attended to my affairs. 'I started to sit down on the Dumas bench,' he said at noon, 'when I saw a Scott bench over on the other side. Gee! I got up out of there quick and hustled over to Scott.' I was hired by a university, I have been hired one time and another by so many universities, to try to get students five and ten years older than he to feel that way, with entirely indifferent success in so many, many instances.

'If a boy like that wants to read like that and behave himself meantime, he is entitled to be supported through his teens while he indulges his taste,' I said to my friends; and while most of them held that was going pretty strong, I still think so. It occurred to me then, and occurs to me now, that a boy who cared for such things was worth letting care for such things.

I tried my hand at giving him a little tutoring to supplement the public-school teacher's devoted efforts. I never did succeed, and neither did she, in getting him to recite a clear distinction between restrictive and non-restrictive relative clauses, and the teacher complained that his compositions on the subjects she assigned him were not what she desired and that quite often he did not hand them in at all. But almost any time he would spring on me a thousand or two thousand words of romance about a great ship and her crew's adventures, or would open, 'The sun was setting on Rome, "the imperial city of the Caesars."' (I confess that those inner 'quotes' are mine, not his.) He naturally heard a good deal about poetry in a household whose head had to talk to students about it, and one day he said, 'Is this anything like poetry?' and handed me these lines: —

As I look I see the Lady Rose,
The Queen of all the flowers,
Swaying in the breeze.

The proud Lady Rose has to bow
Her head before the wind,
For she knows her master.

The Lady Rose lifts her pretty head
As the sun kisses her on the brow.

She hears the grass rustling
And whispering at her feet.
The Lady Rose looks down upon
The puny grass with scorn.

The Lady Rose holds up her head
As if the whole world was hers.

Out of his Land of Trees
Came the King of Trees, the Pine.

I liked it. This was another one he wrote that spring: —

The pretty white apple blossom,
Swaying in the breeze,
It lifts its small white head
As the dew falls.
It sways to and fro
In the cool night winds.
It sways gently to and fro
Like a small flake of snow
In the moonlight.

Both of them had a graphic quality and a completeness in brevity that appealed to me.

He refused to do his seventh-grade arithmetic; but he liked ships, and at the end of the book quite cheerfully and correctly managed to do the problems in longitude and time. He can read aloud so that it does n't hurt to listen, and it is nothing for him to learn by heart the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians or King Henry's speech to his gentlemen the night before the battle of Agincourt. And he knew long ago all about the battle of Agincourt.

Months passed without anything happening to confirm the psychologists or the outraged deputy-sheriff. One day along in the autumn I did have a pang over a suspicion — which lasted some hours — that the specialists in mentality and crime were right and I was wrong. I had had to make a practice over three months of leaving the boy alone at home for two days and two nights each week, with only a widow lady. I could not bother her about his meals and so I always left him with money enough to pay for them and take him into one movie. This particular week when I got back from my barnstorming expedition he was obviously hungry, although I learned promptly that my widow lady had given him his breakfast one of the

mornings and he had dispensed with breakfast the other morning, preferring to lie abed — the two mornings being Saturday and Sunday. It was also apparent that he was penniless as well as hungry. What had been done with the money?

Some hours passed and then, when I went into his room, he stood very straight, his heels close together and his hands flat against his sides and said, 'I have something to confess to you.'

My heart sank; and sank further at the next conventional words of weakness: 'I did n't mean to do it.'

'Well?' was all I could find to say.

'I went into that secondhand store where the man has the books and I did n't intend to buy anything, but when I came out I had those four books over there under my arm and I had n't any money left. I know the money was n't mine — not to spend that way. The man said I could always exchange them for some other books, at a deduction of ten cents, so if he has any books you would like, perhaps you could save something out of it yet.'

Shades of Eugene Field and all bibliomaniacs! I explained gravely that he was right in his moral attitude, but that I could understand perhaps as well as anybody about just what had happened; and I expatiated on the deadly peril of ever going into any bookshop with money in your pocket.

I left the West after a while. A man who runs ships placed the boy aboard a freighter and he came around to New York City via the Panama Canal. I envied him the month in those waters. He worked for two or three months on a farm where I have sometimes lived, up in Orange County. I learned that if he was set to a task you had to keep an eye on him or he would waver at it after a while, even lounge away from it. He had some other failings that someway I seemed to comprehend after a little effort. Among them was a hatred of washing dishes. Evenings he read. He would work much more willingly in the garden with hoe or spade or rake if I would promise that I would be faithful to my typewriter during all the time he was busy at chores which conceivably I might have done myself — should have had to do but for him. Occasionally I wavered or lounged away, but mainly I strove successfully to fulfill the implied contract with him. He had great faith in clicking typewriters and libraries; had n't much interest in anything else, and only in those as they were combined. The typewriter must have a literary commission. His sure instinct, unquestioned by himself, was for the arts, even in their minor aspects, as the only matters of real concern to a young citizen. That also was stimulating, and rather different, and possibly not abnormal but entirely accurate.

I have never known a boy cleaner-minded, whose eye stayed clear and direct under any innuendo or gross overhearings. How he managed it, growing up for six years in a public grade-school notorious for the 'bad boy' population of its district, is a miracle in human nature to be explained only when the cleanness and straightness of mere boys at sea, in rough freighters and scanning debauchery and vileness so frequently in the dregs of ports, is made comprehensible to timorous mothers and analytic psychologists.

I think this is a fair condensation of his story. I have rather a good deal to do with ships and shipmen, and I told him one day he might take a run over to London and back, with the week while the ship was there for him to see the old town and buy a few books. We went into New York together for me

to fix him up, and out at the foot of Fifty-seventh street in Brooklyn was a beautiful United States freighter, the Arcturus, loading for Calcutta, Bombay, and eight other ports in India and the Malay Archipelago. Her voyage would be five months. In five minutes our plans stretched to take all this in. 'India must be a good place, too,' he said, and three hours later he was aboard, ready for one of the four or five great voyages of the world. Here is his letter just before she sailed: —

July 9, 1923
Monday night

DEAR MR. COLLINS, —

I received your letter today. I should of written you before. I don't think but I know, I havent played a square game with you. Here you have written me about two dozen letters and havent written to you but once. I know just how you feel about you just wasting your time on a fool like me. As you know I am not much of a writer so please excuse this scribbling, as I am writing this in bed. I dont want you to think I dont care for you, because I do as you know. In the flowering lines I dont want you to think I am making a lot of excuses. But you know a fellow will get a little slack once in while. I am just going to give you a few reasons. 1. When I first came aboard it awfully hot, so I didnt feel much like writing. 2. the last 4 or 5 days I havent been feeling very well. I am all wright now. I was pretty sick Saturday. I havent missed a day yet so far. 3. I had a lot of dirty clothes to wash. Now dont you go and take these for excuses. They look mighty like it I know. We dont sail untill the 20th of this month. I would lie to see you before we sail. But I guess that's impossible. I guess maybe I used the wrong word there. So if you happen to run over to New York for anything come over to the ship. Its going to be a very long voyage. We wont be back before Christmas, That seems a long time doesnt it. But it will roll around before we know it.

Lovingly,

Ira Wallace.

That is the letter of a boy of sixteen who never got to school until he was nine, charted by the psychologists as being mentally only nine and a half. I have given the record of behavior through a year and a half of a boy whom the Portland Oregonian thus stigmatized in 1922: —

EUGENE, OREGON, *May* 20. (Special) R. A. Wallace, aged 15, and his brother Clarence, 12, have confessed to the officers that they committed eight Eugene burglaries during the past two weeks and most of their loot, valued at about $1000, has been recovered. They took practically all of it to their home, where the officers recovered it yesterday.

He came back at Christmas-time and then cheerfully proceeded to do with a hundred dollars what he had done with fifty when he arrived in New York via the Panama Canal. Fifty dollars in wages were handed to him, and without looking it over or even counting it he passed it on to me and I stuffed it in my pocket, thereby confirming the declaration of some of my friends that they had shifted from any view of me as a benevolent person in the whole business to the conviction that I am an exploiter of child labor. I have had, at least, the easy fun of no responsibility in the matter, realizing perfectly that anything I did to the boy made a better fate for him than all the efforts of concerted society dealing with him by courts and science and churches and schools and Poor Commissions over a period of his best six growing years.

He has an uneven mentality and disposition. It strikes me that is nearer normal — in the intention of human nature — than a series of mental and moral judgments upon him which insist upon treating us as if it were desirable that we should all be so darned much alike.

SELENE AFTERWARDS

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THE moon is dead, you lovers!
She who walked
Naked upon the dark Ægean, she
Who under Ida in the beech groves mocked
The rutting satyrs, she who secretly,
Leaving below her the slow lifting sea,
Climbed through the woods of Latmus to the bed
Of the eternal sleeper — she is dead,

Dead, you lovers! I have seen her face.
The sun rose by St.-Étienne. She fled
Half turning back (as though the plunge of space
Over the world's rim frightened her) her head
And stared and stared at me. Her face was dead.
It was a woman's face but dead as stone
And leper white and withered to the bone.

It was a woman's skull the shriveling cold
Out there among the stars had withered dry
And its dry white was mottled with dry mould.
It was a long dead skull the caustic lye
Of time had eaten clean, and in the sky
As under the cold water of a lake
Lay crumbling year by year, white flake by flake,

Scabious, scurfy. Oh, look down, look down
You lovers, through that water where there swing
Night shadows of the world. Look deep, deep. Drown
Your eyes in deepness. Look! There lies the thing
That made you love, that maddened you!
Oh sing,
Sing in the fields, you lovers. The low moon
Moves in the elms. It will be summer soon. . . . .

UTOPIA INTERPRETED

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THIS magazine has been conducting a contest for the best Interpretation of the astonishing social changes which have taken place between the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-nineties. In a previous number we published an Interpretation attributing these changes to the widespread — and in some respects well-founded — fear of an approaching Ice Age. In the same number we published also an Interpretation attributing the changes to that modern Franciscan movement among women — the Sharers' Institute. This issue contains two more Interpretations; these four being, in the Editor's opinion, the most plausible ones submitted. Readers are invited to vote upon them. The name of the winning Interpretation, and that of its author, will be posted in all the Community Forums next month. — *Editor's note introducing the third and fourth interpretations.*

Third Interpretation

SOLAR Y VESA AND THE MICRO DANCES

THERE is room, in such an undertaking as ours, for an immense amount of sentimentality. Any startling event, any captivating gesture of human nature, is apt to impose itself upon us as the cause, instead of only one of the effects, of whatever situation we are exploring. We may imagine, for instance, that it was some widespread fear, like the Ice Age Bubble, that drew humanity together into the Family Order; or we may persuade ourselves that it was some pageant of the emotions, like the rise of the Fanatical Sharers; but all the time, if we would only go down into the cool cellar of our social house, we

should see the stone foundations of Science, in all their quiet strength, supporting the whole edifice above and around us.

I believe, in short, in scientific determinism.

For the benefit of any of the older people among us, who may not have studied social causation very deeply, and who may have some disparaging ideas about scientific determinism, because they associate it with the exploded old doctrine of economic determinism[1] let me tell here exactly what it means.

It's just this: such facts of Science as we all know familiarly, in the way that we know that the Earth is round, make up the framework inside of which we do all the rest of our thinking. Inside that frame we plan, work, and live. All our conceptions of individual life have to fit into what we have learned, in a large way, about the world we live in. But of course it's while those conceptions are new that they affect us most dynamically. It is then that our imaginations are most under their power. It is then that we are most interested in them and aware of them. The time, accordingly, to expect any great social change must always be a time when large scientific discoveries have lately become popularized, and mankind at large has begun to realize them imaginatively. It would be at such a time, naturally, that the framework of man's thinking, having enlarged and changed its shape, all his conceptions would change too to fit the new frame; — and particularly his conceptions of his own relations with his neighbors; for these are the most important things he thinks about.

Now in the unbelievably swift coming-on of the Family Order among us, and the recognition of the Energy of Pleasure, — I prefer to call it Energy, because Nature knows nothing of discipline, — it seems to me perfectly easy and clear to analyze this connection, and to see, spread out round us in full view, the workings of scientific determinism.

What general conception *must* underlie such an order of society as the pleasant, informal, carefree Family Order we live in, with its unwritten constitution of sublimated commonsense: 'From every one according to his ability.' The conception underlying such an order must of course be the conception of oneness, of what Elford Gillis calls 'our irrevocable mutuality.' Like most other demonstrations of Science, this was anticipated in a vague and useless way by poets and their ilk, as in the poetical old sayings, so inspiring and so unconvincing: 'There is neither Greek nor Jew . . . bond nor free.'

> 'Far or forgot to me is near;
> Shadow and sunlight are the same.'

Not until Science, with its plain careful vocabulary, demonstrates these things, do they take effect. Slow, experimental, doubting, industrious Science, always a little contemptuous toward the imagination, yet able, above all other things, to fire the imagination! Whatever explained phenomenon she lays in man's hand, he can keep it; it is really his.

The conception of the Oneness of Matter is the main framework inside of which we have been able at last to erect the pleasant one-family life of the Race, for which so many prophets harangued and reformers sweated!

But of course nobody would pretend that the average man's conception of the Oneness of Matter is at all like the scientific man's conception of it. Popularized Science is necessarily coarsened, blurred, distorted, in the process of

[1] The Editors are not committed to these singularly positive statements.

getting itself across to the brain with only an ordinary background of knowledge. It's true that the average man of to-day knows what he knows far more scientifically and exactly than our grandfathers, for instance, understood Evolution; but the comparative distance between our notions and the notions of the learned is not very much reduced. While we have been advancing, so have they; they keep their stride ahead of us.

Even so — coarsened, blurred, altered somewhat in outline — the average man's knowledge of scientific facts still remains the great dynamic force of the world, and must remain so, because the average man is naturally in the great majority. Whatever be his concept of the universe, that, of course, must be the ruling concept. Within the past forty years he has been filled and fired with the — popularized — scientific fact of the one substance of matter; and it was as inevitable as the succession of the seasons that he should so rebuild his social relations as to fit them into this frame. Accordingly, he threw away the polyglot compartments of classes and states in which he had so miserably quarreled with himself before, and forgot as soon as possible the destructive old notion that one man, or set of men, ever is or ever can be the enemy of any other man or set. But only then, when Science had shown it to him as a fact, did he begin to appreciate the visionary instinct of his own old poets: —

> If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Now if it's true that the real underpinning that made it possible for us to erect the Family Order was our general average realization that matter itself is one, then it must have been the most important thing in the world that was ever done for us, when that scientific fact was popularized and brought home to our imagination. And the person or persons who succeeded in popularizing it must be, I should think, the greatest benefactors of our time — perhaps of any time.

That is why I think Solar y Vesa, the mystic realist among painters, the greatest man of whom I know.

If the early experimental school of painters now called the Intangiblists — but in their own day called Cubists, Futurists, and other guessing names — could only have known to what a height of wonder their first incoherent gropings would some day lead! For they lived and painted long before painting became recognized as the perfect vehicle of Science. Up to their time, and far beyond it, the printed word and mathematical demonstration were the usual forces for spreading scientific discovery. Let us imagine if we can what a leap in the dark the Cubists found the courage to take. They knew nothing of microscopic photography as we understand the term. They had no inkling of the natural patterns of form, the form-nucleus, which Science was some day to reveal and which painters were to find so beautiful and significant that the actual outlines of mass could no longer interest them. And still they had the courage of their dream of form, nude form, the reality behind the misleading surfaces of things that we see. Great in their way, too, were those humble forerunners of the inspired Mexican.

Solar y Vesa was the first great painter who ever began life as a physicist. Forsaking the galleries and the studios, he spent what he calls 'enraptured years' in the study of electrons and the search to isolate ether. Suddenly one day in his laboratory he was struck by the thought that instead of

writing or lecturing to express his scientific intuitions, he must paint them. 'I must paint,' he said, 'those invisible forms of things which I have seen.'

Then followed, of course, his long years of tireless experiment, the supreme romance of modern art. It was in 1959 that he exhibited the first of his eight great canvases: 'The Embrace of the Solids in the Lap of Air.' He had been perfecting the conception of it in arduous solitary thinking for two years, living like a hermit in a ruined monastery in the Sierra Madre. It was three years before he was ready to exhibit another such mighty work — though it is said that he painted it in half a morning.

It was the same now used as the frontispiece to the Interracial Science Series: 'The Shoulders of Wind Supporting the Burden of Water.'

His first exhibition showed us the immensely superior power of the picture over the printed word for the spreading of Science. The whole exhibition consisted of a few large pictures and a multitude of preliminary studies in pencil and water color. Photographs of these were almost immediately hung in all the great laboratories of the world. Solar was called 'the canvas poet of physics,' the 'Leonardo of the Atom.' He had 'painted the portrait of the mystery of Substance.' Poetical phrases were constantly used to describe him, and a collection of legends began to encrust the simple history of his laborious and uneventful life. Papacallimacch, in his old age, made one of his greatest portrait-cartoons of Solar y Vesa. It showed the Cro-Magnon man issuing from his illustrated cave, his drawing-bone still in his hand, prostrating himself before the learning and imagination of the modern artist. Underneath was the legend: 'Still graphic, Spanish hand!'

From the beginning the general public seized upon his pictures. Thousands of people waited their turn to enter the small gallery over the Co-operative Carpenters' Bank in Oaxaca, where they were first shown. Though by the time he was exhibiting in Europe he was using the galleries of much larger Unions, and the crowds had increased in proportion. On holiday afternoons the very children from the elementary schools in Amsterdam used to crowd into the Bridgebuilders' Hall, where a set of his photographs had been hung.

Of course this popular enthusiasm might have come to its natural end without any very important consequences. But as a matter of fact, it had an immediate and most vital consequence. The World Budgeting of commerce by the Sea Transport Coöperatives, after being talked about for years, was finally achieved in the very year after the first exhibition of Solar y Vesa. Readers may remember that there was a threat of famine in India that year — another of those appalling rainless seasons that all our precipitating machinery has n't yet been able to control.

This first really effective budgeting of the tonnage was undertaken with a view to speeding the international relief in wheat. This was significant enough; but there was another and a very curious consequence.

That year the formal dismantling of the old international Ownerscult headquarters at the Hague took place. The Laborization classes started at Dresden in 1948 had accomplished their end some years before; but the old Ownerscult offices had been left standing with the idea that the Federated Historical Societies of Europe might keep them for a Museum of Inequalities. The plan was finally given up owing to a lack of interest in that side of history; and the site has now been

turned into a delightful community Playground for the Aged.

But if these effects are important, what shall we say of the stupendous results that followed the second, or Christiania, exhibition? In that collection hung Solar's mightiest painting, 'The Snowflakes of Mind Meeting and Parting.' Such a revelation of the mysteries of matter and of motion had never been seen before — had never been conceived!

It was not a month after it had been unveiled to the public before plans were on foot in the Radio-Movie Department of the government of Brazil, to throw upon the screens and amplifiers in the schools and homes of that country the Micro Dances and their accompanying melodies.

The Micro Dances were n't perfected, of course, to the point of letting the public see them, until the latter part of 1962. They began to be shown almost simultaneously with the last of Solar's three immortal exhibitions. The first of the crowded years 1962–1968 was the very year in which I was taken, as a child of nine, to see the first Micro Dance: 'The Living Lace of Steel.' My father was instructor in chemistry at the Central Federated Trades University in Pittsburgh. I remember how he sat and listened to the strongly thrilling, yet deeply tranquil music of that first imperfect micro-movie, with his eyes shut to the marvelous dancing of the veiled electrons on the screen. But I was so enchanted by the dance of the magnified particles that I scarcely heard the music. At least, I thought I scarcely heard it. It came back to me afterward; in the night I woke and seemed to hear it in the air. Delicate and unimaginably calm music of the rhythms of steel!

The University of Tokyo gave, I believe, the first course ever given in physics by radio movies. Their machinery was finer in several respects than ours, and the dances were consequently more complicated. The next great advances in rendering were made at the Sorbonne and then in the vast open-air theatres in Switzerland.

Meantime the first of our Sunday evening choral feasts had been held — never to be forgotten date — on May Day 1962.

Sometimes now, when we are all strolling in the woods and fields on a summer Sunday evening, singing by flashlight or firelight or starlight; or listening to one of the Nomad prophets, and having listened, drifting away, one by one, to think; sometimes when I see the children's campfires, or hear some boy or girl chanting some wild ballad of his own all alone in a boat on the lake, I think: — 'This is your work, Solar y Vesa, who taught us the stern and beautiful Oneness of all things, the Oneness of our human happiness!'

The effects of the radio-micro came upon us like a dream. Or perhaps it was more like the waking from a dream that the 'discipline' of pleasure stole upon us, as we realized that the whole world of matter was moving in the rhythms of pleasure. Taught by the mighty Solar to see that the very essence of what we had called 'solidity' consisted of music and dancing, — would cease if they should cease, — we began to conceive that the essence of the moral nobleness we had so dearly loved — and blindly frustrated! — consisted too of the inward movements of pleasure and delight.

There is a certain fact which all alone would, I think, prove my Interpretation. The first of Solar's pictures was shown in 1959, and the last report by the Syco Review of a mother who was actually known to have spanked a child was in 1989 — exactly a generation later.

Fourth Interpretation

THE REVIVAL OF NOMADRY

I AM afraid there is something a trifle absurd about this contest — in which, nevertheless, I can't resist the fun of taking part. I am afraid our Interpretations may all seem quite nonsensical to the real judge — the historian of the future. One hundred — two hundred years from now it may be quite clear by what road we have come to our present high state of health and rich enjoyment of life. But what perspective on these things can our generation possibly have — we who have lived in the thick of the transition? All we can do is to project our imaginations as far into the future as they will carry, and guess as shrewdly as we can at what that unborn Interpreter will say.

Now when I try to do this, I find myself unable to imagine that a mere attack of shivers and chills, no matter on how grand a scale, would be considered an adequate explanation. Nor can I think a band of ignorant women, acting on the discredited principle of deliberate martyrdom, would impress such a judge for a moment. Such a judge, I think, would be unable to suppress a smile if he were asked to regard a single great painter as the architect of a world-wide change in human relations.

But we do know of a conceivable cause, which was as different as possible from all these; which proceeded deliberately from the minds of persons scientifically trained, with definite foreknowledge of what they were trying to bring about: persons, above all, who understood some few little points about their infinitely ticklish and complicated material, the hair-trigger, extravagant, arbitrary social behavior of man. Of course the thing I have in mind is the immortal Report of the Associated Sycoans,[2] thirty-two years ago, on Spring Fever and Nomadry — a document which, in my own mind, I always call the Magna Charta of Human Nature.

The real beginnings of the immortal Report came in the forties. It was only about then that sycoanalysis had become firmly settled in its place as the major branch of sycology in all the universities of the world. And that was the point, in the history of sycoanalysis, when the Western world began first to understand how far ahead of it the Orientals were qualified to go — and were already beginning to go — in sycoanalytic theory. Not for nothing, it began to be seen by our less meditative races, had the Asian and African peoples for countless years sunk their thought into the abyss of the study of man the thinker. Then began that great exodus,[3] from the English-speaking and Spanish-speaking countries especially, to the leading Syco Institutes of Asia, — the Institute of Nankin, the Institute of Hakodate, and the two far-famed Forest Schools of Burmah. Before 1950 the courts of the Chinese colleges were crowded with Western students[4]; and by this time too the Syco Institutes at Kiev and Moscow were receiving an enormous influx of young Europeans. So was the Syco College at Cairo. In fact, the vast and thought-fermenting mixture of races

[2] Formerly called Psychoanalysts.

[3] The Editors have received one Interpretation attributing our social change to this exodus — and a very plausible Interpretation it is.

[4] Another Interpretation chooses the widespread use of Esperanto as the cause of our social happiness, since it was Esperanto which made this free intercourse between the hemispheres possible!

with which we have been familiar ever since — which indeed has become the outstanding feature of our modern college life — was brought about by sycoanalysts seeking knowledge and inspiration: another thing we owe to them!

The famous *Syco Review* was founded at Milan at about this time. It was from the first the most brilliant of the papers devoted to sycoanalysis. It was while the Review was still young that the epoch-making trip through Italy, France, and Spain was taken by two of its contributing editors, the scholarly Bulgarians, husband and wife, who were respectively Professor of Moods and Professor of Wishes at the Nankin Institute. M. and Mme Olgelinck took this tour in order to discuss the question of what sycoanalysis might and should do in reorganizing the social life of nations 'on lines better adapted to the moods and wishes of the human heart.'

I believe it was during a discussion following one of these lectures, in the City Theatre of Barcelona, that the proposal was first made for an international Syco Commission, 'to study the distortion of hopes and wishes under repression.' It was not at first suggested how or where the phenomena could best be isolated and analyzed. But as the project gradually took shape, it became obvious that the best and briefest way to study the distortion of wishes under repression was to go where they were most repressed — in other words, to study the prisons.

Accordingly, plans were laid at a conference held in Beirut the following May. Twenty prisons were to be examined, some on every continent. It was fortunate — the final announcement pointed out — that prisons in general had been so greatly humanized since the dark ages of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early-twentieth centuries; 'for,' it said, 'we could never have disentangled the wreckage of any human spirit under the filth and cruelty of — for example — the nineteen-twenties. But nowadays, when repression is so much more guarded and the dignity and eagerness of the prisoner are beginning to be prized, it should be possible for us to make some real contribution to the science of human nature and the art of dealing with it.'

The research began in 1955. The Report came out in 1959. It's too well known, of course, too much a classic, to be quoted at any length. Children used to memorize passages of it, as their grandparents had memorized Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. I'm told the Free-Taught children in the Meadow Schools no longer care to do so. Well, it's Greek to them, of course. The world they live in is n't the world in which human beings used to stamp so hard on one another's bright balloons of aspiration!

One of the passages that used to be thus memorized was the opening bit about spring fever: 'that restlessness of April days in city offices, that longing for distance and wildness . . . familiar to all the world, but never studied, never allowed for, in planning our all-too-orderly social life. . . . Strange that it has never been capitalized by modern society, as the mediæval Church capitalized it in pilgrimages, and the mediæval universities in their free exchanges of wandering students. Primitive society was wiser yet, for blunderingly and grudgingly it at least accorded the wandering life an important place in the scheme of things . . . and so eventually must we, if we would save the springs of our racial health from running dry.'

The second and principal part of the Report profoundly analyzes crime through all its varied immediate causes, such as the struggle of humiliated self-

esteem, the terrible frictions of forced intimacy, the tempests of passion that unsound bodies invite and cannot withstand, down to that bedrock cause of almost every crime — monotony, conformity, and the disastrous tyranny of the clock, combining as they do to produce 'the deadly sense of boredom in the suffocating heart.'

The last part of the Report takes up the mighty historical rôle that the nomadic life has played. The nomadic life, it points out, is the only 'fully manly life possible for many to engage in, in which the consciousness of time has ever really relaxed its strangle-hold upon man, since prehistoric times. . . . So long as nomadry was respectable, — was indeed a rather saintly and exalted mode of life, — so long there was an outlet, if not for the average man's spring fever, which craves a temporary wildness, at least for that exaggerated and enduring spring fever of the born nomad.'

'Buddha, Moses, Zoroaster, Jesus, Mohammed, Augustine, Waldo, Francis, Livingstone, Tolstoy,' the Report concluded, 'all were wandering men. Socrates, who had no forest, roamed the streets.'

It is usually said, in the histories, that the Commission on Repressed Human Nature issued a Report which helped to make possible that Revival of Nomadry now generally considered the chief accomplishment of the twentieth century. Most of the histories content themselves with stating this fact. I find it interesting, on the other hand, to analyze for myself the way in which the Report accomplished its end. It interests me to notice that they did it by first flashing into the average man's heart a gleam of sympathetic understanding of his own least comprehended and most neglected experience, spring fever; and then used that rapport to which they had come with him, to entice him into sympathizing with the same kind of experience in other men's lives, whose avocations misfit them far more glaringly than his own — at times, at any rate — misfit him.

'And as the best cure for lust,' the Report said, 'is not the hair shirt and stone floor of a cell, but an exulting, free, and happy love, the fulfilling of the heart's profoundest wish, so the remedy for this moral wanderlust, this adventurousness, that has forced its outlet in some social disturbance or other, is not the steady ache of a settled occupation, but a large and fruitful roaming in solitude, the open pasture for the human spirit.'

How wisely the great Report had been conceived, the next months showed. By one of the most dramatic coincidences of all history, the aged Lord Eastcathedral died that autumn. He died possessing one of the last — and probably the largest — of the three or four huge old British estates remaining unbroken. Death duties had swallowed up all the others, and turned them over, in one form or other, to the Commonwealth. By a new will, dated almost immediately after the issuance of the Report, the entire estates of Lord Eastcathedral were turned into a Nomad reservation, of which all Englishmen craving a nomadic life were to take possession; and they were to draft their own rules, 'with the advice of one recognized Forester, one competent Health Officer, and one of the Sycoan Commission' who had signed the Report.

Before the Rules — drafted almost immediately — had been posted twenty-four hours, there were a hundred tents set up in the Reservation. But everybody knows the story: how a tract in lower Siberia was next set aside, and then great forest-tracts in New Zealand; and then, by Interstate agreement, the curious long winding

Reservations connecting the National Parks in the United States, so that nomads could wander from one corner of the United States to the opposite one across the country, with scarcely a day's travel outside the Reservations. And then the Himalayan ones, and then the vast reservations of Scandinavia. Everybody knows, for our histories all tell the tale, how fast the cities dwindled in population, how the inhabitants spread out, first into breathing-room, then into elbow-room, and lastly into comfortable spaciousness. All our histories tell how the Canadian nomads first, and then the Himalayan, took over the Forestry Departments of the Governments, and organized their fire protection, and the designation of lumbering tracts. Or if everyone does n't know or remember all this, everyone at least knows the romantic story of Peter Whales, the multi-millionaire syndicator of cotton mills, who had been convicted of employing child labor: how he jumped the bail he was out on, pending a second trial, and lost himself in the forests of northern Europe, and then from his unknown hiding-place, invited the tuberculous children of the world to come into the woods and get well; and how he was internationally pardoned.[5]

Yes! the romance of the twentieth century certainly is this, how the tramps and convicts and ne'er-do-wells of the world have raised the health of the world so high in one generation by their children's camps, or what the community doctors of Edinburgh so well call the Tree Nurseries. Who that ever saw — as I was taken in my childhood to see them — the little hammocks swinging from the trees, will ever forget those sleeping faces? I saw one mother visiting her three delicate children in the camp; I saw her kiss the hand of Peter Whales. . . .

What will the romance of the twenty-first century be, if not the fruit — in some great spiritual advance, comparable only with the mighty social advances of our own century — of that revival of Nomad Prophecy which is already arousing the wonder of the listening people at the Sunday evening choral feasts? We sent broken men and women into the noble natural sanatorium of the woods, and they came back with the live coal of prophecy on their lips. Will the lifetime of the children born in this decade, which ends our blessed century, behold a Prophet, or a race of Prophets, rising on the world as compellingly as the Hebrew Prophets rose in their own circumscribed little nation in the ancient days? If so, they will have come from the same source — from wandering in leisure and solitude where thoughts are long and brooding.

[5] The first pardon issued by the International Pardoning Bureau, after the All-Nations Declaration of Interdependence in 1968.

SOLACE OF APPLES

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'Now just why,' queried my father, wandering here and there about my room, 'why this portrait of Voltaire?'

'That is easy,' I replied: 'he loved apples and good literature.'

'Enough! I am here for the same reason,' glancing at his photograph on the table; 'but where then are John Adams and Francis Parkman and Robert Browning?'

'Coming, since you miss them, Apple of my Eye.' My voice trailed after him as he moved out on the upper porch and picked a Northern Spy from the more than century-old apple tree planted by Johnny Appleseed. He returned, peeling his apple cleverly from bud to stem, and handed me back the peel. Without a word I twirled it three times around my head, dropped it on the floor, and we both bent over to read. 'Russet!' said he. 'Rambo!' said I, — to which duet we munched the apple.

Yet I know families in which the apple plays no magic part, recalls no glamorous childhood, stirs no epicurean palate, visualizes no fruity books, moves no remembering heart. I disagree with the second of the two sets of people in the world — those who think the world is divided into two classes and those who don't; for to me the world is made up of apple-lovers and anti-apple-lovers. There is no middle ground. Says the piece of sophistication in *South Wind*, 'American women eat too many apples. Sour potatoes I call them: makes them flat as boards. Apples ruin the figure, perhaps sour the character.'

That was his way. All I have to offer is my way of thinking about apples: the sound of them, the scent of them, the look of them, the feel of them, the taste of them — the five senses sensed; also another, that of perception of distance. All children get the distance between themselves and a visible apple, especially, in Yeats's parlance, 'that apple on the bough most out of reach.' We youngsters had a core-tree at which we nibbled like giraffes, not bothering to sever the apple from the parent stem, but clambering up, each child to its individual apple. Cores were as scores in less arboreal stunts. We anticipated John Farrar who pitched his tent

> beside a wall
> All apple trees within;
> And if the apple did n't fall,
> I should n't hesitate at all,
> I'd climb — and sin.

Non peccavi, though, since the core-tree was our special property, as much ours as the path and the little wicket at its end which Lord Baring formally gave his five-year-old son Maurice, and our only sin was decorative — brown cores against a blue sky, which possibly irked our parents, although delighting us. Lord Melbourne felt and outflanked distance by always taking two apples at table, laying one in his lap while he ate the other. When Queen Victoria asked if he meant to eat it, he thought not, but he liked the full power of doing so. Another wise one has summarized the test of the right size for an apple thus: 'Can you put it in your pocket? can you bite it? will it lie clasped in the

palm of your hand?' Sense was not hand-sense, however, with the little Esquimau boy who declared that his first apple had too many fish-scales in it.

As for the sound of an apple, audit the bagsful rumbling into the old cellar-bins, the crunch of a half-ripe apple between your strong young teeth, the strike of an apple on tin roof, rolling rhythmically, hesitating a moment at the eaves, and then a muffled thud on the lawn. 'Engaged!' my brother and I used to shout from our beds; and to the one who called first, the best windfall was sacred property next morning. Unless some earlier roamer retrieved it first.

Imagine my wrath in recent years when a certain canny workman, going to or from a factory night-shift, used to climb and shake and, with a wicked little laugh at my helpless outcry from the window, gather up the apples that had played their coda on my outraged lawn. One such prowler passed from culprit to criminal by ferreting out a long pole hidden under a porch and working it at dawn exactly where I could, from my bed, watch it jiggling among the finest apples in the very top of the tree. Nor was he the Irishman against whose maraudings A. E.'s apples were better guarded by the ghost of a dog than by a real dog. Finally, apple-sound that resolves into music wafts from the very nomenclature: Stayman's Winesap, Hubbardson Nonesuch, Wealthy, Delicious, Red Astrakhan, Maiden's Blush, Rome Beauty, Gilliflower, Northern Spy, Blenheim Orange, Pippin, King Fallewater!

When Azrael holds to my nostrils (pardon Omar!) an apple from the Tree of Life, the subtle scent registers delight; but Montaigne 'had seen those who have run from the smell of an apple'; while Schiller required the odor of decaying apples for inspiration in writing. Dr. Johnson declared every orchard should have apples rotting on the ground under it. John Inglesant, searching his enemy in Rome during the plague, carried 'a pomander of silver in the shape of an apple, stuffed with spices, which sent out a curious faint perfume through small holes'; while the ladies of Cranford cherished clove-apples as sachets. One such apple, solidly embedded with cloves, and half a century old, I used to handle with the respect an astronomer shows for a star. Shakespeare opined that there was small choice in rotten apples; but Robert Frost shamelessly prefers them Frost-bitten.

No less a person than a president of the United States told me that of two apples equally good he always took the red one; and to judge, he ate them both. I sometimes visualize the twinkle in the eyes of the judging committee of the local agricultural society who called upon Mr. Emerson 'to examine the soil which grows such poor specimens of such fine varieties of apples' as he had sent to the fair. Assuredly he was no judge of apple quality, which enhanced his intuition in choosing apples when Day, passing his pleached orchard, offered kingdoms, stars and sky; and I resented her subsequent scorn. Pan did not scorn the little scrip which merely smelled of apples, offered by the boy Daphnis. Poets ever work with the simplest materials; and when Emerson threw over the wall an apple, a bootjack, a crown, or a volume of verse, they not only hit the mark but showed, as John Jay Chapman points out, exactly where the thrower stood.

My ancient kinsman Elyot proclaimed in his *Castle of Health* that 'rough-tasted apples are wholesome,' so I infer that he too baited time and a book with an apple. His wonderful Holbein portrait hangs above Voltaire's on my appleside wall, and I frequently

salute them by tossing up an apple before them. They discriminated, as could not one of my friends who, entering unannounced and seeing a heaped-up plate of green-apple remnants, exclaimed in horror, 'Have you eaten all those?' (A negative method of judging many human enterprises.) When the apple is unblemished, I yield to none in neatness and thoroughness of consumption. Naught but the stem and the shucks of the seeds remain. Seedwise speaking, I pale before the idea of the countless orchards I have myself devoured. With an apple of medium size nothing compares to eating it out of hand, burying the teeth in its texture — native teeth.

One of my friends tells me a family (Appleton, by the way) tradition, about the Reverend Francis Parkman visiting in the house, and being observed before a long mirror, swearing repeatedly. His shocked hostess asked what he was doing. 'I am trying to pronounce the name of my Redeemer without whistling!' He had recently installed false teeth. One of my kin lately confided to me that he could never see what was funny about Dogberry's 'I have my losses,' till, in one fell swoop, he lost his teeth. Then enlightenment. He too had something to talk about, losses to boast of, quite as if he had been through the war! The toothless and the artificially furnished may, of course, scrape their apples. I recall one day during a trifling ailment my mother bringing me half an apple with a short-bladed knife, and teaching me to scrape and eat. A half-hour's thrill and medicine. After which the shell, to the neatly undermined core of which a meat-skewer mast and paper sail had been attached, accompanied me to the bathtub.

Although apples are autumnal, they are *par excellence* the fruit of childhood, as Karl Anderson shows in that exquisite painting of Youth in Autumn — the lad on horseback eyeing the apples in his mother's straw hat, and on the bough behind her; and Robinson who

> lay dreaming of what things I would,
> Calm and incorrigibly satisfied
> With apples and romance and ignorance.

The lesson in apple-scraping antedated my fourth year, as I know by changes in the house that the apple-smashing episodes did. In these I was only an entranced on-looker: the boys it was who made the delectable, juice-charged bruises on their apples by throwing them hard against the dining-room ceiling, the softer apples sticking there and requiring the urgency of other apples, skillfully aimed, to bring them down. With the new ceiling that aid to mastication was taboo. About this period I discovered in the bound volumes of the *Agriculturist* full-size apple outlines which I humanized with pencil. All were furnished with teeth. An apple without teeth is unthinkable! though that it should be actively as well as passively toothsome was possibly an invention of my own.

The squirrels hoarding nuts in the hollows of our core-tree, — one butternut so started now towers far above its sponsors, — and the bluejays hammering kernels of corn into our flower-beds, were no more winter-provident than we. Some little natural hollows near a wild-apple tree were used as a cache for the small bitter fruit, blanketed with leaves, to wait a February thaw when we should mine and eat the trove.

How many petty incidents like this arouse precious memories! You can always romance about the apple trees in your old orchard — trees you have climbed and under which you have 'let the old cat die'; in the big crotches of which you read Munchausen, munching apples meanwhile; the low hori-

zontal bough under which you led the old nag, bearing some guileless guest who needed 'taking down' and got it! What tales the apples that went to school with us could have told. They served to propitiate teacher, to bribe our mathematical betters, for recuperation at recess, for inspiration behind our geographies. In the essay on Christ Hospital, Lamb writes of his friend Le Grice, who was in the habit of eating apples in school, for which he was often rebuked. One day, having pleased the master, who was himself eating apples, the latter called out, 'Le Grice, here is an apple for you.' Le Grice, who felt his dignity hurt, replied tranquilly, 'Sir, I never eat apples'; which enraptured the boys.

My apple-tree-shaded garden lies *en route* to a grade school, and my butcher Izzy's large family got the habit of dropping in, on the four daily passages. One year of scarcity I protested, mildly inquiring if they had no apples at home. 'Oh, yes, we have a bushel,' returned one, 'but we are saving *those*.'

Our public library is located in a high, wooded park in the very heart of the city, with entrances at all corners. On summer days, when I pass through, I seldom fail to see children prone on the grass or the wide wall, sitting on the steps or the benches, engrossed in books; and more than once I have carried along a basket of apples to distribute there, to complete the young readers' cup of enchantment. For in my childhood a book was a book and an apple an apple, but neither prize quite perfect without the other.

In one of my back-head convolutions, probably no bigger than a hazel-nut, I keep a museum of apple treasures. In the middle of it stands a wonderful tree with a little swing, in which from time to time sit Joan and Jermaine and Joselyn, while Martin Pippin shakes a hail of sweet apples about their heads.

This tree bears buds and blossoms and ripe apples, red and yellow and striped and freckled and water-core; and it never needs to be sprayed against scale or maggot, codlin, tussock, or mildew. And a ring of windfalls lies in the grass. One of the treasures of the museum is the rosy apple still bearing the slight dent where it hit Newton's head, and caused the law of gravitation to sprout; and another holds aloft William Tell's arrow.

Everything that mentions the apple or has been inspired by its decorative worth — woven fabrics, sculpture, paintings, carvings; such by-products as the crab-apple cane which Franklin bequeathed to Washington; and dumplings after the recipe of Charles Lamb — has place in my brain museum. Yes, even one of the 'worlds' of my childhood — a great Pound Sweeting, inked out with equator and arctic circles and rough shapes of continents, with cities marked by pins. I recall my mother soliloquizing over the inhabitants of one of these worlds, hung by a bit of string from its ancestral bough, thus: 'All the atoms running round, paying their rent, ordering butter for over Sunday, and the thirty-two teeth of them all having to be filled!'

That swinging, spinning sphere of mine, my little world, endowed with the sights and smells and sounds and stories of appledom; its fables and folklore and fantasy; its gods and heroes and devotees; its poets and painters and philosophers; its history and its fiction; its romance and utility — of Thee I sing! Yet thou hangest only from mine own tree. From millions of other boughs hangs fruit as appetizing, as personal, as richly endowed, as memorable. Friend, to your own harvest! Review, rehandle, retaste, recall. I know of no more appetizing sport than to anthologize your Applealia!

SEVEN TO SIX—AN HOUR OUT FOR LUNCH

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

My alarm has a knob on top that brings silence when pressed down. I struck it a blow just now, with my palm reached from under the bedclothes, and slid out of bed. In a sort of stumble I moved to the bathroom, lit the gas-jet, — which shrieked instantly — and got my face with breathless haste into cold water. Dim figures of men with dinner-buckets were visible through a frosted window, slipping down Factory Hill, and I blinked at them through watery eyes. 'That alarm has lost another five minutes,' I decided. All hope of a shave evaporated, and I made a rapid descent of the back stairs, buttoning the last three vest buttons as I went over stone steps into the street.

Outside there was a paling starlight, and hard cold that made my limbs shrink to each other for comfort, and shot my coat collar around my ears. Down Factory Hill I went in a half-run, passing slow-paced hunkies and nervous machinists returning from the night shift at Page's. At this hour there are no noises in Martinsberg, only the faint shriek and grind of the foundry crane that runs all night. It is a sound that to me has an eerie and infernal quality in its vibrations. It suggests an ageless continuance of foundry labor: slow, grinding, uninteresting, and eternal. I toughen a weakened morale by blowing my nose, and thinking very fixedly upon breakfast.

Oatmeal — a North of Ireland landlady — a door that blows open and won't catch.

'Come pretty near not gettin' any breakfast this morning — know that — I slept two hours last night, between four and six — I can't stand it, I won't stand it — rheumatism 's all through that side — if it keeps botherin' like this, I 'll give up boarders — I won't stand it! — Have some butter?'

The faces of several hundred brass and copper employees met every morning in the quarter-mile between boarding-house and rolling mill are unchanging. The same look and gait, with minor substitutions in walking groups — a new feller for a new girl; a girl who once walked alone, now arm in arm with three others. Those faces, empty, lined, careful, reckless, surrendered, are drawn and tinted clearer in my brain than my own cousins'; I have spent more hours of my life looking into them, and putting them into consciousness. I meet them in slightly different spots each morning, as they or I vary our leaving times, and many, with a miraculous invariability, beside the same tenement or post in the brass-mill fence. There is an old Irishman, whom I met this morning at the space where Factory Hill spreads into Main, from whom the mill must have exacted thirty- or forty-odd years of daily passage here. He is lame and as crudely clothed a man as I have ever seen. Like Cruikshank's drawings

of English laborers — shapeless baggy pants, jagged cuffs, black coat, ragged like a stage pauper's; safety-pin at the neck; black hat — felt, without band or shape. Gray hair over part of his forehead; a mill complexion, a stiffened knee. There were all the wrinkles and lines of strain, anxiety, and age in his face, coupled with a curious look of boyishness. It was as if the environment compelled his body to endure the cares and labors of a responsible life without any corresponding growth or hardening of spiritual muscle.

Greeks, Portuguese, Syrians, Russians, Poles, Italians, and Americans; laborers, skilled workmen, the whole hierarchy of bosses — the muffles' chief in the brass mill, the shipping-room foremen, the bosses of the wire mill and casting shop — moving into the mill between 6.55 and 7.

I opened my locker, and pulled out a torn newspaper to stand on with stocking feet, while climbing into army field shoes. They are joyously comfortable to stand in, and resist the mill environment better than any known footwear. I balance on one foot and draw on blue overalls, till three scalping-machine operators brush by and tumble me into a locker. The whistle blows seven o'clock.

I 'm on the 'pony' rolls with Bill Hartley, roller, who is there now cutting a sample with immense shears. The blocker and helper are beside him, putting on their gloves.

I grab the end of the coil. It has already been mounted on the reel, and at Bill's nod I shove the end, with something of a lunge, between the two revolving rolls. Several thousand pounds' pressure are applied instantly, and the copper ribbon shoots through, a thirty-second thinner and flat as a strip of Colgate's. Speedily I relapse into one of the oil-swabbing automata of which there are twelve in the mill. There 's a box — a soap-box a foot-and-a-half high — that I sit on. At my right hand, hung on a wire from the roll-stand, is my bucket of roll-oil.

I dip into the oil in my pail, using a swab half the size of your fist, and streak on — not too much — upper side, lower side, of that moving ribbon. It takes fifteen minutes for this bar alone to grind through. Sweep your swab like a paint-brush on the moving metal, top side, bottom side, and then meeting — or almost meeting — the oil-smear of your last stroke.

Fifteen minutes pass. I get up from my box; my Portuguese helper, who came in ten minutes ago, slides a new 300-pound coil on the reel, lying on its side. We right it together — I know about the knee-bend now, that puts your back under the load.

Then for new oil — a green stream, finger-size, from the tap, sunlight color into it; and McCarthy's helper is behind me waiting.

'*Oop!*' Half a cup slithering to the floor beside his foot. He gives me a grin of white teeth, and says something in Polish English. I worked with him on Mac's rolls last month.

Back to the soap-box, — a long stroke, top-side and bottom-side, — fifteen minutes to go. I watch the grain in the metal, — stained as it is from the pickle-tubs, — thinking, How 'd you like to be an inspector? Watch for blister, cracks, humps, foreign impurities, gauge — The Colgate ribbon of metal swerves a little, coming from the rolls; reels a little to this side, a little to that; what of it? Swab top and bottom — a long stroke and even.

There are four more coils in this order. In the middle of the third, the bar sticks in the rolls, stutters, jerks on for an inch or two, shrieks, and stops. I don't know why kerosene prevents sticking; but it does, and I squirt it

from an oil-can near my left hand. The stutter has waked Bill from a light nap, and he relapses into it again when the metal takes to moving. He sleeps in a tilted chair against his locker.

The sixth coil —

Swab — top and bottom — a long sweep — even but not too much —

The order is finished.

Now you 're truck-horses — Bill taking the handle of the truck with all the finished coils on it, piled three high and sloping like steps of a pyramid. We push it over to the annealing furnaces to soften the coils for more rolling.

And now for a fresh order, with a quite new adjustment of the rolls, and of the guides which lead the metal in. The minutely different circumstances bring their flood of relief.

Bill helps me mount the next reel; the Portuguese has retired for a drink of water. A wrestling to untwist and bend into the guides — all your strength. Then the rolls bite; the ribbon moves through, and I resume swabbing from my soap-box. This time I look at rolls and not metal — smooth cylinders of chilled iron, evenly revolving, a foot in diameter, costing $600 a pair. Look flat, but they 're not. Covered with 'humps and valleys' — a fraction of a thousandth of an inch high or deep. A roller worth his salt can tell them by touching with sensitive finger-tips.

I apply my hand, pass my fingers over the oily tops of the rolls, and try to imagine I feel the 'humps.' Fingers get caught sometimes, 'sticker's' fingers, roller's fingers. The hand may break, either at the knuckles or the wrist. What would happen if mine caught? I think it through with a morbid intensity. Some one would run to the engineer, in the centre of the mill. The mill engine would ease slowly and stop at length — three or four minutes, five, maybe, before the fingers ceased grinding! Drop it for the Lord's sake! — An even stroke, long — top-side and bottom.

Bill went to the drinking fountain near the clock, and coming back said quickly, 'It 's seven minutes of — last bar.'

So we watched it curl through, impatiently, wishing we could speed the unvarying rate of the rolls, and hoping it would pull out by five minutes of twelve — which it did.

Kerosene will cut away grease, and we all washed hands in it, put the shears and wrench in Bill's locker to prevent neighborly thieving, and rushed for the sink. There was sullenness and cold water. I borrowed sand soap from Zalinski, an old Pole who inspects copper.

II

I wish I could tell all there is to tell about Mrs. Badger's boarding-house. But I can't for it would take a very long book, and it has only indirectly — though importantly — to do with copper and brass. It was there I learned most about Martinsberg politics and religion — the hatreds of Catholics for Protestants and Protestants for Catholics, and a good deal about people's ancestry and the complicated way they had intermarried. It was there also that I was told that Mrs. Bertran, who lived on the hill and went to Cape Cod summers, began life by 'accommodatin'.'

With Mrs. Badger's advancing age and rheumatism, she slowly cut off the heads of her boarders. She now had left Mr. Lampson, a clerk, Mr. Benny, a foundry workman, Mr. Steffens, a draughtsman, Miss Packard, a schoolteacher, and myself.

To-day we had a boiled dinner, and politics.

'Why should n't the mayor sell

bottles if he wants to?' inquired Mr. Lampson.

'Because it 's a disgrace for a mayor of the town to be carryin' on trade up and down the street, overalls 'n' all, while he 's mayor.'

Mrs. Badger invariably discussed the mayor at the top of her lungs.

'It 's honest,' observed Mr. Benny, but without conviction.

'What have you really got against Mayor Shane?' I asked.

'Look at him!' burst from Mrs. Badger.

'What else?'

'He 's a Mick.'

'Yes?'

'A dirty Mick,' she continued.

'Did not his wife's sister keep a saloon once?' put in the German draughtsman.

'Besides,' — Mrs. Badger's tone grew hoarse; she had not heard Mr. Steffens's evidence, — 'he 's a Democrat!'

'Anything else?'

'Yes!' she concluded, her voice breaking; 'he 's a Catholic!'

I went down-town before they finished, to buy a can of machinist's soap, and returned to the mill by 12.50. (It seemed reasonable to enter by the 'rivet-and-bolt' door, which is just as near as the front way by the hot rolls, and I ran a chance of seeing the rivet-and-bolt stock clerk, who is the prettiest girl in the north mill. But she had n't come.)

By the time I put myself into overalls and field shoes, and the black canvas cap with green visor that I had kept over from steel days on the open hearth, gangs were coming in by the hot rolls. The men who ate out of dinner buckets were putting them back into lockers and moving with very great leisure toward their machines. On the rolls next mine, the sticker — a fat Slav — turned up bringing a new pail of oil. He smiled at me and pointed to a supersaturated apron.

'It goes into the skin,' he said, tapping his legs.

Which was a truth. I had found my own legs growing discolored since I began sticking. It soaked easily through all protections.

Bill made an adjustment on the rolls for thin metal, — a delicate job, — the squeezing of bars .015 of an inch thick down to .010.

'Plenty of oil this time.'

The one o'clock whistle blew. I stood close to the moving ribbon of thin metal and drowned it in roll-oil.

There is almost a technique in rolling 'thin stuff.' Thin copper, hardly thicker than thick paper, will tear, crumple, and go crooked, if you 're not considerate. As I drown the metal with oil, — this is the ninth bar, — I 'll go over in my head little things caught from Bill.

Bar has to pass over several things before it goes to rolls and gets squeezed: first, a round rod — and see that it 's smooth and won't scratch the copper, which is delicate. (Rub it with emery paper.) Then over a brass plate under a wooden peg. (See that they both are smooth — emery and sandpaper.)

Have the guides fit the bar tight.

Have the reel from which the bar unwinds, directly back of guides, so she won't go into the rolls crooked.

If the rolls squeeze too much, the metal comes out 'snaky,' they say. It 's like a piece of cloth where the edges have shrunk and the middle has n't. Watch for that.

What else? I 'll think when this bar goes through. What time is it? Early I guess — may be quarter of two.

Put on a lot of oil. Um —

Gauge every bar. Bill is doing it —

Examine edges to see they have n't been roughed up by the guides. Yes.

Look at the surface for scratches, marks, or blisters.

Finished — twelve bars of 'thin stuff.'

We push the truck to the annealing furnace, and bring a towering one back from the hot rolls. A whale of an order, 45 coils, an eleven-hour job, with nothing to it, after the set is made, but shoving a bar in one side of devouring rolls, swabbing on oil for fifteen minutes, and watching it automatically wind up on the other side.

Bill makes the set. It 's guessing done with weird accuracy. The upper roll is screwed up or down, and two iron bars, sticking from the top of the stand, achieve that adjustment.

Space between the rolls widens from .010 of an inch to .175.

A short little bar is gobbled through for a try. Gauged with a micrometer. Found to be .170.

The iron control-bars are jarred a little by Bill's hand; space between rolls opens imperceptibly.

Another little bar is passed through. Gauged with the micrometer — .175. Ah-h!

First big bar. 'Shoot!' Coil is mounted on reel, end tugged up, rolls *bite*. I sit on my soap-box and begin on the job again: swab on oil, regular — top and bottom — not too much.

I won't watch any longer this moving belt of copper slipping by under my swab with the greenish oil dripping on. My eyes go for rest to the gang on the next rolls. A Portuguese Negro is there as sticker's helper, at this instant fishing with a stick for small coils in a great tub of blue pickle. Near him is the sticker, a man with a great stomach and a small head, who treats his metal to great slushes of oil which run off the edges to the top of his boots and the floor. By twisting I can see the roller. He is thin-faced, with glasses, a short pipe, and an engineer's cap. With an air of incalculable leisure he gauges his bars between puffs.

The last pair of rolls are mighty ones, grinding long thick bars which take three men to manipulate. The blocker is a high-shouldered fellow in a blue shirt, who stands close and grabs the bar when it first shows an edge through the iron rolls. Over the tops of the stands I can make out a small overhead crane, moving industriously in a cloud of steam from hot tubs.

I turn back to the moving copper, and find my pail all but empty. I 'll fill after this bar. Instead of half turning as I did to see the aisle of rolls, I look straight ahead at eye-level. There are 'draw benches' hauling copper through dies into special shapes. I can't see them well, and my ignorance of their mechanics is complete. A little to the left is the square box of a mill office. Through the window of it I can see a man with arms on his desk, and a head with a thin patch of hair, buried in them. The boss, Halsey. 'He sleeps all day, but by God, he knows copper.' This is what Bill says.

For some reason the mill noises break into my attention suddenly with all their different layers and divisions of sound. I have been too much given to the technique of rolling, or to the numbing regularity of a sticker's strokes, to notice them before. I listen now and hear them all. Underneath is the fundamental engine rumble and the sound of heavy machinery turning in its bearings. Above that the local grind of my own copper strip going through the pony rolls, and one of our couplings banging a loose board of the sheathing at each turnover.

For the scalping machines, buzz is too soft a word. It is a compound sound, the rapid clawing of copper surfaces by six talons of steel. Close to, you catch the individual scrape; at my

distance, the sound is still harsh but confused. And it unites with the softened *szz-z-z* of belts on drums. All this is continuous incessant sound. There are a lot of intermittent ones on top. When a hundred-pound coil drops on the floor twenty yards off, you hear it vaguely; copper bars thrown down by the crane go clang. And occasionally a coil sticks for an instant in the rolls; gives a screech and a shudder, and passes through. The steam lifts that hang over the pickle-tubs scream faintly when the valves open, and trucks loaded with cakes and bar rumble in and out of hearing.

III

Suddenly the monotonous routine of the mill afternoon was interrupted. I was not aware what had happened, but was conscious that a large event had taken place. Helpers began to crane their necks toward the hot rolls, to straighten curved backs if they were sitting down, to wake up if like the rollers they had fallen asleep. I craned too, and twisted on my soap-box to sweep the aisle of rolls with my eyes, and strain them in the direction of steam-clouds and the hot rolls. The state of half coma in which I had been listening to the noises of the mill left me, and I felt alert, almost eager.

'Beeg boss come,' whispered the Lithuanian helper.

Mr. Gordon and Mr. Weller walked down the aisle of the rolls. Mr. Gordon was superintendent of the mill, Mr. Weller an officer of the company. Nobody's movements grew hurried or unnatural, but a subtle current of consciousness ran through the aisle; no heads were turned, but everyone knew that everyone else knew that Mr. Gordon and Mr. Weller were coming down the aisle of the rolls.

Through the roar of the mill a few words filtered, jumbled and without meaning: 'a new order — radiator brass — competition — spot copper.'

They do not pause anywhere, but pass on and out of the mill through the die department, and leave speculative conversations in little groups all over the mill. I hear the roller next us say, 'Lookin' to see who they can lay off, I guess. Five fellers dropped last pay day.' But my roller, Bill, comes over to the soap-box, and remarks, 'Weller is a good scout. My uncle was a roller in the brass mill when Mr. Weller was a young college feller learnin' the business.'

For some minutes some force seemed to have cut across the drone of machines, bar-swabbing, coil-mounting, stiffened muscles, drip of oil, the interminable ribbon of copper squeezing between iron. It was possible to think vividly and pleasantly about anything at all. I recalled a hurdle race that I had won in high school, and the way the crowd blurred at the tape. I began to think about Leonardo da Vinci and about Mr. Gordon. Somebody had told me he had one ambition — to earn enough to be independent of the mill. He had worked thirty-eight years at it, they said, and was about ready to cut loose. He owned an apple farm in Massachusetts somewhere; in a year or two he would put brass behind him and begin the raising of apples.

But a little later, it became an effort, great and overwhelming, to think of Gordon any more, or of anything else. I mounted a coil —

Lifting the swab from my pail of roll-oil, putting it on in regular smears upon the thirty-first coil, watching the metal thicken on the block, winding a little to this side, veering to that —

Sometimes the numbness that a job brings is pleasant, like the sensation before sleep, or like the vagueness that rhythm gives. I have had such a

pleasant lessening of consciousness, such lulling, on an easy shovel job, or piling metal, or heaving easily on a rope, or even on this mounting of coils, and swabbing of moving metal. But at other moments, as now, repetition becomes pain, and the growing and piling monotony an exquisite torture. And there are differing elements of pain even in monotony. There is sometimes a sense of ebbing vitality, of the gradual, inevitable withdrawal of life and happy energy from every centre of nerve and mind; a substitution of lethargy, — bodily, mental, — a hopelessness with no point or poignancy to make it dramatic or bearable. There is at times a feeling in the mind and senses, half like the pressure of a weight, bearing down slowly upon you, and wholly beyond your power to emerge from or cast off, half like an unbearably stale taste, impossible to sweeten or to change.

At such times, it is either impossible to think at all, or, if thoughts do get into the mind, they find it such a smoky, stifling, and ill-smelling place, that they become dark, choked, and malodorous themselves. Even the best of thoughts.

I tried pungent ones, with rich suggestions floating and dangling from them, like my next visit home with a whole happy past to reëxplore, and personalities loved but not seen for long. And I tried the idea of adapting steel inventions and instruments of production to the old-fashioned areas of the brass business — an idea which, with the optimism of ignorance, I loved to speculate upon. No luck at this time. They grow gray or twist themselves into notions of discouragement. And the fact that they seem lifeless now makes me think that they will always be valueless. I remember bitterly how I dreamed that there was life and value in them, whereas, to speak the truth, they are without core, one-dimensional, deflated, and wholly unpromising, like existence, and like myself. They are like the mill with its dust on the slacking-out tables, and its steam rising from pickle-tubs, seen through the day-weary eye of six o'clock.

Now I try fighting it like an enemy. I resolve upon a new thought-groove, kick new muscles into play, find a new movement for my swab — short quick strokes now, to replace the long and steady. I try the same means that you try to break sleepiness, when you beat back a resistless wave of lethargy by pinching your leg, biting your hand, snapping your head and neck back in its socket. There are means of waking up through mild pain, as now — grinding my right heel into the toe of my left boot.

But an hour later, the fight itself becomes monotonous. I 'm unbelievably bored, putting up a fight and failing, and bored with thinking about fighting and thinking about failing.

Areas of personality that used to get stimulus enough to keep alive seem contracting, going under water. The live part of me is an island, with salt water advancing upon its beaches, reducing the green centre of me to a coral shoal. And each hour that I repeat the colorless motions, recovery becomes more impossible, the edges of personality quite irrevocably sunk.

I have noticed other men in the mill, facing the same thing, making a fight against it, winning through or surrendering. And I am confident that the men who have gone through into more intelligent jobs have either worked at twenty things or, if tied to a routine job, have kept themselves alive only through the most heroic measures.

I stood up and kicked my legs, which were going stiff from long sitting on the soap-box. Thought hard for a

few minutes on supper — thought hard on those noises of the mill, and picked them apart. Why not speak to Bill? It seemed a gigantic, an heroic effort to raise my voice to say, 'Hey, Bill.' And what use if I did: we talked our heads empty the first week.

In ten minutes Bill spoke to me. He came over to my side of the rolls, slowly, looked at me, and looked away.

'Monday is a long day,' he said, 'always.'

He spat very carefully into the gutter that carries the oil away, and spoke with his head still lowered.

'Did I ever tell you how I met my wife the first time?'

'No-o-o,' said I.

'Feller named Compton, chum of mine, 'n' I used to go to the movies every night at Swarthmore, 'n' then dance — town hall. Worked in the Swarthmore branch then — good place too. Now listen to this. One night, we saw a coupla dames come outer the theatre — good-lookin' as hell. I said to Cal, — that 's Compton, —

'"Let 's follow the dames."

'He says, "All right"; so we followed 'em. They knew it, and were sore as hell 'n' tried to walk away, but we walked up on 'em. And off on a street where they 'd turned in, we ast if they 'd mind if we 'd walk home with 'em. And one of 'em — who 's my wife — said she did n't think so, 'n' the other girl says, "We don't know you"; but she looked as if she 'd like to, so I took the one by the arm who 's my wife now, and we walked the way hell 'n' gone out in the country with 'em, past fields 'n' fields, 'n' finally they ast us our names, 'n' I says Rogers. Which got me in wrong when she found out. But at any rate I went with her every night for most of that summer.'

The end of the bar came out of the rolls with a snap, and Bill went to the other side to help the blocker take the coil off. I mounted a new one on the reel, dragged the end over to the rolls, shoved it in till the rolls bit, took up the swab, and began smearing oil again.

Bill went on. 'We thought we 'd get married, 'n' we told our folks we thought we would. Her people took it all right, but my mother was sore as hell, 'n' said I was a fool, 'n' if I did, I need n't come back. She meant it all right. Father did n't care.

'So we decided to get married anyway. I took pop's car. Hell, how sore ma got over that! I thought she 'd kill me. Well, I took the car, and we got married by the Swarthmore minister — Congregational. A very nice wedding; all my wife's people were there and some of my friends. About pop and ma I was sorry, but I did n't care much.

'Of course I was scared to go home, 'n' so we stayed at my wife's folks. I was plannin' to get a rent, but they were high as hell and scarce. Finally I said we might as well go 'n' see mother and tell her about it. We went over one Sunday, 'n' tried to be nice about it, but she would n't let us in, though my father ast her to. He said she could n't make us unmarried by keeping us out. We went back to my wife's folks.'

The end of the bar passed through the rolls and wound on the block. I mounted a new coil on the reel, lugged the end to the rolls, shoved it into the bite, and took up my swab.

'It 's funny the way things happen sometimes. I met my wife by following those dames. And we came together with my people in a queer way too. I 'd been living at my wife's people's for a couple of weeks, when they had a fire — a darn bad one; nobody knows now how it started, but it was probably sparks on the roof — and the house burned down. They had a little insurance but not a hell of a lot. Of

course, all of us were out in the street. My wife's uncle took in her father and mother, but there was n't really room for us. I think this is pretty good; what happened was this. When my mother found out about it, she came over and ast us both, my wife and me, to come and live with her until we got a rent. So we did, of course, and my mother likes my wife now better than my father does. It 's funny the way things happen.'

After that Bill felt better, and I know I did. Most of the poisons had gone out of my mind. Of course it was only 4.30, and still hard to finish the turn; but there was nothing deadening and hopeless about the afternoon. I had lost the stale taste in my mind.

There was no fun in the last twelve bars we did, but I could get my will into it. It seemed as if there was something to push against. I liked to put one hand on the top of the reel, the other on a spoke, and with my Portuguese helper stiffen my back and legs and right the thing. I did n't like it, but I was willing. I clenched my teeth a little and was willing. Besides, 'Everybody's job is hard when he does it all day — a man goes through with it — nothing was ever accomplished in this world without hard work.' These moralities jolted into my brain.

Then there were no thoughts, but just a movement of muscles. We shoved the last coil off the gauging-table to the truck. I helped the blocker do it. Tired muscles, but a changed movement, refreshment. If you shove quickly, the coil will slide from the table flat and find the right place on the load without unwinding.

Pulling truck — no thoughts, or feelings — the mill held as if in your fist, to finish the day; the truck jolting on an uneven floor; attention sharpened for turns and bad floor — and muscles prepared from old practice to slow down at the muffle furnace.

I walk back — ten minutes of six — slowly, muscles loosening, arms dangling. I shake them a little to relax all I can, and scuffle my field shoes through torn bits of copper in the aisle of the rolls.

'Call it a day,' Bill says.

There have been four months of it, I think; seven to six, hour out for lunch. Hardly a taste though. Harry Pickering on the 'breaking-down' rolls has been at it thirty-eight years.

Whistle: kerosene to cut the dirt from knuckles, cold water. I change into street boots, putting my oily ones in the corner of my locker.

Going out of the mill past the hot rolls, I enter the copper-mill yard and breathe suddenly a sharp winter gust. The ten hours fall away and no longer exist. Easily the mill slips off — the mounting of coils and swabbing roll-oil, the bump of the coupling against a sheathing board, and the quiver of the mill engine. Even the numbness of stiffened brain and nerve lifts as I go through the mill gate. And a glow, made up of relief and thoughts of supper, tenses every man's leg muscles and pumps his blood hard.

At the space where Factory Hill descends and widens into Main Street, I meet the Irishman with face cut into lines, disorderly gray hair, and the look of boyish bewilderment in his face. I forget my supper and for a few wasted seconds think of to-morrow's quota of ten hours and next week's.

Then I push up Factory Hill with my eyes and my mind on Mrs. Badger's side door, and on the supper, which comes on hot at 6.10.

THE MAJOR WANTS A STABLEBOY

BY JOHN ADAMS JOHNSON

No one thought of the Major as a religious man. His large frame, gray whiskers, and long coat were never seen within the walls of a church, and he was known to swear with ardor when hard pressed. Nevertheless, his philosophy of life expressed itself in religious terms. 'The Old Marster did it and He knows,' he would say. According to this philosophy all things happened as they should. It was so with the ups and downs in money matters. It was the same, and but the natural working out of the laws of life, when his children married and went away, one by one. It was the same, finally, when an old face turned on her pillow and left him alone.

Not only did all things happen for the best, but all people were doing as well as they could under the circumstances. The Major believed in all men, but particularly in the Pope family, who occupied the White House on his plantation. He believed in Abner Pope as a faithful and efficient assistant, and when the taciturn Abner came back from town on Saturday night in a talkative condition, the Major declared that it was only right and natural for a man to have a bender after a week of hard work. He likewise approved when next day Mrs. Pope bore Abner off to the Baptist Sunday School at Benson.

The Major considered that Mrs. Pope could prepare meals with the best, in spite of what some might consider evidence to the contrary.

'We are going to have fish for supper,' he would say to a guest, 'the best perch you ever ate.'

'No, Major, they ain't nothing but cat.'

'Well, I'm glad Stephen sent cat. The Arkansas River channel cat is the topmost fish food of the world. It gives strength like pork.'

The Major also believed in Zeke.

'Zeke is such a trifling nigger,' Mrs. Pope would say.

'Yes, he is,' the Major would reply.

'He's so ornery and hateful. Ther's no telling what he takes. He don't never hit the truth.'

'Yes,' the Major would agree, 'but then Zeke is a good boy. He is affectionate. He hangs around me and does everything I tell him.'

One day Mrs. Pope came to the Major, who was sitting in the open hallway that ran through the house, and said: —

'I got to get a girl. What with cooking and cleaning and milking and getting Abner off to work and darning your socks and —'

'Well, if you have to have one —'

'I can get Melissa. The only trouble is she lives over on the bayou on the back side of the place. She's got to live here. I been aiming to tell you this. You can have that room in the yard fixed up for her. It used to be a servant's house.'

'Mrs. Pope,' said the Major, good-humoredly, stretching out his legs on the chair in front, 'it's just natural for you to lie awake at night and think up some way to interfere with my plans.

I want that house for my stableboy.'

'Your which?'

'My stableboy I said. I am going to enforce the rules on this place from now on. My mules are looking bad, and there is a world of work to do before this crop is made. It is only natural for the negroes to ride them at night when they keep them out around their cabins The mules must all stay in the barn, and I'll have a stableboy to feed them.'

'Now, May-jur,' whined Mrs. Pope, 'ther ain't no other place, and I got to have a girl.'

He was now reflecting and stroking his beard.

'You say this Melissa is a young wench who lives over there on the bayou near Zeke's daddy's, and comes by here?'

'Yes sir.'

'Well, you let this matter rest a bit, and I'll see what I can do.'

The Major walked to the front gate, his favorite place of observation. He often stood here by the hour, with his pipe in his mouth, his arms resting on the gate, looking out upon the river and the road that skirted its bank.

Presently Zeke came up, a tall lank young black.

'Zeke,' said the Major, taking his pipe from his mouth, 'I can't look out on this river front without seeing you tagging along after that negro girl.'

'Sur?' drawled Zeke, in a surprised and injured tone. His lower lip sloped like a gangway down which his words might leisurely slide.

'Oh, I've noticed you. What's her name, now?'

'Does you mean Malindy?' asked Zeke, sullenly.

'Yes — Malinda — that's her name. Now look here. I am thinking about hiring a stableboy, and I'm wondering if you'd do.'

'Yes sir, Major, I'll do.' Zeke brightened up.

'You have n't any land to work. You just help your pappy, and precious little, I venture to say.'

'Yes sir, I just helps my pappy.'

'Of course a stableboy must live in the yard,' went on the Major. 'I thought of putting you in that little house out there, and letting you eat out of the kitchen.'

'Yes sir, Major, dat'll do,' said Zeke, eagerly. He could taste the first meal.

'But then,' continued the Major, 'Mrs. Pope wants to hire Malinda to help her in the house, and she wants her to have that room. Now, there is only one room, and I don't know what to do about it.'

Zeke had no suggestion to offer, although the Major stroked his beard and gave him time, finally saying, —

'Zeke, you are nearly grown by now. You must be about twenty-one years old.'

'Yes sir, I'se bout twenty-one years old.'

'It seems to me you ought to be getting married.'

Zeke looked down and began to dig a hole in the sand with his bare toe, and then said slowly, 'I does think I ought to be gittin' ma'ied.'

'Well,' said the Major, still stroking his beard, 'Malinda is a pretty likely girl, is n't she?'

'Yes sir, she's putty likely.'

'I could put you in that house and let you eat out of the kitchen.'

'Yes sir, Major, I sees de pint.'

He looked at the ground.

'I sees de pint,' he repeated.

'Well, go on now,' said the Major, waving his hand.

On the following day Zeke appeared again.

'Well?' said the Major.

'Dat's all right, sir. Malindy, she say "—uh-huh."'

The Major thereupon went into the

house, well pleased with himself. He fixed himself in his chair, got out his pipe and called Mrs. Pope. She came out, flushed and corpulent, with a stick of stove-wood in her hand, the first link in the chain of getting dinner.

'Mrs. Pope,' said the Major, striking a match and lighting his pipe, 'suppose we let the stable foreman and the maid-servant both stay in that room.'

'What did you say, Major?' asked Mrs. Pope, letting the stick fall to the floor in order to give exclusive attention to the matter in hand.

'Well,' said the Major, throwing away the match that had served its purpose, 'my stableboy is going to marry your girl, and they can both live in that house.'

'Do tell!'

'Zeke and Malinda are going to marry.'

'Malinda? Who said Malinda?' Mrs. Pope grasped her stick again as if for battle. 'I said Melissa. I want Melissa to work for me.'

'Why, are there two of them?' faltered the Major, taking his feet from off the chair.

'Of course there are two of them. You don't know the gals on your own place. Malinda is Short Pete's child. Melissa is the daughter of old Uncle Joe Coleman.'

'Well, well,' said the Major, thoughtfully. 'Can't you take Malinda now?'

'No sir,' replied Mrs. Pope, emphatically. 'I would n't have that corn-field gal in this house, not for nothing. Melissa is different. She's quiet and ladylike. She's older. Malinda is too young, anyhow.'

The Major wandered to the yard, chagrined. The old setter dog came by, wagging his tail, expecting a pat on the head, but was not noticed. Mrs. Pope's little curly-headed Susan came skipping along with her puppy, but received no attention. The poor boy had trusted him, and of course he had affections.

At this juncture Zeke came up.

'Zeke,' said the Major, mournfully, 'it looks like I have mixed things up. I told you I would do certain things if you would marry Malinda, and you have promised to marry her, have n't you?'

'Yes sir, we done fixed things up,' said Zeke, cheerfully.

'Well, now, it seems that Mrs. Pope must have Melissa to work for her instead of Malinda. Of course I have to leave such things to her. I thought it was Malinda she wanted. It breaks things all up.'

Zeke turned and slowly walked away, with his head down, while the Major looked after him sorrowfully, resolving to devise some method of righting the matter.

Early the next morning, which was Sunday, the Pope family drove off in the two-horse wagon to attend the Baptist Sunday School at Benson, leaving the Major alone on the place. He walked down to the gate. No sounds were coming from house or yard, or from the green cotton-fields, empty of laborers. Beyond the giant cottonwoods that lined its bank, the yellow river was stalking with silent tread. Only the birds were active. The mocker chose the topmost twig of the thorn tree for his pulpit, while the blue jays shrieked of Satanic Majesty, whose dominions they visit regularly on Friday nights. Negroes in Sunday clothes were now passing, in twos and threes, along the road, all going in the direction of their church, two miles down the river.

A boy and a girl came in sight. They were engrossed with each other, their play being a rough one, consisting of attempts to push each other off the high path that led along the worn-down road. They stopped their play when they saw they were observed. When

they reached a point opposite the gate, the Major said: —

'Is n't this Malinda?'

The girl immediately halted, while the boy politely walked on a dozen paces.

'Yes sir, Mr. Menton, I'se Malinda.'

'Well,' said the Major, stroking his beard, not knowing just what he wished to say. 'What 's this between you and Zeke?'

The words had power. The girl fairly stormed, her kinky hair almost bulging out of the net that confined it.

'Dey ain't nothing twixt me and Zeke. Not nothing. Not nothing. 'Cause why? 'Cause he 's a sneak and a rascal.'

Relieved by this outburst, her natural deference returned.

''Scusing me, Mr. Menton, but dey ain't nothing twixt me and him.' She walked on.

The Major looked after her in perplexity.

After a half hour, another girl came along, neatly dressed and smiling.

'Mrs. Pope gone to church? Please tell her, Mr. Menton, that I will be over the first thing in the morning.'

She, too, passed on, while the Major stroked his beard, in perplexity.

Shortly afterwards Zeke came up, approaching from behind, having come to the house through the field. He wore Sunday clothes and his manner was almost vivacious.

'Good morning, Major.'

'Why, hello, Zeke!' said the Major, turning around.

'When you gwinter want us to move in?'

'Move in?'

'Yes sir. Me and Melissa.'

'Melissa?'

'Yes sir. Ain't you heard? I 'm ma'ied now. I tuk and chose — yes, sir — last night — at de church. No sir, Major, I ain't no scoundrel, neither, scarcely. It's dish here way: dars dish here black 'oman and dat ar black 'oman, who gwinter tell difference twixt 'em?'

The Popes had heard of the wedding when they returned at noon.

'Oh, well,' said the Major, 'I told you Zeke was affectionate and wanted to work for me.'

'But Malinda?' said Mrs. Pope, urging the wrongs of her black sister.

'Well,' said the Major, 'Short Pete is a good man. I'll let him have more land next year, and then Malinda can get a young husband to help her pappy work it.'

'Well, if you do that,' said Mrs. Pope.

'It 's all for the best,' said the Major.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY: A PLAIN STATEMENT

BY A STUDENT OF SEA POWER

I

WHEN the 'Five-Power Treaty' for the Limitation of Naval Armaments was signed at Washington on February 6, 1922, the American public assumed that the whole question of relative combatant strength at sea had been settled for a term of at least ten years. By this Treaty each of the contracting Powers bound itself not to exceed a given ratio of aggregate tonnage in the larger types of men-of-war. The future dimensions of the battle-fleets of the United States, the British Empire, and Japan were regulated on a 5–5–3 basis, and airplane-carrier strength was graded on the same scale. This arrangement eliminated all possibility of further international competition in the building of major fighting ships, a form of rivalry which had contributed in great measure to the bringing about of the World War of 1914–18.

The Treaty, however, did not apply to naval vessels other than capital ships and plane carriers, as would have been the case had the original scheme of limitation — submitted by Secretary of State Hughes at the opening session of the Conference — found acceptance. France demanded an allowance of submarine tonnage larger than the scheme provided for, and considerably larger than the British delegates were prepared to concede. Finding France adamant on this point, the British declared themselves unable to accept any restriction on the number of light cruisers and destroyers, both of which, they claimed, were essential for the purpose of combating the submarine.

After prolonged and quite often acrimonious discussion, the clauses governing restriction of auxiliary combatant ships were dropped, since it was realized that their retention would jeopardize the success of naval limitation in any shape or form and might render the Conference abortive.

As finally approved, therefore, the treaty left each contracting Power free to build as many auxiliary ships as it pleased, without infringing the letter of the compact. The significance of this fact was overlooked at the time, for two reasons: first, because the naval experts at the Conference were unanimous in ranking the capital ship as the most formidable instrument of sea warfare, present and future; secondly, because of an impression that loyalty to the spirit of the Treaty would deter any Power from taking advantage of the loophole it afforded for the multiplication of minor naval craft. It does not seem to have been appreciated that the elimination of so many battleships, coupled with the embargo placed upon the further development of this type by fixing a limit to displacement and gun calibre, would automatically exalt the relative fighting value of all the smaller fry.

A further defect in the Treaty lay in the vague wording of those clauses which relate to the modernization of

existing capital ships. Here the phrasing is such as to suggest that lawyers, not naval officers, were the authors thereof.

Finally, there is the famous Article XIX, which establishes the status quo in respect of fortifications and naval bases within a specified area of the Pacific Ocean. This, in the opinion of most naval critics, is easily the most important section of the Treaty, for reasons which will be dealt with hereafter.

Although it is less than two and a half years since the document was signed, we are already in the midst of a lively controversy with respect to the relative standing of the United States Navy. During the past few months the Press has published many sensational statements on this subject, the gist of which is that American naval power, so far from having been consolidated by the 'Limitation Treaty,' has declined, and still is declining, both relatively and absolutely.

Here, then, is a straightforward question, which, as the writer ventures to think, admits of but one answer. Reviewing the situation as it existed in November 1921, and surveying it as it exists to-day, he has no hesitation in affirming that America's present position at sea is far less satisfactory — in every respect — than it was when the Washington Conference assembled.

II

In November 1921, the United States was at work on a building programme the completion of which would have given it, three or four years later, a matchless fleet of capital ships, all of post-Jutland design, and superior, ship for ship, to the finest dreadnoughts of every other navy. If the three leading admiralties of the world are right in crediting the dreadnought with unique powers of offense, the sixteen American vessels of this type under construction on the date in question would have ensured to the United States the command of the sea. As it was, eleven of them were scrapped, and two converted into airplane carriers, leaving only the Maryland, Colorado, and West Virginia as souvenirs of the greatest 'might-have-been' battle-fleet of modern times.

This enormous sacrifice, it is true, was compensated in part by reductions in the British and Japanese programmes. The British ceased work on four battle-cruisers, which, unlike the American ships, were in the very earliest stage of construction; while Japan discarded twelve capital ships, only four of which had been laid down. So far as the remainder were concerned, 'scrapping' simply meant tearing up the plans and blueprints.

As dimensioned by the Treaty, the American battle-fleet now consists of eighteen units with an aggregate displacement of 525,850 tons. To institute a detailed comparison between this force and the corresponding armadas of Britain and Japan would occupy more space than can be granted. It may be said, however, that the British battle-fleet will eventually consist of twenty ships aggregating 558,950 tons; that of Japan comprising ten ships aggregating 301,320 tons.

In weight of gunfire the U. S. fleet probably has a slight advantage, which, however, is negatived by its inferior speed. Five of the British capital ships can steam at 23 knots, five at 25 knots, and four at 29 to 31 knots. Japan's slowest ship makes 22 knots; her fastest, 27½ knots.

On the other hand, none of the eighteen American vessels is good for more than 21 knots, and the oldest of them could not exceed 20 knots, even if reboilered and equipped for burning

oil. Yet without a good margin of speed, superiority in artillery fire cannot be exploited.

It is just here that a comparison of the three fleets in tonnage and gunpower is likely to be misleading. In modern naval warfare the fleet possessing the 'speed gauge' can take the initiative under practically any circumstances.

Since the average speed of the American fleet is at least two knots less than the Japanese and three knots below that of the British, it would gain nothing by its slight lead in weight of broadside fire, and would fight under a severe tactical handicap. An increase in the elevation of its guns would mitigate this disadvantage, but could not overcome the fatal drawback of poor speed.

Taken for all in all, therefore, the American battle-fleet is tactically inferior to the British, and considerably less than two fifths superior to the Japanese; nor is it easy to see how this disparity could be adjusted without violating the ruling of the Treaty by laying down new ships of the capital type.

At the same time, there can be no two *unbiased* opinions as to the right of the United States to modernize its older ships by endowing them with the shooting range and oil-burning facilities already enjoyed by corresponding units of the British and Japanese navies.

Objections to such a course which may be raised, officially or otherwise, in London or Tokyo cannot be sustained by reference to the wording of the treaty. As regards the spirit of that Covenant, surely its purpose was to stereotype the 5–5–3 ratio, not only in tons and guns, but in actual fighting power; and unless and until the older American ships are modernized on the lines indicated, that ratio will remain illusory and ineffectual.

Furthermore, the writer submits that the entire discussion as to the right or otherwise of the United States to increase the elevation of its battleships' guns has been stultified by the fact that France, also a signatory to the Treaty, has in the last two years raised the elevation of the turret guns in the battleships Courbet, Jean Bart, Paris, Bretagne, Lorraine and Provence from eighteen degrees to twenty-three. Japan, too, has officially announced her intention of effecting similar improvement in the main armament of her earlier capital ships.

Why, then, should the United States alone be inhibited from taking similar steps?

As regards the substitution of liquid for solid fuel, there is every reason to believe that Japan has already made this change in two of her battle-cruisers of the Kongo class, and is now preparing to convert the other two coal-burning ships of the class to oil-fuel.

Improved protection against plunging gunfire, air bombs, and torpedoes is expressly allowed for in the Treaty, an addition of 3000 tons to the displacement of each ship being permitted for this purpose. According to the statements by the English service journals, many British battleships have been equipped with new bulge protection against torpedoes since 1921, the Royal Oak being the latest vessel so treated.

Yet every suggestion that American ships should be similarly fortified against the deadliest form of underwater attack is met by protests from quarters where, apparently, the view prevails that the 'Limitation Treaty' was designed to keep the United States Navy permanently in a state of subjection, and must be rigidly interpreted in that sense.

III

Turning from capital ships to airplane carriers, the position from the American viewpoint is far from reassuring. In this type, as in capital ships, tonnage parity as between the United States and the British Empire is allowed for by the Treaty, with a three-fifths allotment for Japan, the respective figures being: U. S. A., 135,000 tons; British Empire, 135,000 tons; Japan, 81,000 tons. At the present moment, however, the American fleet is dependent on a single carrier of obsolete design — the Langley, a converted navy collier — which would be practically useless for war operations. Whereas the efficient airplane carrier should be at least six knots faster than the swiftest unit of the fleet with which it is operating, the Langley is five knots slower than the slowest American battleship.

A big margin of speed is necessary in order that the carrier, having dropped astern to retrieve the planes she has sent out to scout or to engage enemy machines, shall be able to resume her place in the cruising formation without compelling the rest of the fleet to slow down. But any fleet to which the Langley was attached would have to reduce its speed to 14½ or 15 knots, and, if she dropped behind to fly off and recover airplanes, would have to dawdle along at 8 knots until she had rejoined. This leisurely rate of progress would be impossible in war, to say nothing of the risk of submarine attack, to which slow steaming ships are particularly subject. Matters will be improved when the ex-battle cruisers Lexington and Saratoga, now being transformed into airplane carriers, are ready for service, but unless the appropriations are largely increased these ships will be held up for several years.

Meanwhile the British Navy has six fast and efficient carriers in commission or completing, and Japan three, all of which will be available by the summer of 1925. If a war should develop at any time during the next year or two, the American fleet would put to sea without a single efficient airplane carrier, which means that it would operate under a fatal disadvantage.

For this state of affairs we must blame not the Limitation Treaty, but the legislators who have consistently ignored the demands of the Navy Department for funds wherewith to complete the two big carriers already authorized. It is to be hoped that no sudden emergency will arise to drive home the lesson that one ship at sea is worth three on the stocks.

We come now to the question of light cruisers, which has figured so prominently in recent discussions. In this class of vessel, which plays a highly important part in modern fleet operations, the United States is so far behind Britain and Japan that scarcely any basis for comparison exists. Fast cruisers are essential for scouting ahead of the battle-fleet, screening it from torpedo-boat and submarine attack, leading destroyers against the enemy flotillas, patrolling the ocean routes for the protection of friendly commerce, and, if need be, for raiding the enemy's lines of communication. Ships allocated to any one of these duties require to be very fast — with a speed of not less than 30 knots — well-armed, with good sea-keeping qualities and a wide radius of action. As the Washington Treaty permits the construction of cruisers up to 10,000 tons, armed with 8-inch guns, this very powerful type is coming into universal adoption. Taking cruisers less than ten years old from date of launch, including those building and authorized but not yet complete, we find the position as in the following table: —

OCEAN-GOING CRUISERS

United States	10 ships, 7500 tons displacement, speed 33.7 knots, armed with 6-inch guns.
Great Britain	4 ships, 9750 tons, speed 30 knots, armed with 7.5-inch guns.
	5 ships, 10,000 tons, armed with 8-inch guns.
	2 ships, 7600 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 6-inch guns.
Total	11 ships
Japan	4 ships, 7100 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 8-inch guns.
	4 ships, 10,000 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 8-inch guns.
Total	8 ships

FLEET SCOUTING CRUISERS

United States	*None*
Great Britain	33 ships, 3750–4750 tons, speed 29 knots, armed with 6-inch guns.
Japan	17 ships, 3500–5570 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 5.5-inch guns.

This gives a grand total of 44 modern cruisers for Great Britain, 25 for Japan, and only 10 for the United States.

Exception may be taken to the above table on the ground that it lists the ten American cruisers as 'ocean-going,' whereas they are officially designated 'scouts.' On the other hand, their displacement of 7500 tons entitles them to be placed in the former category, and the prolonged 'shake-down' cruises which several of them have undertaken in the past twelve months have fully demonstrated their ocean-going qualities. For all practical purposes we may safely rate a cruiser of 7000 tons as an oceanic ship.

As a matter of fact, ships of much smaller displacement are able to make deep-sea voyages of long duration. The British light cruisers now steaming around the world with the Special Service Squadron are of less than 6000 tons in displacement, and the Japanese 'Kuma' class, of 5500 tons, have a steaming range of 11,000 nautical miles. Nor should it be forgotten that the German cruiser Emden, the most successful commerce-raider of the World War, was a puny craft of no more than 3650 tons.

The present ratio of cruiser strength for the three leading Powers is approximately: Great Britain 5, Japan 2.5, United States 1. This glaring disparity is, or should be, a matter of profound concern to the American people. It means that the fleet is desperately short of units which have a tactical and strategical value second only to that of the dreadnought. It is impossible to visualize a naval campaign in which this dearth of cruising ships would not impose an almost crippling handicap on the American fleet. In Nelson's day the cry of the admirals was always for 'more frigates,' which corresponded to the modern light cruiser. More than a century later the Allied sea commanders were calling incessantly for additional cruisers, and in spite of intensive building the demand was never adequately met. Yet, thanks to public apathy and the short-sighted policy of Congress, the United States Navy is left to-day with only ten cruisers, or barely one fifth of its proper complement.

In the event of war, heavy penalties would be exacted for this neglect. Little or nothing could be done to check the activity of hostile commerce raiders. The value of American property destroyed in one month would probably exceed the cost of a whole squadron of new cruisers, which, had they been completed betimes, might have kept the sea routes safe from

attack. Many people seem to think that the deficiency in cruisers, as in other naval types, could be made good after the outbreak of war by rapid construction. This is a delusion. To build and equip a cruiser of the modern class in twelve months would be a remarkable achievement, and the writer has good reason to doubt whether it could be done. Those who suppose that the United States Navy can be adequately reinforced *subsequent* to the outbreak of war are living in a fool's paradise. Meanwhile it is an open secret that the lack of cruisers is gravely impeding the preparation of defensive war plans by those who would be responsible for controlling Navy operations in a time of national crisis.

The outlook, bad enough before, has changed for the worse since Japan embarked on the construction of heavily-armed cruisers. Four of these ships — Kako, Furutaka, Kinugasa, Aoba — now building, will each mount a battery of six 8-inch guns, according to an Admiralty statement to the British House of Commons on April 16. Two larger vessels, Nachi and Myoko, also building, will carry eight 8-inch guns apiece, and two further ships of the same type are to be laid down next year. An artillery duel between one of these ships and an American scout of the Omaha series would almost inevitably result in the defeat of the latter, judging from recent war experience; for the 8-inch gun, with its 350-pound shell, can far outrange the lighter 6-inch piece, whose projectile weighs only 105 pounds. In the writer's judgment, reached after an exhaustive survey of all available data, a programme of fifteen 10,000-ton ships, all to be completed by the end of 1927, is the absolute minimum required. The building of these ships would not bring the Navy up to its treaty strength in cruising types, but it would tend to ease a situation which all American naval students view with the deepest misgiving.

Great play is made in Congress, and equally by foreign naval critics, with the fact that the United States possesses nearly three hundred destroyers of fairly modern construction, thus giving it a definite superiority over all other Powers in this type of fighting ship. It must be remembered, however, that the majority of these boats are laid up at various navy yards, where, in spite of every care, they are probably deteriorating in structure, machinery, and equipment. Moreover, they are outclassed in size and armament by the newest British and Japanese destroyers, which embody war lessons to a greater degree than the American 'flush-deckers.' The American Navy does not as yet possess a single flotilla-leader, or super-destroyer, though the General Board regards such craft as indispensable and other navies have built them by the dozen. Our numerical lead in destroyers is admittedly an advantage, but it is a trump card of too small a denomination to win any important trick in the game of naval strategy.

IV

Owing to its persistent misuse by Germany in the late war, the submarine has lost caste in the eyes of the American public. It has been vilified — not always by disinterested foreign critics — as a murderous weapon which no decent seaman should handle. This is sheer camouflage. Irrespective of its employment as an assassin of women, children, and other noncombatants, the submarine performed legitimate service of incalculable value during the world conflict. To none of the belligerents was it more useful than to Great Britain. The famous 'Bight Patrol,' which enabled the British commander-

in-chief to maintain close touch, day in day out, with the movements of the German fleet, was maintained entirely by submarines. So valuable was their reconnaissance work that orders were actually issued forbidding them to attack German warships observed to be coming out of the Heligoland Bight. In fact, it is as a fleet scout and an ocean patrol, not as a torpedoer of merchant ships, that the long-range submarine is now prized so highly by naval strategists.

Modern submarines fall under two heads: sea-going and ocean-going. The former may have a displacement of anything from 600 to 1000 tons, and a cruising radius of as much as 12,000 nautical miles. In practice, however, their range is circumscribed by the health of the crew, which suffers if the boat remains at sea more than a few weeks. Narrow, badly ventilated berthing accommodation and restricted deck space for exercise soon tell on the physical and mental fitness of the personnel. For this reason, the so-called sea-going submarine would be of problematical value in an oceanic campaign where the belligerents were separated from each other by a distance of several thousand miles.

According to the latest returns, the United States Navy contains 126 submarines, built and building. This seems a formidable total when compared with Great Britain's 68 and Japan's 77. But when the American figure is examined more closely, it is found to convey an erroneous impression. In the first place, no less than 70 boats are of a pre-war model which later developments have rendered practically obsolete, and of these 70 all displace less than 600 tons. They are, therefore, 'coastal boats,' useful enough for such short-range work as harbor defense, but of exceedingly limited value for any duty which involved oversea cruising operations. It is worthy of note that nearly all submarines of corresponding size and power in the British Navy have already been scrapped. In the 'sea-going' class we have 50 boats designated by the letter 'S.' They, also, were designed during the World War, before its technical lessons could be fully digested. They average 900 tons in displacement, their best surface speed is 15 knots, and the class as a whole has been unfortunate in respect of machinery trouble. Nevertheless, these 50 boats form the backbone of the American submarine service, and upon them would fall the brunt of all wartime underseas work which had to be performed outside coastal waters. In the 'ocean-going' class we have only the three 1106-ton boats of the 'T' class, completed in 1920, and which, when last heard of, were tied up at Hampton Roads owing to defective machinery. Three larger boats, V-1 to V-3, of 2025 tons, are under construction. This analysis reduces our sea- and ocean-going submarine force to 56 units, built and building. The British Navy indulged in such ruthless scrapping after the war that it now contains only 68 submarines. Nine of these are large ocean-going boats, 31 are sea-going craft of a very efficient model, and the balance consists of small coastal boats. Compared with Great Britain we are fairly well off as regards submarines, though that country is believed to meditate a big programme of new construction when the experimental types, such as X.1 and O.1, now building, have been tried out.

Japan was the first Power to apply herself energetically to the development of the submarine as soon as the world war was over. Since the armistice she has despatched several expert missions to Europe to study the latest improvements in the design, machin-

ery and equipment of these boats. Technical committees were appointed to examine and report upon the seven ex-German submarines which were delivered to her in 1919, and close touch has been maintained by Japanese agents with German designers who claim to have evolved new principles of submarine construction, stability, and armament. On account of the impenetrable veil of secrecy behind which the Japanese naval authorities carry on their work, it is impossible to state with confidence precisely how many boats, and of what type, they have launched and laid down within the past four years. A British Admiralty estimate, published last March, credits Japan with 44 submarines built and a further 33 built or projected. This figure has been generally accepted as accurate, though the writer prefers to treat it with caution.

Our definite knowledge is limited to a few facts, which may suitably be recorded here. First, the present Japanese submarine flotilla consists almost entirely of boats completed since the war. Most of the old vessels have been scrapped, which accounts for the circumstance that the total remains more or less constant, despite the completion of new boats at the rate of eight to twelve every year. Secondly, Japan in the post-war era has built only sea-going and ocean-going boats. Of her forty-four completed units, the majority are craft of 800 to 1000 tons, with a cruising range disproportionately large to their displacement. A few are of the 1500-ton ocean type, which also forms the bulk of the other thirty-three boats building or projected in the spring of this year. She is constructing, in addition, several experimental submarines of very large dimensions, variously reported to be of 2500 to 3500 tons, designed from plans acquired in Germany. The building of these vessels is believed to be proceeding under the supervision of German engineers, a party of whom is said to be employed at the Kure arsenal.

We shall be well on the safe side if we assess the number of Japanese ocean-going submarines at thirty-five. Every boat of this class would be capable not only of making the round voyage across the Pacific on one load of fuel and stores, but of remaining for some time in the vicinity of the American seaboard, where its presence would doubtless interfere with the movements of shipping and create alarm in the coastal cities, which would be liable to bombardment by shell fire. Certain of these big submarines are probably equipped with high-powered engines, in which case they would be able to accompany the battle fleet in the capacity of scouts and submersible destroyers. The comparative figures as to ocean-going submarines are: Japan 35, Great Britain 9, United States 6. Such vessels would be of supreme value in a Pacific campaign on account of their extensive cruising range, and if American naval policy was governed by sound principles a liberal program of fleet submarine construction would long since have been put into effect. As it is, the three fleet boats and the three minelayers recommended by the Navy Department have been stricken from the current building scheme.

V

Since it is true that 'men fight, not ships,' the question of personnel is the all-important factor in gauging the war-readiness of any navy. At the present time the United States Navy is undermanned. The authorized establishment of 86,000 enlisted personnel is a purely arbitrary figure,

bearing no real relation to the minimum requirements of the fleet in case of mobilization. Worse than this, it does not suffice to provide full complements for the ships now in commission, few of which, if any, are up to their full strength in officers and men. On paper, the American personnel is slightly larger than that of the British Navy, owing, among other reasons, to the inclusion of the Marine Corps. In fact, however, the British personnel *trained for sea-going duty* is larger by several thousands.

Since the Washington Conference Japan has released 12,000 officers and men; but this notwithstanding, her personnel remains considerably above the 5–3 ratio. Early in the current year there were 69,000 officers and men on active duty in the Japanese Navy. In view of the steady growth in the number of new cruisers, submarines, and so forth, this figure is more likely to be increased than reduced. Behind the Japanese first-line personnel stands a large reserve, estimated to number at least 40,000, including 4000 officers. All these men, having served afloat for a long term of years, would be available for active service with the fleet very soon after the outbreak of war. Great Britain, too, has at her disposal a great body of trained naval reservists, liable to be called up for duty in time of crisis.

While no precise figures can be given to show the present strength of the U. S. Navy Reserve Force, it is well below the proportionate strength of the British and Japanese reserves. There are not now on the books of the Navy Department sufficient reservists, officers and men, to provide crews for the laid-up ships which would have to be commissioned in the event of a threat of war. That no difficulty would be met with in enrolling the requisite number of personnel was made evident by the response to the Navy's call in 1917; but untrained men, however zealous, are useless in a modern fleet, and it would take many months of intensive training to mould these 'green' recruits into passable seamen. Finally, there is the crucial problem of length of service for the enlisted men of the Navy. Enlistment is now for a period of four years, and while this is a distinct advance over the two- and three-year terms which were in vogue until recently, it is not long enough to turn out thoroughly efficient man-of-war's men. A six- to seven-year term of service is the least that would provide for that long and continuous training which alone can weld the naval personnel into a thoroughly efficient fighting organism. There is a popular notion that the average American youth is so much brighter mentally that he requires less training for any job, ashore or afloat, than the young men of other nationalities. To this the Navy replies, through the mouth of one of its officers: 'Other Powers have six- and eight-year service periods. Is it not somewhat fatuous to believe that we can do as much with our recruits in four years?'

The British naval seaman enlists for twelve years, the Japanese for six years, and there is no reason to suppose that drill and instruction in either of those navies are conducted on a system less practical or less intensive than in the American service. Moreover, it is well known that a majority of the Japanese personnel consists of men in their second period of enlistment. Hence we are entitled to infer that the enlisted men of the Japanese Navy are better trained and more proficient at their work than the non-rated men of the United States Navy. In the writer's opinion, the adoption of a six-year term of service is of infinitely greater importance than the laying down of new

hips, urgently as these are needed.

Naval policy is, or should be, based upon a frank recognition of hard realities. A navy is not maintained for show: it is far too expensive to be kept up merely as an ornamental appanage of the State. The United States Navy has definite functions to perform, chief among which is the safeguarding from foreign aggression of the national territories, properties, and interests. This task — let us face the fact quite frankly — has been rendered much more difficult than before by the restrictions imposed by the Washington Treaty. The Navy of to-day probably is capable of defending the Continental seaboard of the United States, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, from serious attack from any quarter whatsoever. It is equally capable of guarding that vital artery, the Isthmian Canal, from dangerous assault, provided the local defenses of the Canal Zone are renovated and strengthened in accordance with the advice of the War and Navy Department experts who have submitted recommendations on this head. So much for what the Navy can undertake to do with reasonable prospects of success.

What, in its present state of personnel and material, it cannot undertake to do is (1) to guarantee the safety of the more distant oversea territories of the United States; and (2) to afford adequate protection to American shipping and seaborne trade. Consequently, the Navy is not strong enough to perform an important, not to say a vital, part of the task allotted to it. By renouncing their right, under Article XIX of the Washington Treaty, to develop major naval bases in the Western Pacific, the American people gave hostages to fortune which most strategists believe to be irredeemable. Be that as it may, the problem of how to overcome the drawback of nonexistent bases in the Philippine and the Mariana Islands in the contingency of war with a strong Asiatic Power is one which has hitherto baffled the keenest brains in the War College. It can be solved, however, provided the very modest demands of the Navy Department in respect of material and personnel reinforcement to the fleet are conceded by the nation, which has a much greater stake in the maintenance of American sea-power than the average citizen appears to realize.

The whole philosophy of armed preparedness is epitomized in a speech which an eminent British soldier, the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, made to his countrymen a few weeks before his death in 1922, and which I shall venture to paraphrase as follows:—

'It has always seemed to me that the primary duty of a Navy is to prevent war. I know no cheaper way of conducting the business of a State than that of conducting it in a profound peace. One of the ways of doing this is to have a Navy sufficiently strong to prevent war. But if a State cannot, for reasons of policy, prevent a war, then the next duty of a Navy is to win the war. To win a war is a terribly expensive thing, both in men and money. Therefore, it is infinitely cheaper to have a force which will prevent a war rather than to have a force which, if it has to go to war, could even win the war. But there is a third possibility: which is, to have a Navy not sufficiently strong to prevent war, nor yet sufficiently strong to win the war — but one just sufficiently weak to lose the war.'

That, in the writer's estimation, is precisely the kind of 'third Navy' which the United States is maintaining to-day.

THE SENATE: NEW STYLE

BY GEORGE H. HAYNES

For many years William Jennings Bryan had been an ardent advocate of popular election of Senators. By a happy coincidence it fell to him, as Secretary of State, to make official announcement that the Seventeenth Amendment had become a part of the Constitution. On May 8, 1913, Mr. Bryan declared: 'I will proudly attach my signature to the statement that this epoch-making reform has arrived.' Then came upon him the spirit of prophecy, and he foretold: —

> We will find that instead of having the Senate filled up with representatives of predatory wealth who use their power to oppose the things that the people love — we will find that the honor of a position in that body will be reserved as a prize with which to reward those who have proven themselves capable of the discharge of public duties and men to be trusted with the people's interests.

To be sure, the purist did not fail to notice that this was not a mere forecast of what was to result, but that the repetition of that phrase — 'we will find' — indicated a fixed determination to find the representatives of predatory wealth eliminated from the Senate, and their places reserved as prizes for those who seek 'the things that the people love.'

There were those who doubted whether Mr. Bryan was warranted in implying that the signing of that proclamation was to mark the moment when 'this epoch-making reform has arrived.' By direct primaries, by primary elections, by pledges exacted from candidates for State legislatures, the legal election of Senators by the legislatures in many of the States had been reduced to as much of an empty formality as the choice of President by the Electoral College. The people pressed the button; the members of the State legislature did the rest.

Into the Senate came an increasing number of members who recognized that their real electors had not been the legislatures. Their presence there was evidence of the growth the movement was making, and their votes overcame the Senate's resistance. Four times the House had passed a popular-election amendment, but the Senate had not allowed it to come to a vote. At last the Senate yielded to the inevitable and gave its concurrence. By such slow degrees, through a score of years, had this epoch-making reform arrived.

Nevertheless, that proclamation did set up a milestone of some importance. It determined that in form as well as in fact the process of election under which had been chosen the men who had made the Senate the most powerful upper chamber in the world was now to give place to the process identical with that by which governors and congressmen are chosen.

The Senate of the Sixty-third Congress was the last Senate all of whose members, in form at least, had been chosen by the process which the States, by their ratification of the Seventeenth Amendment, had discredited and discarded.

I

What manner of men filled that Senate? It may prove of interest, as a basis for comparison, to review certain easily ascertainable facts as to the personnel of the last Senate elected by the process ordained by the framers of the Constitution.

In making such a comparison, it is to be remembered that a single decade is a very brief period in the life of such a great historic legislative body as the Senate. Furthermore, this particular decade has brought revolutionary changes: woman suffrage, doubling the potential electorate and introducing puzzling variables among the assumed constants of politics; the World War, with its upheaval in economic conditions, in industrial methods, and in political thought; and the inevitable reaction from the autocratic tendencies developed under war stress. Differences which may be noted between the Senates of to-day and of ten years ago may be merely sporadic and transient. In a decade of such kaleidoscopic change, none but the merest tyro will expect to discover clearly marked tendencies which can confidently be attributed to the arrival of that epoch-making reform which Mr. Bryan took such pride in proclaiming.

The shifting of politics has given us a Senate to-day made up of 51 Republicans, 43 Democrats, and two Farmer-Labor members, in contrast with the 43 Republicans, 52 Democrats and one Progressive in the membership in 1914.

Ku-Kluxers may be relieved to know that in the present Senate all but three (as compared with five in 1914) are natives of the United States, the exceptions being Senators Couzens (born in Ontario), Gooding (born in England), and Magnus Johnson (born in Sweden). Less migratory conditions within the United States may be indicated by the fact that 51 (as compared with 45 in 1914) are sons of the States that they represent. Ohio, as in 1914, leads as the 'Mother of Senators,' with seven of her 'jewels' in the Senate. Pennsylvania has six; Massachusetts and New York, five each; Maine, Illinois, Virginia, and Kentucky, four each. There is a striking contrast in this matter between the Senate of to-day and that of 1897, when, according to McConachie, 'thirty-six [members] were of Southern nativity, twenty-eight from the Atlantic group north of Mason and Dixon's line, nineteen from the Northwest and the West.' No such proportion now holds true, nor does the following generalization appear to retain its validity: 'The South not only reared her own Senators but cradled those of the new frontier States, which one by one enlarged the Union.' Of the twelve States that have no sons in the Senate, all but three (New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Florida) are States of the Far West. In further contrast between the different sections, it may be observed that in the section made up of the New England, the North Atlantic, and the North Central States only two sons of States outside that region were sent to the Senate; the eight South Atlantic States chose no Senator bred outside that section — five of them sent only their own sons; on the other hand, of the sixteen Senators from the great Mountain region, twelve had been born outside its borders, and half the Senators from the Pacific States were born in the Mississippi Valley.

The average age of Senators to-day, as in 1914, is a trifle over 57 years, but the extremes are not so far apart: there is but one who is under forty, and but one who has reached his eightieth year.

In the matter of education — to

judge from the very inadequate data available — the Senate makes a rather better showing than ten years ago. Although several have thought it good politics to stress in the Congressional Directory the fact that they have had the advantage of only a common-school education, seventy-six out of the ninety-six members have attended some university, college, or normal school. Yale heads the list of universities, having seven of her sons in the Senate; Harvard, five; University of Michigan, four; University of Virginia, three; and the Naval Academy, one.

As to the callings from which Senators are drawn, the most striking thing is the heavy preponderance of lawyers, — sixty, as compared with sixty-nine in 1914. Several others have had years of legal training. Nineteen of the present Senate have been prosecuting attorneys, in offices ranging from county attorney to attorney-general of the State. Two have been deans of law schools, and two others have been professors of law. Six have held judicial office, including one justice of a Federal Circuit Court, and one chief justice and two associate justices of State Supreme Courts.

The distribution of these lawyer-Senators presents interesting contrasts. Of the sixteen from the South Central States, everyone is a lawyer — although Senator Heflin tells the world that when first elected to Congress (twenty years ago) he gave up the law practice and since that time has devoted his time to the study of public questions. That may explain much. In the entire section south of the Potomac and west to include Texas and Oklahoma, of twenty-eight Senators all but four are lawyers. On the other hand, from the States north of the Potomac and the Ohio and west to include Wisconsin, of thirty-two Senators only seventeen are lawyers; while in the great Mountain section, from Montana to the Mexican border, only half the Senators are lawyers. The contrast in distribution between parties is not less pronounced: 86 per cent of the Democratic Senators are lawyers, while only 45 per cent of the Republicans are of that profession. The explanation seems to be partly a matter of tradition and of the relative diversification of industry. In the North and in the newer States of the West more varied careers present themselves for the young man's choice, while frequent party overturns make politics seem a far less constant object of devotion than in the South. Racial preferences or aptitudes may have something to do with the matter. An Irishman's allegiance to the Democratic party is proverbial, and he takes to the combination of politics and the law as a duck takes to water; a man of Scandinavian descent, on the other hand, may take to politics quite as naturally, but not so inevitably by way of the law, and he usually votes the Republican ticket.

Apparently the proportion of lawyers in the Senate is lessening and the type is changing. In the days when there were giants in the senatorial land, probably three fourths of them were lawyers. Such were Webster and Clay, Benton and Calhoun; but their experience in the law and their point of view as lawyers in the Senate were apparently very different from those of many of the lawyers in that chamber to-day.

Of other callings, agriculture claims the largest number of Senators. Five put themselves down as plain 'farmers,' though only two of them have felt it necessary to establish their title by engaging in milking contests before reporters' cameras. Stock-raisers and planters raise the number of this unofficial agricultural block — not *Bloc*

— to about fifteen, not including those whose work has been in organizing or in journalizing the tillers of the soil. Including the teachers of law mentioned above, there are at least eight Senators who have been college or university professors, two of whom have been college presidents. There are five journalists or publishers, four bankers, two physicians, and one dentist, and two men whose principal activity has been the management of 'public utilities.' Perhaps the most unexpected calling represented is that of the well-driller.

Long continuity of service has been one of the causes which has most contributed to the power and prestige of the Senate and to the influence of individual Senators and of the States which they have represented. There come to mind the many six-year terms of Morrill and Frye, of Webster and Hoar, of Sherman and Allison. If the comparison be made between the two houses of the present Congress, it is found that the percentages of members of the Senate who have served during the terms of three, two, and one previous Congresses are 41, 57, and 75, as compared with the percentages of members of the House who have served for these same periods — 41, 56, and 71. In other words, although the elections of the Representatives come three times as frequently, thus multiplying the chances for change in that branch as compared with the Senate, the proportion of men who have served six, four and two years in the House is almost exactly the same as that of the men who have seen the same length of service in the Senate.

While it seems evident that the biennial 'labor turnover' in the Senate is decidedly on the increase, one important modification must not be overlooked. Not less than thirty of the members of the Senate had been 'graduated' into that body, after having served from one to ten terms in the House of Representatives. It is no mere coincidence that most of the Senate's expert parliamentarians and many of its ablest debaters had received long courses of training in the more strenuous arena of the House. Very striking is the contrast in the security of tenure of the men from the South and from the other sections. In the Mountain section, only two of the sixteen Senators had served in the House, and neither of these had there completed more than three years before entering the Senate. The Southern States have seven Senators who have served from ten to twenty years in the House — an average of fourteen years.

Of the ninety-six Senators, thirty-six before going to Washington had taken a 'preparatory' course in politics in the legislatures of their several States, the larger proportion of such men coming from New England, the South Atlantic States and the Mountain region. A considerable number had seen service as members of State constitutional conventions, delegates to national conventions, or presidential electors. Eight — most of them from the Southern States — had been mayors of their home cities.

More significant is the number of State Governors who have become Senators. In 1881 and in 1897 the percentage of Senators who had been Governors was 16; in 1914, it was 27; in 1924, it was 26. This 'gubernatorial' element seems to be shifting: in comparing the Senate of 1924 with that of 1914, the number of former Governors from the New England and North Atlantic States rose from three to six; from the Middle States, from four to eight; from the Western States, from seven to eight; but from the Southern States it fell from ten to five.

Of the twenty-six former Governors in the Senate fourteen have come directly, in many cases resigning the governorship to take the present position. It is a safe forecast that this element in the future will increase, particularly from the industrial and commercial States. Now that election to the Senate is by direct vote of the people from all over the State, the governorship is the one office in which the would-be Senator can most effectively display the qualities that may not necessarily best fit him for service in the Senate, but those which will best command the attention of the voters who can send him thither.

The Senate used to be called a millionaires' club. It is to be expected that under popular suffrage the 'merely rich man' will not prove a good vote-getter. Yet the party-manager is peculiarly susceptible to the charms of a candidate 'with a barrel,' and American voters have no objection to a man of great wealth in high office — note the Democratic nomination of octogenarian Henry Gassaway Davis for Vice-President and the frequent efforts to induce Henry Ford to become a candidate for various offices.

Years ago Mr. Bryce remarked that some men were in the Senate because they were rich and others because they meant to be rich. The former may be of great service; the latter — however appealing may be their pose as friends of the common people — are a grave menace: a moral pointed by the recent history of ex-Senator Albert B. Fall.

For many years there probably has not been a time when so few Senators have been helped to their seats by a record of military service. As late as 1914 the Senate still contained five veterans of the Union Army, five of the Confederate Army and five who had seen service in the war with Spain. Of the Civil War veterans alone remains Senator Warren, who was an officer in the 49th Massachusetts Infantry. Eight Senators fought in the war with Spain, and five were officers in the World War, two of them having been commissioned officers also in the war of 1898.

Twenty years from now it may confidently be expected that the proportion of World War veterans will be greatly increased, not only because the rank and file of its soldiers will then have reached the normal age for senatorial service, but for the less pertinent reason that, as actual service rendered becomes shrouded in the mist of tradition, the political influence of veterans' organizations, now largely exerted in pressure for the bonus and various other preferences, will then be seeking offices and pensions.

Progress toward a seat in the Senate is doubtless furthered by bonds of fellowship formed outside of politics. One is not only known but helped by the company he keeps. Accurate data as to Senators' membership in fraternal orders are not available, yet from their own biographical sketches it is clear that more than one in five of them are Masons. There is also a considerable number of Odd Fellows, Elks, Red Men, and Woodmen. The champion 'joiner' in the entire Senate is probably Senator Owen, who describes himself thus: 'An Episcopalian; Mason, 32°; Mystic Shrine; Knight Templar; A T Ω; Φ B K; Elk; Moose; M. W. A; *etc.*' But the largest zoölogical collection embodied in one man seems to be Senator Edwards, who is not only a Mason but at the same time an Elk, a Moose, and an Eagle.

More than one Senator is reputed to be on intimate terms with the Ku Klux Klan, though none avows membership in that masked and robed band.

II

In the Senate, March 15, 1924, while there was under debate the proposal so to amend the Constitution as to give to the people of the several States the power to ratify or reject future amendments, the debate took an unexpected turn. The Senators found themselves led into a discussion of the success or failure of what Mr. Bryan called 'this epoch-making reform.' A delicate question, that — for the Senate Chamber!

Said Senator Fess: 'I sometimes question the wisdom even of the change effected by the Seventeenth Amendment. Whether or not we have elevated the standard of this body by the change in the manner of the election of Senators is still an open question.' Pressed to state whether he had been in favor of that Amendment at the time of its ratification, he replied: 'Originally . . . I was a believer that the change proposed by the Seventeenth Amendment would be a benefit to the country. That was when the Amendment was adopted. Since then I have come to have serious doubts as to whether or not the change has been beneficial.' Another Senator gave as one reason 'why the Seventeenth Amendment is not a success' the fact that 'so small a proportion of the citizenry takes advantage of the opportunities that it gives,' and added: 'I think on the whole the Amendment has not worked anything like as well as we had hoped.'

That in the Senate such doubts should have been expressed by some of its most intelligent members as to the 'wisdom' and 'success' of the Seventeenth Amendment is significant. The men who took most active part in this debate were Senators from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Montana. Yet the history of senatorial elections in their own States affords ample evidence on one point. The Seventeenth Amendment has made a closed chapter of such scandalous legislative elections as those of Payne (Ohio, 1886), Quay (Pennsylvania, 1890 and 1899), and Clark (Montana, 1899 and 1900). So far as its effect upon conditions within the States is concerned, the record of the Seventeenth Amendment is for the most part 'to the good,' and that part of its record deserves full recognition in making up the final account of success or failure.

But whether we have elevated the standard of this body (the Senate) by the change in the manner of the election of Senators is — as Senator Fess says — still 'an open question.' No one believes that a seat in the present Senate has been bought as seats were bought by Clark and Stephenson. There are men of great wealth in the Senate, but none whose presence there finds its sole explanation in the fact that he is a Crœsus. Past-masters in the arts effective in manipulating State legislatures, like Gorman and Platt, like Quay and Penrose, do not find their exact counterparts in the Senate Chamber to-day. The candidate who is obviously backed by a railway or a trust stands little chance of election, but, during a six-year term, unsuspected fealty to such masters may develop. Obstructionists like Hale and constructionists like Aldrich are reluctant to take their chances in a popular election.

But these are negative results or tendencies. What of the positive ones? The Senate is apparently becoming more like the House, both in type, or personnel, and in the rate of rotation in office. Men are now coming to the Senate with less of law-making experience than their predecessors had had in State legislatures or in the national House of Representatives.

There seems to be a distinct tend-

ency to turn from men wise in council to men with more dramatic and executive qualities. The spellbinder, the eloquent prosecuting attorney catches the applause and the votes. An aptitude for getting things done — or promising to get things done — often makes a stronger appeal to the voter than does a capacity for deliberate — often, perhaps, too deliberate — study of what it is wisest to do. It is going to be harder for a Senator of independence in the future to hold to a course that does not square with the opinion of the day, for his chance of reëlection will be largely determined not by whether his acts have been wise but by whether they have been popular.

A decade of experience with the popular election of Senators still leaves the doubt whether in our exultation at the supposed banishment of the 'reactionaries,' of Mr. Bryan's 'representatives of predatory wealth,' and other 'belated survivals,' we have not reason for concern lest the Senate has lost something of the distinction of manner, the real as contrasted with the spurious 'courtesy of the Senate,' the poise of judgment, and the pride in coöperation to *get the Senate's normal work done*, which characterized Senate leaders of an earlier generation. Men who have watched Senators come and go for the past thirty years say, 'Now, it 's every man for himself!'

Popular election of Senators has brought 'costs' — by no means money costs, alone — which were not fully appraised in advance. In the first place there is the cost of the election, itself. It must be recognized that the shifting of the election of Senators from the State capitol to the ballot booths has enormously increased the output of money and of energy necessary to make the candidate's qualification known throughout his state-wide constituency.

A second cost is in the necessity of the Senator's keeping in touch with his constituency, while at his work. Under the new system this necessity constitutes a serious strain which many Senators evidently feel. They think they must justify their senatorial existence in their huge constituencies by speeches mainly for 'home consumption' and by votes that appeal to the mass. Partisanship, 'bloc' loyalty, and sheer demagogy have certainly been encouraged by popular election.

A third cost is found in the impairment in his work caused by his campaigns for election. What chance has a Senator for reëlection, if he sticks to his desk in the Senate Chamber, while his opponents are attacking his record before the voters in every county in his State? Nor is it alone his ambition for reëlection to the Senate that distracts him from his task. The story goes that some years ago a Senator was asked: 'How many candidates for the presidency are there in the Senate?' More anxious to seem modest than truthful, he replied: 'Ninety-five!' As long ago as 1835, John Quincy Adams commented that the Senate was becoming a breeding place for presidential candidates, and that at that moment it contained four aspirants for the presidency. But Benton and Calhoun, Clay and Webster aspired before the days of presidential primaries. It is a safe guess that never before have so many presidential bees been buzzing in the Senate Chamber as during the present session, and these ambitions for higher station, like those for reëlection to the Senate, apparently lead to greater truckling to popular favor in the aspirant's speeches and votes, and certainly cut scandalously into his actual service in the Senate.

The open season for primary campaigns began about February 15. From that date to April 10 there were

75 roll calls and 33 yea-and-nay votes. Of four Senators seeking reëlection, the record during that period was as follows: —

	Roll Calls	*Votes*
A. ELKINS	19	7
B. FERNALD	1	0
C. MCCORMICK	13	4
D. STERLING	10	2

Of two presidential aspirants, the record was: —

	Roll Calls	*Votes*
E. JOHNSON	4	1
F. UNDERWOOD	14	4

The rules of the Senate still require that 'No Senator shall absent himself from the service of the Senate without leave.' Yet in recent years it is not a rare occurrence for a Senator to absent himself from the chamber for many consecutive weeks while he plays golf in Florida or politics in some State a thousand miles away. In most of the above cases the Senators had provided themselves with 'general pairs,' and, when attention was called to the absence of one of these Senators, that fact was at once and indignantly advanced as a complete vindication.

How remote is this point of view from that of earlier days is seen from Benton's statement that in his thirty years' service in the Senate he had never there seen an instance of 'pairing off,' although he knew that it had since been introduced. When for the first time in 1840 a member of the House gave as his reason for not voting that he was 'paired off' with a colleague whose affairs required him to go home, Benton writes: 'It was a strange annunciation, and called for rebuke. . . . John Quincy Adams immediately proposed to the House the adoption of this resolution: "Resolved, that the practice, first openly avowed at this session of Congress, of pairing off, involves on the part of the members resorting to it, the violation of the Constitution of the United States, of an express rule of this House, and of the duties of both parties in the transaction to their immediate constituents, to this House, and to their Country!"'

The securing of a general pair is little else than a meaningless gesture of compliance with the Senate rule or with the Senator's oath of faithful service. During the present session there have been before the Senate two proposals for amendments of the Constitution, bills for farmers' relief, for immigration restriction, and for the abatement of twenty-five per cent on the income-tax levy of 1923. Not one of these was essentially a partisan measure; each called for discriminating discussion and modification. Yet underlying the general pair is the assumption that on every question that may arise in one Senator's absence, his vote will be offset by that of his pair, and that thus his absence is justified. Half a great State's share in the work of the dominant branch of Congress is embodied in that one Senator. How does a general pair, covering weeks of sport or of fence-mending, square with so great a public trust?

III

At any time the tracing of the effects from a single change in political institutions is a dubious enterprise. A more unfortunate time than the present session of Congress could hardly be chosen for attempting any estimate of the effects wrought in a decade by change in the method of electing Senators. In the first place, this Congress began its session on the eve of a tumultuous election campaign, in which not a few Senators were distracted by their presidential aspirations, while nearly one in three of its members was perturbed over problems relating to his own reëlection.

In the second place, the advent of a third party in the Senate and the readiness of the self-styled 'Progressive Republicans' to join with the Democrats in every manner of obstruction, though not making common cause with them in any constructive programme, have made effective team-play impossible. The month-long struggle, resulting at last in the election of a minority member as chairman of the only committee in which a contest was attempted, was the curtain-raiser for a session of uncertainty, disorder and delay.

In the third place, the Senate has developed an unprecedented passion for investigations. The distractions of these sideshows have become so great that the main circus is left with very scant attendance. The other day, when the presiding officer's gavel fell, to open the regular session, the Republican whip was the only other Senator in the Chamber. One member suggested in debate that in order to secure the presence of a quorum in the Senate Chamber, an investigating committee be assigned a meeting-place in each of its four corners. Each committee is coming to designate its 'Prosecutor' — a title novel and ominous in Senate development. The Constitution ordained the Senate to serve as a high court of impeachment, not as a grand jury. Nor would any reputable prosecuting attorney in the presence of a grand jury allow himself such riotous licence as one and another of these notoriety-seeking 'Prosecutors' has introduced into some of these hearings.

Not only do formal reports and recommendations come from these committees to the Senate, but the newspapers' reports of the most irrelevant testimony and gossip daily become in turn the text for Senate debate. Early disclosures cast grave suspicion upon former Secretary Fall and other high officers of the present administration. Those charges deserved to be followed without fear or favor to the very end, and where guilt could be proved, the punishment should have been swift and condign. But the freedom of debate, which the Senate has always been so reluctant to curb, has been most grievously abused.

Up to date, the present session has a record notable for stalled legislation. The minority leader delights to say that responsibility for the inaction rests 'on the majority, which has no programme.' The taunt is unjust, for the fact is that the real majority is made up of the Democrats, the two Farmer-Labor members, and the LaFollette senators who persistently join with the Democrats in practically every act that can weaken or embarrass the Republicans thus left in the lurch. For obstructive tactics this alignment is ideal; for orderly doing of the day's work of the Senate it is impossible.

There has been little deliberate filibustering, perhaps because few measures have yet been advanced to the killing stage. But there has been enormous waste of time. John Adams once described the Senate over which he presided as 'a select council of statesmen, true to their duties, not ambitious of logomachy, and not making their honorable station subsidiary to other objects.' *Not ambitious of logomachy!* There comes to mind that speech on Soviet Russia — a speech running through the better part of the sessions of three days; a speech, be it said, which contained much of valuable information and evident attempt at fairness of judgment, but prolix, repetitious, apparently planless, and read from proof sheets in dreary monotone; and that other speech, on the power of removal — a speech of three times the length and one third

the substance of the masterly one in which the subject had been covered on the previous day by Senator Borah. These are but samples. Have our Senators forgotten that Edward Everett was the 'orator' on a certain memorial occasion at Gettysburg, when Abraham Lincoln also delivered an address?

Will the partisan haranguer, the self-advertiser and the long-winded orator force the Senate to adopt a workable closure? As experience proves, such a step would be taken with great reluctance. Such abuses of freedom of debate as the present session has witnessed may perhaps be more salutarily corrected by the slower process of education in the electorate. The forecast that popular election will fill the Senate with men who will fight for 'the things that the people love' sets one pondering on Love's proverbial blindness.

IV

In this first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress the Senate, which has made such halting progress in doing its own part in the essential work of a legislative body, has made startling encroachments in other fields of governmental activity. Three resolutions have been introduced, requesting the President to call for the resignation of high officials in his Administration. Hitherto, controversies over removals between the Senate and the President — with a single exception, as far as the writer recalls — have been over the attempt of the Senate to *prevent* the President's making removals for personal or partisan reasons. In 1910 a resolution was introduced in the Senate, calling upon President Taft to request the resignation of the Secretary of the Interior, but it never was brought to a vote. By what Senator Reed has characterized as 'a cheap and nasty method,' the Senate forced Secretary Denby out of office; the resolution against the Attorney-General was modified, and the request for his removal was eliminated; the third resolution, aimed at Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, still hangs fire. In the resolution calling for court action to cancel the 'oil leases,' the President was authorized and 'directed' to employ special counsel, and members of the Attorney-General's staff were specifically excluded from such service. In authorizing investigation of the work of the Attorney-General, the Senate elected the committee, instead of providing for its appointment by the President pro tempore, as is the usual practice, and virtually allowed the Democratic proposer of the resolution to place himself upon the committee and to name as its chairman one of the most vociferous members of the Farm Bloc — a convincing illustration of the utter breakdown of party responsibility. Day after day, by arguments that seem to convince only the sponsor for the resolution and one or two others, the Senate has been forced to listen to an attack upon the legality of Mr. Mellon's holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury. In a committee authorized to investigate the Division of Internal Revenue, after it had virtually completed its task as at first planned, a resolution was passed by Senator Couzens and the two Democratic members, — the proposal not having been before suggested to the chairman or to the other Republican member, — authorizing the employment of one of the country's most sensational criminal lawyers as the committee's 'Prosecutor' in a field of inquiry not in contemplation at the time the committee was raised, this 'Prosecutor' to be paid out of the pocket of the multimillionaire who had

instigated the appointment of the committee, and whose personal controversy with the Secretary of the Treasury had for months been a matter of national notoriety.

The sequel to this sharp practice within a Senate committee is of recent memory. The chairman of the committee sought to have the committee discharged from its task, and the President sent to the Senate a message transmitting a letter of protest from the Secretary of the Treasury together with a vigorous assertion of the duty of the Executive to resist unwarranted intrusion by the Senate, and the admonition: 'It is time that we returned to a government under and in accordance with the usual forms of the law of the land.'

In the Senate debate over this message there was not the slightest attempt made to justify the action of the committee in authorizing the employment of a Prosecutor to be paid by the private funds of a Senator with a grievance; but several Senators professed to find in it a grave affront to the dignity of the Senate. The attempt was made to torture the President's words into a condemnation of all the Senate's investigating committees and a refusal for the future to submit to its committees the documents or information necessary for their work. One Senator declared that only by express disavowal of intent to criticize more than the Prosecutor-hiring by that one committee could the President be 'acquitted of sending to the Senate of the United States as arrogant a message, I undertake to say, as since the days of the Tudors and Stuarts was ever sent by the Executive to a parliamentary body of English-speaking people.'

But it is hardly necessary for Democratic assailants of the President to turn back the pages of history to the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts. They will find interest and pertinence in the context of these two passages from special messages addressed to the Senate by two great Democratic Presidents: —

> It is now . . . my solemn conviction that I ought no longer, from any motive, nor in any degree, to yield to these unconstitutional demands. Their continued repetition imposes on me, as the representative and trustee of the American people, the painful but imperious duty of resisting to the utmost any further encroachment on the rights of the Executive. . . .
>
> Compliance with such demands would ultimately subject the independent constitutional action of the Executive, in a matter of great national concernment, to the domination and control of the Senate; if not acquiesced in, it would lead to collisions between coördinate branches of the Government, well calculated to expose the parties to indignity and reproach, and to inflict on the public interest serious and lasting mischief. (Andrew Jackson, *Message to the Senate*, February 2, 1835.)
>
> The requests and demands which by the score have for nearly three months been presented to the different departments of the Government, whatever their form, have but one complexion. They assume the right of the Senate to sit in judgment upon the exercise of my exclusive discretion and Executive function, for which I am solely responsible to the people from whom I have so lately received the sacred trust of office. My oath to support and defend the Constitution, my duty to the people who have chosen me to execute the powers of their great office and not to relinquish them, and my duty to the Chief Magistracy, which I must preserve unimpaired in all its dignity and vigor, compel me to refuse compliance with these demands. (Grover Cleveland, *Message to the Senate*, March 1, 1886.)

Both of these assertions of Executive independence were called forth by Senate resolutions asking for papers and other information upon the basis

of which the President had removed certain officials. In each case the President maintained his right to refuse information the transmittal of which in his opinion was not essential to the performance of a constitutional function of the Senate. In neither case would compliance with the Senate's request have meant such a derogation from the dignity of the Executive nor such an interference with the responsible carrying-on of the Executive functions as would have been involved in acquiescence in a millionaire Senator's paying from his own purse the fees of an inquisitor to go scandal-hunting through the files of a great Department of the Government.[1] It is well to recall that in these former controversies public sentiment strongly sided with Jackson and with Cleveland in their resistance to what was deemed the Senate's 'unwarranted intrusion.'

V

'The Kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation.' It may be that thus the Seventeenth Amendment's 'epoch-making reform' is stealing upon us, without our full discernment of its coming. In State elections and in State legislatures the gains due to that Amendment are obvious. 'But whether or not we have elevated the standard of this body by the change in the manner of the election of Senators is still an open question' — a question to which the record of the past five months contributes little that will weigh for an answer in the affirmative. The patience, persistence, and skill with which some exhaustive investigating was pursued in the early weeks of the session well deserve the high praise they have received. But sensational disclosures bred a love for sensation, and the partisan and the self-advertiser leapt to their opportunity, until the Senate Chamber often was filled with 'sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

From the niches on its walls look down the busts of a score of Vice-Presidents, beginning with John Adams, under whom the Senate worked out its first precedents, and Thomas Jefferson, whose *Manual* is still the authority regulating much of the Senate's procedure. Nothing has disturbed the calm of those pale faces. But if, during the present session, those ears could have been unstopped and if those lips could have uttered the thoughts that arose in those twenty former Presidents of the Senate, what would have been their comments? Many a time I have found myself wondering if John Adams would have turned to his next neighbor, Thomas Jefferson, with the comment which he confided to his wife, one hundred and thirty years ago: 'I have not been absent a day. It is to be sure, a punishment to hear other people talk five hours every day, and not be at liberty to talk at all myself, especially as much that I hear appears to me very young, inconsiderate and inexperienced.'

[1] May 6, 1924, on motion of one of its minority members, the select committee charged with investigating the Bureau of Internal Revenue, after long debate *but without a record vote*, was authorized to employ counsel. So it is to be assumed that the aforesaid lawyer, Francis J. Heney, will be employed, but that he will be paid for his researches by the United States instead of by Senator Couzens.

THE ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

A NEW SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been written about the political situation in France, about French diplomacy, and even about the financial position of the country, very little attention has been paid to the extraordinary economic developments which have taken place. These economic developments will, in the end, prove to be the permanent factors. They are in reality much more important than the disputes about Reparations or even than the immediate difficulties which France experiences in balancing her budget.

When a short time ago I contrasted the financial weakness with the economic strength of France in a paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I received a number of letters urging me to write at greater length of the industrial and commercial enterprise of France. It is, indeed, a subject which has been insufficiently studied. The only contribution of consequence that I know of is an official report prepared by Mr. J. R. Cahill, the Commercial Counsellor at the British Embassy in Paris, and his 'Report' is naturally for private circulation only. It is, however, exceedingly useful, and I am myself indebted to it for many of the figures which I shall give.

This Report was an eye-opener to those whom it reached. Nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that because France finds her currency falling and has not yet managed to obtain budgetary equilibrium, the country is therefore poor. The contrary is the case. In my opinion, France is not only potentially but actually one of the richest countries in Europe, and it may well be that in a few years she will be the very richest of them all.

There has been, since the war, a trade depression which has had grave consequences in European countries, and even at one period in America. England particularly has suffered; Italy, too, has passed through deep waters. The industrial population of Germany has experienced trying times; Russia has, of course, been afflicted with famine. But in France there have been practically no labor troubles in spite of the upheaval of the war, in spite of the depreciation of money — for the simple reason that there have been no unemployed. There has been more work to do than the man power of France could accomplish. Instead of the laborer seeking work, the employer of labor has been handicapped because he could not find sufficient men; so much so that large numbers of foreign workers have been imported and, in addition, the manufacturers have been compelled to introduce more and more machinery.

This machinery, at first bought abroad, is now being made in France. France, which was regarded chiefly as an agricultural country before the war, now deserves the name of a highly industrialized country. Something like a

transformation has been effected. A remarkable impetus has been given to all branches of activity. France is equipped as never before. If in the devastated areas there are still houses to be built, the industrial reconstruction is practically completed, and the output of the coal mines which were destroyed or damaged is being rapidly increased, partly on account of improved technical equipment. The textile factories which were blown to pieces have been restored on a larger scale than before, and better and more modern machinery has been installed. This is true of the woolen and the cotton trades, and is also true of the chemical and engineering trades.

At times there have been protests, both in France and abroad, at what was described as the excessive expenditure on reconstruction. It was urged that the war victims had inflated their claims, that the French Government had paid without strict investigation, and that in consequence the demands on Germany had been swollen beyond reason.

Into these charges it is not my purpose to go at this moment. It would indeed have been surprising had not more been asked than was absolutely necessary, when the whole spirit which prevailed at the time of the Armistice was that Germany was able to pay and could be made to pay. These hopes have doubtless been falsified, and the French exchequer is too heavily burdened.

The morality of it all may be doubtful, but in the circumstances such exaggerations were inevitable. Moreover, from the national point of view, a fairly good bargain has been made. At the price of temporary financial difficulties, France has replaced old and inefficient factories by new and improved works. Eventually, even though individual firms may have profited unduly, it will be France as a nation which will profit. Since there had to be restoration, it would have been foolish to have restored the bad as well as the good. It would have cost as much to put up buildings similar to those destroyed as it cost to put up better buildings. It would have been absurd to look for antiquated machinery when up-to-date machinery was available.

In any case, without minimizing the sufferings of France, it is fair to say that, in the long run, France will have gained; for not only has the industrial North been improved, but many factories which were erected in other parts of France as an emergency measure will continue to produce.

Nor has agricultural reconstruction been delayed. The production is already about equal to that of the prewar days, and superior agricultural methods have been adopted. The farmer has been taught to employ machinery. In the old days the French farmer had somewhat primitive conceptions; he lagged behind the farmer in other European countries. This was doubtless partly due to the system of small holdings. But now, thanks to intensive propaganda, a coöperative spirit has been fostered even in the smallest villages, and the farmers are learning to club together for the purchase of agricultural instruments.

At the same time, the State has been quietly at work and, while the politicians have been chiefly clamoring about German recalcitrancy and the possibility of a German *Revanche*, the authorities have been organizing the resources at the disposal of France. Ports and waterways, railways and roads have been made, and schemes of all kinds have been under consideration. Indeed in many instances, their execution has begun. There has been a systematic utilization of water power — and perhaps it is in this respect that the future

of France is most hopeful, since, if France is short of coal, she has plenty of rivers and waterfalls from which she can obtain all the electric power she needs.

The recovery of Alsace-Lorraine gave France new resources in coal and in iron ore, in potash and in oil, and increased the metallurgical, the engineering, and the textile industries of the country.

But perhaps the most striking advance that has been made in the industrialization of France is the new organization of the great basic industries on the model of this German Trust system. The large firms have concentrated and consolidated, they have even reached out beyond the frontiers and have purchased many undertakings along the Danube and in other parts of Middle-Europe. There is an interlocking of interests, especially in metallurgical groups, which is perhaps the most astonishing of the post-war phenomena.

I

When one considers the progress that has been made in the ten *départements* which constitute the Liberated Regions, one is impressed with the resourcefulness of France. The occasional scandals of which one hears, and which have been vastly exaggerated for political purposes, are comparatively unimportant.

The chief complaint of Socialist agitators is that the big firms have received compensation, while a large proportion of the people are still living in temporary dwellings. There is an excellent demagogic appeal in revelations of this kind, and it is not to be doubted that those who were best able to look after themselves and to push their claims, received preferential treatment. That is in the nature of things. But considering the immense character of the undertaking, considering that it was necessary to set up machinery of an altogether novel character and that the task was vast and complicated, it is absurd to speak of the blunders that have been made in administration as a new Panama scandal.

For my part, I have nothing but admiration for the successive French Governments which have encouraged the restoration of the North and, without financial means, have succeeded in a few short years in reinstating a large majority of the total pre-war population. The figures show that two million people have returned to their homes, and that the population of the North is only a few thousands less than it was in 1914. There were altogether three-and-a-quarter-million hectares of land devastated; well over three million hectares have now been cleared. There were about two million hectares of agricultural land devastated; and well over a million-and-a-half hectares are now under cultivation again. There were 3500 communes occupied by the enemy and in many cases completely annihilated; municipal organizations have been reëstablished in 3250 of these communes.

Before the war there were 7298 elementary schools; there are now 7008. There are actually more post-offices open than in 1914. All the main railway-lines have long since been restored, and there remains little still to be done in the reconstruction of local lines. Practically all of the water-ways are navigable, and the roads are available for traffic. Many districts were denuded of live-stock; there is now no scarcity. Wheat and sugar, which are the principal crops, are grown on the same scale as in 1914. Out of 22,000 industrial establishments, over 20,000 have been rebuilt, and, as already stated, many of them are considerably modernized.

Generally, the industrial efficiency of the North which was the chief centre of trade, has been greatly increased. If the coal output of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais departments is compared with the coal output of 1919, it will be found to have increased nearly fifteenfold. It is true that the task of rebuilding dwelling houses is far from finished, but it must be remembered that the number of houses destroyed was three hundred thousand, while one hundred and fifty thousand were seriously damaged, and three hundred and fifty thousand partially damaged. Obviously it will take some years before the inhabitants can be given something more than the temporary wooden houses which were run up; but it should be noted that not only the authorities but the minor companies and other employers of labor have promoted great housing schemes. The Lens Mining Company alone has built nearly 70,000 houses, and other companies which could be mentioned have built five thousand here and three thousand there. It is estimated that altogether the expenditure of the French State, in default of Germany, on the ruined North will be about one hundred milliard francs.

Not only have the necessary funds been raised by loans through the Crédit National, but the municipalities and other public authorities have in many cases issued loans, while groups of manufacturers, also, — whether engaged in the mining, the metallurgical, the sugar, or the textile industries, — have raised capital for reconstruction purposes, their loans being based upon their assets, and upon their claims on the French Government. Coöperative organizations have rebuilt churches which had in some cases been razed to the ground during the war.

Altogether it would seem that, taking all the circumstances into consideration, remembering the utter devastation that was caused in those departments in which before the war, industry was almost completely concentrated, the efforts that have been made are highly creditable, and France deserves something better than reproach for the inevitable anomalies and particular grievances that have arisen. The State may have been imprudent from the strictly business point of view in accepting full responsibility for the restoration of the North, and in pledging its own credit before it was really ascertained whether Germany would pay; but it cannot be denied that morally the State owed this reparation to the inhabitants and that, despite financial difficulties, the State will eventually reap its reward.

II

When we examine the general industrial situation in France, we find that the attempts that are being made to develop the resources of the country are amazing. Formerly no one thought of France as an industrial country, although as matter of fact the transformation of French manufacturing equipment had begun before 1914. The war itself helped to accelerate the process. It will be remembered that when the North was overrun by Germany, it was found necessary to transplant industries to various parts of France. Paris itself saw an astonishing increase of factories; Lyons, which had the ablest of mayors, M. Edouard Herriot, became still more highly industrialized; Marseilles, Bordeaux, St.-Nazaire, Rouen, and many other centres provided new factories and workshops; and these factories and workshops were not scrapped at the Armistice.

In the Pyrenees, in the French Alps, in the Central Plateau, there was a

veritable metamorphosis. It was a metamorphosis that will have considerable influence on the future of France. Considerable in itself, it seemed to set in motion fresh forces — a hitherto unknown desire to create goods on a vast scale, to make the most of French riches, to become as far as possible self-sufficing, and even to compete with the nations that were regarded as the industrial leaders of Europe. This spirit of emulation once awakened has grown tremendously in France.

It would take many pages merely to enumerate the plans that have been prepared, often under the auspices of the Minister of Public Works, M. Le Trocquer, who, after remaining at his post under successive Governments for more than four years, recently went out with the Poincaré Cabinet.

It is not in France alone that these developments are taking place. In spite of her colonial possessions, France had never shown any particular aptitude for colonization; but since the war the newspapers have been filled with accounts of the wonders and possibilities of Indo-China, of Algeria, of Morocco, and of other places in which the French influence is felt. This is not mere idle propaganda. Substantial works have been undertaken, and France will within the next decade undoubtedly add to her overseas riches as well as to the riches of the metropolitan country.

But, for the moment, we are not so much concerned with what is happening under French guidance in Africa — where roads are being made and ports constructed — in the Near East, and in the Far East; it is the industrial organization of France at home that is probably the most notable feature to be observed.

If I may quote from the Report of Mr. Cahill, the most conscientious of officials, it will be seen that something entirely new has come into French life.

'As in the other principal producing countries,' he says, 'the keynote of France's recent reconstitution has been a consolidation, whether along horizontal or vertical lines, and the regional developments in these directions have tended to become national, and even international, in scope. This movement has been peculiarly conspicuous in the great metallurgical and engineering industries, but its operation has been visible in a whole series of other industries, and it has been attended by enlargement and superior equipment of the units.'

Examples could be given in profusion. The great metallurgical groups are those of Schneider, the Compagnie des Forges et Aciéries de la Marine et d'Homécourt, the Société des Mines de Longwy, La Société des Aciéries et Forges de Firminy, and other concerns which are interested chiefly in Lorraine. Mutual interests exist between many of them. Schneider and de Wendel and the Marine et d'Homécourt (better known as St.-Chamond) have interwoven their interests and have connected up with Belgian works in Luxemburg.

These companies, for the most part, have not only secured control of the sources of their chief raw materials, but have obtained control of the concerns which utilize their products. The Schneider Company has some participation in coal and ore mines, in iron and steel works, in shipbuilding firms, in firms which manufacture electric machinery, guns, dredges, machine tools, boilers, optical, and scientific instruments. Schneider cannot be located in one district, the firm spreads out all over France — at Paris, Creusot, Bordeaux, Cherbourg, Caen, Havre, and so forth.

The St.-Chamond Company, while still existing in St.-Étienne, has im-

portant establishments at Bayonne, in Lorraine, at Maubeuge and Hautmond.

Further, these enterprises have extended to Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Rumania and Poland. It is sufficiently well known that the purpose of the great iron and steel manufacturers of France has been to enter into some kind of collaboration with the German magnates of the Ruhr. If their interests were joined, as without doubt they will be some day, and if the process of amalgamation continued, the French and the German coal- and iron-masters would become the most powerful force in the whole of Europe.

III

Although the potential strength of France in metallurgy is so remarkable, it does not follow that the country has been able to avail itself immediately of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. Circumstances have conspired to reduce the output. The occupation of the Ruhr, whatever may have been the political interest and whatever may be the ultimate economic result, made it incumbent on the ironmasters of France to close down many of their blast furnaces for want of coal. Until some arrangement is reached with Germany, there will be considerable wastage. All that can be said at the moment is that the French industrialists are perfecting their plants and are elaborating the economic machinery, which one day will run smoothly.

In 1913 France had an output of over twenty-one million tons of iron ore, ranking third in the production of ore, following the United States and Germany. With the deposits of Lorraine, she should have doubled her output, while the German output should have been more than halved. Lorraine in 1913 yielded over twenty-one million tons, that is to say sixty per cent of the whole German output. Yet France does not, as might have been supposed, produce over forty-two million tons to-day. The returns show that very little more than the pre-war production has been obtained. The increase is only about one-and-a-half million tons. The figures for cast-iron and for steel are very much what they were in 1913.

Germany managed to import high-grade ores from Sweden and Spain, and the lower-grade ores of Lorraine, which will hardly bear transportation on account of the cost, could not be worked on the spot. Unless France can obtain a constant supply of coal and coke, there is a sense in which the acquisition of the Lorraine mines is a handicap; for against the demand for coal and coke for the blast furnaces, there are no corresponding home supplies. It is precisely this dependence of France on foreign coke which makes it inevitable that, sooner or later, a bargain between the French and the German industrialists will be struck.

Before the war the French production of coke met only about half the French requirements. This shortage is greatly increased by the addition of the immense ore fields of Lorraine and the diminished output of French coke. But these are temporary conditions which will in time pass, unless both the French and the German industrialists, each side with its advantages over the other, attempt to obtain too much and, instead of reaching a peaceful agreement, provoke armed strife.

It is not only in the coal and iron industries that the consolidation to which we have called attention applies. Particularly in the electrical trades, which are developing enormously, there is a tendency to combination. The number of firms engaged is small, and they are all more or less interlocked. This is true not only of the producing companies, but of the distributing

companies. In dye-stuffs there is one dominant company; in what is called the heavy chemical trade there are two concerns which control most of the factories.

The movement is not so pronounced in the textile trades, though it is still to be remarked. There are, indeed, few branches of industry in which it is not true either that a small group of powerful firms predominate or that a number of companies have a working agreement. In transport this policy is particularly to be noted; the railway systems consult with each other and have unified their freight rates. Even in Paris the various services — tramways, omnibuses, and others — work together. The shipping companies have in the same way abandoned, to a large extent, competitive methods. All this is comparatively new in France and betokens a desire to imitate the example set by Germany and other industrial countries.

It would be tedious to show in detail the expansion of industries which have hitherto languished in France, such as engineering of all kinds and especially the building of motorcars; but it may be said in a phrase that the trading returns are all extremely favorable.

Among the public works which are destined to augment the economic force of France is the construction of new stretches of national road. Much money is being spent on this object as well as on the improvement of rivers and canals. On the Canal du Nord, boats of six-hundred tons can pass; there is a canal which will establish direct waterway communication between Upper Alsace, the region of Paris, and the North; the Rhône-Rhine Canal is being completed. There is a Marseilles canal scheme involving the piercing of the Rove tunnel which will cost 220 million francs, and which will connect the port with the Étang-de-Berre. It is held that this particular improvement will not only alter shipping conditions but encourage the building of many important factories. Indeed, most French sea-ports have been, or will be enlarged, and such inland ports as Strasbourg will be entirely reorganized at considerable cost.

The handling of cargoes has been improved out of all knowledge. Before the war, the French mercantile marine took fifth place among the fleets of the world. To-day, with its four million tons, it takes third place, coming after Great Britain and the United States. In 1914 France owned a fleet of 2,488,000 tons, of which 1,115,000 tons were lost during the war. It is extraordinary that France has managed to make up these losses so quickly. It is possible that she has somewhat overdone shipbuilding, and that the best is not being got out of her mercantile fleet.

In civil aviation great enterprise has been shown and there are services to every part of Europe which have their centre in Paris. In addition, there are air lines from Toulouse to Morocco, and special attention is being given to connecting up Northern Africa with Eastern and Equatorial Africa by aeroplane. The State contributes handsomely toward the expenses of the air companies.

IV

In nothing is the economic progress of France demonstrated so clearly as in the utilization of water power. It is believed that the available resources of France in water power amount to nine million horsepower. No less than one third of this amount will, it is hoped, be used within the next few years, and there are great schemes for the even fuller exploitation of the rivers and the waterfalls of France.

Enthusiasts see in these schemes the possibility of making up for the short-

age of coal. The electric power which can be obtained within a short space of time will be equivalent to twenty-four million tons of coal a year. Trains can be run, electric power conveyed to the most remote villages, not only for electric lighting purposes, but for the working of agricultural machinery. This means that labor, too, can be saved. A large outlay of capital is needed, but in the long run France will greatly benefit.

The programme is to be carried out through the coöperation of public authorities and of private capitalists. The public authorities have promised their assistance to four great schemes, those of the Rhône, Dordogne, the Truyère, and the Rhine.

In the case of the Rhône scheme, the various departments which will be affected are participating in the capital of 360 million francs, while Paris and Lyons are also to give their help. Sixteen stations are to be constructed, with a total of nearly a million and a half horsepower. This is the largest of the schemes, but others are extremely important.

Moreover France is experimenting in the possibility of obtaining power from the tides. In this she is a pioneer. There is being constructed at Aber-Wrack an experimental tidal-power station which it is hoped will provide a constant minimum of 1600 horsepower. At the same time, since the power stations are usually remote from the centres of consumption, a careful estimate of distribution is being gradually worked out which will enable practically every commune in France to obtain electric energy.

The French railways have seen the desirability of introducing electric traction, and three large companies — the Midi, the Paris–Orléans, and the Paris–Lyon–Méditerranée — are putting into execution a plan which affects 5625 miles of railway. In the Basque country and in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees, there are abundant evidences of the work now proceeding to install electric traction by employing the 'white coal' furnished in the Pyrenees. It is estimated that it will take fifteen years to realize the whole project, but beyond the present project there is another much vaster plan which is being prepared in association with the Ministry of Public Works.

The P.–L.–M. began to electrify its lines as long ago as 1893, but progress until recently has been extremely slow. It now hopes at an early date to electrify lines from Lyons to Geneva, from Lyons to Grenoble and from Lyons to Marseilles.

As for the Paris–Orléans Company, it is electrifying a third of its system, obtaining power largely from the Auvergne Mountains, though partly it will be generated near Paris. Next year, it is expected, an electric line from Paris to Orléans will be opened.

V

Many other facts could be given, but these will suffice to show that France has not only recovered herself but has done much more than was necessary to get back to the starting-point of 1914. She has done this in spite of the gravest preoccupations, political and financial. About her future, as I see it, there can be no doubt if she is permitted to work in peace and obtains some kind of relief by the payment of Reparations. There are practically no social questions which are likely to shake the country. The population — unfortunately inferior to the pre-war population — is as content as any population ever is. The taxation, in spite of grumblings, is not heavy. The cost of living has increased fivefold (as expressed in francs), but wages have mounted fairly

rapidly, and the eight-hour day has been introduced.

Since the short and ill-fated railway strike of 1920, there have been no industrial disturbances. There is work for everybody who will work. There are, of course, many problems, such as the housing problem, which cannot be solved for years to come. But, on the whole, the conditions are favorable, and it seems to me impossible that the franc can fall much lower than it is at present, unless the French politician is even worse than the average politician.

The country is sound and prosperous and, moreover, it is much more consciously organized than before. Its industrialization does not mean that agriculture is being neglected; on the contrary, industry and agriculture are being encouraged together, and France in respect of wheat and vegetables, and indeed most commodities, is practically self-supporting. All this is in spite of the fact that every young Frenchman is compelled to serve in the Army and is thus unable to render productive service to his country for eighteen months. The maintenance of such a conscript army is undoubtedly a handicap, but France does not yet feel herself free from danger. It is precisely this danger, or fear of danger, that may upset the prophecy that, within a few years, France will be recognized as in a material sense perhaps the strongest country of Europe.

If wise counsels prevail on both sides of the Rhine, the outlook will be bright for France, for the financial difficulties can be conjured; but if a foolish policy is pursued, either on the part of France or on the part of Germany, and war again becomes a possibility, no man can foretell the dreadful consequences.

But, as I see it, subject to this warning, no anxiety should be felt about a country in which there is no social agitation, in which there is practically no misery, in which there is an undoubted forward movement in industry and in commerce.

France has sloughed her old conservative methods. She has come into closer contact with the world and has been fired by the spirit of progress. A few years ago French business men were content to vegetate; they rarely thought of developing their enterprises; they preferred to carry on in the old safe manner. As far as possible, they kept their business in the family. The interlocking of companies frightened them. They had little conception of industry and commerce on the grand modern scale; they declined to accept more responsibility than they could properly carry; and were even opposed to natural expansion. They liked to retire from active life as early as might be.

But all this seems to be changed. Citroën, who has adopted the methods of manufacture of Henry Ford, may be taken to be in some respects the most representative of the new generation of Frenchmen. But the Schneiders and the de Wendels, who have modeled themselves upon the Stinnes and the Krupp families, are thoroughly representative, though one hears so little of them.

This at least the war has done for France, though whether it be altogether good or altogether bad is debatable: it has given Frenchmen a greater spirit of daring and of enterprise; it has made Frenchmen look beyond their own frontiers; life has become more intense, and France is determined to keep up in the race. In some literary and artistic manifestations of recent days there is much which one deplores, but the keynote of these manifestations is not a fiercer nationalism, as is sometimes pretended, but a cosmopolitanism.

Cosmopolitanism is, when one comes to think of it, the outstanding feature of French art and literature, and, curiously enough, it is the outstanding feature of French economic life. France has suddenly begun to borrow ideas from the business men of other countries; she is imitating them, striving to enter into accord with them, and reaching out beyond her borders to attain economic control and to enjoy economic influence in many lands.

It may well be that France, which tended to become narrowly nationalistic and to shut herself up in a watertight compartment will, in spite of certain superficial, and chiefly political, signs be led by the war to take a fuller part in the common economic activities of the world.

OUR NATURAL RESOURCE PROBLEM

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

I

THE proper disposition of our natural resources raises one of the largest public questions which has been discussed in a half century. One might as well try to describe the course of a sailing ship as to write a connected history of the debate. It seems to have gone on a different tack with each shift of the political wind. And yet, although our discussion has pursued an erratic course and has been fitful and indifferently sustained, it remains true that it seems to have been headed toward a known goal. That fact justifies a present discussion which strives at impartiality, even though the whole subject may be embroiled in national politics long before this article can possibly reach its reader. The fact that this paper is written a considerable time before any platform declaration on the subject should serve to lift it out of the zone of politics and place it upon the higher plane it is designed to occupy.

I hope we may avoid any possibility of confusion by agreeing at the outset upon a definition of what shall be included in a proper classification of natural resources. I do not recommend my definition to the lexicographers but I trust it will serve admirably the purpose of this article while leaving others at liberty to expand its scope to serve their own purposes in their own discussions. What I mean by a natural resource is: 'A product extracted from beneath the surface of the earth; something which is not reproductive in character — our extractive industries, so-called.' Thus, my definition embraces all minerals, coal, and oil. It excludes water power, which is the resultant of persistent creation, and timber, which over long periods is reproductive. It excludes, obviously, all farm and animal products as they are essentially reproductive in character.

Confessedly, my definition will prove far too narrow to suit many. Even so, I believe it safe to draw my line between those things which afford but one

crop in the lifetime of a race and those other things which yield a daily, an annual, or a periodical crop throughout the life of a race, no matter how long. Certainly, to put such a limitation as I have done upon the definition, serves to intensify the issue because it confines the discussion to those things the supply of which must steadily grow less and the problem over which, assumptively, must become more acute with the passage of time.

The matter of a definition having been attended to, the whole of the resulting question may be brought quickly before the lay mind by reciting what the late Secretary Lane understood to be the point of view on natural resources of the late President Wilson. Mr. Lane seldom would trust his memory so far as to indulge in direct quotation. I never heard him quote the President. His charm lay in his ability to give to one his impressions from what he had heard. When in such a mood, his pictures were prone to be vivid because he heard all that anyone had to say to him, saw situations clearly, and had a peculiarly graphic way of phrasing what he meant. The impressions he gave me concerning Mr. Wilson's views on natural resources were to this effect: —

Political expediency or ambition may have furnished the excuse, many times, for the world's wars, but nearly all of them were bottomed on sterner stuff; each had some sort of an economic base. Thus, in the earlier periods of civilization, the great struggle was to obtain sufficient food to sustain the expanding population. Food products were to be found, of course, in abundance only in the fertile valleys. And the most fertile valleys were to be found generally along the larger streams. Therefore, the wars of earlier periods were fought, for the most part, to gain control of rivers. In time, these rivers became the objectives of nearly every plan of expanding military strategy.

As we elaborated our industry, by expanding more and more into manufacturing, the struggles between peoples became more concerned with those things which supply the raw materials of our manufacturing enterprises. Thus one nation could never feel quite comfortable or secure so long as it was dependent upon another nation for the raw materials necessary to its commerce and industry. The very reaching out for a controlled supply of these things affords the key to the whole of the world's colonization schemes by the advanced nations. And it was this competitive search for raw materials which caused those bickerings which have led, through political channels, to war.

Mr. Wilson was, of course, devoted unreservedly to the cause of universal and continuing peace. To make that peace secure, he was eager to remove the most potent cause of war. And as the most effective means to that end, he was constantly contemplating the project of arranging, ultimately, an international pool of raw materials.

Mr. Wilson employed a far broader definition of natural resources than mine. He included wool and a few other things which, I believe, fall properly within quite a different classification.

Mr. Wilson's critics are prone to say that his ideas existed in his masterful rhetoric but not elsewhere; that he talked much and beautifully about many things but never did any of them. My experience with this particular subject leads me to believe quite differently. I am convinced that Mr. Wilson gave, by the proposal just outlined, a drift to our discussion of natural resources the end of which we have not heard, and which those of us who

are now alive may never hear. In addition, he did much to put his ideas into practical effect, — perhaps as much as could have been done, — and progress along his line is steady and considerable.

In detail, Mr. Baruch, representing Mr. Wilson's War Industries Board, went to Europe in the summer of 1918 and effected, not without some difficulty, an actual world pool of natural-resource raw materials, for the period of the war. In his report Mr. Baruch tells of the resistance he had to overcome. Then he adds, naïvely, that Great Britain consented to his programme when its leading men became convinced that they could get our natural resources on no other terms.

It seems evident that Mr. Wilson realized that before a world pool of anything could possibly be effected, — before we could have international control, in other words, — a form of national control must first be exercised. That is, many nations could hardly bind themselves to an equitable division of the world's natural resources until each controlled what it proposed to share with the others. Even to avoid war, no nation could undertake to practise that peculiar kind of self-denial which gave away the private property of its citizens. This was never Mr. Wilson's idea nor was it that of his principal advisers. Instead, he contemplated a speedy acquirement of national control of everything which he included under his classification of natural resources.

Thus, in September 1919, on the eve of one of his messages to Congress, I was informed that Mr. Wilson was about to recommend the nationalization of our coal industry. I at once went to Mr. Lane, his Secretary of the Interior, and asked him to go with me to see the President to discuss the whole matter. I learned then that the programme contemplated partial but growing control of one resource at a time. On Mr. Lane's eleventh-hour recommendation, the nationalization of coal was not then proposed. However, it seems to have been held in abeyance rather than abandoned. It soon became evident that action was postponed until a far more pretentious project could be debated and, possibly, carried into effect.

II

It seems to have been in furtherance of this larger project that in May 1920 Dr. Garfield, who had been a member of the War Industries Board, formally presented to the National Coal Association a proposal that an industrial cabinet be established. His plan provided that each member of this new kind of cabinet should have control of some natural resource. He proposed that, first, a small cabinet only should be formed — preferably of five members. The members of this cabinet should meet with the House but should report directly to the President. They were, thus, to effect a direct contact between the Executive and Congress.

As we discussed it prior to its formal announcement, Dr. Garfield was particular to explain that these were not new ideas. He told me that he and Mr. Wilson had worked them out together when both were still at Princeton. Indeed, he said plainly that the whole of the elaborate war machine was but putting to a test their academic theories previously arrived at. And this experiment was designed to test their general efficacy. He believed the experiments had worked quite well and that a solution had been found for problems which disturbed the country in times of peace.

Knowing as much as I did of the Wilson history in connection with natural resources, I found it impossible to escape the belief that Mr. Wilson's

idea had dominated the action of the Conference for the Limitation of Armament, which met in Washington in December 1921, and which made disposition of certain oil resources of Asia theretofore controlled temporarily by Japan. I have found it impossible not to believe that the Wilson idea was carried into the 'Disarmament Conference' by Mr. Hoover, who had been a member of the War Industries Board and who was, at the time, a member of Mr. Harding's Cabinet. The point of contact seems too close to ignore, especially when the accomplished fact is so closely akin to the original theory.

Also, it now seems quite clear that Mr. Wilson's plan for the government of certain backward countries by the more advanced nations, under mandates from the League of Nations, was directly in the interest of international control of any natural resources which these backward countries might possess. This last fact is mentioned not because it has any immediate bearing upon our own problem but to indicate the tremendous sweep of the theory as it lay in Mr. Wilson's mind. Obviously, as Dr. Garfield said, this was no new plan — no overnight growth. It was a matured project.

Naturally, it is asking too much of the average layman to expect that he shall grasp so much of the philosophy of history as to understand Mr. Wilson's theory as to the direct relationship between the struggle for natural resources and the outbreak of widespread wars. Mr. Wilson, with his persuasive phrasing, might have aroused in the great mass of people, a temporary sentiment for international domination of such things. But the permanent residence of any such an abstract idea is naturally in the minds of statesmen rather than in those of the public. It was clearly out of the question to keep popular sentiment alive longer than was necessary to create the machinery to do the real work. Thus, when Mr. Wilson retired and when men of less capacity tried to carry his theory into practice, they had to re-design the programme to make it fit within the scope of their own limited capacities and the mediocre actions of popular government. The immediate effect was that the discussion lost the whole of its spiritual significance. Then, through five years, it has descended from one plane to another until finally it has gravitated into 'practical politics' without much to lift it above the level of the sordid.

That is to say, when the War Industries Board was disbanded, its residuary legatee, so to speak, became the Council for National Defense — an exchange of five ardent crusaders for the Wilson idea for five overworked Cabinet officers, which resulted in the delegation of the work to habitually indifferent bureaucrats. The Council lived a precarious life for a year or two and, disappearing, passed the project on to a subdivision of the Department of War. Since the personnel of the latter changes rapidly, the great spiritual formula, with which the project began, had to be reduced to a code which would fit into a card index and a set of Army regulations. Thus the purpose changed quickly from a great international movement to prevent war into a mere departmental means of mobilizing the nation's resources in event of war. Because the compilation of reports and records involved considerable expense, which had to be justified, an immediate use had to be found for the information. That search resulted in a decision to carry over into our peace-time organization two of the devices which had been found most useful to our war machine, namely, the standardization of equipment, and the efficient use of our man power. Then, as the fiscal

difficulties of the nation grew, these major efforts at physical reform developed a companion, namely, the determination to commit the Government to the stabilization of all of its industries.

This seemed, at first, to have no other purpose than to enlist the Government in the service of our business men for the utilitarian purpose of increasing the profitableness of our industry. The practical effect, however, was precisely what Mr. Wilson and Dr. Garfield had in mind — it tended to bring our natural resources more and more completely under government control. Thus we have arrived at the present stage where the whole question is being paraded to serve personal political ambitions — a natural consequence, perhaps, the instant the subject had fallen from the pedestal upon which Mr. Wilson had left it.

Two developments served to keep the whole question alive even in the doubtful zone in which it had come to reside. The U. S. Coal Commission last September completed its investigations and immediately submitted to the Congress a long series of reports in most of which the coal industry was criticized severely. These reports were scanned by a nation which had been wearied with coal's recent eccentricities and was turning to other sources of heat and power — oil in particular.

At that interesting moment, the whole method of transferring from public to private hands that oil which underlies the public lands became involved in a lively scandal. The nation's reliance upon oil for lubricants, the fact that half of the population now rides regularly in vehicles propelled by an oil product, and the increasing use of oil for fuel made of this a question which easily challenged the public interest.

What did not appear on the surface, in the discussion of either question, was the fact that about half of the nation's coal, and probably more than half of its oil, underlies land half of which is owned by the Federal Government. The fact that these two natural resources had challenged public attention, and that a fourth of our total deposits is owned by the Government, caused these subdivisions of the whole natural-resource subject to be discussed earnestly by our public men.

It is too much to expect, of course, that either the censures of the coal industry by the U. S. Coal Commission or the details of the oil scandal can be kept alive long enough to make them serviceable as issues in the impending election. However, both incidents must serve to emphasize the old and generally neglected question: What final disposition are we to make of our natural resources?

III

A general policy touching these things has proved annoyingly elusive for the reason that conditions differ so radically. That is, we have so much coal under our soil that while satisfying all demands for it for more than a century, we have exhausted less than one half of one per cent of it. Coal in the ground is so abundant that it is a serious problem to maintain a solvent coal industry without depriving many owners of coal-land of the right to develop their deposits. However, the situation with respect to oil is almost precisely the reverse. Our oil supplies — those reached by wells and produced by natural-gas pressure — are so limited that although we have been working them intensively for only fifty years, we have exhausted about 42 per cent of the known deposit. And when a deposit is once opened and the oil produced, our disposition seems to be to waste it — by such processes, for

example, as burning it for fuel. At least with respect to oil we face the possibility of an early exhaustion of those deposits which are produced cheaply. On the contrary, our storehouse of coal will easily outlive the dependence of the race upon it.

These two items in our catalogue of natural resources represent the extremes of the whole subject. For that reason they best illustrate the difficulty which attaches to any effort to find a national policy which can apply to the whole problem. As indicating something more of the complexity of the subject, manganese might properly be introduced into the picture. One group believes that we possess it in quantity — if we can but find it. Congress has been importuned for several years to impose a tariff — to be paid by our steel industry — to furnish an incentive for discovery and development of this resource.

Because the whole subject is far too complex for such treatment as is given to any theme in the political arena, only the more obvious aspects of the question are ever raised for public discussion. That is to say, the tendency is to debate only the kind of control which should be exercised, leaving for determination elsewhere, if at all, the larger subjects of our national policy concerning them and our international relations growing out of them. Any discussion of the form of control discloses three methods of procedure, one of which must be elected.

The programme which once had the largest number of adherents, having been followed from the beginning of modern industry, demands private ownership and private development of all such things. The result of protracted adherence to this plan is that nearly every great industrial corporation rests upon some natural resource. Those who believe that this arrangement should continue are prone to declare that the proposal for a change of policy threatens the whole institution of private business.

Because it throws some light upon this phase of the question, I shall revert momentarily to an exchange of views between Dr. Garfield and myself at the time he was advocating the creation of an industrial cabinet. He had proposed that each of the cabinet should control some natural-resource raw material. I asked him if it were not true that if anyone should actually control any raw material he must automatically control everything which grows out of it — as one who controls the roots of a tree must control its trunk, limbs, branches, and fruit. He admitted that such must be the case. I then asked if it were not true that if the Government should control the natural resources, it must, in the end, control all business. He believed that that would be the logical result. Seeing how much, assumptively, is involved, a considerable controversy is started the instant it is proposed to dissociate natural resources and private business.

A second and growing school of thought embraces those who believe in a modified system of private tenure. If the adherents of this school could be described in terms of political administration, they would be found among those who believe inherently in monarchy but who, under pressure, accept the limited monarchy as exemplified by Great Britain. Since they operate in America, they attach themselves to that finality of Federal authority which is coming to find expression in our growing commission form of government. They concede the form of private business, but insist that the policies and even the prices shall be dictated by a Federal commission. They espouse the theory — exploited in England some years ago — that natural

resources should be held by the Government as trustee for the labor and capital involved. They concede that the actual development should be done by private parties, but insist that they shall work under lease and licence by which not only sovereignty but domination of procedure is retained by the Federal Government.

President Roosevelt was the author of this theory and justified it by his assertion that the proper development and conservation of such resources required large capital. He was disposed to encourage large capital but believed that the powers of government should be employed to hold its charges and practices within reason. It was, incidentally, the operation of this very plan — one might almost say the perfect exemplification of it — which led to the oil scandal of last winter. When this method of controlling our natural resources is proposed, one can imagine how intense becomes the debate.

The third school of thought embraces those who hold what are called the more extreme views. Their belief is that natural resources are the common possession of all the people; that they should be owned by the Government, and developed only by the Government in the interest of all of the owners. It is, I believe, no longer a secret that those who attacked the oil leases did so, primarily, for the purpose of demonstrating to the public the correctness of their view that only public operation should be permitted in future.

When we thus have, seemingly, three great beliefs supported by three great groups of partisans, no possible useful purpose can be served here by espousing any one cause. Instead of trying it, I prefer to confine my endeavors to such a clarification of the real issues as will allow an approach to the truth. The logic of everything that has here been said reduces the whole discussion to two beliefs — not three.

First: The greatest good of all springs naturally only from keeping open the door of opportunity to the individual. The parable of the talents condenses the whole of this philosophy into a few words. Possession and development of property is a means by which the individual expresses himself. Property is local. Government is local. If the essential character of both is recognized, the simplest method is found when the individual is allowed the greatest opportunity and when the nation is content to reflect the massed wealth and power of its citizens.

Second: Natural resources are the common endowment of all. Their monopolization by individuals, states, or nations, subverts the essential purpose of creation. They should be held in trust by those nearest to them, for the benefit of the entire race, and should be so administered.

Thus we are confronted by a need to choose only between private control and ultimate internationalization. That emphasizes Mr. Wilson's contention that our natural resources should be considered as a primary cause of war and should be so administered as to remove the likelihood of war. Opposing his theory are those who contend stoutly that our natural resources should be used to promote the power and the glory of the nation which possesses them, through the indirect channel of the assured welfare of its individual citizen.

While this battle is raging between the extremists, a third group suggests that we modify the international point of view down to national supervision, and modify private control by introducing Federal regulation. Their suggestion is purely a compromise and leaves the big question open. The real battle is between private ownership and ultimate internationalization.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'THE HARDSHIP OF ANTICLIMAX'

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE, in a paper, 'Of Luxuries and Hardships,' tells graphically of the tangible difficulties for which young missionaries are assiduously prepared by those who have preceded them, and those who have not. 'But,' says the writer, 'the last thing such a one looks to see is a reed shaken by the wind. And yet there you are — the woods are full of them — reeds shaken by the wind! And this is the hardship of anticlimax!'

'The hardship of anticlimax' is a phrase to conjure with. Or, rather, it does the conjuring, and will not quite let one go. The words seem widely applicable. They may describe most poignantly a problem faced by young missionaries in foreign fields shut off largely from their own kind. Certainly the words are also to be applied to most of us wherever we be.

Of all the explanations, from the war to 'jazz,' of the younger generation and its apparently erratic behavior, what could be more smoothly said than that it can't stand 'the hardship of anticlimax?' It simply must be leaping from climax to climax like the traditional mountain goat. Unlike the mountain goat, it does not choose its peaks with unerring discretion. It seldom measures the distance between them. Dancing becomes anticlimactic. Youth adds an after-dance supper, the much-talked-of after-supper automobile ride, and then perhaps a country-club breakfast at six-thirty, before it 'calls the night off.'

Nobody ever prepared the younger generation at play for anticlimaxes any more than young missionaries are prepared. The climaxes — oh, yes! these have been talked bare, worn smooth by many tongues. They have been explained and discussed. They have been proscribed and prescribed, diagnosed, and analyzed. Take scientifically dissected 'love, the original thriller.' Anyone who has his second teeth knows all about it, how it attacks and gets in its work even as the 'flu' germ. But we are not so well instructed in regard to the time when it seems banished by the antitoxin of poverty or worry, of temporary boredom or the 'desire to snap into something different' — the anticlimax, when all the best one can do is to 'sit tight' and hang on. One wonders if any of us know much about how to manage that, even the all-knowing youth.

There is teaching. Most earnest teachers do have dreams of accomplishing something real. They leave normal schools keen for the children who are their responsibility. Then, one Friday night, they are very apt to find that children cease to be children. They have become, for the time being, papers to mark, tests to prepare, attendance records to make out. The human rapport is *not*. The high purpose on Friday night has become — an anticlimax. Methods, subject-matter, theory and practice, they know in varying degrees, but this insidious hiatus between them and accomplishment is not accounted for in any normal-school curriculum. Like engines, these teachers on this Friday night have reached the dead centre, all unprepared.

There is also the boy home from the front — the World Climax. Training camps made him ready for it. Governments equipped him for it. Continents cleared their tracks, and oceans were swept free, that he might reach it. He did. Then he returned. There is waiting for him a wire cage in a bank, a job in a garage, a field to plough. After the home-coming is over, he is forgotten in the round of daily living. Over there they are lighting the fuse of the Ruhr, and putting Greece and Italy in the ring like a couple of game-cocks — without him. Over here they are canning peaches in the kitchen and putting new gutters on the porch roof — without him. He is nothing — who was the Hope of the World. He does not face an anticlimax. He *is* one. No one ever drilled him for this. 'Strange that young men are so restless these days!'

There are young women at work, yes, millions of them. Youth and hope and coquetry, loyalty and instability, behind counters, operating typewriters, doing an endless number of things. They are in differing measure trained for their work, or they could not hold positions. But the end of a clamorous day, the night in a small room, boarding-house meals, — an endless number of nights in a small room, of boarding-house meals, — no one has nerved them for these. 'The temptations they lead to' — what we don't know of them! Literature is infested with them, with directions for and against. But the quality of anticlimax which these things *are* is a factor little known. The young women meet it in the dark.

Even motherhood and fatherhood do not seem exempt. 'Holt' will tell just how to feed a baby and will answer all known questions; but one is told that even Holt cannot always maintain the morale of parenthood. Life's immortal fulfillment does, at times, seem such a full schedule of bottles, such a scant schedule of sleep. Rapture becomes daily care, close to the round of other daily cares. At times it is even — an anticlimax. This, in spite of the fact that what old maids know about infants to-day mothers never knew in the world before. Maiden ladies read of the latest Yale-lock safety-pin in the newspaper advertisements at breakfast. Bachelors, smoking late into the night, learn all about 'buttonless undershirts for the newcomer' from the same source. What a mother must know is encyclopædic; but that a baby can descend to the daily norm of existence, and even pull on her nerves like a telephone bell that won't stop ringing, seems to be a fact for which she is totally unarmored.

There is no one who welcomes these periods of anticlimax unless it be he who has been battered and shaken and bruised out of his senses by some real tragedy. For a time he may lie gasping in relief at any cessation of necessary reactions. But just let him stagger to his feet, and his taut nerves will clamor for a new experience, different in character, but above all one that is big enough to fill his enlarged capacity for living.

Of all the anticlimaxes, old age seems the most cruel and complete. Millions of recipes have been given for winning the battles of maturity, but very few for enduring the long bivouac that follows. Preparation, college and professional training, is planned for work in the world, none for the time when that work is no longer possible. I have known one or two people, and these earth's wisest, who have so consistently schooled themselves in vital introspective possibilities that, when physical limitations inevitably set in, they could fill the vacuum with richness. On the whole, man shrinks like a whipped dog from the lessening of his powers.

The hardships of many an anti-climax lie before everyone, a long gray road. Like most roads, you can walk it better if you know it is there. Doughboys say they have walked roads they could not feel beneath their feet — so gone were they for sleep. They stumbled over every rut. Awake, they could have swung along jauntily. Perhaps a sign for youth, for all, 'The Road is There — Wake Up!' might help. And if that long straight pull were stressed more and the climactic hills given less publicity, the results would, at least, be interesting.

Crises one meets with the sum total of one's fibre, nerved and, to a degree, exhilarated by the newness of the experience. The daily lack of crises wears out that fibre unless one is geared for the pull. One wonders where the mechanician in human adjustments is, who can help with the gearing. Probably that goes back primarily to one's self. Not one's job, one's friends, one's room or country- or boarding-house — one's self. Possibly it consists in the cultivation of one's own personal interests, so that they can be spread out, however thinly, along the monotonous places of living. This cultivation could hardly be for cultivation's sake or art's sake, or society's, but simply toward the definite end of making it possible for the individual consciously to see that he is ready for a clearly realized difficulty — 'the hardship of anticlimax.'

CARLYLE, CINEMATOGRAPHER

'Of all the innocent diversions known to cultured humankind,' remarked a Wise Person once to me, 'the most dangerous is a discussion of Carlyle's style.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Because,' replied the Wise Person, 'there are so many of them.'

'Styles or discussions?' said I.

'Both,' said the Wise Person, and left me to mull over the matter at my leisure.

But I believe I have made a discovery in regard to Carlyle's style: and oh, the difference to me! Until I made it, I found the *French Revolution* very uphill reading, mountain-climbing reading. But since, being able now to adjust my mind to what I conceive to be Carlyle's purpose, I progress rapidly and with some enjoyment.

Here is the secret: Carlyle is a cinematographer. What I mean is that his method is the moving-picture method. The *French Revolution* is a glorified scenario.

I find him, and it, cinematographic in four respects. First, in form; second, in treatment of related incidents; third, in treatment of character; and fourth, in re/titling.

Philosophers have puzzled over Carlyle's form. Explained cinematographically, it is quite simple. There are a quantity of minute pictures following one another in such logical order that the whole thing, run off rapidly, gives the effect of motion, smoothness, and unity. Would it be stretching the simile too far — or seem a case of lèse majesté — to say that each book is a reel? At any rate one may safely say that each chapter, each paragraph, each sentence almost, is an individual picture. And the pictures are interspersed with appropriate comment; but of that — more later.

What masterpieces of picture-making art are the scenes of Louis XV's death, the procession of the elected of France, the attack on Versailles, and the King's going to Paris! What stirring drama in the trial scenes!

I remarked that these incidents were arranged in logical order. That does not necessarily mean chronological order. No! Carlyle is too great an

artist to follow slavishly the exact historical sequence of events. Being a cinematographer, he understands and uses to advantage the device known as the 'flash' or 'cut-back.' At the time of the taking of the National Oath, he flashes back suddenly to the Oath of the Tennis Court. In the trial of Marie Antoinette, he cuts-back to her departure from Vienna.

Another device — for depicting character, and for heightening and vivifying the picture — is that known technically as the 'close-up.' In this Carlyle excels. See how skillfully he brings the individual out from the group, describes him, characterizes him, forecasts and recapitulates, and then sinks him back into his group — all in a moment. Thus we meet and know, not once but often, where opportunity best offers — as in the Procession and in the National Assembly — the features of Necker, of Mirabeau, of Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, Cazales, Lafayette, Bailly, and Dr. Guillotin.

And now I come to that which I consider the summit of Carlyle's excellence — his mastery of the fine art of titling. His pictures stand alone, are comprehensible in and by themselves; but it is the author's comment, the titles, which unites them into a work of art. Titles should illumine, not explain; and this distinction is admirably achieved by Carlyle. His titles — which I separate into two varieties: philosophic comment and chapter headings — are brief, to the point, and packed with meaning.

As an example of the first, here is his comment on the King's going to Paris: — 'Poor Monarchy! But what save foulest defeat can await that man who wills, and yet wills not!'

All Hamlet in one sentence.

As examples of the second type, I list a few of the chapter headings: 'Astrea Redux without Cash'; 'Burial with Bonfire'; 'Arrears and Aristocrats'; 'The Day of Poniards'; 'The Night of Spurs'; 'The Gods Are Athirst'; 'Lion Sprawling Its Last' — what moving-picture artist of the present day, titling thrillers, could do better?

There are advantages in this cinematographic method of writing. It is, I think, the best way that has yet been invented for saying a variety of things in a variety of ways. But there are also disadvantages. Suppose the reader is a patient, plodding, and somewhat dull animal, and not an imaginative, responsive creature like me. What then, Carlyle? Ah, then your fine words go all for naught: which is a shame.

So I am passing on my discovery to whom it may concern. For I like Carlyle and his picture-play, and I should hate to see him neglected.

THE PERSONALITY OF A PAIN

It was an elusive creature enough, winged rather than possessed of ordinary feet, the first time that it came. It flirted lightly by once or twice and brought hardly the consciousness of a presence. It was even pleasant to realize it; comfort is more comfortable when it is flecked with pain.

The second time it had achieved substance: it was cloud instead of vapor. But still it was impossible to think that an actual enemy, and an enemy vigorous enough to be formidable, could be embodied in the owner of such brushing footsteps.

After that it gained personality with every visit. It was as moody as a woman, and as cruel. I grew to watch for it, to anticipate its whim of the day by the feel of the air that whisked about it as it drew near. I waited for it with dread ridiculously tinged by interest; the fact that it was endowed with the always redeeming virtue of incon-

sistency made me greet it with something less than hostility. Indeed, to-day, now that it is gone, I recall its versatility with more amazement than its unkindness. After all, it was true to type, it fulfilled its destiny, it was as essentially torture as it is possible for a mere pain to be. At the least it was fascinating, at the most it overwhelmed my mind, my self, my very soul; while all the time some small bit of speculative ego sat calmly apart from me and analyzed.

There were days when it crept up lightly as a river-mist, tiptoeing across my temple, and perching on my eyebrow with its feet swinging. It had dainty pointed feet, which touched very slightly each time they swung. Their rhythm of vibration was hardly more painful than the pricking of a pin in a finger numb with cold. Usually, in a little while, it stole away again, elfin and unobtrusive.

Then there were days when it came with the suddenness that marks the awakening from a pleasant dream. There would be a rudeness about it that gave warning, a jocular haste indicating malice aforethought. And my soul would cringe! It brought deadly intent to its task. Like a girl paid for the number and swiftness of her steps in a dance, it jigged madly down my optic nerve, bounded from branch to branch of the trigeminal, and flung in perfect abandon along the facial. To the wild music that sang continually in its own head and echoed in my ears, it invented a thousand and yet a thousand whirls and pirouettes. Even handsprings and an occasional somersault were born of its wanton fancy; and every step, every touch, of its faëry feet or thin fingers, was consummate agony. It was inexhaustible and merciless, mocking at persuasion, at pleading, at anathema, and at aspirin. When it had played sufficiently on my capacity for suffering, it subdued the measure to *ritardo* and *dolce*, and finally, with a backward kick of its foot and a swirl of red skirts, it vanished.

It had coquettish days, days when it would come and pretend uncertainty, tilting and rocking on my forehead for a moment, flitting away, returning with a sudden skip, and at last flying with the wickedest flicker of a smile. And sometimes it was as gloomy as a black witch: it would brood for an hour, huddled into a corner close against my optic nerve, sullen and motionless, and at length, with a gesture of hatred and desperation, move slowly away and disappear.

Last in its range of feeling came the glorious omnipotent mood when it played Satan in a small and individual Hell. Seated somewhere on my head, it would swell to magnificent proportions, its finger pressed on my eyelids, its weight and bulk increasing every second, till I was a puny Hercules with the sky sinking down upon me. That was a feeling where pain was so utter that it transcended pain and became pure wonder at the perfection of suffering, — a sort of vicarious pleasure, — and Satan defeated the Devil.

But indeed, as pleasure recollected may be largely pain, so pain remembered can be almost wholly pleasure. A pain with a personality justifies itself by the fact that it is unique. Even when it so plays the harlot with sensation that it sublimates suffering to a kind of delight, it is hard to think of it afterward with positive distaste. For contrarily enough, though he may curse it and dread it and hate it when he contemplates it as he lies helpless, a man will never forget a pain, and of his conversational foster children it will always be the favorite. And perhaps of all men it is most true, that 'Poets act shamelessly toward their experiences; they exploit them.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

From the vantage of an elevated Literary Society, and with a far-sighted historical appreciation, **Samuel McChord Crothers** has watched the fashionable procession of books and their authors. From his view he has drawn some whimsical and sagacious comparisons to the effect that poets and critics, however modern in appearance, must perforce find their likeness in the past — a likeness sometimes not altogether flattering. ¶We believe that **Burnham Hall's** question will unlock a store of sympathy and understanding. His evidence shows how difficult it is for any set of rules to provide with justice a settlement for any deeply human problem. The article brings many new thoughts to the point and raises as many new questions. ¶What is the meaning and efficacy of Prayer? **Kirsopp Lake,** Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard, declares that 'prayer means petition, communion, aspiration, and confession,' and, continuing, he prophesies the efficacy of prayer of the future. At variance with this doctrine, **Glenn Clark,** professor of English at Macalester College, affirms his faith in petition and exemplifies a technique of prayer which will offer practical aid and comfort to many people. We should like to quote from the letter which accompanied Professor Clark's manuscript.

> I wish that I lived nearer Boston so that I could have a little conversation with you and relate some of the amazing answers to prayer that have come to me in the past two years. When I say that I have had one hundred answers to prayers in the last six months, I am putting it very conservatively. . . . One unique thing about my experience is that not only do an wers come, but in many instances I know beforehand just what way. . . . Another unique thing about this new method of praying is that I am brought instantly in touch with all knowledge, when the need of that knowledge is apparent, or when the seeker is in earnest and comes to me with faith that I can answer him. . . .
>
> Of course, you understand that I don't pretend that this little method of prayer is the only method or even the best method. . . . I merely put it forth as a combination of 'exercises' that should appeal to this physical-culture age and which, if followed, will bring amazing, miraculous, and marvelous results. This method releases the self and lets God work. Any other method which does the same is equally good.

* * *

Edith R. Mirrielees is Professor of English at Leland Stanford University. Her professor's predicament is so vivid and comes so close to home that we can imagine many readers shuddering in their chairs and instantly planning to invite the janitor out to lunch. **Christopher Morley,** poet, novelist, and lover of New York, has left the charming din and confusion of the 'Bowling Green' for the dreamy seclusion of the Normandy coast. ¶Everyone knows of **Agnes Repplier,** so that it will not be difficult for her to persuade us to respect a national inheritance which is too generally squandered. ¶Without the pale of caste for twelve years, **Dhan Gopal Mukerji** returned, as a Brahman should, to Benares, the Holy City, that he might once again take the dust from the feet of his Holy Man. Other episodes of Mr. Mukerji's beautiful home-coming have appeared in the June and July *Atlantics.* **A. Edward Newton** has recently returned from a pilgrimage, devout and different, to *his* holy city — London. This marks the fortieth anniversary of Mr. Newton's first arrival at Euston Station, during which time London has altered her appearance, but neither her climate nor her attraction.

* * *

Entirely accurate as to the facts, **Nelson Collins's** account of 'His Boy' is another instance of the truth that human nature is never average or normal. We may add that the 'Boy' returned from his voyage to

India and is now serving an apprenticeship in the printer's trade. ¶In this number, we are publishing the third and fourth 'Interpretations' of those astonishing social changes which are likely to influence our coming years. These Interpretations and the earlier ones which appeared in the June *Atlantic* have been thoughtfully edited by **Sarah N. Cleghorn** from the pages of a future contemporary. ¶Many readers will enjoy the thoughtful beauty of **Archibald MacLeish's** poem, whether or not they have come under the influence of the classics or the moon. ¶May we be pardoned for saying that **Lucy Keeler's** essay whets our appletite for the autumnal orchards? **Charles Rumford Walker,** who was formerly a member of the *Atlantic* staff, has been working from seven to six — with an apple for lunch — as managing editor of the reinvigorated *Independent*. Mr. Walker has also experienced hard work in steel and copper mills. **John A. Johnson** writes us: —

> As a 'gainful occupation,' I am working in a commercial laboratory. I expose agar plates, examine the germ colonies I have entrapped, and so report on the sanitary condition of factories. . . . Although I am getting along very well with the bacteriological work, I suspect that I am not a thing of cement and stone, and when I think of a row of cypresses on a bayou, I get restless.

* * *

With exceptional access to officials and their statistics, the **Student of Sea Power** has investigated the present naval situation and, ignoring those 'causes for alarm' which have been so loudly advertised, he has concluded his provocative estimate with the intimation that, although the United States machine itself is inadequate, there still remains a good measure of efficiency. **George H. Haynes,** professor of economics and political science at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, is at present engaged in writing a comprehensive history of the Senate and its practice. ¶An article by **Sisley Huddleston,** Paris correspondent on *Christian Science Monitor*, on the industrial and commercial present of France is welcomed at a time when politics have obscured the more essential elements of her future history. ¶In his paper on 'Our National Resources,' **George A. Cushing** makes public for the first time several pages of hitherto unwritten history. During the war Mr. Cushing served under the National Food Administrator, and then and later he participated in these various movements which he has recorded.

* * *

In behalf of Archer Wall Douglas we wish to thank those readers — now numbering in the hundreds — who have written to express their appreciation of his paper, 'The Art and Nature of Graphology,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, and to regret that it is physically impossible for Mr. Douglas to answer their sincere and interesting questions.

* * *

This was not the fault of the secretary, the proofreader, or the typesetter.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY,
CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

In the June *Atlantic* Mr. Dhan Gopal Mukerji is said to be a graduate of the University of California. He is A. B. Stanford, 1914. Please do not deprive us of the glory reflected from our ablest Hindu graduate — philosopher and poet.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

* * *

No longer need we 'be seen but not heard.'

HARMON-ON-HUDSON.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'The Preacher's Handicap,' Mr. Horwill indicates the disadvantage to which many preachers are put because of the various preliminary features of a church service that precede the sermon.

There is, however, a major handicap which is borne with marvelous patience by the occupants of the pews. I refer to the necessity, under the present system, of the listeners having to sit quietly through a discourse filled with positive statements, which may or may not seem reasonable, without having a chance to talk back. The preacher may make the most unbelievable and dogmatic statement which a listener may be thoroughly convinced could not be substantiated with plausible evidence; yet this hearer has no recourse but to remain dumb in his pew. I do not infer that the minister's position is necessarily wrong in all such cases or that the pew-holders

are always right. Perhaps the minister could prove a point in question beyond the shadow of a doubt. But if he does not know of the doubts in his parishioners' minds, the situation is not cleared up. Perhaps both the preacher and the church-goers are in entire agreement but only appear to be at odds either because the speaker has not made his points clear, or because the listeners have not heard correctly. Just a few words of general discussion might readily demonstrate their mutual accord. There is a practical way of overcoming this handicap in church relationships. It is called the forum idea. There is nothing unique about it. Having had some experience with the forum in the Twenty-third Street Branch of the New York City Y.M.C.A., I suggested to the pastor of the church in our small community that a forum meeting be substituted for the Sunday evening service, the attendance at which was gradually decreasing.

Said he, 'Good! I'll do the talking at one Sunday service and let my people have their say at the other.'

As the idea appealed to him strongly, it was soon put into effect. The people came. The attendance doubled, then trebled. The young folks predominated. A blackboard was put into commission. Practically everyone had opinions to express on the topics discussed and all were glad to see the main points pro and con listed on the board. They did some real thinking and enjoyed the experience.

The minister occupied a pew as one of the congregation and marveled at the thoughts some of his parishioners expressed. They gave him material for many sermons and better ones also, since he had only one to prepare each week instead of two. As various people took part in these meetings much hazy thinking was cleared up. Statements by the minister were challenged and better understandings were reached. And the members thought more of their church because it gave them an opportunity to think out serious questions.

E. A. Hungerford.

From the sermon barrel to the radio.

East Orange, N. J.

Dear Atlantic, —

Will you allow me, as one who has been for over a half-century the minister of city and suburban churches, to express my appreciation of Mr. Horwill's article on 'The Preacher's Handicap'? What he describes as the boredom of waiting for nearly an hour before the sermon begins accounts for much of the somnolence of the people during its delivery. Old people and tired people have already used up their power of attention, while that of young people has been dissipated by the holy mélange of hymns, chants, anthems, solos, responsive readings, long prayer, notices and incidental appeals.

These criticisms of the service of worship and of the sermon suggest a still more important one: Are our ministers, under present-day exactions of their office, fitted to preach sermons to the edification of a modern audience? The late Dr. Richard S. Storrs, once said to me that no man could effectively handle more than one sermon-subject a week. What then can be expected from an ordinary preacher? He must prepare and deliver, if he is located in a city or town, on the average two sermons a week, one or two midweek addresses, perhaps a funeral talk, irrespective of the numerous parish obligations.

A recent summer experience has given me a suggestion. Several miles from my bungalow was a small country church without a settled pastor. The congregation held what they called deacons' meetings Sunday mornings. The best reader in the neighborhood selected the best sermons of the most distinguished preachers and delivered them. Storrs, Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Gunsaulus, Spurgeon, and even old Massillon and Fénelon, ministered to that little community. The result was that people flocked to the church. They were informed and stimulated by what they heard. No preacher whom they could have hired could have filled the bill. Why should our smaller and poorer churches be further reduced by inferior ministerial guidance? Why not install a radio, and leave the minister free-handed for his pastoral work? I am not surprised that people do not throng the churches when, with whatever spiritual inclination, their souls find better nourishment in the books and periodicals in their sitting-rooms at home.

James M. Ludlow.

* * *

In the May *Atlantic*, Bruce Bliven presented a broad review of agriculture's distress. The 'frightened farmer' according to one reader had better read Coué and so cure himself.

Larkspur, Colorado.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the old days the farms were self-supporting units. Their contact with the outside world was almost nil. It was a great life for the bashful, but it bored the more adventurous youths, who consequently migrated to the cities. By a long drawn-out process of inbreeding, conservatism was intensified and fixed as a dominant characteristic of the farmer. The war enabled him to buy Fords and ready-made clothes without increasing his ability to cope with new situations.

The present slump, however painful, will prove a most efficient method of eliminating these unfit. In the course of a few generations we shall have evolved a new type of farmer whose business ability will be on a par with his city brothers. To do nothing sounds like a cruel cure, but such a major operation will decimate the ranks of the agriculturists. Production will automatically be cut down till the demand exceeds the supply, and farming will again be a profitable pursuit.

Your interested reader,

JEAN LAMONT.

* * *

In the days when boys 'went down to the sea in ships' —

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

How can I impress a seasoned man of letters sufficiently to convey the thrill that was mine when I read Charles Boardman Hawes's 'A Boy Who Went Whaling'?

My father was graduated from college in '69, at eighteen years of age, and with only his father's half consent, he fled to New Bedford and off on a whaler for the Indian Ocean. When my grandmother heard of it, she hastily gathered several changes of underclothes for him and sped from her Long Island home to New Bedford, to find on her arrival that my father had put to sea under the name of 'George Wheeler' — a family cognomen, his own being George Sidney Tuthill. 'That's my son,' exclaimed she, as she pointed to the name on the company's register; 'and not a hair of his head is to be harmed; you must send a message for his return immediately!' She must have used forceful argument for a message did go on the next ship!

That vessel was the Lancer, and it bore a letter to my father's captain to return George Sidney Tuthill, *alias* George Wheeler, to his family as soon as possible. The Lancer overtook my father's ship in the Indian Ocean, one year and a half after my father had left New Bedford. The Captain called George Wheeler to him and looking steadily at him, said, 'Young man, I have a letter for one "George Sidney Tuthill," from his mother. Do you happen to know such a person?' My father admitted his identity and with his seaman's chest went over the side of the vessel, homeward bound. But he had had his adventures; he had been lost at sea for three days and nights in a whaleboat with a Portuguese and a black man, subsisting on hard-tack and grog; he had caught a dirk, intended for another, in his shoulder — he bore the scar all his life; he had stood waist-deep in the carcass of a whale, lashed to the side of the vessel; he developed a muscle like iron, his skin grew dark as mahogany, and his vocabulary became enriched by a choice collection of Portuguese oaths — luckily soon forgotten. He left New Bedford a stripling, overgrown and not over strong. He returned, after three years of a rigorous life, a bronzed, muscular man with a beard.

When I read Hawes's tale, it seemed as if my father lived again as the lad, Len Sanford; and I wished, oh so fervently, that I could have read that story to him.

MARY EDITH TUTHILL.

* * *

Figuratively speaking, the *Atlantic* is not the only measurable source of amusement.

SILVER CITY, N. M.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Edwin B. Hill, pays the *Atlantic* a well-deserved tribute when he tells us of the appreciation shown by the forest ranger in Arizona who 'fell upon it (the *Atlantic*) as one starved.' The writer has had the honor of being one of the Government's forest rangers in both Arizona and New Mexico, and for fifteen years has been a reader of the *Atlantic*.

Mr. Hill however, is woefully in error when he writes of 'the utter desolation of a ranger's life.' There are few days in the year in which the average forest ranger is not in close contact with his fellow man and naturally so, as he is the Government's representative in closest contact with the people who reside on, or within close proximity to, the national forests. With these people he must take up innumerable details relating to the grazing of stock, the survey and examination of lands, issuing permits or selling timber, protecting the wild game and stocking the fishing streams, giving information to tourists and, above all, eternally guarding the forests from fire.

They tell of the ranger on a national forest in New Mexico who was called in by a rancher to measure his wife for a corset, the order going to a well-known mail-order house. Even in the remote districts of the national forests, the rangers are far from living a life of utter desolation. On the national forest of which the writer is in charge, there are seven forest rangers employed, twelve months in the year, and the *Atlantic* goes to each of them in turn.

FREDERICK WINN.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1924

THE PORTRAIT OF AN EDITOR

BY DON C. SEITZ

JOSEPH PULITZER was tall, — six feet two and a half inches in height, — but of a presence so commanding as to make his stature seem even greater. His hair was black and his beard a reddish brown. A forehead that well bespoke the intellect behind it shaded a nose of the sort Napoleon admired; his chin was small but powerful and of the nutcracker variety, such as the portrait of Mr. Punch affects. To conceal this he always went bearded after he was thirty. His complexion was as delicate and beautiful as that of a tender child. His hands were those of genius, with long, slender fingers, full of warmth and magnetism. The eyes before they became clouded were of a grayish blue. Always weak, they never lent much expression to the face, yet his visage was animated and attractive. Temperamentally, his was the type of the poet and musician; yet, while adoring music, he professed to care little for verse and rarely read it. However, he appreciated the singers in his native tongue and, I have often thought, really repressed his poetic instinct for fear it might be considered a weakness.

The nose vexed him. If there had been any way of modifying its prominence, he would have greatly rejoiced. But it was the delight of cartoonists, chief of whom was his friend, Joseph Keppler. When idling together in the cafés of St. Louis, Keppler would rack his brains for an idea and, failing to find one, would remark: 'Well, Joey, there's only one thing left to do. I'll go back to the office and draw your nose' — which he invariably did to the great disgust of the subject.

His days after his withdrawal from active work were monotonously regular: morning hours spent with his secretaries over the papers and mail, a drive before luncheon, then an hour of reading and repose, after which he rode in a carriage or on horseback, saw visitors from five o'clock to six, went to bed for a brief rest, dressed for a seven-thirty dinner, left the table about nine, listened to a little music, and was read to sleep by one of his secretaries.

Just as old King Frederick William of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great, was always hunting Europe over for tall men to recruit his Potsdam Grenadiers, Mr. Pulitzer, who resembled his Majesty in many ways, was forever hunting readers and secretaries. Ballard Smith, while London correspondent, and after him Frederick A. Duneka, David Graham Phillips, and James M. Tuohy, all English represent-

atives in the order named, were on perpetual assignment. The secretaries in office were frequently set to finding other secretaries, and George Ledlie, his general and personal representative, had a permanent commission to find 'the right man.' Alfred Butes, a clever young Englishman, came closest to filling all the requirements. He had been in Africa with General Francis de Winton, was an accomplished stenographer, wrote an excellent hand and, above all, was most discreet. He penetrated more deeply in his employer's confidence than any of the other young gentlemen; indeed, he was destined to become a trustee of the vast estate and to receive a handsome legacy, although he forfeited these honors in 1907 to join Lord Northcliffe in a secretarial capacity.

The duties of the secretaries were very exacting, and the position was irksome except to men of sympathetic temperament and to lovers of good living. Most of the secretaries were English, although occasional Americans served with individual success. But the life palled on these lighter temperaments and they required frequent furloughs.

Mealtimes were play hours. At the table, liberty of speech was the rule and the guests and secretaries had full freedom to express themselves without regard to the feelings of the host. Sometimes the fire became pretty hot and Mr. Pulitzer would retreat to have his dessert and coffee alone. Violent disputes about music, literature, politics, history, and art were the rule, with not infrequent assaults upon his own opinion and the ways of the *World*, tempered by anecdotes and good stories. He loved table-talk of this sort. 'Tell me a good story' was his most frequent greeting to a guest. It was hard to set him to 'reminiscing'; but when he did venture back over the traveled road, the tale was worth hearing.

He was always interesting, seldom companionable, taking all he could from the minds of others, but rarely giving much back, his method being to dispute and to reap the benefits of an aroused defense. Thus he became a great hunter for facts. Often at luncheon or dinner, when a free-for-all conversation took place, some remark would arouse a dispute over accuracy of statement. If the question could not be settled by someone at the board, he would command a charge on all the reference books at hand and there was no rest until the doubt was cleared up. The waiters were often prohibited from serving more food until this happened. The facts found, he would listen intently to their reading and they remained in his mind forever. The best of dinners would be much improved for him if there had been added a satisfying fact-hunt. He would puff his cigar, pat the pile of reference books lovingly with his graceful hands, and smile in deep content.

Mr. Pulitzer read omnivorously. He was always buying books. One of his great griefs over the fire that destroyed his Fifty-fifth Street mansion was the total loss of his library. He was not a 'collector' in any sense, but loved his volumes for what they contained. Like most of us who were fed educationally on Homer in our youth, Mr. Pulitzer reserved the Odyssey as a treasure to be enjoyed in riper years. He had long looked forward to the celebrated episode of the wooden horse. Coming to the event, he found it described in seven rather dull lines. 'I was so d——d mad,' he remarked, 'that I could have kicked Homer!'

His speeches during the Greeley campaign were all made in German, his familiar tongue. When he came to

stump for Tilden, he employed English. This was not an easy task, for he thought in German and had to translate as he talked. To facilitate clearness of expression he laboriously wrote out his addresses in English and committed them to memory. When he spoke in later years, after coming to New York, he had acquired the habit of thinking in English, and when asked to make an address in German during the Nicoll campaign, found it very difficult. In his after years of retirement he took up German again and used it faultlessly, cultivating the language, through skilled readers, from the best books in German literature.

He loved art and music, a taste reflected in the great benefactions made in his will to the Philharmonic Society and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. When sight grew dim, as with most blind people, music became a solace. The piano appealed to him especially and he heard great players whenever possible. Now and then Paderewski would pay him a visit and there would be a carnival of piano playing. The strings were next. His winters on the Riviera were made happy by the splendid orchestra maintained at Monte Carlo by the Prince of Monaco. He frequented the opera, but the social noises usually drove him home early. The group of secretaries always included one excellent pianist whose duties were by no means light and whose slightest error in technique met with instant and fierce rebuke.

Like Napoleon his omnivorousness and great curiosity gave him a tremendous appetite. He was most insistent about his meals; ate often and heavily, frequently awakening in the night to satisfy his hunger with an extra meal. He was fond of luxury — always craved and secured the best. This was from no vainglory of extravagance, but was an inborn instinct, which he almost always managed to gratify even when poor. The best vintages came to his table, the finest moselles, champagnes, and burgundies; yet he drank little, rarely more than a single glass. He loved to be warm, to sleep well, to be comfortably housed, and to have at his command good books. In his later years he spent at least twelve hours of the day in bed. His afternoon nap was the trial of his valet and the terror of fellow travelers. Rooms had to be kept vacant above, below, and on either side of him at hotels; and the White Star Line, upon whose steamers he usually made his European voyages, kept his good will for many years by maintaining a huge drugget, made of manila rope, which was spread upon the deck so that the footsteps of the idlers on the promenade deck could not jar his slumbers in the stateroom below.

This desire for silence became almost a mania. The great house, Chatwold, at Bar Harbor, had added to it in 1895 a huge granite pile, called by some of the humorous inmates the 'Tower of Silence.' It was provided with specially constructed walls and partitions designed, unsuccessfully, to shut out all noise. The new city mansion, on East Seventy-third Street, New York, built in 1902, failed to provide soundproof quarters in spite of much planning by the architects, McKim, Mead & White. Indeed, his own rooms seemed to be haunted by noises, among them a strange knocking that nearly drove him frantic. After experts had failed, I discovered the trouble. In building the house, a living spring which could not be suppressed was found in the cellar. It was fed into a sump-pit; this in turn was emptied by an automatic pump, operated by electricity, which started when the water reached a certain level. By a rare fatality the pump had been

placed so that the drum of the heating system acted as a sounding board and spread the incidental vibrations through the house, centring most loudly in Mr. Pulitzer's bedroom. The pump was shifted under the sidewalk, but he abandoned the room and built a single story annex in the yard, with double walls packed with mineral wool. The windows were guarded by triple glass; ventilation was by the fireplace chimney. He was sure that the jar of early morning whistles found its way to his ears by this opening. Silk threads were stretched across it to break the sound. Three doors were hung in the short passage from the main house, the floor of which was on ball bearings to prevent vibration. The room was so still as to be uncanny.

Behind the 'Tower of Silence' at Chatwold was a little balcony overhanging a rock-lined canyon through which Bear brook went babbling to the sea. This was his favorite resting-place. Here he would sit in the cool of the morning, or in the grateful shade of the afternoon, listening to the surf breaking almost under his feet, and gaining a tranquillity denied him elsewhere in the clatter of life.

The entourage came at times to be skeptical about Mr. Pulitzer's sensitiveness to noises, but rarely dared to experiment. Once, when the Liberty was in dock at Marseilles, a local carriage was hired by Norman G. Thwaites, then secretary, for a morning's ride. Mr. Pulitzer joined him with Harold S. Pollard, his reader and companion. Hardly had the equipage reached the park when a wheel began squeaking outrageously. Mr. Thwaites nerved himself for an explosion. None came. Instead Mr. Pulitzer remarked sweetly: 'There must be a great many birds in this park, Thwaites.' Thwaites had not seen any but he agreed that it was quite possible as there were plenty of trees.

'*Tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet*,' went the wretched axle. 'Really, now,' said he, 'can't you hear them singing? It is very delightful.'

His olfactory nerves, like the nerves of his ears were abnormally sensitive. Perfumes he especially abhorred. On one occasion while at Cap Martin, a luckless British medico, who had come from London to be surgeon of the Liberty, for the first time in his life loaded his pocket handkerchief with patchouly. By mischance a whiff of this reached Mr. Pulitzer before the candidate was presented and roused him to fury. The doctor was taken below by a valet and deodorized before the patient could be examined; but the incident so unsettled the professional man that he declined the berth.

His love of chess was cherished as long as his fading sight made playing possible. He had a special set of chessmen made, of large size, to render them plainer to his fading vision. In time it became impossible to employ even these. During the early days of his exile, when at Beaulieu, Arthur Brisbane sought to allay the tedium by reviving Mr. Pulitzer's interest in the seductive game of draw poker with a pack of very large cards. All went well until Arthur's winnings at a sitting ran up to five hundred dollars. Mr. Pulitzer paid up but discontinued the diversion. Long afterward Joseph Junior chanced to remark that he had taken up the game for amusement — carefully adding that the 'limit' was always twenty-five cents, and that he found it entertaining. 'I don't know about that, Joseph,' remarked his father, doubtfully. 'I am afraid you will find it a rather dangerous accomplishment.'

He loved horses and rode with the grace and freedom of one born to the

saddle. Always in good weather, at home or abroad, an afternoon ride was the rule. As he became more blind, the pace was always a sharp trot or a canter but his seat was secure and his mastery of his steed perfect. Good horses were always plentiful before the automobile drove them out of use. At one time the Chatwold stables contained twenty-six animals. He was slow in taking to the motor car, but once converted took to it amazingly. Indeed, he liked speed. To be in motion was his incessant delight. For this reason he made long and seemingly purposeless journeys. Life soon became dreary if he settled down for a time. The thought of moving cheered him up and in motion he was serenely amiable.

He was singularly delicate about being fully clad and could not bear to have any part of his person exposed to the gaze of another. His sensitiveness in this particular developed in an amusing way at Cap Martin in the spring of 1910 when, after much negotiation, the great Rodin was commissioned to execute a bust. Rodin insisted that Mr. Pulitzer in posing should lay bare his shoulders in order that the poise of the head might be correctly revealed. To this Mr. Pulitzer objected strenuously. Rodin was obdurate but it was not until he threatened to throw up the commission and return to Paris that his subject surrendered, and then only on condition that none but his immediate attendants should be admitted to the studio. This was agreed to and the work went on, the model proving very petulant and unruly and refusing to talk to Rodin, who naturally wished to put his sitter at ease and to get at least a glimpse of his mind. The contract was for busts in bronze and in marble. The bronze is a mere head with no attempt to indicate the shoulders. The marble goes further — and here Rodin had his revenge; for he laid a bit of ruching across the chest, playfully suggestive of a chemise!

As Mr. Pulitzer was troubled with asthma, his yacht, the Liberty, was often set in motion for no other object than to create a breeze which would pour fresh air into his gasping nostrils. 'Find a breeze' was his most frequent sailing-order. He was a reckless navigator, defying harbor rules, and often taking great risks from storm and tide. Odd as it may seem, he knew nothing of the latter phenomena and had to be argued with when told it was a factor to be reckoned with when the Liberty had to wait outside a harbor.

Although long blind for all practical purposes, complete loss of sight had apparently come by 1910. One evening while the Liberty lay at anchor in Mentone, the marvelous moon of the Mediterranean came up in its fullest splendor. Mr. Pollard, the companion, thinking Mr. Pulitzer might get a glimpse of its glory, led him to the bow of the yacht and placed him where he could see to the best advantage. Mr. Pulitzer strained his eyes long in the given direction, but said sadly at last: 'No use, my boy, I can't make it out.'

Miss Dorothy Whitney, now Mrs. Willard D. Straight, was one of his last memories before his eyes grew dim. 'You know,' he once said, 'before I lost my eyes I used to walk around and talk politics with Whitney. He was so very interesting. This young lady, then a little girl, would climb upon my knees and pull my whiskers. So she stays in my memory as among the last of those whom I could see. I shall always be interested in her.'

As Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth, Mr. Pulitzer was forever seeking the fountain of health. Con-

sulting doctors became a passion with him. The most distinguished practitioners in Europe passed in review, taking fees and leaving no cures behind. The entourage came to believe that seeing doctors was more of a pastime than a hope, especially after the distinguished von Nordheim, who journeyed from Vienna to Wiesbaden, was turned away with the excuse that his prospective patient was 'too ill' to see him.

The search for the attendant doctor was always on, even with a satisfactory man in the entourage. He always wanted to be sure that another could be had if the incumbent should weary of his job.

This letter to the late James M. Tuohy, the *World's* London correspondent, written March 9, 1910, from the Villa Arethuse, Cap Martin, by Mr. Pulitzer's secretary, Norman G. Thwaites, shows the system: —

> My dear Mr. Tuohy: — Mr. Pulitzer asks me to write to you at once that it may catch you before you start on your holiday. He has been ill in bed for two weeks with severe bronchial cold, reviving his old whooping cough, and is now amazingly weak and sleepless. As soon as he is able to be moved, he is planning a month's trip on the yacht, probably into the East and the Red Sea.
>
> The point is this: utterly disregarding all qualifications heretofore specified as to agreeability, conversation, knowledge of history, editorial ability, and so on, can you set in immediate motion a search for a first-rate, practical physician who would be willing to go off immediately for a month on the yacht? Mr. Pulitzer underlines three times the point that *you can drop all former requirements as to personal qualifications*, concentrating on experienced, reliable, first-class professional ability. The man need not be a specialist so long as he is able to study and diagnose Mr. Pulitzer's peculiar history and condition of nervousness, insomnia, and recently recurring complications of whooping cough.
>
> You can also dismiss the idea of permanency. Mr. Pulitzer's present plan is to leave here about March 15, and to be gone till about the first of May, calling very probably at Constantinople, Athens, Egypt, and the Red Sea. The man will have nothing to do except to enjoy himself, and, apart from the study of Mr. Pulitzer's case, it ought to be an exceedingly pleasant trip for anyone.
>
> *Needless to say the man must be sea-sick-proof!!!*
>
> Mr. Pulitzer says emphatically he does not wish this matter to interfere with your holiday or to spoil it. It must not interfere with that.
>
> You will see that it is quite different from anything he has asked for before in that it distinctly eliminates the point of intellectual companionship, and asks merely for a first-rate doctor. Mr. Pulitzer says he may stutter or be a hunchback, but of course not preferably so. This ought to make the search much easier. Mr. Pulitzer has really been very ill and ought not to go off without a serious-minded, capable physician, in whom he and Mrs. Pulitzer can have some confidence. I am sure you can understand why the present author-physician fails to inspire that feeling.
>
> Hoping that someone may be found as soon as possible as it is entirely desirable that Mr. Pulitzer should get away at once, and with best wishes to yourself,
>
> Yours sincerely,
> Norman G. Thwaites.

When John S. Sargent was approached to paint Mr. Pulitzer's portrait, in 1909, a shy secretary intimated that Sargent's specialty lay in divining the innermost weaknesses and powers of his sitters and putting them on canvas. Mr. Pulitzer grimly warned the painter not to spare him. 'That is what I want,' he said. 'I want to be

remembered just as I really am, with all my strain and suffering there.' The picture shows the blind man seated, holding a riding crop in the one hand and resting the other lightly against his cheek — a favorite attitude. The pain and suffering of years shows on his face, blended with high intellect, energy of character, and fierceness of temper.

Mr. Pulitzer's habits of thought and his later invalidism kept him aloof from affairs. Where a Horace Greeley became personally one of the shapers of a cause, Mr. Pulitzer after the early days of his *World* ownership was in but slight touch with individuals in politics and affairs. He did not wish to be in intimate touch with or in the confidence of political leaders. I recall once mentioning the visit of an eminent Democrat to the *World* editorial rooms. His instant comment was: 'I don't like that. I don't want those fellows calling at the office.'

He did not care to have an inside share in moulding matters, wishing all his efforts to appear openly on the editorial pages of his newspapers. He lived most of his life apart from other men, having a feeling that this was the fate of the true journalist, that he must devote — and limit — his interest to his paper.

Discussing some passing matter, I once used the phrase 'your friends.' 'My friends,' interrupted Mr. Pulitzer ironically; 'I have no friends. You fellows in the office will not let me have any.'

This was in a great measure true. But the 'fellows in the office' did not have any either, and he knew it and delighted in the singleness of their devotion to the *World*. There was no list of 'sacred cows' in the place, nor any *index expurgatorius*. The facts had to warrant the story. That was the only rule.

Mr. Pulitzer cared little for the evening or Sunday editions of the *World*, beyond expecting them to prosper, which both did amazingly. His interest and affection centred in the six-day morning issue, which he regarded as his paper. The others were mere commercial enterprises, but the morning *World* contained his soul — and that of the establishment. He lavished money on it, leaving the evening edition to get along with a slender force, though one of much talent. In time it developed almost complete independence of him and his ideas and became what it is to-day.

The *World* was managed by its managers and edited by its editors. Mr. Pulitzer suggested freely, but ordered little. Final judgment was always with the office. He once advised me, when business manager, that I could do anything on behalf of the paper except hunt for the North Pole, or back the invention of a flying machine, both ideas seeming chimerical to him. Within less than a decade after this adjuration Peary reached the Pole and the Wrights had conquered the air. Mr. Pulitzer was still alive. Indeed, it was the *World's* award of $10,000 to Glenn Curtiss for flying from Albany to New York that enabled that aviator and inventor to establish the great business which now bears his name.

His initiative, strange as it may appear, was not extraordinary, and he frequently showed a hesitancy that verged upon timidity in adopting policies urged upon him by the juniors. His strength lay in stimulation. Here he had few superiors. He was a man of enormous impulses curbed by great reactions, who safeguarded himself from the effects of either by carefully warning his aids not to be swept off their feet by any order he might issue; all directions from headquarters were to be tempered by judgment or fuller

information which he might not possess. If a very radical ukase came, the office custom was to reply, fixing a delayed day and hour for the execution. Usually a restraining telegram came about five minutes before the appointed moment. Under his policy the virtues of the *World* were easily his own, while the mistakes and conflicts became readily the property of others.

Extravagant as he was in verbal expression, Mr. Pulitzer valued judgment that waited on facts. In one of the changes of a generation in the office, when the old heads vanished almost altogether, he caused each of the younger moulders of opinion to be given a beautiful set of gilded scales from Tiffany's — the hint was quite plain.

It was his habit always to require two men on the same job and then to let them fight it out, though often to his own discomfiture and despair. The office theory was that he liked competition and sought to gain advantage by the strivings of the one man to outdo the other. If this is correct, it never worked; either hopeless deadlocks followed or the men divided their domain and lived peacefully. There was probably something in the theory, but more in the habit of precaution which he developed early in life. He always wanted to have a second resource in hand if one chanced to fail him, and to avoid being held up by any journalist who might think himself super-valuable.

The new men on the paper were always under scrutiny and the old ones never free from the test. One day at the lunch table at Bar Harbor, in October 1899, the company was discussing the achievements of an able reporter, Charles W. Tyler, who had just done a very good piece of work. Mr. Pulitzer was complimenting Tyler highly. Professor Thomas Davidson, spoke up: 'I cannot understand why it is, Mr. Pulitzer, that you always speak so kindly of reporters and so severely of all editors.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I suppose it is because every reporter is a hope, and every editor is a disappointment.'

His blindness caused him to test men severely. He could learn the shape of an article by touch, but the qualities of a man could be ascertained only by intellectual pressure, and this he applied so searchingly as to seem merciless. Yet it can be truthfully recorded that no survivor ever failed at his task.

To one of the young men, who afterward rose to high rank on the *World*, Mr. Pulitzer remarked: 'I wish I could take your brain apart and look into it.'

'I don't,' the youngster said; 'I am afraid you would mix up the parts and never get them in place again.'

Usually each fall, after election, the *World's* circulation dropped. Mr. Pulitzer would credit the slump to the errors of the editors during the campaign, and a shake-up almost always followed. One year there was no election, with the same result. Much puzzled, he called on me for a solution of the mystery. I proved that it was due to the shortening of the daylight hours, showing that the paper always grew in the lengthening days. Appeased, he left the staff in peace on this one count at any rate.

'Forever unsatisfied' described his temperament. He was forever unsatisfied, not so much with the results as with the thought that if a further effort had been made, a sterner command or greater encouragement given, more would have been accomplished. Curiously enough, he was most pestiferous in his urgings and drivings when all was going at its best. In times of trouble he rested his lash. Men were

left unhampered in their responsibilities, seldom chided when they failed, if there was evidence that they had tried to succeed, and richly rewarded if they triumphed.

Another high quality he had: to use poker parlance — he never would 'call' anyone. From the same characteristic no one could 'call' him. Men who tried it were usually sorry. He had an amazing patience with human frailty and an unfailing belief in the merits of mankind.

All newspapers have periods of 'flattening out,' when the entire editorial force needs reinvigorating. During one of these spells on the *World*, Mr. Pulitzer was sojourning at Lakewood, New Jersey. Much disturbed, he wished to know the cause of the dullness. The business manager thought the boys were track-sore and suggested a 'shake-up' — meaning a shifting of jobs, familiar to all pressworkers in the metropolis, invented, it is believed, by the younger James Gordon Bennett, who sometimes made weird transpositions in his endeavors to stimulate the staff. Mr. Pulitzer liked this kind of experiment, but this time it did not appeal to him.

'I don't think that's the reason,' he said. 'I think it's because nobody on the staff gets drunk. Brad (Bradford Merrill, then editorial manager) never gets drunk; Burton (city editor) lives in Flatbush — he never gets drunk; Van Hamm (managing editor) sleeps out in New Jersey — he never gets drunk; Lyman (night managing editor) he 's always sober. You live in Brooklyn and never get drunk. When I was there some of them got drunk, and we made a great paper. Take the next train back to the city, find somebody who gets drunk, and hire him at once.'

Returning on this strange errand, when crossing Park Row, the business manager ran into a very brilliant writer whom he had long known as a friend of the flowing bowl. He looked down-at-the-heel and depressed.

'What are you doing?' he was asked.

'Nothing,' was the glum response.

'I thought you were on the *American?* What's the trouble?'

'Same old thing,' was the dolorous response. 'I can't let the hard stuff alone.'

So he was still eligible. 'Good!' cried the business manager. 'I have a life job for you.'

With that he dragged him into the office and nailed him to the pay roll. Supplementing this the Flatbush city editor was given two weeks' board at the Waldorf-Astoria — to get some acquaintance with New York. Curiously enough, the paper responded to the prescription and became lively again.

While severely critical of the *World* and its makers, Mr. Pulitzer could not brook the least disapproval of either from others. One day at Bar Harbor, after a period of very acrimonious faultfinding, he wound up with this blanket condemnation of the shop: 'It has no head, no sense, no brains.'

This passed in silence, but later in the day he broached a suggestion to which I replied that the idea had been tried by the *Herald* without success.

'Why do you mention the *Herald?*' he interrupted sharply. 'They have no head, no sense, no brains!'

'Neither have we,' I replied.

He reached his long arm forward and, grasping my throat, choked it vigorously and remarked reprovingly:

'Stop that! You are altogether too critical and unjust to the office!'

To compress cables and telegrams a considerable code was developed through the years, which included the names of men in the office, rivals in the profession, and others who had to do with business or politics. For him-

self he selected the cipher word 'Andes,' modestly taking the name of the second highest altitude on the earth's surface. He commonly went by the code name in office conversation. Mr. William H. Merrill, his chief editorial writer, was 'Cantabo'; his treasurer, J. Angus Shaw, was 'Solid' — a neat compliment; S. S. Carvalho was designated by a single syllable, 'Los'; John Norris became 'Anfracto'; C. M. Van Hamm, 'Gyrate,' illustrating perhaps the vicissitudes of a managing editor; Florence D. White was 'Volema' on the wire. I was honored with three stage-names — 'Gulch,' 'Mastodon,' and 'Quixotic'; Dumont Clarke, his vice-president, was 'Coin,' a commodity with which he had much to do; Colonel George B. M. Harvey was 'Sawpit'; James Gordon Bennett came over the cable as 'Gaiter,' and William R. Hearst as 'Gush.' For William J. Bryan, two code designations were used: 'Guilder' and 'Maxilla,' the latter possibly a delicate reference to jaw. Pomeroy Burton became 'Gumbo,' perhaps as he himself said because he was 'so often in the soup.' The code amused Mr. Pulitzer and he was forever tinkering it.

His telegrams and cables usually came unsigned save for a final word — 'Sedentary' — which meant that a prompt reply was required. This usually went back in a single word — 'Semaphore' — meaning 'message received and understood.' When in good humor and pleased he would sign personal messages 'J.P.,' but when his wrath was high they came signed 'Joseph Pulitzer.' That meant trouble. In my eighteen years of association I received three bearing the ominous full signature!

Like most successful men, he had his superstitions, and one of these was a reverence for the figure ten. He was born on the tenth of April, reached St. Louis on the tenth of October, consolidated the *Post* with the *Dispatch* on the tenth of December, 1878, and bought the *World* on the tenth of May, 1883. He made the superstition something of a fad and used the numerals always when he could. In buying his first New York house, he selected No. 10 East Fifty-fifth Street — the two fives adding another ten. Lastly he cut the price of his morning newspaper from two cents to one, on February 10, 1896, and began the interesting duel with the millions of the Hearst estate. The result of the latter experiment was not to his liking and he lost interest in the superstition in his later years. But the dates remain milestones to be remembered in considering his extraordinary career.

Perhaps his birth on the eve of the great revolutionary period of 1848, had something to do with the fact that all his life he was a passionate devotee of Liberty — liberty of action, of opinion, of government. He opposed all sumptuary legislation, all tax-law inequities, all political bossism, whether of the party or its leaders, and above all war!

When some new delight came his way, he liked to pass it on to those he wished to reward or encourage. Coming from the mild and humid central Mississippi Valley, he found the New York winter chill and took to a fur-lined overcoat for protection. This was before the days of heated street cars or comfortable subways, and the heavy garment gave him great content. Soon the men of mark on the *World* were garbed in fur with the compliments of the owner. When his eyes grew troublesome, he secured needed shade from the flexible brim of a Panama hat. Presto, all the favorites were likewise bedecked. He had great

regard for the tall silk hat and always wore one on occasions that seemed important. When the *World* passed its 100,000 mark every employee received a silk hat with Mr. Pulitzer's best wishes. He usually closed all arguments with a bet when the talk grew too strenuous, and the wager took the form of a hat — frequently *five* hats. I had a controversy once that lasted five months over the 'return' rules of the New York *American*. He refused to believe my statements, but finally incontestable proof of their accuracy found him at Corfu. He cabled me to buy the hats, but stipulated that one of them must be a 'crush' for the opera, knowing that I detested both. This and other winnings kept me in headgear for about twenty years at Mr. Pulitzer's expense.

The considerable fortune left by Mr. Pulitzer was enhanced by the profitable outcome of wise investments in American securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. They were not made primarily with this intent, but to protect the *World*. When the paper began piling up money, with his customary caution he looked ahead for lean years. He wished to be securely beyond the need of borrowing from banks. So he picked out what appeared to be the soundest easily marketed securities on the list. The paper never needed his aid and the investments grew with the years and the increasing prosperity of the country. When his property was listed, but one worthless item was found, a twenty-share certificate in some long-forgotten effort to build a railroad in Missouri. Every other item had held or increased its value. Some had repaid him more than three-hundred fold!

He bought stocks in large lots — 2000, 3000, and 5000 shares, always in even numbers so that the holdings might easily be carried in his memory. Some of these vast blocks were made up of Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Lake Shore, Central Railroad of New Jersey, and like gilt-edges. They were bought at the instance of the late Dumont Clarke, president of the American Exchange National Bank, and long vice-president of the Press Publishing Company, though having no relation to the production of the *World*. To Mr. Clarke's sound judgment Mr. Pulitzer added his own with highly satisfactory results. Mr. Pulitzer had himself a fear of the influence of his growing wealth upon his views and their consequent reflection in the paper. In 1907 he sent for Frank I. Cobb, his chief editorial writer. It was during the tremors that preceded the 'Roosevelt' panic. The editor was addressed in this wise: 'Boy, I am, as you probably know, a large owner of stocks. Some of them are bound to be affected by public actions. I am not sure of myself when I see my interests in danger. I might give way some day to such a feeling and send you an order that would mean a change in the paper's policy. I want you to make me a promise. If I ever do such a thing swear you will ignore my wishes.'

The promise was made, but no such order ever came. It would have passed unheeded had it come, so thorough was the singleness of purpose which characterized the paper. Once in a while the traffic manager of the Western Union would claim a large share of words because the owner of the *World* was one of its chief stockholders. Such visits usually increased the trade of its Postal rival. Mr. Pulitzer never mentioned his holding in the concern to anyone in the shop.

He never embarked in any enterprise for making money, confining himself entirely to the investment of earnings

from his newspapers in sound securities. Yet of his talents in a financial way, Lord Rothschild once said, 'If Pulitzer would devote himself entirely to finance, he could be the richest man on the globe.'

His personal expenditures were enormous, probably exceeding, outside of royalty, those of any man of his time. The Liberty was always in commission and her operating cost, with repairs, ran close to $200,000 a year. In addition to this he maintained costly residences at Bar Harbor, Jekyl Island, Georgia, and in New York, to which was added the finest villa to be had at Cap Martin. Probably the bill totaled $350,000 a year, but it barely dented the great income from newspapers and investments. There was always a large annual surplus.

Although one of the masters of the art of attracting attention, he was singularly shy himself. He did not like to be pointed out publicly, or to be made personally a centre of interest. Once at Bar Harbor I had told Mrs. Pulitzer a merry tale about him, the joke of which was on the other fellow. She repeated it to her husband. 'What's this story you have been telling Mrs. Pulitzer?' he queried at luncheon. I replied that it was a good one. He was silent for a moment, then said gently: 'Don't tell stories about me. Keep them until I am dead.'

ARE COMPARISONS ODIOUS?

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

EVERY once in so often, someone sets a silly phrase in motion and it rolls and rolls, farther and farther, until one is powerless to catch up with it; such a phrase is: Comparisons are odious. It seems to mean that comparisons, in general, are unfair and should be avoided. Now I take it that in travel, if one is not going to make comparisons, one might as well stay at home. Comparison is the essence of travel. Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey* sets out with, 'They order this matter better in France.' In my experience what they order in France better than elsewhere is a dinner: I know of some things they order badly.

For example, let us compare the Bibliothèque Nationale with the British Museum. The English library is always open; its treasures are always on view, displayed to the best advantage in rooms well lighted, well heated, ventilated, and served by an intelligent and accommodating staff: in a word, everything is done for the comfort and convenience of the visitor. Enter now the great French library, one of the oldest and probably the richest in the world. Did I say 'enter'? Say rather, attempt to enter; for on only two days a week is one permitted to break in upon the slumber of the attendants, who, resenting the intrusion, shrug their shoulders at your questions as to the whereabouts of the exhibits you

especially want to see, and go to sleep again. Alone and unaided, you wander through cold, dark chambers, where in cases so placed that at best only half of their contents can be seen, are displayed books so rare and bindings so magnificent that the booklover, under happier surroundings, would wish to spend the rest of this life in their contemplation. As it is, he gives them a glance and is glad to get out into the hospitality of the streets.

Turn now to the Conciergerie, that famous prison, fairly reeking with history and especially reminiscent of Marie Antoinette and other figures of the French Revolution. It is not too easy to find, but at last you reach the portal only to learn that it is necessary to get an order of admission from M. le Préfet de Police. You write for it, taking care to assure that gentleman that you entertain for him feelings of consideration which simple words are powerless to express. In due course the permit arrives in the stamped and self-addressed envelope you have enclosed with your application. You receive with joy the small scrap of paper which is to open to you the portals of that gloomy prison, and once again present yourself at the door, ring the bell, and again the attendant declines to let you enter, pointing gleefully to a line of fine print on your permit which you had not before observed, which translates: 'The visit can be made only on Friday.' As the day is Sunday, that settles that.

Sunday in Paris being like all other days, only more so, you decide you will visit the Tomb of Napoleon, which was closed when you were last there. You look in your guidebook to be sure that it is a day upon which it is permitted to gaze upon the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the man who tore up and remade and tore up again the map of Europe. The day is the right one, and the hour twelve. You are lunching with a friend at Prunier's at a quarter to one; there is just time. Entering a taxi, you are in a few minutes descended before the great gates which are closed. Upon one of them hangs a sign which informs visitors that they may enter at twelve o'clock. But hold! following the 12 someone has written 45, in small characters, in ink: twelve forty-five is the hour of admission. Just the hour when you should be discussing the particular variety of oyster you will be ordering at Prunier's. 'They order these matters better in France, I don't think,' you murmur to yourself as you turn away, at the same time applauding the ingenuity with which the French make sight-seeing in Paris an obstacle race. And when it comes to getting a passport visaed, it is certainly better to be robbed several times at your hotel than to subject yourself to the indignities you are likely to experience in the upper halls and chambers of the Bureau of Police.

How ever did the fiction arise that the French are a polite people? Their language is, without doubt, and a Frenchman may be very polite to a lady with whom he is not too intimately acquainted; but polite as a nation! certainly not — except by comparison with the German. It is my honest belief, in spite of the fact that black eyes are frequently worn by ladies of the lower orders in London on Monday mornings, that the English are the politest and kindliest people in the world. Of the manners of the American, I refrain from speaking — some subjects are too painful.

As I loitered across the Place de la Concorde on my way to the restaurant, I thought of Napoleon's desire that his 'cinders' should be interred on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people that he loved so well. Should I be unlucky enough to die in

Paris, I wish my cinders placed elsewhere at the earliest possible moment. With their love of red tape, the French would be reluctant to permit them to be interred anywhere until my mother-in-law's marriage certificate and lots of other little certificates of this character were produced; this being difficult or impossible, a horde of governmental officials would have to be seen and placated: the thought is paralyzing. Love of bookkeeping is a national trait. I have no doubt that the age and sex of every oyster I have consumed at Prunier's is on file with the Chief of Police.

Is it because I love London so that I am always ill at ease in Paris? Is it the language? which, although I speak it fluently, no one understands. Is it the life of Paris with which I am out of sympathy? It is the most beautiful city in the world: the French have forgotten more about town-planning than we shall ever know. Its buildings are magnificent, and so perfectly placed that one superb vista opens after another. But it is too perfect, too artificial; nothing fine ever happens by chance. And its atmosphere of gray-pink and violet, which so delights the artist, is indeed lovely, but I prefer the dull and frequently sunless streets of London, and occasionally even, give me London in a fog.

II

Forty years ago I had but one ambition: to make enough money to retire from business and spend my declining years in England; preferably up the Thames in any one of the many beautiful houses which border either side of that historic river. To-day, nothing would induce me to accept as a gift any cottage or mansion either on the Thames or elsewhere, if I had to live in it: not that I do not love England just as much as ever, — as I know it better I love it more, — but I do not belong there; and so far as an Englishman would consent to express his opinion, I am not wanted there; few Americans are.

A moment's reflection will show why this is. For almost three centuries the English have been the richest and most powerful people on earth. Their laws permitted, indeed they encouraged, the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a few great families who came to believe that wealth and power was their natural prerogative. By one means or another they acquired great estates in the country on which they built magnificent castles, and on the whole they used their wealth and power wisely. Then came the industrial era, and the wealth of the world began to pour into England. More palaces were built, and the continent was ransacked for works of art for their decoration. Pictures, statuary, and books were acquired; Italy became the happy hunting-ground of every Englishman of means. Then a German-English King forced Washington to become the Father of his Country, and after that country had successfully fought a Civil War it dawned upon the Englishman that the United States had come to stay. He did not like the idea, but even then it hardly seemed possible that we could become a serious rival.

When was the turning point in England's greatness? No one knows exactly. It may have been when our iron production overtopped hers, for, as Gibbon has said, the control of iron soon gives a nation the control of gold; or it may have been shortly after that dramatic moment when Disraeli hailed his Queen as Empress of India. Be that as it may, the United States became enormously rich, not only potentially but actually, and our wealth

was not concentrated in a few hands, as in England, but was better distributed. Then Americans began to play in England the rôle that Englishmen had played a century or two before in Italy. They searched the country for art treasures, and many of them, falling in love with the well-ordered life of the people, began to take up their residence there, at least for a part of every year. In time they came to occupy some of the finest mansions in town and some of the most historic castles in the country. Then they became disliked. Some of these Americans were loud, vulgar, and ignorant, as well as rich: more and more they came, and more and more they flaunted their wealth, which was their chief distinction, in the face of the English. The feeling of *noblesse oblige* is very real in England: the English understand and, I believe, respect the foreigner who settles there and goes to work, John Julius Angerstein, for example, the founder of a great British institution. 'Lloyds,' whose pictures formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, which is celebrating its centennial this year, was a Russian, who became, as foreigners are apt to do, more English than the English themselves. What they do not want is to have Americans come over and sit down on them, taking up their town and country houses, and trying to get into their clubs, which are more difficult to enter than the Kingdom of Heaven.

When we ceased to be 'the Colonies' we ceased to be interesting to the English. A century ago we had to work hard to subdue a continent; now that the continent is subdued, we keep on working from force of habit. This has given us the reputation of caring for nothing but money, whereas, actually, the Englishman cares far more for money than we do, because he knows the value of the leisure that money will buy and how to enjoy it. It is not an extreme statement to say that we do not. Americans are the best husbands in the world, but the most uninteresting men; hence it is that so many rich American girls go to England and, meeting men of a type that we do not breed over here, cast themselves and their fortunes at their feet — and usually live to regret it.

I am wandering. Slowly but surely America was forging ahead when the war came, and the drift of things was greatly accelerated. We became enormously rich and the English ghastly poor. They envy us our wealth and our aloofness from the troubles of Europe, and envy is not a good foundation on which to build friendship. Of our social and political problems they know little and care less: they have their own. What we call 'prohibition' amuses them as much as it distresses us, and they are mildly curious about the size and rapidity with which Henry Ford has amassed his fortune; here their interest stops. Everyone has read or is reading the *Letters of Walter H. Page* — as well they may, for they are a tribute to the greatness of England; of the *Education of Henry Adams* they have never heard; but they wish us to read their books and pay them handsome royalties, as we are now doing, but for many years did not; and above all things they regard us as a people that should be lectured to.

Some time ago I saw a picture in *Punch* which illustrates this prettily: a callow youth rushes into his mother's drawing-room and cries exultingly: 'Oh, Mother, my novel has been accepted at last.' 'Splendid!' exclaims the mother. 'Now you will be able to go to New York and lecture.'

As sportsmen, they — well, 'despise' us would hardly be too strong a word. They say we play to win, not for the sake of the sport. How far they are

correct in this I do not know; I am no sportsman, but I suspect that in a measure they are right. A year ago I was going up in a lift to my little flat in Albemarle Street with two Englishmen: one worked the tiny lift, the other was a lodger like myself. Said the lodger to the liftman, 'Well, the Americans have won again.' I forget what the sport was, but the reply, which was made for my benefit, was, 'Yes sir, by that low cunning which is so characteristic.' I said nothing, but on my next visit to London I did not return to Albemarle Street.

It requires only a moment's reflection to discover why this is. Temperamentally we are very unlike the English; we are extravagant in our talk and are always blowing our own trumpet. Have you read *Babbitt?* Well, there is much of Babbitt in many of us and some of Babbitt in all of us. *In the Englishman's modesty there is more arrogance than in our bluster.* We are always trying to improve ourselves — especially our women; hence their passion for attending lectures. The Englishman doubts whether he could be improved.

This lecture craze is one which will wear itself out in time, but I shall not live to see it. It is asking too much of the average English lecturer to forgo the easy money that awaits him in America. I once wrote to my friend, E. V. Lucas, and asked him why he did not come and lecture. I told him that we were so mad about lecturing Englishmen that if he would come and lecture to us on 'A Wanderer in London in the Time of Dr. Johnson,' 'A Wanderer in London in the Time of Charles Dickens,' and 'A Wanderer in London To-day,' he would bag a small fortune. I even offered to write his lectures for him, but he replied that he would become panic-stricken before an audience. And when finally he came, this most urbane and charming essayist traveled America from one ocean to another, practically incognito, without opening his mouth except to put food into it — with an occasional drink. Has anyone who heard Margot when she was with us forgotten the experience? She was too dreadful! In an effort to pack the house, boxes were offered to those likely to occupy them in evening dress, and one of our newspapers described her 'lecture' by saying that 'she pelted us with soiled feathers.' We have sent 'bounders' to London, but hardly one so raw as this wife of a former Prime Minister.

But the passion to lecture is a European rather than an exclusively English weakness. Maeterlinck came to us speaking no English, yet after a few weeks' intensive study, he essayed to address us in such a language as was never heard before by mortal man. Not a soul understood whereof he was speaking, and he finally fled the platform and the country. And while I was in London I cut the following from a newspaper: 'A protest has been lodged with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of the Columbian (*sic*) University, against the proposed course of lectures at the University by Giovanni Papini, author of *The Life of Christ.* The protest is based on Papini's definition, in his writings, of America as "the home of millionaires and the birthplace of the nauseating Longfellow, the intolerable Washington, and the degenerate Whitman."' And even as I write, Dr. Bridges, the Poet Laureate, a gentleman in his eightieth year, arrives a few months tardily, and draws down a substantial sum for merely looking benignly at the students of a western university. Absurdity can go no further. But my quarrel is not with the lecturers: it is with those who hire them.

Our national likeness to the English

is superficial. We talk about our common inheritance, our speaking the same language, our joint ownership of Shakespeare, and all that; but *au fond* we are totally different, and the difference is this: America accepts as fundamental the doctrine of 'the greatest good for the greatest number.' This is the best that can be said for 'democracy,' and if Dr. Johnson was right when he said, 'The state of the people is the state of the nation,' it is much. With us mediocrity is the rule; on the other hand, England does not interest herself in mediocrity in the least. She is not interested in the 'greatest number'; she takes the best possible care of the individual. Such has been her habit for centuries.

Does anyone suppose that when Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler goes to England and tells the Master of New College, Oxford (founded in 1379, mark you), of the difficulties he has confronted or overcome, incidentally remarking that Columbia has enrolled over thirty thousand students this year — does anyone suppose that the 'Master of New' is in the least degree interested? He is thinking of the great men who call Oxford 'Mother,' and if this thought does not enthrall him, he wonders in what manner Dr. Butler's students will use their education when they get it — if they get it.

There is another great difference: England is, or until recently was, a man's country. 'An Englishman's house is his castle,' and 'A man is master in his own house.' England is the most comfortable country in the world for men; they have spent centuries in making it so. I recently bought a copy of John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women*, first edition 1869. I want to read it again. The subject does not exist in America; with us, it is the men who are 'subjected,' and I don't see what we are going to do about it. Those of us who love England do so because it is well ordered and comfortable to a degree that we at home know nothing of. Things fall naturally into their proper place; all is — perhaps it would be more exact to say all was — ordered for the best in the best of all possible worlds. By best, one means, of course, for the upper classes. One day in church during an appallingly stupid sermon, such a sermon as one can hear only in England, when all around me were asleep, I looked for and found in the Hymnal two silly verses which express the idea not only of the rich toward the poor, but also the idea of the English toward the rest of the world: —

> The rich man in his castle
> The poor man at the gate,
> God made them high or lowly,
> And ordered their estate.
>
> God has given each his station;
> Some have riches and high place;
> Some have lowly homes and labour;
> All may have His precious grace.

The idea, of course, comes from the Church of England catechism.

III

I don't think I ever admired England more than when she was undergoing what was called the 'throes of a general election.' In October last, Mr. Baldwin, as Prime Minister, had a majority in Parliament of about one hundred and fifty. Suddenly he decided upon a general election and the issue which he presented to the country for its consideration was Protection. Instantly every politician in the country, with the exception of Lord Curzon, who was at the Foreign Office, which has many problems these days, was dashing madly about the country making speeches. The issue was one which an American could understand. Business

in Britain was and still is very bad. There are, it is said, almost a million and a half of people out of work, and many of those who are working are insufficiently paid — are earning just barely enough to keep body and soul together. Taxes are very high. 'The Dukes,' as Mr. Lloyd George called the tremendously rich landowning class, have been practically extinguished. Two or three deaths in a certain succession almost wipe out an estate. I am not sure that this is not good business. Why should one man have half a dozen palaces, each surrounded by a magnificent park, in a tiny, overpopulated country like England, in which there is not enough of anything to go 'round? But the Dukes' cake is dough, and I must say they take what is coming to them uncomplainingly.

Not so, however, the manufacturers of the country: they see themselves deprived of foreign markets that they have for a long time been enjoying, and they see their own domestic markets being taken away from them by Germany, France, Belgium, and the United States. Something has to be done quickly, they say.

Such were conditions when Mr. Lloyd George left home to make his whirlwind tour through Canada and the United States, during which, according to a cartoon in a French paper, he was seen standing reverently before the tomb of P. T. Barnum — the picture bearing the legend: 'Barnum, I am here!' While he was on the high seas the Prime Minister came out for Protection. Mr. Baldwin is an ironmaster on a large scale, swept into politics by the war. His rise has been a rapid one; an honest and educated gentleman, he is not adroit enough to be a successful politician. Had he been content to extend little by little the power that he had — by which motor cars and talking machines and certain other things are made to pay a heavy duty — all might have been well; instead of which he asked for a mandate from the people to put into effect such tariffs as would in the judgment of a board of experts afford protection to certain trades and better employ labor. For the great question in England today is the question of unemployment. But to expect an Englishman, and above all things an English yokel, suddenly, in less than a month, to reverse the policy of a century, was expecting too much.

Personally, I have no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George who was on the sea when Mr. Baldwin threw his bombshell, having seen the magnificent prosperity of America under a protective tariff, was going home with a full determination to do another sudden 'about face' for which he is so famous, and himself come out for Protection. If so, when he found Mr. Baldwin had beaten him to it, he said not a word — or rather, it would be true to say that he said a great many. Of course he had been advised of the trend of affairs by wireless, but nevertheless upon the arrival of the steamer he expressed amazement at the news and was in fighting trim in an instant. 'And so,' he said, 'they are going to feed starving Labor with the mouldy straw of the last century, are they? Well, nothing that Mr. Baldwin does surprises me. He does n't know his own mind from one hour to another' — thus firmly establishing himself on horses going in opposite directions.

It was a whirlwind campaign: in less than a month it was over and Labor was in power. I followed the speeches as they were reported in the *Times;* important addresses on both sides were reported, almost all at full length, and Free Trade was all but demolished every day in a long and carefully reasoned editorial. Certainly, if an

outsider could judge, and the players do not always see the game to the best advantage, Mr. Baldwin had the better argument. He spoke with great simplicity and directness, but I believe, had he consulted his own personal wishes, he would have prayed to be let out of the difficulty of governing England during these troublesome times. Mr. Lloyd George on the other hand gave his hearers an hour's free entertainment; he joshed his audience and jazzed the subject until all, except the judicious, were convulsed with laughter.

Since Labor came in not a word has been heard of the most important plank in its platform, the 'capital levy'; that is to say, Labor sought or was said to seek the confiscation by Government of an immense amount of the wealth of the nation. Asked how many times they intended to put this plan in operation, they said 'once only' — which was clever; for having once done so what wealth was left would have flown away. Listen to Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric on this subject: 'At the mere possibility of a Labor Government, the western skies become black with the flight of capital seeking safety beyond the Atlantic. The fright is real: there has been nothing like it since horror filled the streets of Rome at the approval of Attila.' What actually happened was that the '5% War Loan,' the premier security of England, went off about three points at the possibility of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's election, and promptly recovered them upon his coming into office.

During the war, Mr. MacDonald was a 'passivist,' a 'conscientious objector,' and an 'internationalist.' He made what trouble for the Government he could: a passport was denied him when he sought to visit his friends in Russia. Now, by a turn of the political wheel, he is Prime Minister of England; yet at a 'Victory Meeting,' held at the Albert Hall after his election, the proceeding commenced with the singing of the Marseillaise and concluded with 'The Red Rag.' This was not a good beginning, but there is nothing so sobering as responsibility, and the burden which rests upon Mr. MacDonald is almost crushing.

I believe that one thing that contributed to Mr. Baldwin's defeat was the unwise and improvident agreement he reached with Mr. Mellon, our Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the English war debts. Mr. Baldwin came to this country with the Governor of the Bank of England, and was hailed as an astute financier. There was, naturally, a contest between the group representing England and the group representing the United States. By a miracle it so happened that we were represented by a distinguished financier and not a politician: the result was that Mr. Mellon, holding all the cards, was able to freeze into concrete form our claims against England for the sums that we advanced her during the war, and also the money that through her we loaned to France and Italy. These obligations were given a due date and at a fixed rate of interest: look at the result: due to the fall in exchange, after paying us some hundreds of millions, England now finds herself owing us a greater sum than she owed before she paid us a penny. It is heartbreaking for her to contemplate, but heroically she makes no complaint. She is the only country that will make any real effort to pay us, and she may break her back in an effort to do so — which would be almost as unfortunate for us as for her. The debts of France and Italy occasion these countries just as much concern as you would feel, dear reader, if Mr. Rockefeller had an outlawed claim against you for a hun-

dred million dollars. Politicians cannot say these things, but there is no good reason why a book-collector should not. Mr. MacDonald, Socialist, Laborite, call him what you will, is to-day the most conservative man in England; and here I shall venture to make a prophecy. Due to world conditions with which we are all familiar, England will, within ten years, have a protective tariff: she may, she probably will, call it something else; no doubt she will be told it is something else, and the man likely to do the telling is that verbal acrobat — Mr. Lloyd George.

Lloyd George! What a man he is! An actor rather than a statesman. If he had chanced to adopt the stage as a profession — but hold! he has: all the world 's a stage, and he has been performing on a large one.

IV

In no city in the world does poverty so impinge upon wealth as in London. The rewards for eminence in any business or profession in England are immense, but mediocrity has a hard time of it, and failure is punished severely. One is constantly impressed with the magnificence of the fashionable districts and the misery of the slums, and they exist almost side by side. 'The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate' — with a vengeance.

One cold, raw Saturday night in December, I put on a cap and a heavy coat and tramped from my little flat near Piccadilly to the Elephant and Castle, 'in the south suburbs,' where, says Shakespeare, 'is best to lodge.' Three or four centuries ago elephants were always represented with pagodas or castles on their backs, and such a tavern sign must once have hung before a tiny tavern at a place where a number of roads met leading to important towns in Kent and Surrey. But no longer is the Elephant in the suburbs: it is now a great public house in one of the most densely populated districts in south London, a centre as crowded as Piccadilly Circus, but very different in character.

Walking through the magnificence of Whitehall, stopping to look at the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament as they rose out of the mist, over Westminster Bridge, skirting, almost, Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, I passed from splendor to scenes of poverty and misery almost beyond belief.

The streets of London are probably safer than the streets of any other large city in the world: the police are not 'in politics,' as with us, and although many were drinking and a few were drunk, there was no disorder. My thoughts led me to Albert Chevalier, that great music-hall artist who died not long ago, and of his cycle of songs: 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins,' 'The Cradle Song,' 'The Little Nipper,' — a masterpiece, — 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road,' — which everyone sings, — and the really pathetic song of 'My Old Dutch,' sung by Chevalier as an infirm old man to his wife of forty years. For Chevalier's sake, from The Elephant I hoofed it through the New Kent to the Old Kent Road, 'knockin' 'em' as I went (and not badly either, for I learned my songs in a good school).

Listen to this bit from 'The Little Nipper': —

(*Spoken*) 'Only last night me an' the missus took 'im out for a walk — I should say 'e took us out. As we was a comin' 'ome I says to the old gal, "Let's pop into the Helephant and 'ave a drop o' beer." She did n't raise no objection, so in we goes followed by 'is nibs — I'd forgotten all about 'im.

'I goes to the bar and calls for two pots of four 'alf. Suddenly I feels 'im a-tuggin' at my coat.

'"Wot 's up?" sez I.
'"Wot did yer call for?" sez 'e.
'"Two pots of four 'alf," sez I.
'"Oh," sez 'e, "ain't mother goin' to 'ave none?"'

(*Sung*) 'Well 'e 's a little champion
Do me proud well 'e 's a knock out,
"Drink up," sez 'e. "Three pots, miss, it's my call."
I sez, "Now Jacky, Jacky,"
'E sez, "and a screw of baccy,"
And 'e only stands about so 'igh, that's all!'

The hero of this song is supposed to have reached the ripe age of seven.

Returning home I took the Tower Bridge Road, past that historic pile with its thousand years of history; through Billingsgate Market to St. Paul's, the Strand, Piccadilly again, 'and so to bed,' almost in a bee line. My meditation was upon prohibition. We at least have made an effort to deal with the question of drink, which some people consider the curse of England, where the liquor interest seems more strongly intrenched than the Crown.

Democracy just naturally makes for hypocrisy; no man holding office can speak his honest opinion; our politicians are a wretched crew! They wrote into the Constitution what should have been a police or, at best, a state regulation. Am I to be deprived of the pleasure of a proper dinner with a bottle of burgundy of just the right temperature, or 'a large cold bottle and a small hot bird' after the theatre, because some farmer in South or West conceives that a beefsteak smothered in onions, with hashed brown potatoes, washed down with iced water, is a feast for Lucullus? I am — without a doubt. What profiteth it me if my gardener can no longer get a drink of decent whiskey for fifteen cents, if my daughter can go to a party with a young man in a Ford coupe (not coupé, mind you), chaperoned by a bottle of raw spirits?

On the other hand: I spent a week in Liverpool, on a Gilbert and Sullivan pilgrimage, staying at the best hotel in England, the Adelphia, built for the American trade just before the war came and diverted all the traffic to Southampton, where they rob you and give you nothing. The poverty, the squalor, the misery, the wretchedness, the vice of Liverpool — largely due to drink — is something beyond words.

'But it is a seaport,' they tell you; 'seaports are always like that.' Two weeks later I spent a few days in Marseilles — also a seaport: everyone sober, busy, happy, seemingly contented.

We are just where we set out, dear Reader. 'They order this matter better in France.'

SO THIS IS TAMMANY HALL!

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

I

JUDGE GAYNOR, speaking in Tammany Hall immediately after his election as mayor of New York City in 1909, delighted his audience with his opening sentence, 'So this is Tammany Hall!' Thus he recorded a fresh impression with ironic humor. It was his first view of the interior of the famous Wigwam on Fourteenth Street. All his adult life Tammany had been a power in his environment and it had just pushed him to the peak of his career. Nevertheless, as a busy New Yorker and a resident of home-keeping Brooklyn, he knew not the sacred precincts and inner workings of the organization that, more than any other force, had been dominating the metropolis throughout his lifetime.

Tammany is a power known by name to all Americans; but to most of them it is merely a name of sinister connotation. For that matter few of those who support Tammany consistently know its background; just as few of its thousands of district workers know what is going on in Tammany's inner circle. Moreover, the inner circle often is not taken entirely into the confidence of the 'big boss,' so completely does Tammany accept authority. Consequently it is no wonder that Tammany must be thoroughly explained in order to be comprehended as a vital and apparently enduring element in the American political system.

Since the days of Nast the cartoonists' symbol for Tammany Hall has been the tiger. If the possession of at least nine lives is characteristic of the larger members of the feline family, the symbol fits. No other political organization in America has been killed so often, yet none enjoys better health to-day.

The Society of Saint Tammany was founded on May 12, 1789, two weeks after the establishment of the United States Government. Within the one hundred and thirty-five years of its uninterrupted existence it has received both the adulation and the contempt of the populace. It has shared in some of the purest aspirations and yet has violated nearly every canon of decency. At times it has attracted public servants of unselfish patriotism and at other times its agents have acted with sordid disregard of right. But, good and bad, Tammany lives on. Again and again in its long history, it has been forsaken by the people, only to be returned to power within an incredibly brief space. In truth the alternation of Tammany and reform governments in New York City has had almost an astronomical quality. A mathematician, by charting Tammany's orbit, might predict its appearances and its periods of eclipse with the assurance that as the earth moves about the sun, or as the moon waxes and wanes, so, after a season of exile and hunger, Tammany will once more be joyfully enthroned in the hearts of the people.

Nor is this a reflection on the intelligence or morals of those who live on

Manhattan Island. New York City has a large undigested alien population, as, incidentally, have many of the larger American cities; but it is still to be proved that the strangers within our gates have taught any guile to the hard-headed Yankees they found upon the scene. New Yorkers are neither better nor worse than their fellow countrymen. New York is merely the largest and the richest community in the New World and in consequence its politics, like its business, have been conducted in the grand manner. Tammany is conspicuous by the enormity of its sins and the magnitude and continuance of its successes; but what has happened on Manhattan Island has in varying degrees been repeated in most American communities. From a purely political standpoint, Tammany is essentially like the dominant political organizations of other American cities. William Marcy Tweed, the 'Boss' Tweed of an evil chapter in municipal history, admitted that Philadelphia taught New York the fine art of 'repeating' — fraudulent voting. The Tammany purposes and methods have been typical of the political development of the United States; for good and for evil its leaders have been characteristically American, whatever their place or origin.

An open and unprejudiced mind, however, is needed if Tammany is to be seen in perspective. Nothing is gained by denying its faults or ignoring its virtues. Grant it a blanket indulgence; its opponents, including all the great metropolitan dailies, offset this with a blanket indictment. Both methods lead nowhere. Tammany is neither all pure gold nor all sinful black, but striped with both colors, like the tiger it has chosen for a symbol.

The most important book on the subject is Gustavus Myers's *History of Tammany Hall*. Mr. Myers's scholarly researches are valuable indeed. He has digested and made available vast numbers of public reports. Everyone who would understand the development of Tammany is his debtor. His history, however, is essentially a compilation of sins. But as the poor are not always the miserable, despite the imaginings of the pathetic school of novelists, so Tammany's history is by no means all bribery and corruption. It is historically untrue to portray Tammany as the complete villain in the metropolitan melodrama.

This brief incursion into the territory of the famous 'Braves' of New York's Wigwam is to ascertain why, despite the sins which have been so adequately chronicled, the decent people of New York City tolerate Tammany. The question can be the more easily answered if this political tiger is approached as a biologist would pursue a problem in natural history — open-eyed and without confusing preconceptions.

II

The explanation of Tammany's persistent strength is simple. Tammany Hall has never been radical, but espouses popular causes. Moreover, since the early decades of the nineteenth century it has been the professed friend of aliens in a city constantly being resettled by immigrants. It has had singularly attractive social and charitable features and its leaders, from one generation to another, have understood the average man. The 'human equation' has had few mysteries for them. Most important of all, Tammany has made a business of politics. The men who have advanced in the organization have worked systematically and intelligently. They have taken their politics as seriously as other men take their profession or business. Tammany's record as a pioneer of move-

ments for giving larger privileges to the masses of the people is long and persuasive. William Mooney, a Revolutionary soldier and the keeper of an upholstery shop, organized the society. Its first members were the 'Liberty Boys'—advocates of American independence, who were aligned against Tories in particular and aristocrats in general. Tammany was created to offset the influence of the newly formed Society of the Cincinnati, which it was feared might be the nucleus of an hereditary aristocracy. At that time suffrage was strictly a privilege of property. Veterans of the Revolution who had borne hardships of war found themselves disfranchised at its close, while rich Tories who had sided with Great Britain were able to vote after Alexander Hamilton had restored their privileges. Tammany became the spokesman of manhood suffrage. The struggle was long and bitter. It is almost impossible now to realize the contempt with which the aristocrats viewed the aspirations of those who would vote without the qualifications of property. Tammany became entrenched in the affections of the common people by advocating this cause and its victory founded Tammany's prestige.

Tammany aligned itself against imprisonment for debt from the beginning. Under the debtor's law, it was estimated that as many as 10,000 unfortunates were imprisoned during a single year. At one time the legislature was informed that upward of a thousand debtors were confined in the New York jail. These wretches, kept in prison at the will of their creditors, were neither fed nor clothed by the public authority. Although Tammany's zeal in campaigning for a repeal of these barbarous acts often flagged, by and large during the generation of agitation which passed before the reform was won, Tammany was on the side of the poor man. Let this be remembered to its credit.

The patron saints of American democrats during the first half of the nineteenth century were Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. The Tammany Society became an active ally of both of these Presidents. Many of their particular issues have little significance today. Certainly the Jackson campaign against the United States Bank has lost its meaning for a generation which seeks financial stability in the Federal Reserve System. But a hundred years ago the bank issue roused the country. Wisely or unwisely, the 'under dogs' were with Jackson. Tammany shared in the spoils of Old Hickory's victory.

The Tammany of that early day also took the popular side of the corporation issue. A large group of American citizens, often a majority, opposed the formation of corporations. The opposition was futile but it seems to have been almost instinctive. The issue — still fundamental — of the proper place of the corporation in the State, was then being fought in every industrial and commercial community. Corporations have of course prospered despite every attempt on the part of legislatures and congresses to thwart their growth; and often, in specific struggles, certain ones have had no more dependable allies than the Tammany leaders. Still, nominally at least, Tammany has professed an anti-corporation creed from the days of Jackson's contest with Nicholas Biddle down to the present warfare of Mayor Hylan against the companies which operate New York City's transit facilities.

In all these matters Tammany has consistently preached, even if it has not always practised, what its leaders believed to be popular.

In 1868 the Democratic National Convention, held in the new Tammany

Hall, nominated Tammany's candidate, Horatio Seymour, for the Presidency. Tammany campaigned as the friend of the poor. The general committee, with 'Boss' Tweed in the chair, appealed for the election of Seymour in these words: —

'We believe in our cause. It is the cause of constitutional liberty, of personal rights, of a fraternity of States, of an economical government, of the financial credit of the nation, of one currency for all men, rich and poor, and of the political supremacy of the white race and the protection of American labor. . . . Is not the pending contest preëminently one of capital against labor, of money against popular rights, of political power against the struggling interests of the masses?'

This is a characteristic utterance.

On one great issue, human slavery, the Democratic Party conspicuously failed, and Tammany, as its New York City agent, shared in that failure. Yet in general, Tammany kept in tune with the feelings of workingmen. It supported Horace Greeley for the Presidency. During the dark years of reconstruction it stood for reconciliation with the South. It opposed the grants of public lands to railroads; and one of its favorite sons, the present Governor Alfred E. Smith, is largely responsible for the final enactment of New York's progressive industrial code.

Charles F. Murphy himself introduced the resolution pledging the Democratic Party of the State of New York to seek the direct election of United States Senators. The first legislative proposal looking to the regulation of public utilities was made in 1906 by a Tammany Senator. Approval of the federal amendment making possible the establishment of the income-tax system was brought about by Tammany legislators. Members of the same organization were conspicuous in the fight to prevent electric-power companies from destroying the scenic beauty of Niagara Falls. Numerous laws designed to protect working men and women and their children have been placed upon the statute books by the power of Tammany.

In none of these matters was Tammany a voice crying in the wilderness. It has always been contemptuous of what its leaders call 'idealistic reform.' But once reform has won enough adherents to pass into the stage of practical politics, Tammany has been quick to pledge itself to whatever it believed would benefit the majority of its constituents. This foresight in part accounts for its persistent power.

In the municipal affairs of New York City, Tammany, despite the sordid peculations of many of its leaders and members, has evidenced imagination. Many of the significant achievements of the city are due to Tammany men. Central Park is a typical example. The suggestion which led to the creation of the park was first officially broached in 1851 by Mayor A. C. Kingland, a Whig, although Tweed is credited by some for the conception. Succeeding Tammany governments seized upon the idea and carried it through to completion.

In these public enterprises Tammany politicians have not always been actuated by the purest motives. On the contrary, scandals resulting from purchases of property for the city and from the letting of contracts on public works account for much of the ill fame of the organization. Nevertheless, building has been continuous. Tammany was responsible for the creation of Riverside Drive, that magnificent boulevard along the Hudson; Tammany was responsible for the Croton Aqueduct, and later for the tunnels and lakes through which New York brought its water more than a hundred miles from the

Catskills; Tammany built Brooklyn Bridge. Long ago this link between the two populous boroughs of Greater New York has been dwarfed by other structures, but at the time of its completion in 1883 it was a symbol of the might of the metropolis. Tammany, whatever the shortcomings of some of its leaders, has thus been consistently a creator. It advocated public schools and it has supported the College of the City of New York. Tweed himself was responsible for housing the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park. Tammany saw the possibility of creating a system of public wharves. This enterprise too bred its scandal, but to-day New York actually possesses the docks. Tammany's sins are forgiven because Tammany officials have more initiative than interim 'reform' governments. Tammany's driving power constructed the subways, the operation of which has been the centre of contention during Mayor Hylan's two administrations. Tammany not only favored municipally owned subways after two of its financial allies ceased to be interested in the transit companies, but also took the further step of demanding city operation. This, with its fight for a five-cent fare, which goes back to Cleveland's time, alone explains much of the strength which the ancient organization has possessed during the last seven years.

III

Tammany's ability to keep its principles in harmony with the views of the masses of the people is also proved by its attitude toward immigrants. During its early years the organization was dominated by an anti-alien spirit not unlike that recently roused in various parts of America. In 1817 Tammany was publicly accused of considering a change in its constitution through which foreign-born might be excluded from holding office. The allegation was denied, but Tammany for some time continued to be considered anti-foreign and in particular anti-Irish. On one famous occasion a mob of two hundred Irishmen invaded the Wigwam for the purpose of protesting against discrimination. They were expelled after a riot. But a few years thereafter Tammany became the recognized friend of the immigrant and demanded that the period of naturalization be shortened.

During all the subsequent veering tides of immigration Tammany has maintained its position as the constant ally of the new citizen. This was the case back in the years around 1850 when hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Ireland, Germany, and Northern Europe were entering the United States, and it was still true sixty years later when the newer immigration from Central and Southern Europe was in full tide. In truth, there has been no more interesting political phenomenon in this country than the adaptability shown by Tammany in winning the allegiance of widely various immigrant groups. 'Big Tim' Sullivan, one of the more famous of the leaders of the last few years, once boasted that he had made Columbus Day a holiday in order to please the Italian voters. Sullivan may have taken too much credit for the creation of this new festival, yet it is undeniably true that the political Irishman has been a vigilant shepherd of Italian and Jewish voters.

Tammany is not only the first friend of the newly arrived alien, it is also the kindly acquaintance of any voter who happens to need whatever services a politician can render. Its social and charitable features are of ancient origin. The Society of Saint Tammany was at first a patriotic institution, definitely anti-British. Both Federalists and Republicans were members. It made much of the Fourth of July, its

orators extolling the virtues of native Americans and in particular of the legendary Indian Chief Tammany, whose name was given to the organization. A museum of Indian relics was maintained and the thirteen sachems who ruled the organization were the titular heads of as many tribes. It was from the first a club, a poor man's club. By the turn of the eighteenth century, however, Tammany had shed its Federalists and was accepted as a definite part of the so-called Republican, that is the Jeffersonian or Democratic, political organization.

In 1805 the society obtained a charter from the Legislature as a benevolent and charitable body 'for the purpose of affording relief to the indigent and distressed members of said association, their widows and orphans, and others who may be the proper objects of their charity.' This Tammany Society still lives and owns the structure known as Tammany Hall. Out of members of the Society the political organization known as Tammany Hall was formed. The Society and the Hall are seldom separated in the public mind, yet they exercise slightly different functions, even though their memberships interlock to some extent. The Society of Saint Tammany is responsible for the social and charitable features which have done so much to strengthen the political organization. Fitz-Greene Halleck expressed a tradition which has not yet perished, even though the porter is no longer obtainable, when he wrote concerning the saloon beneath a former home of the organization: —

There 's a barrel of porter at Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long;
In time of my boyhood 't was pleasant to call
For a seat and a cigar mid the jovial throng.

New York is too large a city for Tammany Hall to be the physical meeting-place of its multitudinous members, but the district organizations have their own clubs where comradeship is kept alive. Many Tammany men never appear in the Hall. Judge Gaynor, as we have seen, entered it only after Tammany had made him Mayor. Until recently, of course, the saloons were also familiar meeting-places for members of the organization. The late Charles F. Murphy got his start in politics through the barrooms which he owned. Disappearance of the recognized liquor centre has not, however, diminished the interest of Tammany in social affairs. The early manhood of such a conspicuous member of the organization as Governor Alfred E. Smith, the child of an East Side teamster, found its chief color in the organization in his district. 'Al' Smith and tens of thousands of his fellows were made to feel at home in district Tammany clubs. Vast numbers of the old New Yorkers have the same kindly memories of this political organization which others have of their colleges.

About thirty-five district clubs in the Tammany Manhattan organization own their properties. In Charles F. Murphy's old Twelfth District alone there are now three Tammany clubs. Perhaps the most famous is the Downtown Tammany Club at 59 Madison Street, near Governor Smith's old home, which is run under the ægis of Tom Foley, one of the last of the old-type leaders. Foley began life as a saloonkeeper and his ways have been none too gentle. But year after year he has retained power despite changes in the racial character of his district. It is a tradition there that as the children of his neighborhood grow into boyhood and desire to organize baseball teams they can rely on 'Old Tom' for aid in buying the desired equipment. Later these boys of German, Italian, Irish, Jewish, and American stock find a wel-

come at Tom Foley's club. The district leader of the Foley or Murphy type keeps in constant touch with his people. If a man wants a job, one of his Tammany friends will try to find work for him. If one of the 'boys' gets into a fight and is arrested, he naturally looks to Tammany for relief. Tammany is literally a friend at court. In a perfect world justice would be so even-handed that none would need such alliances; but in our practical compromising civilization many whose sins are slight are freed on a good word spoken by a neighbor with political associations.

Tammany is consistently a friend to unfortunates. It does not administer relief with the regularity or the intelligence, for that matter, of a modern charity organization, but in bluff hearty fashion it makes its contributions when and where it pleases. Nor is this a recent development. The winter following the panic of 1837 was marked by unemployment, poverty, and suffering in New York. A Whig administration in power did nothing for the unemployed. Tammany promptly organized relief committees in various wards which distributed food, fuel, and clothing. One prominent leader made a habit of going about with a large basket in which he collected articles of food for the hungry. The motives of the Tammany politicians who distributed their alms among the voters were challenged then as now, but after all Tammany has always had rivals whose political ethics did not lead them to such expressions of compassion for the needy. Wisely or not the poor have remembered the aid given them in the pinches. 'Boss' Tweed, perhaps the most notorious figure American politics has developed, ran true to form in this line. During the winter of 1870–71, when another historic panic had paralyzed the country, Tweed gave $1000 to each alderman to buy coal for the poor. He distributed $50,000 in his own ward. Of course, it was later proved that he had stolen the money he gave away in charity, but New York remembered other venal persons who did not feel moved to share ill-gotten gains with their poverty-stricken fellow citizens.

Tammany has so managed its benevolence as to awaken and retain the goodwill of the recipients. Apart from political considerations this suggests a certain astuteness, since even those who make of philanthropy a profession do not always obtain gratitude for their efforts. Tammany's leaders, most of whom have risen from poverty, possess a lively sense of both the needs and prides of the poor. Thus, while he was still an inconspicuous district leader, Charles F. Murphy contributed the larger part of $4000 given by the Tammany General Committee for the relief of those suffering during the blizzard of 1888. Of this sum, $1500 was given to Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, for distribution. Dr. Rainsford was so moved that he said from his pulpit that if all the Tammany leaders were like Mr. Murphy the organization would be admirable. Throughout its history this spirit has been often manifested. If the philanthropy of this political organization were to be contrasted with the giving of a well-managed social workers' society with ample funds, its record might seem paltry; yet Tammany has been neighborly with its philanthropy.

IV

The Tammany Society, which still operates under its charter as a benevolent institution, is managed by thirteen sachems, four of whom are also district leaders of Tammany Hall. The political organization rents the Wigwam from the Society. Often when the thirty-five district leaders who are the

governing body of Tammany Hall meet, their deliberations are accompanied by rehearsals of companies from the uptown theatres which use the stage of this old building for breaking in new plays. Tammany is not all work.

Under the thirty-five assembly-district leaders are 998 election-district leaders, and 11,400 precinct workers in New York County. Technically Tammany is limited to New York County; in theory, which has little to do with fact, it is merely allied with the Democratic organizations in Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island.

During the most of its history the actual leadership has centered in the hands of one man or of a small oligarchy. Aaron Burr was its first conspicuous leader. Fernando Wood, although for a time the leader of a rival organization, Mozart Hall, during his later life was one of the first Tammany rulers to acquire the title of 'Boss.' William Marcy Tweed, whose thefts rose to millions, was essentially a one-man ruler. So, too, was 'Honest' John Kelly, who obtained authority when Tammany cleansed itself of Tweedism. Richard Croker and Charles F. Murphy carried on the dynasty.

The precinct workers, the election-district captains, and the assembly-district leaders, are now all elected in direct primaries of the Democratic Party. Popular sanction can therefore be claimed for them. But year after year the same men are elected. In every Tammany district the workers call on the voters to urge every citizen to cast his ballot in the election. Manners and customs vary in different districts; but in many the election captain merely asks the citizen to vote. Of course, advice and information are given if the voter is uncertain as to the merits of competing candidates. Who is not occasionally uninformed as to some of the issues in these days of long ballots? Still, the main responsibility of the electioneer is to see that his people vote. Apathy on the part of citizens is a mark of incompetence to be checked against the leader.

Tammany Hall makes a business of politics and its leaders find that their energies are consumed by the work they do for their organization. District leaders are now generally employed as commissioners or deputy-commissioners in municipal departments at salaries ranging from $6500 to $10,000 a year. Until a few years ago the office of sheriff, which under the fee-system paid as much as $100,000 a year, was bestowed upon a favorite leader. It is interesting to recall that Governor Smith was the last to enjoy these fees. The dominant leaders seldom hold important offices. Their relationship to office-holding is comparable to the function the banker exercises toward business and industry.

In the changing history of American politics the customs and methods of Tammany have varied. An examination of the long and tangled record of bribery and corruption associated with such men as Tweed does not show that the morals of the Tammany legislators and executives were on a different plane from those of their rivals in the Whig or Republican parties. Tweed, whose loot has been estimated as high as $75,000,000, employed both Democrats and Republicans. The records of the past are in many instances shocking and some of the present deals are hardly less so. But Tammany corruption seems to rise and fall with the morals of the country. Boss Tweed himself was contemporaneous with the misconduct of some of those in high position during the Grant administration. At present Tammany is relatively clean; at least as clean as Washington — perhaps cleaner.

A dispassionate review of Tam-

many's way with the voter develops a few clear impressions. The economic development of the United States in general and of New York in particular challenged a number of political theories which regardless of their validity were dear to the American people. During the early years hostility to corporations and especially to banks was widespread. Business, however, needed banks and the corporate organization of production and exchange. Consequently, Federalists and Anti-Federalists, Whigs and Tammany 'Republicans,' Democrats and Republicans of a later era, all by devious methods, yielded to the demands of business. Banks were created, railways built, public-service institutions established. Sometimes legislators were bribed. On the other occasions political bosses were made directors of great corporations. More recently contracts were given to the friends of politicians. But in every case the business man has sought some favor or some privilege from the public. If the politician has been bribed the business man was the briber, and if Tammany got its millions business got its tens of millions. It is obvious that the man who took the bribe was not the only criminal in the transaction. Monopoly often was necessary to the successful operation of a utility. By indirection the political leaders have frustrated the wishes of the masses of their constituents while doing the bidding of a few promoters of large enterprises. If public opinion had been better informed, if political leaders had been incorruptible, if business had scorned to stoop to debauch politicians, the history of New York and of the United States would have moved in channels far remote from those in which it has actually flowed. But Tammany has been composed of average men, good men and weak men, and, like their richer fellow citizens whom they served under cover, Tammany leaders have again and again been faithless to their trust.

The attitude of Tammany men toward corruption exposed in their organization is exactly like that of any other group of citizens. They use the word 'purge' in describing what takes place after a scandalous exposure. Tweed was succeeded by 'Honest' John Kelly, who purged the organization. Later, when vice and crime had flourished under the Croker régime, Tammany was again purged. That is to say, a few of the conspicuous wrongdoers were removed, new men were substituted for them, and the political hierarchy continued. This is the familiar human procedure. It is precisely what happened at Washington after the Senate Oil Committee brought out its sensational findings. Few Republicans abandoned their party because of the oil affair; few Tammanites leave the Hall when one of their leaders is caught in incriminating circumstances.

All along Tammany has accepted the standards and the customs of the time. Its leaders still speak of 'idealism' with that scorn with which practical men view the impracticable. But when an idealistic programme has won a sufficient body of support to count in politics, Tammany is quick to adopt it. Tammany's great lack is social prestige. Tweed was made a convict and an outcast, but 'silk-stockings' who dealt with him went scathless. Richard Croker was never seen in the more exclusive stratum of New York society, but Richard Croker's business associates were men of impeccable standing. So too with Charles F. Murphy. There were no better names in financial America than those of the men who were the principal beneficiaries of Murphy's most criticized acts. The

critic of Tammany perceives in this dual relationship a certain insincerity. How can Tammany be the friend of the alien, the exponent of the views of the workingman, and the comrade of his leisure hours, and still in important public matters act as the secret servant of the rich? If human nature were logical there could be no answer to this question, but as it happens most of man's institutions are woven of contradictions.

The people of New York do not expect too much of politics. Time and again, they have revolted against Tammany's wickedness only to find that a Whig, a Reformer, a Republican, or a Coalitionist was not more to their taste.

At the present time, a Tammany man is Governor of the State and it is the consensus that New York has had few wiser chief executives than is the former East-sider, Alfred E. Smith, who now occupies the Mansion at Albany. New York expects him to fill Murphy's place later on. Smith has been a forward-looking leader and his record in public office may be favorably compared with that of any other of the recent governors of American states. John F. Hylan, Mayor of New York City, is a resident of Brooklyn and therefore not technically a Tammany man, although of course he is Tammany's choice. Much has been said against the Hylan administration and much ought to be said, but the just charge against it is stupidity rather than dishonesty. In fighting the public utilities Hylan has shown little creative ability and in consequence he has complicated the city's pressing problem of transportation. But when that has been said, it must also be admitted, as impartial investigators have testified, that New York is morally a clean city. Open prostitution is no longer tolerated. The ancient alliance between the vice and liquor interests and the politicians has fallen into desuetude and immorality has ceased to flaunt itself in the city streets. Tammany has again adapted itself to what it believes is desired by a majority of the people.

What the future holds for Tammany Hall is a matter of conjecture. Some observers believe that already Tammany Hall is but a shell. The disappearance of the saloon, the subsidence of officially recognized vice, the growing difficulty of maintaining illicit relations with corporate interests which seek gifts from governments — these influences, some hold, have withdrawn from Tammany those funds necessary to its existence. Perhaps this supposition is true, but it must be remembered popular governments are relatively new phenomena. Universal suffrage necessitates forms of political organization if the public business is to be carried on. Tammany is undeniably expert in political organization. Its leaders have mastered the art of appealing to hundreds of thousands of voters and of discovering the common denominator of their views. It seems hardly probable that the need for organization will vanish within the immediate future; or that Tammany Hall will lose the cunning in filling that need which it has so eminently possessed during the entire life of this republic.

CORNELIA DISCUSSES AN ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

THERE was a wedding at noon in the village church, a couple of miles from our summer community by the lake, and as most of our colony were somewhat interested in the girl we turned out in force. It was an outwardly festive and — to my sense — agreeably solemn little affair. There was a bank of lady's-slippers and maidenhair ferns before the altar, and the air was heavy with the sweetly mortal scent of lilies. The clergyman in white vestments had a full consciousness of the finality of his function. He joined in permanent wedlock a white, smiling, tearful bride of twenty to a well-dressed groom of thirty-five, who looked very experienced, very serious, and slightly bald. Cornelia, who is a connoisseur, whispered to me that it was in every respect a 'most suitable match.' I made a mental note to ask her at the next opportunity what the essentials of a suitable match are. I happened, however, to ride away from the ceremony in the rear seat of her car, sandwiched between her two children, Dorothy and Oliver Junior; and their comment was less flattering.

'Bah!' exclaimed Oliver. 'Let's go and have a swim. It made me sick.'

'Me too,' said Dorothy. 'It made me cold all over to hear her promising to forsake all others and keep herself only for that wizened — stick. Why should she forsake all others, just because she is married? It sounds as if she were going as missionary to the Indians.'

'Or as trained nurse to an isolation hospital,' Oliver suggested.

'When I am married,' said Dorothy, 'I shall not forsake all others — at least, unless I get a better one than that.'

'You are severe critics,' I murmured, secretly delighted to observe that the children were using the dialect of their feelings, rather than that polite language which well-bred youth, like Japanese ladies, habitually employs in the presence of its elders. 'At what age do you expect to be married, Dorothy?'

'I shall never marry!' she replied with a deep blush. She is of course at exactly the correct age for saying that. But if you have n't seen her, you can have no adequate notion how dire and how delicious that threat is on her lips. She inherits 'eligibility' from both her parents. Her mother has a clear, expressive, sunlit loveliness; but Dorothy's beauty has in it an element of subtlety — from her father — and a suggestion of sorcery and peril. She has her mother's complexion but her father's eyes. It is the unexpected combination and contrast that fascinates one: the filleted blond hair and the fluent roses of the fair skin, with the brown eyes, dark yet full of lambent lights — eyes of which the centres seem gleaming paths leading into shadows where a man might easily wander and be lost.

'And why won't you marry?' I pursued; for as we were driving at a good speed over a rough road I was

sure the watchful maternal ears could not overhear us. And so was Dorothy.

'Oh, I don't like the choice,' she said, 'that marriage presents — nowadays.'

'A choice!' I repeated with irreverent levity. 'You have n't come to that yet, I trust. But what do you think the choice is going to be?'

'You may laugh,' said Dorothy, 'but we all know well enough. We don't have to wait till we have made it, to know what the choice is. It is either a "good American husband," ten or twenty years older than you, who has a fine position and a character and nice middle-aged friends, and can give you a home and a social circle and clothes and things — but has n't anything to say to you. He simply has n't anything to say to you.'

'Why do you keep hollering, "He has n't anything to say to you"?' mocked her brother. '*Who* has n't anything to say? Who? Who? Who?'

'Shut up!' said Dorothy, with more sweetness than the words can carry. 'You heard. I said, "The good American husband has nothing to say to you."'

'That is rather a defect,' I assented wickedly, 'if you've got to be alone with him for the rest of your life. Yes, it's a rather serious defect in a man with whom, forsaking all others, a girl of twenty expects to spend the next fifty years. But Dorothy, if you don't take a good American husband, what is the alternative?'

'Oh, a boy of your own age, of course,' she answered promptly. 'A boy that you like — like in all ways, I mean: like his voice, like his eyes, like the temperature of his hands — not like fins. He talks with you about the things that interest you — they are just the same as the things that interest him; and you like to do things with him; and if there is anything perfectly splendid you wish he were there; and whenever you see him coming your heart begins to dance.'

'Well,' I said, 'that seems — that seems an attractive sketch. Why not choose a boy like that?'

'Because,' she explained, 'it seems as if nowadays none of the boys that one really likes is ever going to amount to much. At any rate, you must wait till your doddering old age before you can hope to be married — and what's the use then? He won't be interesting to me, and I won't be nice for him — then. But we'll just sit around in padded chairs, with ear trumpets in our ears, and yell, "Whadye say?" at each other; and wish it were bedtime.'

'I don't quite understand the reason for this postponement.'

'If,' she said, 'they are boys of your own age, and enjoy the books and music that you do, and are nice to dance with, why, then they think they are going to be poets or composers, and so they don't work, and they flunk out of school, and your mother asks you why you persist in playing around with "that worthless fellow" — does n't she, Oliver?'

'Yep!' said her brother, and grinned.

Dorothy, leaning across my knees, first pinched, then patted him, and said: 'Poor old Ollie! He 's nicer than almost any boy I know, and yet Dad says he's a "worthless fellow," too.'

When I suggested that the only hope was to take one of these nice worthless fellows and put some 'starch' into him, the rear seat burst into a peal of conspirant laughter. Possibly that hope had been tried. Cornelia whirled around upon us, and demanded: —

'What are you children talking about?'

I answered sedately that we were discussing 'education for life,' and that there were certain points on which I should like her opinion. But we were

now at the clump of rural free-delivery boxes, where the path comes down from my cottage. Intimating that I might 'drop around' toward the end of the afternoon, I got out and, having handed up Cornelia's mail, walked home with my own. It proved rather piquantly amusing.

II

There was a light rain at lunch-time, but it blew over, leaving the out-of-doors extraordinarily inviting. After I had written for two or three hours, I found myself walking — and chuckling — up the path through the birches to Cornelia's place. Under the hemlocks near the house, I passed Dorothy in white tennis-attire with a sketchy sweater the color of California poppies, curled up in a hammock with a book. A young girl alone fills me with awe, like a cardinal building a nest; and I always try to slip past without disturbance — I feel that her mind must be occupied with something beautiful.

'What are you reading?' I called by way of greeting.

'I'm not reading,' she replied, 'I'm waiting for the young man that mother likes to have me play tennis with.'

With an additional chuckle, I proceeded to the front of the house. My original merriment had been occasioned by two letters, in the morning mail, from correspondents at large who desired me to inform them whether Cornelia was 'real.' I was also wondering how much of these letters I could discreetly disclose to her.

She met me on the threshold of the wide verandah, standing for an instant tiptoe in a practicable yet perfect sylvan costume, and framed between two tall Chinese vases of wild tiger-lilies, which made a little pattern with the glints in her hair and the knot of soft flame at her breast.

'Let's walk!' she said.

'Let's,' I replied; and we struck briskly into the abandoned road which runs, carpeted with bindweed and bittersweet, for miles and miles skirting the forest, with only a thin curtain of young silver poplars and birches between it and the lake. Cornelia is a light, crisp-footed walker, — at her gayest walking, and good for long distances, — my only complaint being that she has forgotten how to loiter. She seems rather bent upon reaching the *terminus ad quem* than careful to let me fall a step to the rear, where I may consider with more detachment how like a dryad she expresses and completes the woodland vista.

'I had a letter this morning,' I began, 'from an unknown lady. It would amuse you.'

'Would it indeed?' said Cornelia, moving swiftly forward and at the same time calling my attention to the twittering brown flutter of a tree full of cedar-wings.

'Yes,' I insisted, 'I'm sure it's as interesting as bird study. This lady doubts your existence. Listen to this.' I pulled forth a delicately tinted letter with a faint scent which died among the pungent fresh odors of the rain-washed air. '"Tell me," she writes, "whether Cornelia is real. If she is, I hope you are not in love with her. She is the feminine of Sir Austin Feverel. She has no heart. She is just unfaltering correctness. As a girl, I fancy, she folded her still hands in her lap and calmly waited till her family had consulted the bankers and the genealogists before she decided to care for the man she married. As a woman, she wishes to inspect and authorize every passion before she allows it to peep. I pity her children. She has never done a thing in her life merely because for one rapturous hour it seemed the most desirable thing in the wide world to do. I should hate her."'

Cornelia brushed me sidelong with the sweep of her gray eyes, of which the effect, when one catches it so, is like that of the cool rays of a May sun bent to a focus under a burning-glass. But she said only: 'What queer correspondents you have! And what a charming impression of me you have given them! Am I as hateful as that?'

It is n't difficult to say complimentary things to Cornelia. The difficulty is not to say them. But I make it a practice not to answer rhetorical questions. They divert one from one's point. 'Please remember,' I said, carving my accents on the air with my crabtree stick and looking straight ahead, 'please remember that this is not my portrait of you, but only the comment of one woman upon the image of another woman reflected in the eyes of a man who has worn spectacles for many years. But I have another letter — from a novelist; he has a quite different theory of you.'

'Is it nice?' asked Cornelia, with a demipirouette and the instinctive capricious smile of a very pretty woman about to step before a mirror. 'You should tell me something very nice to offset the spitefulness of that horrid person. But what a silly question! Your letter is from a novelist; so of course it is n't nice. Is it?'

'No,' I replied, 'I'm afraid it is n't nice — in your sense of the word; but it is interesting — in my sense of the word. I call a thing interesting, you see, when it seems to be earnestly pointing in the direction where truth, like a rabbit, has just disappeared in the bushes. Now this novelist belongs to the large and productive group of hunters who are leaving the highroad to pursue truth into the underbrush. His theory of you is not a personal reflection upon you; it is only part of his general theory of society and human nature.'

'Bah! bah! bah!' Cornelia exclaimed. 'I'm sick of human nature — their theories of it, I mean. I love people, but I hate what our current writers say about them. Life is so much more decent, when one knows how to live and whom to live with, than any of our novelists will admit. I have the same feeling in the theatre. I go to a play and see nothing in it that can compare with the quality of real experience — if one has any taste and discrimination. But tell me, now, what does this dreadful creature say about me?'

'Well, I'll take the risk,' I said, 'since you have the courage or the curiosity to insist on it.' I pulled out the second letter. 'What he says is this: "I am afraid your Cornelia is not real. For me, at any rate, she does n't exist. She is n't elemental. She is n't spontaneous. She strikes me as a theoretical construction to please a Victorian grandmother. Or perhaps I had better call her an old bachelor's pipe dream of a lady. One can't write modern fiction from that point of view. It's insubstantial. We realists have been demonstrating now for years that Judith O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are very much alike beneath the skin. We have destroyed the legend of the lady, and we have destroyed the legend of the gentleman. We have put them out of their misery: they don't exist any more. We're just men and women together. If you don't know Cornelia as a wife, you don't know her — you don't know her as a realist. Women are not like her — not inside. Go beneath the surface, and you'll find the Judith O'Grady in Cornelia."'

'What nonsense!' cried Cornelia. 'What perfect nonsense! Give it to me.'

And, almost snatching the letter from my hand, she tore it into fine shreds, and tossed it showering into a wild-currant bush.

III

'Don't you see,' she continued, 'as we came over the brow of a little hill, 'why I can't have Dorothy reading these current novels? I don't wish her to be what this creature calls "elemental" and "spontaneous." I wish her to be civilized and rational — and not a well-dressed little savage, ready to act at once on whatever passion or fancy circumstances put into her head. I wish her to associate with people who are rational and civilized, and, when she marries, I wish her to marry a man who is civilized and rational. Do you know that in the course of the last year I have met just one man in fiction who seems to have retained elements of the ideas of a gentleman, — or rather, one man and his father, — I mean the hero of Struthers Burt's *The Interpreter's House*. As for Mr. Burt's women, they are almost as uncivilized as anybody's.'

'Is n't there a season of life,' I suggested, 'in which almost everyone has some uncivilized promptings?'

'Is there a season in life,' countered Cornelia, 'in which a properly trained person cannot present at least the appearance of discretion?'

'My dear Cornelia,' I said, 'do you ever glance through those columns in our great national fireside magazines in which wise old editors converse with their contributors and advise young girls how to catch a man?'

Cornelia smiled, and then abruptly became very firm and grave. 'That is it,' she said. 'That is exactly it — "how to catch a man"! And the dreadful thing is that the tone of our entire popular discussion and our popular literature is just about at that level — as if the mere possession of anything in the shape of a man were so unquestionably desirable that no scruple must be raised regarding his family and social position, his religion and principles of personal conduct, his property and prospects and professional standing. We are becoming absurd in our carelessness about such matters.'

'But that,' I protested, 'is just what makes the beauty of life in America.'

'That,' said Cornelia, 'is what makes American life so ugly — no respect for any of the things that make people respectable, no sense for the substantial basis of social distinctions, no regard for the hedges and barriers behind which one tries to cultivate the flowers of a finer garden.'

'That,' I said, 'is the really decisive evidence of our freedom from snobbishness.'

'It is the decisive evidence,' said Cornelia, 'of our deficiency in taste.'

'You lack patience,' I persisted. 'It is the new social wisdom of democracy.'

'It is the new social idiocy of democracy,' she replied; 'and let me assure you there is none of it in my house. If I lack patience, I possess some experience. I was taught by my mother to be kind and considerate to servants — my old nurse loved me like a daughter. And I was taught at home and in church to be charitable to poor people and ignorant people and people without advantages and without manners. But I was also brought up to believe that a nice girl had better be dead than form a sentimental relationship with one who was not in her class — not a gentleman.'

'Don't you think that is a rather silly prejudice?' I ventured.

'I certainly do not,' she replied. 'I think the salvation of a girl is her pride — legitimate pride in her family, her position, her connections. I have conscientiously striven to train my daughter to feel that, so far as her personal fortunes are concerned, common people — that is, vulgar ordinary people — simply are not in the world. Call it

snobbishness, if you like; I am proud of it.'

'But Cornelia,' I said, 'can't you concede that, in the relation we are discussing, there is something more elemental and imperative than can be governed by such considerations as you put foremost?'

'Yes — to the sense of animals and savages. Yes — to the sense of vulgar and ignorant people. To the sense of what my mother used to call gentlefolk — emphatically, No. To them there can be nothing more elemental and imperative than just those considerations which distinguish them from the ignorant and the vulgar.'

'You yourself have half apologized for the old word, "gentlefolk,"' I nagged. 'Please tell me what gentlefolk were, or rather what a gentleman is. Must he belong to the Church and be a member of the militia? For how many generations must he be able to trace his family? How much money must he have in the bank? How much of the Decalogue and how many rules for perfect behavior may he break in a day, without losing caste? Are you quite clear about all this?'

'You have a very irritating way,' said Cornelia, 'of trying to make the most sensible and obvious positions absurd to maintain. But you know I am right. You know that there is nothing absurd in being conscious of the claims of the Church and the State and the established system of morals and manners. You know there is nothing absurd in being conscious of the significance of money in enabling one to take and maintain a position of dignity and influence. A man has no dignity nor influence until he enters relations with the instituted and continuing forms of society. And though silly little girls may think they could spend a happy lifetime "traipsing" after a gypsy minstrel, a wife knows better. Every married woman knows that a husband without dignity or influence is a perpetual humiliation.'

'Very possibly,' I said; 'but you were going to define a gentleman.'

'Why, a gentleman,' said Cornelia, 'is a man so well-bred and so intelligent that he knows what I have just been saying without being told; consequently he does n't ask a nice girl to marry him if he is aware that he can offer her nothing but perpetual humiliation. A gentleman is a man whose character has been formed by the standards of civilized and rational people. To him these considerations are so elementary and so familiar that he acts upon them spontaneously.'

'Then you would admit,' I suggested, a little petulantly, 'that what a man is, *after* he is a vestryman, an officer in the militia, and a property-holder, may have a certain remote bearing on — on the felicity of a marriage, if you think that of any importance?'

'Of course I think that of importance,' responded Cornelia. 'Don't be foolish. I am discussing the conditions in which felicity begins to be possible. You recall what Henry James says so beautifully: "The object of money is to enable one to forget it." In the whole course of my life, I believe I was never before hectored into saying so flatly what the prerequisites of a decent marriage are. But you and your novelist friends — you realists, as you call yourselves — have filled the world with the glorification of merely instinctive and utterly irrational "matings," or with childish sentimentality about them; so that now, when I talk with Dorothy about suitable and unsuitable marriages, I find myself obliged to reconstruct for her the very rudiments of common sense.'

I do not consider Cornelia subtle, but sometimes she says the same things that she would say if she were subtle.

However, if I was being instructed over the head of her daughter, I did not propose to acknowledge it. 'My dear Cornelia,' I remonstrated, 'do you forget that I am not Dorothy?'

'No,' she said, 'but I often think you are just as sentimental.'

IV

The old road dips here into a hollow, where an extensive thicket of wild roses encroaches upon it and diminishes it to a narrow and thorny footpath. We picked our way through it single-file and in silence. Cornelia, emerging some steps ahead, turned and waited, waist-high behind the briars, smiling — with a rose in her hand and its hue in her face. Suddenly she seemed a long way off — twenty years off. The breeze had brought youth into her eyes if not into her mind. She was very lovely, and I wished the wind might have loosened a wisp — why could n't it? — of her sunlit hair; but that was too much for the wind. Her arrangements had been complete.

She fixed the rose in my coat.

'Cornelia,' I said, as we footed it again together over the vivid green gloss of dewberry leaves, 'you remind me of an old sweetheart of the seventeenth century — who also married a diplomat. I mean Dorothy Osborne. When Temple was courting her, she wrote to him, oh quite delicious letters — one in particular, in which she says she has been crying over the story of Baucis and Philemon. "Methinks," she says, "they were the perfectest characters of a contented marriage, where piety and love were all their wealth, and in their poverty feasted the gods when rich men shut them out." But in that identical letter she warns her lover that "*this is the world;* would you and I were out on't!" And in the next letter she derides the foolish young people who marry for love, and pointedly reminds poor Temple that all the world must be informed "what fortune you have, and upon what terms I marry you, that both may not be made to appear ten times worse than they are."'

'Yes — yes; I remember,' Cornelia said, with — I thought — a faint note of reverie. 'Love and wit met in that encounter, and both came away much improved. I must give that book to my Dorothy. She was a sensible girl — Dorothy Osborne was a very sensible girl. It is a book that will help a young girl to understand that she need n't be an idiot.'

'At heart,' I said, 'even the sweetest women are as hard as nails, are n't they?'

'Someone has to be,' said Cornelia.

'You mean,' I interpreted, 'if young lovers are n't to make fools of themselves.'

'Yes,' she said, 'or old ones, either.'

'H'm,' I resumed; 'what I was getting at was this: when I was a young fellow, with even less experience than I have now, I used rather to revel in reading tragedies and tales of dismally bitter and disillusioned men. All young fellows do. I suppose it intensifies the sense of their own existence. In the presence of dark and disastrous things — sin, crime, murder for love, and so on — they persuade themselves that they are drawing close to the "throbbing heart of reality."'

'Yes,' said Cornelia, 'I remember. I remember that you used to like tragedy.'

'But now,' I said, 'I am following an entirely different clue. I have a theory that the only matter that is really worth investigating is happiness. And so I haunt the trails of people who are reputed to be happy, or who act as if they were happy; and I pester them for their secrets.'

'An odious habit,' she said. 'Besides, you won't learn anything.'

'Cornelia,' I continued, — not solemnly, you understand, but with my lightest touch, — 'are you as entirely happy as we all think you are?'

'You don't imagine I should tell you if I were not, do you?' she said — also with the light touch. 'Of course I am!'

'Then I suppose that if I asked you to outline the personal characteristics of, let us say, the sort of man one's daughter should choose in order to have a high prospect of a happy marriage — why, then you would just hand me back a quick sketch of His Excellency, your husband, would n't you?'

'Of course I should,' she replied without hesitation. 'I am proud of Oliver. He has made a place for himself in public life. Men like him — he has hosts of men friends; and his relatives are all suitable people. He has been able to provide amply and even lavishly for the comfort of his family, and has given us the advantage of years of foreign travel and residence. He cares a good deal for appearances; but so do I. He likes to live expensively; but he knows how to live. And he is never, like so many men with careers, too busy to live or to let other people live — unless they can be swept into the stream of the monster's ambition. He is never too busy to enjoy what he is doing.'

'Astonishing virtue, in the circumstances!' groaned my envy.

'And then he is generous to us all — and reasonably tolerant, and really kind-hearted and sympathetic with people that he likes; and he and the children positively adore each other. I like that in him. His temper has its stormy seasons, but for the most part it is gay; and even when he is very angry he is rather entertaining. He has so much humor that he seldom bores himself, and so much intelligence that he seldom bores anyone else. Everything in the world and at home seems to interest him vividly. He thinks of something new to do or to say every morning of his life. Whatever man or woman he meets seems to be the one person in the world that he was hoping to meet at that moment; but I think he actually does n't care very much for women, except in their purely decorative aspects. Sometimes he is a little exacting, but he is generally appreciative; and he has very nice ways of remembering birthdays and anniversaries. And then, in tight places, he always does the right thing; in a crisis one can rely on him.'

'Cornelia,' I said, clipping a row of flame-weed with my stick, as we quickened our pace, 'I have just passed through a terrible minute. You know that Oliver is the only man in the world that I envy. I have been checking off each trait of his against my own, and absolutely the only trait that I have in common with this happiness-producing paragon is that my temper, too, has "stormy seasons."'

'That's too bad,' Cornelia said maliciously, 'for I don't consider Oliver's temper his best trait.'

'No, nor do I; you omitted the finest virtue of the perfect American husband. What I admire most of all in Oliver is his sending you into the country for the summer — and his sublime confidence that he will get you back again in the fall.'

'The quiet is nice here, is n't it?' she said; 'but had n't we better turn about? The sun is slipping into that indigo cloud-bank.'

V

We plunged over the ridge by a steep path to the lake, in order to make the short return by the shore. The wind was now blowing hard and the waves running high. I began to feel like taking it easy, but Cornelia is indefati-

gable. She drew up her shoulders, threw back her head, took a deep breath, and went cutting into the wind like a gallant yacht.

'Oh let's slow down a bit,' I called. 'I've only just begun to understand something. Something very important about happiness. It flashed into my mind — literally flashed — as you struck that Samothracian pace northward.'

'If it's as important as that — ' she said, relenting a little in her stride. 'But don't you like to walk fast? Nothing makes me so happy.'

'I have a theory,' I said. 'One can't walk fast when one has a theory. It's a theory for which you are partly, perhaps mainly, responsible.'

'Then it is n't horrid, is it?'

'Oh no! It is very nice indeed. But even now, while we delay, it has grown into three theories. In the first place, there are no perfect husbands, and there is probably only one perfect wife. In the second place, happiness is in neither wives nor husbands, but only in the relation between. In the third place, people who are unhappy in marriage are so, usually, because they don't know how to give themselves to each other. In the fourth place, — it's four now, — that unhappy ignorance is chiefly due to erroneous conceptions of the self.'

'Just what do you mean by the self?' she said. 'My metaphysical brains are weak.'

'Well, the traditional, romantic, and generally popular conception is that the self is a very deep and precious mystery of "the buried life," an elusive being hidden away inside, — always inside, — in a secret garden of the personality, where it murmurs to itself the most delightful and ineffable secrets, which can be communicated to any other self only in a mystical physical fusion of selves — or confusion of selves.'

'Yes,' said Cornelia, 'I understand that. It is something like the religious or sacramental theory of marriage, is n't it?'

'Something like some people's notion of it,' I replied. 'But please follow this argument. Under the illusion that the self is such a being, and only so to be come at, romantic lovers fret themselves to a fever, and decadent heroes and heroines tear each other to bits, and ignorant contemporary husbands and wives separate with bitter recriminations, each charging that the mysteriously rewarding self sought in the other was not to be found.'

'Well?'

'Well, the reason it was not found is that it was not there. There is no such secret garden; there is no such mysterious self to reward the mystics of the romantic quest.'

'Don't you think so?'

'No,' I said. 'I think, up to a certain point, our brutal modern naturalists have followed truth much more faithfully than the poets. And I believe that in educating our young people we had better follow them to the same point. My novelist friend is right in holding to his theory that Judith O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are much the same beneath the skin.'

'Bah!' cried Cornelia. 'If you say that again, I shall hate you.'

'And I shall ask to be forgiven,' I said, 'and you will forgive me so graciously that I shall sin again. But I'm very serious about this. Judith and the lady are very much the same — beneath the skin.'

'I hate you!' Cornelia cried. 'I could stick you full of pins.'

'Beneath the skin,' I continued, 'Judith and the lady consist of closely similar metabolic apparatus and so forth, and a certain amount of vacant space — and nothing else. And since the apparatus is the same, there is

every reason to believe that it functions in essentially the same way in performing the duties assigned to it by biological destiny.'

'You are disgusting,' said Cornelia.

'If I dwelt too long on the point, I should be,' I agreed. 'Viscera and vacancy: that is what Judith and the lady have beneath the skin. And that is why I think the naturalistic novelists are foolish if they dwell too long there.'

'Is this your nice theory?'

'No,' I said, 'it is n't; but it is a sort of basis for my theory. First, we establish the fact that the interesting and precious and desirable self is n't "inside." Then, don't you see, it must be outside. Well, it is outside. It does n't exist till it gets outside. All the differentiation, the distinction, the qualities, which you and I value, are outside and are created by means analogous to the means of art. In so far as people — any people, married or otherwise, — really give themselves adequately to each other in love or in friendship, and impart happiness with the gift, they give a self that is externalized, objectified, and tangible — so to speak — in some form of useful or beautiful activity, which occasions no insatiable and consuming fever, but the real joy of benefits given and received and the delight of a loveliness that descends on the contemplative eye like the free grace of God.'

'Your theory improves,' said Cornelia; 'I don't wholly understand it; but it improves.'

VI

The foam was now running high up the beach. I splashed straight through it, in spite of my shoes. But Cornelia, lighter footed, danced with it like a partner in some fantastic minuet, returning to my side and my argument only when the creamy gliding meander ebbed.

'A man's power to impart his best self depends,' I said, 'on the woman's power to receive it.'

'Of course,' said Cornelia. 'All that any man, even a genius, asks of his wife is intelligence enough to appreciate him.'

'No,' I said, 'that is n't true. That is going by. There was a time when a husband thought of himself as the pianist, and of his wife as standing behind him to turn the pages of his music. But nowadays we begin to think that the ideal concert is by two performers on perfectly synchronized independent instruments — not soloist and accompanist, but, say, organist and pianist, each as important as the other.'

'Nonsense!' said Cornelia. 'We shall never expect that. But we do like our accompaniment to be applauded when we play well — and especially when we don't.'

'If there is one subject in the world,' I said, veering a point, 'about which I am more densely ignorant than another, it is women, and what they really like.'

'That's quite true,' she lilted.

'But I knew a lady once.'

'Still another lady?'

'A most exquisite lady. And I often wondered why, whenever "the idea of her life" came into my "study of imagination" I invariably saw her in a setting, as if the setting were an organic part of herself.'

'Well, it is, is n't it — if one puts a little effort into it, to make it right. It is in the setting — is n't it — that one has one's opportunity to express what you call the self. It is in one's husband, children, friends, and one's home and habits and things and so on.'

'Yes, but in the case of this lady there was a curious point about the setting. Wherever she was seemed to be the centre of the picture. She always seemed to frame.'

'What an attitudinizer she must have been!'

'She was not. It was only, I think, that she seemed to bring out and accentuate everything near her that harmonized with her own vibrant and articulate life. When I saw her in her drawing-room, it framed her; and she appeared as fine and finished as if she had stepped from a canvas of Watteau's. Her books and pictures and tapestries became as intimately hers as her garments, so that I have felt her almost visibly present in that room even when she was not there. Sometimes, in a perverse mood, I have said, "This is all a pose"; and, trying to go behind the elaborate expressiveness of her artificial surroundings and to tease her out of perfection, I have gone on rough walks with her in woods and in the open, half hoping that she might revert to the inarticulate pathos of Nature. But the instant she stepped from the frame of art she stepped into the frame of the landscape; the greensward spread itself before her like Ralegh's cloak; groves offered themselves for a background; and I finally concluded that if she came up out of the sea, like Botticelli's Cytherea, the sea would clothe her and her pearly radiance appear but an extension of the lustrous nacre of some deep-sea shell.'

'You are fanciful,' said Cornelia.

'I am not fanciful,' I replied. 'I express just as simply as I can with words my sense of the quite blessed outwardness and availability of this lady's self. I don't think she knew it, but — '

'But that shows how ignorant you are of women,' she said, and swept me again sidelong with her gray eyes.

'But whether she knew it or not,' I reasoned, 'she possesses a secret of communicating happiness — a kind of happiness which I can describe only as pure serenity at concert pitch. Perhaps she was merely born in tune with some fine instrument which the rest of us rarely hear. Perhaps she is right, after all, in thinking of the art and discipline of the traditional lady and the traditional gentleman as the technique by which the true and precious selves of our fellow creatures are most likely to get themselves expressed.'

'I believe,' said Cornelia, 'your theory is coming out rather well, and in time for tea.'

'My only reason for elaborating my theory is that it is based upon the practice of a lady whose theory is infinitely surpassed by her art.'

'Is it indeed?' she said.

'When I got the theory built, I was planning to say that I should wish a daughter to choose for her husband neither one of the sheik-monsters who of late have been devouring our damsels, nor yet the inexpressive and unmodified vestrymen whom you commended to our admiration this morning, but rather a youth who should have a bit of the old bachelor's conception of what might be in the relation — an old bachelor, I mean, who had known, in his own youth, an exquisite lady.'

'Why lug in the old bachelor?' Cornelia asked — a little cruelly; for we were already at her door.

'Because,' I said, as she waited on the step for my leave-taking, 'because time and meditation and the naturalistic novelists have convinced him that, almost without a pang, he may resign to Mr. O'Grady and the Colonel the similarities of Judith and the lady, provided only that, from time to time, he may refresh his memory and his senses with the lady's differences.'

'Meaning — '

'Why, meaning that the kind of man whom a girl like Dorothy should choose should know that the passion hymned by the naturalists is naught, sheer naught — '

'You really mean that?'

'— in comparison with the quality of love to be had in its high moments of general joyous awareness of the entire radiant life of a fellow being — meeting his perceptions and recorded in his imagination, clothed in color and motion and talk and laughter and fresh air, the head turning with frank gay light in the eyes, the lips parted in speech, while the springing step goes rhythmically over the wide-stretching earth under sunlight and blue heavens.'

'It will be a long time,' said Cornelia, 'before Dorothy needs to trouble her head with that. Meanwhile we shall occupy ourselves with the rudiments. Shall we see you at mail-time tomorrow?'

'Yes,' I said, 'and we'll take up Oliver's case, perhaps. There's going to be a fine sunset. *'Voir!'*

VII

As I entered the wood path through the birches that run down to my own cottage, I thought I saw a boyish youngish figure slipping among the trees to the eastward. A moment later, I met Dorothy walking demurely up the path, with a book in her hand, closed upon one finger.

'Watching the sun set?' I asked, diplomatically.

'No,' she said, 'watching him disappear.'

'Watching whom disappear?' I inquired, being invited.

'Oh, a boy that I like. We've been reading one of mother's new books. It's about a girl, Deirdre, who did n't want to marry a king, because there was a boy that she liked very much better — in all ways. And so they ran away and lived in the woods — and died happily.'

'Oh-ho!' I exclaimed. 'I suspect the happiness of their death has been greatly exaggerated. It seemed to me rather dreadful. It's James Stephens's version, is n't it?'

'Yes,' said Dorothy and, turning the golden dusk of her eyes full upon mine, she added: 'How old was my mother when you first knew her?'

'About your age, Dorothy. Why do you ask?'

'Was she very different then — from the way she is now?'

'She was quite a bit like you, then,' I said, '— if I remember. But why do you ask?'

'Because,' she said, 'she has marked the loveliest passage in this book. And I can't understand why, because she is n't like that now — not at all like that now.'

'Is n't like what?'

'I mean,' said Dorothy with perfect lucidity, 'that this passage expresses just the way this boy and I feel. Shall I read it to you?'

'That would n't be quite nice,' I suggested, 'would it, Dorothy? Good-bye!'

'Perhaps not,' she agreed; but as she moved toward the house she turned and called after me: 'But if you want to read it, you can find it on page one-hundred-and-forty.'

In my own copy of James Stephens's *Deirdre*, I have marked, on page 140, this passage: —

> Lacking him, what could be returned to her? Her hands went cold and her mouth dry as she faced such a prospect.
>
> The youth who was hers. Who had no terrors for her! Who was her equal in years and frolic! She could laugh with him and at him. She could chide him and love him. She could give to him and withhold. She could be his mother as well as his wife. She could annoy him and forgive him. For between them there was such an equality of time and rights that neither could dream of mastery or feel a grief against the other. He was her beloved, her comrade, the very red of her heart, and her choice choice.

MEDITATIONS OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY A MATERNAL PHILOSOPHER

I

THERE was once a rumor that the florists of this country, well pleased with their success in establishing the carnation as the emblem for Mother's Day, were planning to appoint a day for mothers-in-law. The florists, it was said, were open to suggestions as to an appropriate flower.

A group of ladies, most of us mothers-in-law ourselves, were discussing this false alarm at an afternoon tea.

'Well,' asked someone, 'what would be an appropriate flower?'

'Oh!' exclaimed the only young newly married lady among us, with a sudden burst of inspiration — 'the snapdragon.'

Then, remembering who and what we were, she withdrew the nomination hastily, assuring us that such a flower would never apply to us nor to her own mother-in-law. Jack's mother was a darling and had just given her a fur coat. She had had in mind only the abstract traditional mother-in-law, whom we did not resemble in any way.

This was comforting to hear. But I think that nearly every mother of married children is haunted now and then by the traditional mother-in-law spectre. Does she, unknown to herself, resemble that goblin? Everyone knows that the mother-in-law has been much maligned, but a caricature so popular and persistent must touch the truth somewhere.

One would prefer not to be playing that hackneyed character-part.

Under the sway of that fear, when my oldest daughter was married, I took the bridegroom aside for a moment after the ceremony and said to him earnestly, 'I shall try to be a good mother-in-law to you, Alexander.' I said it in the full seriousness of a vow, affixing my promise as a sort of rider to my daughter's marriage contract. That same vow I have mentally renewed as each of my children married and went away. I have been ambitious that my sons-in-law and my daughters-in-law should think of me as one who never tries to manage or to meddle; one whose advice is to be had only when applied for; one who, in an emergency, is always ready and able to step promptly into the breach. The perfect mother-in-law, I have come to believe, is a combination of hostess, news correspondent, consulting-bureau, valued friend, and first-aid kit.

To be considered expert in those lines has been my aim. But in my efforts to work up this reputation, I have discovered in my own spirit certain tendencies that are, I think, the eternal roots of the old tradition about the meddlesome mother-in-law. The profound philosopher who could probe those roots would come upon an underground meshwork more intricate and astonishing than the roots of any banyan grove. For the roots of our far-famed 'meddlesomeness' are the very roots from which grew our most essential crop of motherly virtues when our

children were small — the virtues of faithfulness to endless trivial detail, attention to a host of exacting small duties, persistence in our ideals, foresight in warding off danger and in making dreams come true.

The central root of all these virtues was our peculiarly apprehensive maternal sense of responsibility. Skillful mothers are so anxious that everything shall be right! Even after our children are safely married, we are still responsible. It is not that we distrust our children-in-law. Our watchfulness is not a new trait inspired by them. It is a hang-over from long experience, and it takes them in only because we now look at them and at our own children in the same glance. We know our own children a little too well to be perfectly easy in our minds. A mother rarely feels that she has had quite time to put the finishing touches on her products; yet whatever modification she tries to make now in her own children must involve the interests of their partners. Therefore, if she wants to avoid the appearance of trying to superintend the new couple, she does well to get in her chief master-strokes before the wedding day.

With this in mind, when my son Tyler became engaged to be married, I had a long talk with him about his faults. I told him that his lovely little fiancée was very different from me and from his sisters. 'Tyler,' said I, 'if you ever roared at her in an argument the way you do at us, her heart would be absolutely broken. She 'd never get over it.'

'Mother,' suggested Tyler suddenly, 'I wish you 'd ask Priscilla down here some time when I am away, and tell her all about me. I 'd like to have her warned beforehand. Tell her all my faults.'

I laughed, but Tyler persisted, and soon arranged a definite appointment. Therefore, one snowy December afternoon when I was alone in the house, Priscilla came to call. Together she and I sat down before the fire, with our feet on the same footstool, and for two hours, while a white New England blizzard whirled through the rose-bushes outside the window, I recounted Tyler's faults. I covered the ground quite thoroughly, because I wanted Priscilla to have the reassurance, in case he ever displayed his ferocious moods to her, of knowing that he had often done even so to us. I suppose I also wanted her to know that his faults were not habits that I endorsed.

But as I look back upon it now, I think that I might have saved my breath. For Tyler as a householder is transformed, and I sometimes fear that Priscilla thinks I never quite appreciated my own son. She has never seen him in the rôle of bold bad man, so ably advertised by me. When I first saw his angelic manners under her régime I held my breath, because in the old days Tyler in a beatific state of mind meant Tyler getting ready to break out in a new place. But as time goes on and the serenity remains unbroken, I repeat to myself that perfect line from the *Just So Stories* — 'Not always was the Kangaroo as now we do behold him' — a text that I recommend to all mothers who have seen their brisk sons neatly trained by well-selected wives.

Indeed, the longer I live the more ready I am to believe that a young man's wife may be better acquainted with his actual current present-day self than his mother can possibly be. My daughter-in-law sees in her husband a forceful man of affairs on whose judgment she implicitly relies. I respect his judgment too, in a way, but I cannot help knowing that he is the same Tyler who, at the age of four, howled himself into a high fever one

day because I would not let him lead a bloodhound in the parade when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came to town. Mothers view their sons with what psychologists might call an 'associative fringe.' We are handicapped by assorted memories. We cannot estimate our sons exactly as their wives estimate them. They came upon us at a different stage.

II

Similarly, I cannot avoid taking a bird's-eye view of my children-in-law. To me, each of them was in the first place only one in a series of possible choices for the boys or suitors for the girls. I scanned them critically as they came along, just as I had scanned others before them in the same light. I had no way of knowing that they were to be the one and only inevitable choice. Then when they were suddenly jumped to the position of members of the family, I saw them in a new light, reflected from the love of my own children. The affection that I gave them then was cordial and real, not affection ex officio at all. But the relation, like all true ones, remains complex. I remember so clearly all the early stages of the game, and exactly how they impressed the family while the children were falling in love.

With this historical background of special knowledge, how shall we manage to dismiss an abiding sense of responsibility when our boys and girls are starting families of their own? We cannot resign from being their parents or get an honorable discharge. My daughter Louisa tried to resign from her position of authority over her five-year-old son one day in last summer's vacation. In sudden exasperation she announced, 'Roger Macdonald, I wash my hands of *you*. Do exactly as you please.' Fifteen minutes later, Louisa glanced out through the window of their summer cottage to see the neighbors running anxiously along the beach, all looking at something in the ocean. And there, far out in the forbidden channel beyond the big dock, swam the blissful head of young Roger, supported with water wings. Churning along on his outbound voyage, he looked like a seagoing cherub's head with wings. The life-saving crew down the beach was rushing out a boat to catch him before he struck the swifter current just beyond.

Some outbreak in this general manner an experienced mother fears if she relaxes her vigilance. Things *have* happened so many times. We look enviously at our husbands and try to emulate their large oblivion to detail. But detail has been our province these thirty-odd years of family life. Time was when attention to detail was an effort to us. I recall one lovely April afternoon many years ago when it seems to me that one more childish question to answer would drive me wild. One more torn muddy little stocking to change, one more stiffened little shoestring to tie, and the taut thread of my sanity would snap. At this point, Louisa (aged seven) tried to give Anthony (aged two) a drink of water from the garden hose turned on full force. I rushed to the rescue and changed Anthony's things; whereupon, six minutes later, Louisa soaked him with the hose again in the same way. 'It was n't my fault, Mother,' explained Louisa virtuously, as I flew about assembling a second oufit of dry clothes. 'Tony did n't drink quite fast enough.'

The training in infinite detail and eternal repetition that our children gave us when we were young and they were small is not easily unlearned. Under their unflagging zeal we became proficient. Our attention to detail became automatic. It is automatic still.

When an expert mother tries to withdraw her attention from the minor details of her grown children's lives, she feels as a trained woodsman or scout might feel if he tried to go through an unexplored forest without noticing anything, deliberately oblivious to significant detail. No longer an official guide, if in spite of himself he sees all the signs of a great hurricane coming up, shall he not warn the gay young explorers in their canoe on the river that he snuffs a storm?

This is the vital problem for conscientious mothers, who wish ardently to avoid the rôle of carping mother-in-law. Shall we withhold our warnings and advice for fear of seeming officious? We hate to nag. Yet what if a word from us might save the day? 'When *I* give advice,' said one emphatic mother of grown sons, 'I don't mean that the boys and their wives have to *follow* it. I only want them to have had that *opportunity*.'

Even before my children were married, I was never certain when I ought to favor them with my advice and when I ought to let them learn by experience. Years ago, the girls came home one afternoon full of enthusiasm over a welfare scheme for the Children's Hospital. A campaign was in progress, and Louisa was chairman of the Junior League. They were discussing plans that I knew would involve floods of circulars and address-cards and record-slips, which would soon spread into every corner of the house. Therefore, in a lull in the conversation, I said, 'Now Louisa, first you ought to get a box.' My suggestion did not seem to make a very palpable hit, and I, therefore, at twenty-minute intervals, repeated my practical bit of advice. The girls never forgot it. The remark became a byword, and even to-day if I venture a suggestion that they consider too obvious, they have only to murmur 'Get a box,' and I am supposed to subside at once. The trouble is, when I have an inspiration that I think will be useful to them, I never can tell beforehand whether I am going to be thanked and blessed for saving the situation, or whether I am going to be told to get a box. After all this training from my own daughters, is it to be wondered at that I go softly with my in-laws?

This sounds as if my children were disrespectful. I suppose sometimes they were. Anthony coined a useful word to describe his sensation when he felt both impetuous and impertinent: the word was 'impertuous.' The 'impertuousness' of the modern young person is explained partly by the up-to-date briskness of modern parents and partly by modern costume. Give me a frail lace cap, and a mull kerchief, and a soft long gown, and mitts, together with an appearance of decrepitude, and nobody would ever tell me to get a box, no matter what I chose to say. Our generation is too energetic to inspire the old-time reverent formalities so properly adopted by the young to the aged a hundred years ago. We of the middle generation have the experience of our years without the panoply of age. This fact was impressed upon me recently, when one of my busiest friends took her tiny grandchild to the Church Kindergarten one day, and stayed to visit while the young instructor taught the lesson on 'Helpfulness.' In the lesson leaflet was a picture of an exceedingly old lady sitting by the window, while a little girl threaded a needle for her. The poem beneath began: —

> Grandmother's eyes are old and dim.
> Grandmother's steps are slow.

The young Kindergartner, looking up and catching the appreciative glance of the visiting grandmother upon her, remarked hastily, '*This*, boys and girls, is the picture of a *great* grandmother.'

Still, in spite of the fact that we have discarded the picturesque uniform of old age, it is true (critics of our wild young people notwithstanding) that frequently the mothers of our generation are actually requested for advice. The more we keep our ideas to ourselves, the oftener we find our opinions solicited. Intellectual mystery is a famous lure. So is our reputation for versatility in thinking up expedients.

III

I do not know how it is with others, but with me, when my advice has been formally requested and I have given my opinion as wisely as I can, there comes a temptation to carry on a follow-up campaign. My interest is all agog. I shall feel partly to blame if the plans fail. I have been accustomed for such a long time to pushing on the reins for certain of my children and acting as a balance wheel for others, that I am prompted to take the lead.

Yet I am convinced that this is the point where we may easily run afoul of our children-in-law. We soon learn that all prodding and badgering and advice urgently given to our own children is promptly handed on to their married partners: if Romeo had lived to marry Juliet, he would soon have been quoting to her the infallible opinions of Mother Montague. It is human nature for the most independent sons and daughters to quote as authority certain parental sayings that the parents themselves thought went in at one ear and came out at the other.

This leads us very close to the chief foundation of the old mother-in-law slander. Very few mothers-in-law go directly to their sons-in-law and offer to manage their affairs. The dealings are largely indirect. The mother-in-law problem is essentially the problem of the mother of grown children: the procedure has only been complicated a little by the fact that another personality, allied but not related, is now involved. Our advice, when we give it, seems to the children-in-law all the more official because it comes to them at one remove.

Even our supposed ideas are sometimes quoted to our sons-in-law with effect. Alexander and Louisa were having a discussion at their breakfast table one morning. They were talking freely, for their children were too little to understand. The debate was at its height, when Louisa remarked with finality, 'Anyway, I don't believe that my mother would think much of the idea.' Alexander, halted in the full swing of his argument, paused respectfully to consider this trump card; whereupon little Roger, eating cereal, glanced across at his baby sister in her high-chair and observed instructively, 'Now Ma 's beated Pa.'

We mothers-in-law, in spite of the funny-papers, do hold a subtle power. Our problem is where to draw the line. I have not found a ready-made solution for that problem, but there is one paragraph in literature that I pin beside my mirror and look at now and then. It is the passage from *The Cloister and the Hearth* describing Catherine's visit to her daughter-in-law. I know the lines by heart, but it bolsters up my good resolutions to see them in black and white: —

'A Catherine is not an unmixed good in a strange house. The governing power is strong in her. It knows no discrimination. It sets everything to rights, and everybody. Now, many things are the better for being set to rights, but everything is not. Everything is the one thing that won't stand being set to rights. . . . Catherine altered the position of every chair and table in Margaret's house, and perhaps for the better. But she

must go farther and upset the live furniture.'

In justice to the ultra-executive mother-in-law, we remember that later in the story Catherine saves the life of Margaret's baby by her prompt and determined advice. This is what we are cut out for, we mothers of grown sons. We are competent for the emergency measure, for the times of whirlwinds and conflagration and the noise of waterspouts. We struggle to keep our executive ability in check until it is needed, but a force so tremendous is likely to get in a little practice every day, just as a professional fireman slides down the brass pole in the engine house even when there is no fire.

Shortly after my youngest son Anthony was married, I invited all the branches of the family to come home for a reunion. The gay house party was at its height, when it occurred to Anthony that this would be a capital time for me to hunt up all his old textbooks and notes and reference works, so that he might send them by express to his new home. Spurred on by his tactful reminders, I rummaged through the bookshelves and storage-nooks all over the house and attic in the intervals of festivity that week. Finally Anthony and I convened in his room to pack the collection in a large wooden box that I had found. As usual, Anthony and I held definite and divergent views about how the packing should be done. My views were obviously superior, based, as I reminded him, on extensive experience largely antedating his birth. Besides, I had hunted up the books. Besides, it was my box. On equal terms the battle raged. Anthony forgot that I was his reverend dear mother. I forgot that Anthony was a householder, a husband, and a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. To me, he was acting very much like my impertuous youngest son in his worst mood well known of old. Meanwhile, Anthony's graceful young wife sat attentively near us on the window seat, preserving that admirable silence so becoming to daughters-in-law. Tyler sat beside her holding the hammer and nails, and Alexander stood helpfully near, ready with marking-pens and ink. They wisely gave Anthony and me a clear field. At last my exasperation with my unruly son arose to a pitch. 'Anthony Winship!' I exclaimed with fervor. 'If you children were *all* at home *all* the time, I 'd just have to give up the struggle.'

Anthony stepped to the doorway and shouted to his sisters, 'Oh girls, Mother says that if we were all at home all the time she 'd give up the struggle.'

With cheers and war whoops and rounds of applause, the rest of the family, including my husband, came trooping up the stairs. Seldom has an innocent remark created such a stir.

'I can imagine a good many things,' mused Anthony when the appreciation had quieted down a little, 'but I can't imagine Mother giving up the struggle.'

IV

No, I shall not give it up. The results are well worth my efforts, and I hope that I am becoming adjusted to the new focus of my life. I am trying to fit my mental vision with a pair of spiritual bifocals, as it were, that I may observe all things in their right proportions, both great and small. I have received noble compliments from my daughters on my marvelous self-control: and Alexander once told Louisa that there ought to be a special way of spelling the term 'mother-in-law' when applied to pleasant ones like me — perhaps with a capital 'L' on the 'law,' or better still, he said, with the Greek lambda. He said I was a lambda. One cherishes such compliments as these,

and I am growing more accustomed to my bifocals every day.

But sometimes, in the middle of a winter night, I half wake up and dreamily realize that the wind is whistling around the house, and that the prophesied cold snap is coming on. Still dazed with sleep, my conscience tells me that I must get up and put extra blankets over the sleeping children in the adjoining rooms. I struggle out of my drowsiness and start to rise — and then I remember that all the children's rooms are empty now. I need not stir. In a way it is a relief not to have to get up. I settle down and try to go to sleep again, and then I start to think. Perhaps Louisa is prowling around on her sleeping-porch in northern Illinois, seeing that her own children are snug and warm. I wonder if Alexander remembered to get the weatherstrips for the windows of the dressing-room on the side of the house nearest the lake. I wonder if Tyler decided to install that new furnace in his house at this crazy time of year. I wonder if Rosamond ever found the fur that she lost. I wonder if Anthony was able to get his full supply of coal, and if he took out fire insurance on his new furniture right away. I wonder if Priscilla decided to let little Tyler enroll for the scouts' winter camp.

At this point my less personal self asks scripturally, 'What is that to thee?'

Oh well, of course it is everything to me. One may as well face the facts. Common sense teaches me to fill my days with new projects, letting my children live their own lives. This is exactly what I do. I have built up an entirely new scheme of existence, filled with activities quite aside from my interest in my children. I am not a flickering old lady living in the past. I am a busy busy person hurrying to and fro in the earth and going up and down upon it, and I have any number of irons in the fire. But activity, however useful and absorbing, has no bearing whatever upon the primitive preoccupations of the soul.

That is why our problem is never solved. That is why our situation is not a comedy, and not a tragedy, but a paradox. That is why the most discreet mother-in-law is never quite sure whether her children-in-law consider her too influential in their family life or not. I should really like to know what they think of me, those high-spirited lovers of my children, after the ups and downs of these important opening years. Is Alexander as happy as he seems when he stops over at our house on one of his New England trips, and I let him have his Sunday morning breakfast very late at the little table by the fireplace, as I used to on his visits to us the year when he and Louisa were engaged? Are Rosamond and Priscilla as contented as they seem when they visit at our seashore cottage, and we sew and talk together while their little children build houses near us in the sand? Of course one can never be absolutely sure. But certainly I have devoted a good deal of attention to winning their confidence and esteem. Persons so important to my sons and daughters are important also to me.

And so, I think, on the evening of Mother-in-Law's Day, I shall be inclined to count over my beautiful snapdragons rather quizzically, as a young girl counts the petals of a daisy: 'They love me — they love me not — they love me.' But I have seen too many daisy petals counted in my day to depend very much on signs, except on those unmistakable human signs of affection and congeniality and understanding which lead me to believe that the true answer (in spite of the mother-in-law tradition, and in spite of what a snapdragon might accidentally say) is probably: 'They love me.'

TWO IVORY CUPIDS

BY WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER

I

From an extremely comfortable chair on the widest verandah of a Bretton Woods hotel, Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham gazed thoughtfully at Mount Washington — and wondered.

Mr. Pinkham was perhaps thirty-five years old, of medium height, well dressed, well enough set up to drive about two hundred, and almost anywhere would have passed as rather attractive. The queer thing about him was the effect that he produced on people who came in contact with him. Somehow they could n't help laughing. Except for the fact that, conversationally, Mr. Pinkham wore tan shoes with evening dress, his personality hardly seemed to invite the effect he produced. Nevertheless, the more serious he tried to be, the funnier he became. Being continuously funny is no laughing matter, but Mr. Pinkham either had grown so familiar with the usual reaction that he was reconciled to it, or else he had begun to think that laughing when one person meets another person was the human way — just as tail-wagging is the dog way.

Why he was Assistant-Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Invention, which was about to meet at Bretton Woods that week in early July, none of the ordinary run-of-the-mine members knew. The insiders could have explained that Mr. Jeffrey Connors, of Connors, Cowdrey, and Calkins, efficiency engineers, had suggested Pinkham to the nominating committee as a good man, and Connors needed only to suggest. He did n't explain that the young man was a relation of Mrs. Connors. It 's queer how one's wife's relatives always hold orchestra tickets for the best jobs we can locate, while our own relatives must scramble for admission checks.

After all, Pinkham was not a bad sort. He was a graduate of Technology; he had brains (which is Big and Little Casino); he was earnest and energetic — but there was that confounded weakness for making everybody laugh. People laugh so easily in these flippant times.

Just what were the duties of a new Assistant-Secretary? Mr. Pinkham had reported on arrival to Professor Butterfield, Secretary of the A.A.A.I., the veteran organizer of eight annual meetings. Professor Butterfield was head over ears in details of accommodations.

'Mr. Pinkham, ah yes, glad to see you. I can't stop now to go over matters. Row on with the management about quarters for four Round Tables on Wednesday — maybe you can help later.' Professor Butterfield laughed and turned back to the problem of more members who had engaged 'rooms with bath' than there were bathrooms within many mountainous miles.

Naturally, Mr. Pinkham would have breezed around, insisted on helping, and finally muddled into his job, but somehow — it was quite unusual —

the laugh deterred him, and the Assistant-Secretary retired to the verandah.

Curious, is it not, how the devotees of science, having formed themselves into learned societies, while ever prepared to undergo extremest hardship in order to acquire more knowledge, somehow invariably settle down like a swarm of locusts at the most favored resorts in summer, or appropriate the most extravagant and gilded hotel in a very large city in the winter. Many of the members never have been so far from home before. This is pursuit of science. It is a necessary expense.

There was nothing novel about the Bretton Woods meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Invention. A meeting of one learned society is as much like the meeting of another learned society as are two shredded wheat biscuits. Professor Ignatius W. Montague of Ann Arbor was President that year, and much was expected of his presidential address — 'Limitations of the Inventive Faculty: a Postulate.' Of course these things could not be discussed effectively in July in a city. It was a trial to be obliged to go to the White Mountains, but the cool air would conduce to edifying discussions and good work. So most of the big hotel was chartered, and on a Tuesday in early July the inventors, and the university people who lectured on the history and influence of inventions, and the interested people who manufactured inventions and charged the public four times their cost, began to flock in to Bretton Woods.

Soon they were wandering around as thick as ants, decorated with badges reading: —

I AM ANSON MAGOON
OF OSHKOSH
WISCONSIN
WHO ARE YOU?

Each A.A.A.I. member had a programme. Each was trying to reconcile the Round Table at 10:00 A. M. with the business meeting of the Association at 9:45, and to figure out how he could take the cog to the top of Mount Washington — and not be missed.

And the meetings buzzed, the verandahs buzzed, and the dining-rooms, invaded three times a day by a swarm of human locusts, buzzed more than all the other buzzings. And so Association Week wore on, and Mr. Pinkham began to glow with various light duties.

In particular, he ran errands and was actually gaining the first faint flushes of an Assistant-Secretary's importance.

Saturday. Last meeting of the Thirty-second Annual Convention of the A.A.A.I. Wonderful success. Unusual papers. Fine food. Most informing discussions. Beautiful scenery.

Major Whitehouse of Jersey City hunted up Secretary Butterfield. The Major was tall, elderly, dignified. He kept his face in the last century, as it were, by wearing a beard, a full and expansive outfit of whiskers.

'Professor, are you going directly back to New York?' he asked deliberately.

'I am, to-morrow.'

'I 've decided to go to Quebec and down the Saguenay with Reed and McSimmons. I have an umbrella here of great value to me. I simply cannot risk taking it on a tourist jaunt. It is an old umbrella. I inherited it thirty years ago from my great uncle. Rather heavy frame, but stout, sir, stout, and the handle is of finest ivory, real, hand-carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids rampant. Would you be willing to take that umbrella back to New York for me?'

Major Whitehouse looked sharply at the Secretary of the A.A.A.I. as

though doubtful whether he could put over such a request.

Professor Butterfield hesitated. 'I 'm not sure,' he began. Then a relieved expression appeared. 'Pinkham!' he called.

Mr. Pinkham hurried to his chief.

'Major Whitehouse, this is Mr. E. W. Pinkham, our efficient Assistant-Secretary, a young man of unusual promise in our Association. He is returning to New York to-night. Mr. Pinkham will gladly take your umbrella back with him and leave it where you direct.'

Mr. Pinkham did not take it over 'gladly,' but what are an Assistant-Secretary's duties anyhow, and who should know but the Secretary?

So it came about that fifteen minutes later Mr. Pinkham was walking through the great office of the hotel on a warm, still, sunny July afternoon carrying a black umbrella of unusual size, decorated with a conspicuous ivory handle, the same representing a bunch of grapes and two cupids rampant.

And it also came about that advancing toward him was Mrs. Algernon Kittredge and Joe Kittredge and Madge Kittredge, from Philadelphia, en route to Montreal and then the Adirondacks.

All the Kittredges stopped short and laughed, while the bell boys continued to advance with the hat boxes and the grips.

'Where are you bound for, Pink, with that family tent? Think it looks like rain?' The feminine Kittredges were convulsed.

'The American Association for the Advancement of Invention is holding its annual meeting here. You see, I 'm the Assistant-Secretary,' Mr. Pinkham said with unwonted dignity.

'I see,' said Joe Kittredge sympathetically, 'sort of Chinese-like, I suppose, and it 's your job to carry that enormous umbrella spread over the President.'

Mr. Pinkham essayed a faint smile. The humor in this episode was not evident to the principal. He explained some of the responsibilities of his position and the ownership and destination of the umbrella.

'Nonsense,' said Joe Kittredge. 'Mother and Madge and I are going to Montreal. So are you — on number two hat-box. It 'll be a jolly party. Come on.'

'I can't,' said Mr. Pinkham, looking at the cupids rampant.

'Nonsense again,' said Joe Kittredge more emphatically. 'My uncle, Walter Randall, is up here somewhere, attending the convention. He lives in Orange and will be going right back. I 'll hunt him up. Let me register first.'

Mr. Pinkham's face brightened. This job had n't been all that a position of honor promised to be, and the umbrella business was an imposition. If Mr. Randall would take the blamed relic home, here was a real chance.

Five minutes later Joe came toward him beaming. 'I found Uncle Walt. He 's a good sport. Says bring on your umbrella. Says he 's met Whitehouse, but he wants to know if you have his gums also. Umbrella is O.K. but no gums. Gimme those immoral grapes of ivory.'

And so it came about that the following morning a carefree party started for Montreal and Uncle Walt Randall personally conducted to New York the Whitehouse family umbrella, huge of frame, of black silk, with an ivory handle carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids rampant. At least the carefree Edward Withers Pinkham, en route for Montreal with Mrs. Kittredge, Joe Kittredge, and Madge Kittredge, supposed that that was so and forgot all about the Whitehouse family umbrella.

II

On a morning in late July Mr. Pinkham found himself once more in his office, which was the fourth door down a private corridor on the seventeenth floor of the Engineering Building, New York City. Mr. Pinkham's office was as large and homey as a stateroom on a Boston night-boat. There was no name on the door, but the legend that decorated the entrance from the public hall was 'Connors, Cowdrey, and Calkins' — which goes to show that blood is much thicker than water, and that Mrs. Connors's influence penetrated to the seventeenth floor of the Engineering Building, New York City.

Mr. Pinkham attended to accumulated mail, and before sinking back from vacation into clerical work, was gazing contemplatively at the distant Goddess of Liberty, faintly visible over chimney pots far down the harbor, when the door was opened.

It is a definition of appearance to say that a man has a heavy head of hair. In this instance the person was a tall elderly man with a thick face of whiskers.

'Mr. Pinkham, I believe?' he said.

Mr. Pinkham looked doubtfully at the stranger, vaguely wondering where in the dim past those whiskers had fluttered upon his vision.

'Yes sir.'

'Assistant-Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Invention?'

'Yes sir.'

'I am D. Pringle Whitehouse. You may recall that early this month at Bretton Woods I entrusted to your care a valuable family umbrella, which you agreed to bring back to New York for me, as I was not returning directly to the city. I have called to obtain it.' Major Whitehouse ceased, significantly, and looked at each of the four corners of the small room as though expecting to see his property awaiting redemption.

Mr. Pinkham possessed a hit-or-miss temperament. Having started the ivory grapes and cupids toward New York, he had given no further thought to method, place, or time of arrival — and here was the reckoning. 'Holy Timotheus,' he thought, 'where *is* the umbrella? Something must be done at once.'

'I 'm delighted to see you, Major,' said the Assistant-Secretary, most cordially wringing his visitor's rather tepid hand. 'Just back from Canada, I take it?'

'Yes, arrived here yesterday.'

'Well, the fact is, I'm just back myself. I went over to Canada also. Met some friends just after I saw you, and went up to Montreal and back by the Adirondack route.'

'Where's the umbrella?' asked the Major apprehensively.

'You see, like yourself, I was n't returning directly, so I asked Mr. Walter Randall to bring it back, and I have n't had a chance yet to see him.'

The Major stroked the hairy undulations on his waistcoat, and looked decidedly annoyed.

'Randall,' he remarked. 'I know him. A flighty, sporty creature. The last man in our Association to whose care I should have entrusted that valuable piece of property. That umbrella, Mr. Pinkham, belonged to my great uncle. It is more than fifty years old.'

Mr. Pinkham needed no prodding. He was terrorized, though outwardly calm.

'Don't worry,' he said assuringly; 'I'll see Mr. Randall to-morrow. Where can I reach you?'

'I shall call next Monday.' Whereupon Major Whitehouse abruptly departed.

The Assistant-Secretary at once wrote to South Orange, N. J.: —

DEAR MR. RANDALL, —

Major Whitehouse has called upon me for his umbrella. You will recall that I was to have brought it back with me from Bretton Woods and you kindly agreed to Joe Kittredge's request to relieve me of the charge. Please write or telephone me at once where I can see you.

I'm awfully sorry to bother you, but I am much embarrassed. Major Whitehouse is likely to be trying.

You, of course, recall the particular umbrella I mean — big old black silk affair, ivory handle, bunch of grapes, two cupids. Please answer promptly.

E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

The second day brought this reply: —

DEAR MR. PINKHAM, —

I have n't the Whitehouse umbrella. After you left, several of us in the grill at Bretton Woods had a good deal of sport over that heirloom and tossed up to see who would be the goat. For the life of me I can't recall who lost. I was out first round, so I did n't worry. Try Cobb — I think he was one of the bunch — Thomas Porter Cobb, something Broadway, Pittsburgh. He's in the address list. I'm sorry you are bothered.

Yours sincerely,
W. K. RANDALL.

Mr. Pinkham's concern grew apace as he read this careless response. The Major's opinion seemed verified. What would the Major say? Again he wrote: —

DEAR MR. COBB, —

I promised Major Whitehouse to carry back for him to New York from Bretton Woods a fine old family umbrella — large, black silk, ivory handle carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids. At the last moment I decided to take a motor trip and Mr. Walter Randall agreed to take charge of the umbrella. He now says he thinks you took it off his hands. The Major is back. He wants his umbrella. I am a good deal embarrassed. Please send it to me at once if you have it, or tell me, if you can, who has it. I'm in a dreadful hurry about this.

E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

On Saturday a letter postmarked Pittsburgh lay on Mr. Pinkham's desk when he reached the office. He opened it in haste.

DEAR SIR, —

Answering yours of recent date. I have no knowledge of the matter to which you refer. I left Bretton Woods Saturday afternoon immediately after the closing meeting.

Why not try Hotchkiss? He was constantly with Randall — Marcus P. Hotchkiss, Tontine Building, New Haven, Connecticut.

Yours truly,
T. P. COBB.

'Holy Smoke!' groaned Mr. Pinkham. 'There are 1634 members in the Association, not including eleven in England, four in France, and three in Italy. Three hundred and eighteen of them attended the Bretton Woods meeting. Have I got to circularize all of them? And if I must can I live through the assaults of Major Whitehouse?'

Mr. Pinkham paused and looked out of the window. 'Major Whitehouse,' he repeated slowly to himself, 'is about the only person who does n't laugh. He does n't even smile.' It was not a comforting thought.

Again Mr. Pinkham wrote: —

DEAR MR. HOTCHKISS, —

Did you bring back from our Association meeting at Bretton Woods a large, old-fashioned silk umbrella with a carved ivory handle, bunch of grapes and two cupids?

I promised Major Whitehouse of

Jersey City to bring the umbrella back for him, but did not return direct. Mr. Walter Randall offered to help me out. The Major values his umbrella very highly, and now he wants it. Mr. Randall said he had the umbrella when with a crowd of our members and persuaded one of them to take charge of it for him. He thought it was Mr. Cobb of Pittsburgh. Mr. Cobb writes it was n't he, but thinks it was you.

Please help me out. Have you got the umbrella? Wire if you have. If you have n't it, do you know who has it? I am much troubled.

Yours truly,
E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

The Assistant-Secretary of the A.A.A.I. may have deserved to spend a troubled week-end. Whether he deserved to do so or not, that was the kind of a week-end he spent.

Monday forenoon the door of Mr. Pinkham's office opened and Major D. Pringle Whitehouse — again unannounced — entered. The Major was reserved. Mr. Pinkham was cordial with a suggestion of embarrassment.

'Did you see Randall?' asked the Major abruptly.

'No, I wrote him and am expecting to get some word in a day or so.'

The Major's face darkened. 'Mr. Pinkham, I feel you have sadly neglected one of the duties of your position.'

'I was not elected to carry umbrellas,' replied the desperate Pinkham.

'You were elected by the Association to be of use to the members, sir.'

Anger got the best of the Pinkham discretion, never particularly prominent.

'I am tired and sick of this umbrella business,' he snapped.

'So am I.'

'Let me get you a new umbrella.'

'I don't want it.'

'Silver head.'

'I don't want it.'

'Gold head.'

'Don't want it.'

'I 'll give you an umbrella annuity, one every year.'

'I don't want it!' shouted the Major. 'I am amply able to buy umbrellas by the gross. I want the one I entrusted to you. I value that umbrella very highly. It came to me by inheritance from a great uncle. I have carried it for thirty years. I must have it, even if you are obliged to call personally on every member of the Association who attended the meeting. I will give you one week to show progress.'

The door closed upon the departing Whitehouse, and Mr. Pinkham sank back exhausted. A few days later the Hotchkiss reply arrived: —

Sorry to say I cannot send you Whitehouse's umbrella with ivory grapes and cupids. I was with Randall before he left Bretton Woods and I think he turned that relic over to Penfield, not A. M. but O. Penfield, of Baltimore. Don't write Penfield. Get a requisition from the Governor and go there yourself. That is the only chance with O. P.

It's a special Providence for Whitehouse that I am not the custodian of his octogenarian 'brell. I am looking for an umbrella big enough to protect more than my hat.

Yours ever,
MARCUS P. HOTCHKISS.

With sinking heart Mr. Pinkham resumed correspondence.

DEAR MR. PENFIELD, —

A large, old-fashioned, black silk umbrella, with ivory handle carved to represent a bunch of grapes and two cupids was left in my charge, as Assistant-Secretary of the A.A.A.I., at the Bretton Woods meeting by Major D. P. Whitehouse. I depended on Mr. W. K. Randall to bring it to New York. He forgets who really did bring it — suggested Cobb of Pittsburgh. Mr.

Cobb denies responsibility and thought it was Hotchkiss. He says he has n't it, but is confident you are the custodian. I am in great distress. Major Whitehouse is making me considerable trouble. Please telegraph at my expense all you know about this affair. I shall be grateful for your help.

Yours truly,
E. W. PINKHAM,
Assistant-Secretary.

Again Mr. Pinkham looked off at the Goddess of Liberty. It all seemed so hopeless. The joy had mostly gone out of life. In three days more the towering form from Jersey City would again appear in his office, coldly stroking that avenging beard. Mr. Pinkham was really all in. He had had a chance to win the favor and confidence of the A.A.A.I. and here he was circularizing the members that he was untrustworthy!

The Assistant-Secretary was sitting with his head in his hands, the picture of rather volatile despair, when Mr. Connors breezed in.

'What's the matter, Eddie?'

'I've lost Whitehouse's umbrella.'

'Glad of it. Anybody who makes D. Pringle lose anything — yea, verily, even one hair of his whiskers — is a star. Credit and fame are yours.'

Mr. Pinkham smiled feebly. 'It was a professional trust,' he said. 'Because I was an officer of our Association, the Major trusted his valuable umbrella — heirloom, big black silk affair with handle carved like grapes and cupids — to me to bring home from Bretton Woods. I shirked it and went on a motor trip. Randall was to bring it back. He flipped up with a bunch to see who 'd get stuck, and can't recall now who was the goat. He guessed Cobb. Cobb guesses Hotchkiss. Hotchkiss guesses Penfield. Lord only knows who Penfield will guess. There are three hundred and twelve shots left. It 's awful. I can't sleep, I can't work. Monday old Whitehouse is due in this office again. What 'll I do?'

Obviously Mr. Pinkham was in earnest, a most unusual phenomenon. His employer seemed concerned.

'Cut it all out, Eddie,' he said kindly. 'You can't work in this shape. Beat it, be elsewhere when the enemy arrives. There 's the Twohig matter in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Go up there for a few days, see Twohig, and get out circulars to the A.A.A.I.'

It was a hot late-July day. The sultry haze obscured the wide outlook over the harbor. It did not take long to approve of the chief's suggestion.

III

In Boston, where Mr. Pinkham spent the following night, it continued to be impossible to escape from the depressing influence of the umbrella mystery. At breakfast Mr. Pinkham heard himself being paged. He responded apprehensively, only to receive this telegram: —

NEVER HAD UMBRELLA TRY GRAHAM WILLIAMSTOWN

O. PENFIELD

'Charley Ross, Dorothy Arnold, the Whitehouse cupids,' groaned Mr. Pinkham. 'One thing is certain,' he mused, 'for a while I am out of reach of the still small voice of D. Pringle Whitehouse. I 'll wait until to-morrow to write Graham, Williamstown.' Whereupon, having squeezed a final half cup of coffee from the reluctant pot, he paid his bill and took a taxi to the North Station, where he picked up a ticket and a chair for Portsmouth on the Portland–Bangor Express.

Once on the train, increasing distance from the office and a natural tendency to scatter made it easy for Mr. Pinkham to forget his troubles. He settled

down to a magazine, but not without noticing, after the manner of his kind, that the passenger opposite him was a very attractive girl. She could n't have outstripped twenty-one or -two. She had brown hair and a wonderful complexion, wore a very smart blue suit and a close hat of straw decorated with a very assertive blue bow. Mr. Pinkham also furtively observed gray silk stockings and gray suède shoes, which added considerably to the highly favorable impression. This opposite neighbor was far and away the most agreeable outlook from Mr. Pinkham's seat. From the car window the purlieus of Salem which soon succeeded those of Lynn offered little competition to the pleasant prospect across the aisle. The Assistant-Secretary sighed a little. It would be wonderful, but was so impossible. He resigned himself to mere reading, but first swept the car with a detached, impersonal glance. The opposite neighbor's suitcase reposed in the unoccupied chair ahead; her gray sport coat was flung carelessly in the rack above, partly covering a rather long black umbrella with a white —

Mr. Pinkham's glance stopped suddenly at the rack. He almost stopped breathing. It was a long black silk umbrella. That much was clear of the coat. The handle was mostly concealed. It was ivory white. There was something on it that looked like a small curly human head.

'Holy Moses!' ejaculated the horrified Mr. Pinkham, 'am I so far gone that common objects of daily life look to me like big umbrellas and ivory cupids?'

Nervously he again tried to read. Vain. Again he studied the rack. This time boldly. Any man can look at a Pullman baggage rack without giving offense.

'Good Lord!' exclaimed Mr. Pinkham to himself. 'What am I to do?' It 's a big black silk umbrella unless I am batty. It 's got an ivory handle. I actually believe that 's a cupid. There can't be two such curios on earth. I 've written to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Maryland, and now suppose that blamed umbrella is there, across the aisle, actually headed for Maine or Canada and getting away from me forever. Something must be done right off. It really must,' he added desperately.

The attention of the young woman was vaguely attracted by the queer attitude of the opposite passenger. She looked furtively across at him from her book. The passing thought that actuated her glance was something like this: 'Queer-acting fellow opposite. Rather good looking. Well dressed. Looks like a New Yorker. He acts fussed. Somehow he 's awfully funny. I wish — '

Mr. Pinkham fidgeted more than ever and shut up his magazine. 'Something has got to be done,' he repeated. 'If that is Whitehouse's great uncle's umbrella before my eyes, can I get off this train and write a letter to Graham asking where it is? I 'm a fool already. What shall I be then?' The logic of this query was appalling.

Mr. Pinkham had his failings, but he possessed that aplomb with the other sex which characterizes the present younger generation as compared with the generation which ripened before the Spanish War. He arose and bowed as gracefully as 'the rolling rail' permitted.

'Pardon me,' said Mr. Pinkham most politely. 'I notice you have a rather remarkable umbrella. Do you suppose you could let me look at it?'

The girl looked astonished. 'My umbrella?' she repeated vaguely.

'Yes. I 'd awfully like to look at the handle.'

An expression of intense amuse-

ment came over an especially pretty face.

'Is n't he bright?' she thought. 'I never heard of anything so original. How Mabel will scream when I tell her about it.'

'You seem awfully interested in umbrellas.'

'Oh, I am!' protested Mr. Pinkham eagerly.

'Do you collect umbrellas?'

'Why no, you see I have a friend who has an umbrella — '

'Indeed!'

'Yes, it 's a corker. It 's awfully old. My friend inherited it. He died in 1890. I mean my friend's great uncle did. He left it as an only bequest. Fifty years old.'

'Who is fifty years old, your friend's uncle?'

'No, no, the umbrella.'

The girl laughed. Anybody would have laughed. Mr. Pinkham never looked funnier.

'You see,' Mr. Pinkham floundered on, 'my friend was awfully attached to his uncle — I mean his uncle's umbrella — almost like a son to him.'

'His uncle was like a son to your friend?'

'No, no, the umbrella was!'

'Your friend must have a very affectionate disposition if he treats his umbrella like a member of the family.' She laughed again. Mr. Pinkham laughed, though rather more nervously than Mr. Pinkham usually laughed.

The young lady arose and extracted her umbrella from the rack. With evident amusement she handed it to this excruciating man. How would he 'land' from such an absurd excuse onto solid ground?

Mr. Pinkham forgot his attractive neighbor. The umbrella was large — altogether too large for a girl. Black silk. It had a richly tinted ivory handle representing a bunch of grapes and two cupids.

'My God!' muttered Mr. Pinkham, 'it 's Whitehouse's umbrella. What 'll I do next?'

This agonized query was not easy to answer. Certain it was that Mr. Pinkham did not cut an especially dignified figure as he swayed in the aisle grasping a big umbrella and gazing intently at the handle.

'I 've been awfully interested in umbrellas,' he said, breaking the momentary silence, 'because my friend lost his and I 've been trying to help him find it.'

The look of amusement faded from the face of the umbrella's attractive owner. She said coldly, 'So you suspect that my umbrella is stolen property?'

'No, oh no!'

'I 'll trouble you for it. I 'm willing to allow that umbrella to be admired — if anybody wants to admire an umbrella — but that does n't mean identification as stolen property.'

Saying which, the young woman laid the umbrella on the floor by the steam pipe, and turned her chair toward the window.

Mr. Pinkham realized he was up against a large, man-sized crisis. He realized also that his only hope of following the Whitehouse relic further was to change his tactics, and at once.

'I have a confession to make,' said Mr. Pinkham meekly. 'Please don't refuse to hear it.'

The girl made no reply, but she wheeled her chair around and faced the umbrella sleuth.

'Nothing to it.'

'Your uncle, you mean?'

'Yes, my friend, his uncle, the umbrella, and all the dope. Nothing to it.'

There was a slight twinkle in a most attractive pair of brown eyes, but no

change of expression. 'Is n't he perfectly killing?' was the girl's amused thought. 'Did you ever see such a fool? He 's awfully bright. I never would have thought he could get down to earth so cleverly. And funny! Somehow I never saw anything so funny before!'

'You mean there was n't any truth in anything you said?'

'Absolutely no truth whatever. I just had to get acquainted with you. I was desperate. I could n't offer any little assistance, not even a magazine or paper. I could n't see a ghost of a show of rescuing you from bandits or violence — certainly not before I get to Portsmouth. Time was short. It 's shorter still now. Please forgive me. I really was desperate,' stammered Mr. Pinkham with a timid, ingratiating smile. He permitted the sway of the car to lurch him a little nearer the adjoining vacant seat.

The owner of the umbrella laughed. It was not due altogether to a sudden relenting on her part. This was one of the rare instances in Mr. Pinkham's career in which the involuntary mirth which he inspired was fortunate.

During the agreeable hour which followed, Mr. Pinkham exerted himself feverishly to secure some information concerning his companion, but in vain. With unusual skill she avoided giving him any clue to her identity. She was going to Portland. That was easy. Where did she come from? Who was she? Portsmouth was fast approaching. Mr. Pinkham was getting desperate.

'I think you might tell me your name,' he pleaded.

'Natalie.'

'What else?'

'It 's not of the least consequence to you. Select any nice name from the 'phone book that will go well with the first one. Schermerhorn or Munion, for example, would be excellent.'

'Don't you want to know my name? Don't you want ever to see me again?' asked Mr. Pinkham plaintively.

'I 've told you my first name. What is yours?'

'Eddie.'

'Fine. That 's all I need. An eddy goes round in a circle. You 've cut several circles this morning.'

'I 'd like to tell you my last name and give you my address. Please let 's exchange, Natalie,' pleaded Mr. Pinkham, though rather hurriedly. The porter was intimating that Portsmouth was near at hand.

'Oh no, not your last name. I could n't stand it. I know so many Eddies now that I almost cut circles myself. Where I live there are more men than anything else. Cheer up, we can't exchange addresses.'

The train stopped as Mr. Pinkham was fervidly protesting his enjoyment of the morning's experience. The self-possessed Natalie smiled again. Again she could n't help it. With furtive glance at the projecting ferule of D. Pringle Whitehouse's umbrella, Mr. Pinkham turned reluctantly to depart. Evidently Miss Natalie noticed his glance.

'Remember me to your great uncle, Eddie!' she said and turned to the window.

Mr. Pinkham had not been entirely idle, however. In his pocket he had a very dainty Madeira handkerchief. On the platform he hastily examined it. In one corner were the initials 'N. G.'

IV

For some unexplained reason, Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham was in an especially cheerful mood when he sought repose that evening in a Portsmouth hotel.

'I 'm near the end of the trail — trail — trail!' chanted Mr. Pinkham

sonorously, beginning low and ending high, as he hung his necktie on the chandelier and airily did an imaginary fox trot. Possibly the day's experience had had something to do with his good humor, or perhaps — and, at that, a more likely perhaps — it all arose from the letter he had written to Professor Dawson Graham, Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR PROFESSOR GRAHAM, —

I am in a peck of trouble. I promised to bring back from Bretton Woods for D. Pringle Whitehouse of Jersey City, a big black silk umbrella with ivory handle representing a bunch of grapes and two cupids. I was prevented from returning directly and persuaded Randall to bring the umbrella back. Randall put the job off on someone else — he forgets who — thought it was Cobb of Pittsburgh. Cobb denied it and suggested Hotchkiss of New Haven. Hotchkiss also said no, and suggested Penfield of Baltimore. Penfield telegraphs me you are the man.

Meantime Whitehouse is getting very troublesome, and I am much concerned — so much so that I am going to stay here in Portsmouth a few days and, while here, try to locate that umbrella. It's pretty valuable, old as the hills, heirloom, and all that. Please help me out. I do hope you have the thing or can tell me where it is so I can go at once and get it.

Yours sincerely,
E. W. PINKHAM,
Asst.-Secretary.

'It 's that last sentence. It 'll do the rick. I see the gates of Paradise gaily gleaming — gaily gleaming,' sang Mr. Pinkham as he dived into bed.

Nearly a week elapsed before a letter bearing the Williamstown postmark reached the hand of the troubled and somewhat overwrought Assistant-Secretary. It read: —

DEAR MR. PINKHAM, —

I regret to tell you that you have at last located the guilty party in the Whitehouse umbrella episode. When I was at Bretton Woods I expected to go directly to New York, so I offered to take that umbrella with me. On reaching Greenfield I decided to go home for a few days and then on to New York. One thing after another has delayed the trip, and the Whitehouse umbrella stood — as I supposed — safely in the household umbrella stand. When your letter came I prepared to wrap it securely and express it to you, but it was not to be found. I have searched everywhere, and made inquiries about town, but in vain.

Mrs. Graham suggests that perhaps our daughter, Natalie, took it with her when she left home last week on a trip to Boston and Portland. She was starting without an umbrella, but it may be that after her mother's comments the Whitehouse umbrella appealed to my daughter's sense of humor and that she took the heirloom with her. I can think of no other way to account for its disappearance, and wrote at once to my daughter asking her to reply by return mail and also to write direct to you if she had the umbrella. A letter was received from her to-day but she forgets to make any reference to the umbrella, so all I can do is to send you the facts with deep regret.

You are near Portland. If you have the time and it is worth while, you might make personal inquiry. My daughter is visiting a classmate and will remain another week at least. I enclose a card with the Portland address. You may have heard from her already.

I am really most upset over this, and shall keep searching. With much regret,

Sincerely yours,
DAWSON GRAHAM.

Mr. Pinkham folded up the letter. 'Have you a time-table of trains between Portsmouth and Portland?' he inquired of the hotel clerk most politely.

There was quite another state of affairs in Portland.

Miss Natalie Graham had arrived safely, bag and baggage, and had been met and demonstratively greeted by Miss Mabel Parkhurst, and thereafter, with beautiful weather and much doing day and evening, a week was slipping by when a letter from Williamstown seemed to disturb Miss Parkhurst's attractive guest.

It was in the forenoon. The two girls were sitting on the broad verandah together. Natalie's face became grave and perplexed.

'Mabel,' she demanded, 'where is that umbrella?'

'What umbrella?'

'You know that absurd man I told you about and his clever excuses. The umbrella — the one I had. My dear, where is it?'

'I thought he took it.'

'Took it? Of course not. I must have left it in the Pullman. I have n't given the awful thing a thought since that man got off the car at Portsmouth. I was a fool to take it. It was six feet long and weighed a ton. Nobody needs an umbrella, but Mother insisted and so I took along a monstrosity, and first that man grabbed at it, and now it 's lost and father writes for it.'

'The man who scraped acquaintance with you stole it,' said Miss Parkhurst tranquilly.

'He did nothing of the sort. He was a dear. He was no thief,' retorted Natalie.

'He has it.'

'Let 's go to the station and see if the umbrella was turned in.'

Half an hour later began a vigorous search for the Whitehouse umbrella, with tracer papers started to the Pullman and to the porter, who, meantime, had been transferred.

And so it happened that Natalie wrote an enthusiastic letter home about Portland, but said nothing about the Whitehouse umbrella — because there was nothing to say.

V

It was about five-thirty on a warm bright summer afternoon when Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham ascended the broad verandah-steps of a spacious old-fashioned house in Portland and inquired for Miss Graham.

Mr. Pinkham was blissfully ignorant of the hurried conference that was held upstairs when his card and Professor Graham's introduction were presented to Natalie.

'What shall I do?' she exclaimed distractedly. 'If we could only be sure of hearing from that Lost and Found tracer by to-morrow, somehow I could put him off a day.'

'Nat, you 're too mild. I 'll help you see this through. It will not be to-morrow. Prepare for the worst. You don't know railroads. They 'll take a week at least. This man seems all right to take on, and we 'll rush him off his feet. We 'll kill all his umbrella longings. You vamp him and I 'll crowd the social end.'

Nothing in the demure, rather subdued appearance of Natalie Graham, looking wondrously attractive that warm summer afternoon in a gown of filmiest shell-pink voile, remotely suggested a vamp. She greeted the slightly embarrassed Mr. Pinkham very cordially. There was a hint of penitence in her manner (perhaps partly genuine if the tracer could be ignored).

'It was n't necessary to give you my address, as you asked me to do, and I did n't need yours because my father supplied it several days ago. You see, it was all neatly attended to for us.'

'It was a plain case of Providence,' put in Mr. Pinkham eagerly. 'I 'm

dreadfully sorry you have been so annoyed over that wretched old umbrella.' The Assistant-Secretary was now serenely tranquil over the Whitehouse relic. Had he not reached the end of the trail? And had the trail not led to a wonderful girl? Blessings on Whitehouse! Hail ivory grapes and cupids!

'Let 's go out on the verandah. There 's a delightful one at the side of the house.' And Natalie led the way to a vine-protected corner where several big chairs invited to conversation.

'I don't suppose,' added Miss Graham daringly, 'that you want that horrible old umbrella to caress while you talk?'

'Forget it,' said Mr. Pinkham. 'I feel now as though I never wanted to see that umbrella again. And yet,' he added, the natural Pinkham beginning to appear, 'I ought to be more than grateful. Did not those ivory cupids — '

'My friend, Mabel Parkhurst, Mr. Eddie Pinkham.'

Miss Parkhurst laughed. Miss Graham laughed. Everybody always did laugh when introduced to Mr. Pinkham. On this occasion Mr. Pinkham laughed.

'I heard you say you were grateful,' said Mabel Parkhurst. 'It 's too early for that, because you are going to stay to supper, then we 'll take you over to bridge at the Robinson's and a little dance at the end. No excuse.'

'I planned to spend the night at the hotel here in Portland, anyway,' admitted Mr. Pinkham, and so the Whitehouse umbrella was forgotten a second time. The first time Mr. Pinkham airily assumed it was traveling to New York on the arm of Randall, the kindly helper. It was n't. The second time, he assumed just as airily that the grapes and cupids were reposing in Natalie's room. They were not. The Lord only knew where they were reposing just at that moment.

The week which followed was not calculated to encourage meditations on umbrellas. Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham was no anchorite. He was a lively, gregarious soul, and he had progressed so far in the malady of love that he gave no thought to the empty chair on the seventeenth floor of the Engineering Building, New York, and a possibly irate employer. Natalie was so absorbing, so wonderful! Somehow her manner toward him had distinctly changed. Mr. Pinkham could not know that even the Lost and Found Bureau at the Boston Terminal had been appealed to by telephone in vain and that the approaching necessity for a tragic accounting was weighing hourly more and more heavily.

The worst of it for Natalie was that there was something awfully attractive about Eddie. Of course he was a perfect scream. One wanted to laugh every time one looked at him, but he was certainly a peach — so well-bred, so thoughtful of her, so devoted — and she just knew he cared.

VI

This was the general state of affairs in Portland, Maine, on a bright August Tuesday morning when Mr. Pinkham came down rather late to breakfast after a most delightful outing the evening before. A night letter awaited him.

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO STICK AROUND PORTLAND STOP WHITEHOUSE HAS THAT OLD UMBRELLA YOU KEEP YAPPING ABOUT STOP YOUR EXCUSE ABSURD STOP CUT OUT LOAFING AND GET BACK ON JOB STOP BE AT DESK WEDNESDAY MORNING OR FIRED

J. C.

The staggering effect of this message on Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham was no greater than that produced in the

not distant Parkhurst mansion upon Natalie Graham by a letter from Bangor, Maine, that awaited her when she also appeared at the breakfast table. It read: —

> Dear Miss Graham, —
>
> Referring to our several telephone conversations concerning the whereabouts of your umbrella left in Pullman car Rangeley on July 30. I find that an umbrella closely resembling the one you describe was claimed from our Lost and Found office last week by a New York party named Randall, who was here searching for a bag of golf sticks.
>
> The umbrella was delivered to claimant upon his statement of ownership. Evidently yours was not turned in at Bangor. Regret that this office cannot be of service.
>
> ———
>
> Division-Superintendent.

Breakfast had no allurements for Natalie. She was curiously silent. 'I am going to leave on the ten-o'clock,' she announced to Mabel Parkhurst as soon as they were alone. 'I can't see Eddie again; I shall write him a note and tell him the truth. I simply cannot talk to him, Mabel, and tell him I have made such a fool of myself.'

Natalie slipped out of the room, packed hurriedly and wrote a very brief, very penitent note which she entrusted to her hostess for delivery. While the motor waited, she crossed the street to bid the Robinson girls good-bye.

Mr. Edward Withers Pinkham recovered enough from his bewilderment to put on his hat and start mechanically for the Parkhurst house.

Whitehouse had his accursed umbrella. How did he get it? It was standing in Natalie Graham's room in Portland. Were there twin black silk umbrellas half a century old with ivory handles — grapes — cupids? The rebuked and smarting Pinkham gave it up and quickened his pace. There was Natalie now.

'Natalie!' called the Assistant-Secretary of the A.A.A.I.

No escape. Miss Graham turned on the top step and looked defiantly at her pursuer.

'I 'm going to New York this noon,' he said.

'You are slow. I'm leaving for Boston now.'

'Anything wrong? Anyone sick?' he asked.

'No. I'm in trouble. I 've told stories — I 've made a fool of myself.'

'You have n't got anything on me,' said Mr. Pinkham bitterly. 'I 've made of myself the biggest boob in all America. It was n't your umbrella at all! Besides, I 've almost lost my job. Read that!' He thrust the brutal night letter into Natalie's hand.

She read it through twice — and laughed. Really Eddie was too funny! Poor lamb, he was such a picture of woe! And then more and more peals of laughter. Mr. Pinkham had always loved to hear Natalie laugh. She laughed very well. Not so this time. Now he was the cause. It was the same old reason. Everybody always laughed at him. Usually he did n't care. Now it was different. Here he was — bewildered, losing his job, and in love, and the only girl he had ever really cared for thought he was just funny!

Mr. Pinkham sat down on the top step. 'Don't laugh! Everybody else does — please don't! I can't stand it. Of course I know you don't care for me and I have n't any chance — I 'll try to be brave about it — only please don't laugh, please —' he pleaded, jumping up and grasping her hand.

'Don't you think, Eddie —' there was an unusual gentleness in the girl's voice — 'that the front steps is a poor place to discuss — umbrellas!'

THE SPINNERS

BY ALICE BROWN

THE heavens are open,
Their gates are flung wide.
I can see lovers walking
Along, side by side.

On rivers of laughter
They sail time away
Like the little toy shallops
Of children at play.

I can see an old woman
Puff-puffing her pipe.
I can see boys in branches
Where apples are ripe.

And there by one gateway
Quite plainly I see
Seven maidens sit spinning
Around a green tree.

Their wheels are as shadows.
Their spindles are whirled
As dust, while they fashion
New forms for the world.

One spins a new trumpet
For new vines to blow.
One spins a new seed-pod
For new flowers to sow.

A new cowl for monkshood,
New leaves for the oak,
Seven-pointed, they're spinning.
And one spins a cloak

For the pale evening primrose
Dew-cinctured, and far
Out-wandered in dreaming
As evening's star.

And when they 've been spinning
A time and a half,
They stay their bright spindles
And lean back to laugh.

Such laughter I 've never
Heard here upon earth.
From its majors and minors
Ten brooks came to birth.

Then, stinting their chorus,
Accordant they sing:
'Our Lord made earth lovely,
Yea, every live thing.

And we that love beauty,
On us He has laid
His touch of desire
To make as He made.

Thus, though we know soothly
Save Him, there is none
Who makes, we sit spinning
Our fancies and fun.

Thereon He sends laughter:
For straightway we find
Our silly small makings
Were dust from His mind.

So for love we cease whirling
Our spindles of gold,
And, adoring, we worship
What has been of old,

And Him that did make it
But merrily we
Again shall sit spinning
Around our green tree.'

FERGUSON—REX

BY '90

Middle Age stood before the counter of the College Drug Store and examined with reflective eye the display of college insignia ingeniously wrought on banner, pipe, and shield. The panoply and regalia of youth, the splendid uselessness of most of the articles, the tragic solemnity of it all, filled him with longing for a time when these, and not an impaired digestion and shattered nerves, were the realities of life.

The early twilight of a winter afternoon had fallen on the quiet college town. Groups of students passed the glare of the windows, boyish laughter and youthful jest marked the close of the day during which countless parental hearts had followed these boys, in imagination, to and from the classroom and shared with them their work and play. This winter day counted among its most blessed memories the thousand and one self-denials and personal sacrifices of a thousand parents, that these loitering feet might continue to tread the streets of this little college town and that these boyish voices might continue to fill the twilight air with laughter and song.

The door opened and in a whirl of snow a young man entered. He was only a boy, but he came as a monarch might enter the home of a humble subject. As he shook the light snow from his capless head and from the collar of his leather jacket, he smiled a casual greeting to the clerk behind the counter and glanced with pleasing frankness, but without a ray of interest, at the unfamiliar middle-aged figure at the pipe counter. With entire accustomedness he stepped behind the counter and slipped a package or two of cigarettes into his pocket. In leisurely circuit of the store, he acquired a bag of salted nuts, a box of matches, and a few other necessities of the moment. Then he lounged to a stool at the soda fountain. The clerk, anticipating that this would be his last stop, stood, awaiting the inevitable order. 'The usual' was all the description necessary, and forthwith he was supplied with an amazing combination of fruits and sirups and ices of which he disposed slowly and silently. This done, a fresh cigarette was lighted and, stopping only to view with appraising eye the feminine beauty and pulchritude in an advertisement of the picture at the local movie-house, he nodded a farewell. He turned a moment at the door to murmur, 'Charge Ferguson,' and disappeared. The clerk made some entries in a dog-eared book and turned to other duties.

Middle Age watched with a curious sense of humility the slender figure of the boy as it melted into the darkness of the street. Surely he never handled himself in that way. He felt a little as if a splendid pageant had passed; he recognized that feeling of reaction that comes when the last glittering wagon has gone by in the circus parade, or when the last soldier has hurried along trying to march in step to a distant band. He stood silent and for the moment depressed and then he knew what the feeling was and whence

it came. He recalled a coronation procession in a European capital. That was all. He knew now what had happened. Royalty had passed. The youthful king, the hope of his nation, had shown himself to his subjects, and was even now immersed in the duties of the court. Yes, the young king had passed and for a moment the dull eyes of Middle Age failed to recognize him.

As Middle Age walked with cautious step over the ice and snow, he pondered on what he had seen. What of this gallant young king, what manner of man was he, what of his court? To what advisers would he lend his ear? How would his kingdom prosper? How sure is the vision of those fearless eyes? As he tapped the frozen ground with his walking-stick he found his ears ringing with that cryptic phrase, 'Charge Ferguson.' How simple it all was! Those magic words had placed at youth's behest the entire glittering pharmacy. But who was Ferguson? The unseen elder Ferguson who acted as royal treasurer and met these drafts on the royal exchequer? Middle Age wondered if the royal moneys were being wisely expended.

These questions could be answered only by acquaintance with Ferguson, and to this task Middle Age devoted himself for many weeks. The Royal Personage was not difficult of approach. He met advances with the same disarming self-assurance with which he purchased his cigarettes. He looked into the eyes of Middle Age and alleged Experience with a disconcerting frankness. He treated the whole episode of this strange acquaintance without concern and without interest, but from beginning to end with faultless and unfailing courtesy. If he did not seem abashed by the evident interest of his new friend, he certainly did not swagger. He never posed, he never evaded, he never condescended. The whole matter is now lost to him in the intricate and pressing life about him, and Middle Age has become, no doubt, a blurred and indistinct figure in the crowded canvas of undergraduate life.

Not so Ferguson — he stands out as clear as a cameo in the mind of his inquiring friend. It is this unforgettable figure, this graceful, ardent, intelligent, but often mistaken and hence much criticized, Heir of the Ages that I shall attempt to sketch. It is wise and right that we should be interested in him; he will soon inherit his kingdom and we shall all soon be under his sway. It is meet that we be concerned about him, and proper that we should see if the kind of example and instruction we have given him are the best we have to offer.

In the first place, Ferguson is no mean and unattractive figure from the eugenic standpoint. He is better made, better built, better put together, and carries himself better than the youth of past generations. Middle Age bungled through hours of gymnasium exercise under the watchful eye of a skilled and kindly trainer. He dressed and bathed with Ferguson. He watched him do his work, he saw him lounging in the dressing-rooms, and he cheered him in the heat of passionate striving for victory. He saw him win and, what is better, saw him lose like a gentleman. It is an experience not without its embarrassments to Middle Age to stand with a dozen Fergusons in shameless nudity and discuss a book, a play, a victory, or a defeat. You feel singularly out of place, for you are a rapidly decaying mortal and you find yourself standing with the young gods on the slopes of Olympus. No, dear friend, so anxious about the physical degeneration of the race, you need not worry. Ferguson will carry on.

So much for the body. How about the head? Ferguson prefers to call

it his 'bean.' Here we are on less sure ground. Middle Age had concerned himself with other matters so long that an accurate appraisal of Ferguson's bean is a difficult matter. This much is sure. Ferguson wants to know. He does not accept the formulæ of past generations; he accepts them only when he thinks they are proved. He has become skeptical about so many of them that he has a habit of throwing them out of court without proper consideration. This is bad for Ferguson and annoys his elders and his preceptors. He must be shown the unwisdom of doing so. He is interested in very different things than those that concerned his father. On the whole they are much better and more important things. He can hold his own in a discussion without losing his temper better than his elders, but he has a tendency to stick to the weak side of a case after he knows it is lost. He likes lost causes. He will look in the eyes of the Professor of Economics and tell him he does not agree with him; this annoys some Professors of Economics and Ferguson is called 'rebellious.' He is less rebellious than any type of man alive, for the simple reason that he feels in the bottom of his heart that the thing is not worth the trouble of rebelling against. He knows it will all come out in the wash, and the real facts emerge if he only thinks and talks about it enough. That is one reason why he is so difficult to argue with. The principal trouble with Ferguson's bean is that he allows this habit to lead him astray. He is so sure of the unimportance of a host of unimportant things that he fails to see, sometimes, the tremendous importance of some really important things. That is one of the great problems in the training of Ferguson for the throne.

There is a certain type of elder that insists that Ferguson is 'radical.' He is. But bless your dear anxious heart, brother, he is at the same time the most conservative, tradition-bound, and stand-pat of mortals. Take a look at the little world he has built. Examine its laws and its customs. He has a code more rigid than the laws of the Medes and Persians, more inflexible than Draco at his best or worst. He believes in a Code, in an Established Order, he trusts in Authority and worships Order. He is a little uncertain about the wisdom of some of the regulations governing the outside world, but he has no doubt about the wisdom and validity of his own. When he comes to the throne he will see that the same order prevails and that authority is respected as fully, and rather more fully, possibly, than it is now. The statute book may change in detail but the underlying principles will never be altered by Ferguson.

His attitude toward his teachers and his studies baffles a dull observer, but in the main it is governed by his predominating intellectual trait. He admires manhood vastly more than scholarship. He has yet to learn the important place pure scholarship holds in the general plan of things. He is sure to learn this in time. If he finds in the scholar the man he is looking for, the scholar can lead him anywhere. But the tremendous forces that have made Ferguson what he is have left him where he refuses to see the scholar if the man is not there. It is said that he will learn nothing. No candid observer could claim that the outward and visible signs of mental accretion are overwhelming, but in private conversation Ferguson displays at times a disconcerting clearness of vision, and a wealth of real understanding about a lot of things that he regards as important. A great amount of it he gets in the classroom, but alas, the

hard-working instructor too often is left in ignorance that the seed has fallen in fertile ground. Ferguson does not care for facts as facts. He is interested in principles. The problem is to show him that the facts illustrate the principles.

Ferguson's attitude toward what is called vice is a curious thing. He is an utterly sophisticated person and will talk with entire frankness. He does not drink half what his father drank, and not a tenth of his sainted grandfather's daily potion. But when asked why he does not drink madly, wildly, as all college students are supposed to, his explanation is a little difficult to follow. He does not regard the use of liquor, its purchase, possession, or manufacture as a crime. No amount of legislation or vociferation on the part of the moralist can make him do so. But he knows that on the whole it is a bad practice, and with that curious half-blind clear-sightedness that is his salvation he promptly places its excessive use in the limbo of the things that 'are not done.' Temperance has found a place in his involved ethical code because he has found it good. Good for himself, good for others, and good for the little world in which he lives.

Of the other major vices which are supposed to be characteristic of the college man, he is singularly free. But do not think for a moment that the horrid visage of vice rouses him to a fine frenzy of righteous indignation. Ferguson is not given to frenzies, nor does he indulge much in indignation, righteous or otherwise. Vices of the grosser sorts he regards as bad form and worse manners. These have found their place, too, in the catalogue of things not done. Ferguson's father may have been a model youth, but his rectitude was the result more of the fear of consequences and a very tepid conventional morality than a reasoned balancing of good and evil in the terms of practical daily life. These things do not seem to be to Ferguson 'moral' questions in the sense that used to be emphasized, and woe to the man, preacher or layman, who tries to inflame Ferguson's mind with the presentation of them as instruments of a personal Devil. The truth of the matter is that Ferguson is not 'good.' He does not care to be. But he has tucked away in his bean the elements of a practical philosophy of life vastly more durable, and of infinitely greater tensile strength, than the somewhat flabby 'morality' of his father's generation. He does many, many things that cause the judicious to grieve, but the judicious like to grieve and Ferguson just now is a favorite object of solicitude. When he comes to the throne many things may happen at his court that would not have happened in the early nineties, but when it becomes necessary to do so he will clean house thoroughly and effectively. He will do it with a cool head and practised hand, but without averted face, and with no display of moral indignation. His administration will be clean.

Ferguson's religion is a much more private and personal thing than his father's. For that reason it is harder to get at and more difficult to describe. It governs his life much more than he suspects and provides him with just what he needs during a very brief and bewildering period. The men who are active in religious work he regards as no better and no worse than anyone else. Their activity alone wins them no special consideration, but on the other hand it does not place them in a class alone. Ferguson's father used to call them 'gospel sharks' and they were held in more or less contempt by youths who joined their associations and dabbled in their undertakings

while they sneered at them behind their backs. Ferguson may or may not share their labors, but he no longer sneers at them and, if they 'make good,' they are elected to his clubs and receive college honors. This change is well to ponder on. It is more significant than it seems. Ferguson will never be as 'religious' as his father in the class of ninety, but he is quite as likely to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Of the lesser amenities of life, Ferguson is a past master. His manners can be perfect, so perfect that the wonder is where he acquired them. As a host he is delightful, as a guest considerate and easy. For social conventionalities he cares very little, but he seems to know instinctively what to do and not to do.

In qualities of heart he is supreme. The warmth of youth tempered with shrewdness, the quick impulsive thing done with feeling and with grace. He rarely blunders and never 'slops over.' His court will be gracious.

It has been said that Ferguson lives by code. Never did mortal do so more thoroughly. Of all the monuments of civil life, none can equal in architectural intricacy Ferguson's code. It has been built piece by piece to meet the requirements of the moment. Devoted as he is to it he will scrap the whole thing to-day and replace it with another to-morrow if occasion demands. But it serves his need and, with all the somewhat grotesque detail that seems to mar its outline, it is built on solid foundations. He errs in trying to apply it to every question and in trying to make it fit every emergency, but it is a pretty safe chart, and it is very doubtful if his elders could supply him with anything better. The last test of a man is whether or not he 'makes good.' Now 'making good' with Ferguson is a complicated proceeding, but in the rough a man makes good when he measures up to the code, accepts it, and lives by it.

What has the code done for Ferguson? What are the provisions of the code? The limitations of time and space make their enumeration impossible even if an outsider knew them. But there is evidence on every hand of what it has done. It has made the Honor System a reality. It has made possible a considerable degree of participation by the student in the details of college administration and discipline. It has created a sentiment for clean living. It has made fashionable and desirable some of the simple old-fashioned virtues — truthfulness, kindness, fellowship, and helpfulness. It has laid the heavy hand of student authority on many silly and unwise practices. It has given his little world a life well ordered, reasonably self-controlled, considerate of others, and in essentials healthy and normal. What more can a man-made code do?

And so Ferguson lives. Four years is a very short time and Ferguson has to take many short cuts; he has to cut a good deal of red tape and he must ignore much that might well be considered important if he is to do half what he wants to do, or what is expected of him, before he graduates. Unfortunately, too much of his time is given to the practical details of his life, and too little to the work of the classroom and laboratory. He does not use his time wisely, but it may be that his father does not.

It has doubtless been observed that the mind of Middle Age is a bit dull, and has not caught the fine lights and shades in Ferguson. This may be so, but it has caught the masses and the general outlines of the picture. Ferguson's critics will not like the picture and of course much has been omitted. Perhaps his virtues have been overemphasized and his faults ignored.

For faults there are in plenty. Ferguson is callow, but he is young, and Middle Age has long since given over the criticism of youth on that score. Time will remedy that. And Ferguson is not half so young and callow as Middle Age was at twenty. Ferguson is self-centred. He has to be. How can he help it? His life makes him so.

Ferguson is noisy and excited over his sports, dull and apathetic over his work. It occurs to Middle Age that he was too. Ferguson is 'intellectually indifferent.' Possibly, but the fact remains that in ninety students joined debating clubs simply to 'join' and left the dry shells of the organizations to be carried on the backs of a few devoted souls. 'Grinds' they were called, a little higher in the social scale than the gospel sharks, but not much. Now, while debating is not a major sport, it is a recognized student activity and preëminence in it brings a sure reward. Ferguson is not as intellectually indifferent as he sometimes appears to be. Another and more serious charge is that Ferguson's code only works one way. He insists on its recognition only when it is to his advantage. There is some truth in this. Ferguson at present is compelled to attend chapel and church services. He does not like it. So he acts badly. He has adopted an attitude which he may think is dignified nonresistance. It may be nonresistance but it certainly is not dignified. He slouches into chapel, and sprawls, and yawns, and reads newspapers under the noses of distinguished gentlemen who have come to talk to him for the everlasting good of his soul. It is one of a very few instances where the code does not work, and where Ferguson refuses to play the game. After witnessing this surprising exhibition it was something of a shock to Middle Age to hear Ferguson ask grace before his Sunday dinner, in the presence of forty of his fellow students, with a simplicity and dignity and lack of unctiousness that was in striking contrast to some of the visiting clergy of the nineties.

Yes, all the things that his critics say are more or less true. But none of them have put their finger on the real trouble. The real reason why Ferguson is a problem, both to himself and his instructors, is that with all his shrewdness Ferguson has not a glimmering idea as to the real reason why he is where he is. Ninety cannot tell 1924 why he has come to college, because he has come for entirely different things, impelled by utterly different causes than those which sent Ninety. The college should tell him: sometimes it does and sometimes it does not.

As Middle Age looked over the plant, saw the machinery working, examined the raw material, and handled the finished product of this strange and unfamiliar factory, he could not resist the conviction that with all its perfections, with all the evident care and skill exercised in the management, and with its wise choice of workmen, there was one great need. This need is recognized in the industrial world now as never before, and that need is a good 'contact man' — someone who can interpret the college to Ferguson and Ferguson to the college. He must be a rare man, but he can be found. He must make good, and if he does make good many of Ferguson's troubles will vanish, production will be speeded up, strikes will be averted, and the finished product vastly improved.

In the meantime, O elder Ferguson, a health to you! The four years will be soon over. Stand it a little longer and, in supreme confidence that the investment is a good one and extra dividends certain, respond manfully to the oft-repeated, royal command — 'Charge Ferguson!'

DIVERSIONS OF A LOST SOUL

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

How strange for a man to go through a great part of his life with the absolute conviction that he was unalterably condemned to Hell! Yet this was the case with William Cowper, author of *The Task*. Born in 1781, of a family old and aristocratic but with no great means, Cowper began his career, after an excellent education, by failing in the law. As a youth he had some fairly gay acquaintances and experiences. But he soon settled down, unmarried, to a quiet country life, with plenty of religion, plenty of melancholy, a sprinkling of actual madness, the devotion of women — especially one woman, Mrs. Unwin — more or less assiduous authorship, and always, till he died in 1800, Hell.

Hell must be the basis of the psychological study of him. And to begin with, one asks how he arrived at the conviction of its imminence. The convergence of natural causes is easy to understand. First, religion in its intensest form hovered over him from childhood. It was not always a misery. When he was a small boy at school and was tormented by one of his elders, the sense of God as a refuge was his greatest comfort. But comfort was not the main feature. When he was a trifle older and was crossing a cemetery at night, he passed a grave digger, who threw up a skull and struck him. The incident impressed him deeply, and skulls were hitting him from somewhere all his life. For a brief period the distractions of the world helped him to forget. But in his later remoteness he had religion about him to the point of suffocation. Not that the special Calvinistic doctrines of election caused him trouble. He was a loyal member of the Church of England and his general views were not intolerably narrow. His personal damnation was quite peculiar to himself, and the rest of mankind might find mercy, if they deserved it, or sought it. But he ate, slept, thought, and lived, with religion as a background. Parsons and saints were his companions and correspondents. They tried to cheer him by emphasizing the infinite joy of Heaven; but their well-meant efforts greatly enhanced the poignancy of Hell.

The burden of this external atmosphere was splendidly seconded by the man's physical constitution. His organic health seems to have been good enough, nor does he often complain of it. With proper surroundings and occupations it might have served him well. But he inherited sensitive nerves and his habits of thought and life fostered the sensitiveness in every possible way. Hell has a superb chance in persons subject to such physical states as Cowper delineates in the following passage: —

> If I do nothing, I am dejected; if I do anything, I am weary; and that weariness is best described by the word lassitude, which is of all weariness in the world the most oppressive.

When to such a natural physical predisposition, you add the eighteenth-century habit of taking laudanum at any convenient opportunity, you get a state which in the abstract would not be likely to conduce to cheerfulness.

How sensitive Cowper's nerves were, and how they tore him to pieces, is best shown by his chief attempt to succeed in practical life. The office of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords was offered him through the kindness of a relative. But unfortunately it was necessary to appear before the Bar of the House and be examined. To his shy and diffident temper the horror of such publicity was unbearable. He brooded over the matter till it became a nightmare of the most distressing proportions. Finally there seemed no way of escape but suicide. And for days he struggled to bring himself to this consummation, by poison, by drowning, by the knife, and by the cord. But the garter, with which he actually hanged himself, broke in time to save his life. After this the Clerkship of the Journals was abandoned.

With such a background of nerves, it does not require a psychoanalyst to anticipate any development of melancholy. Cowper himself constantly recognizes his tendency to such a condition. Even without the shadow of Hell, the mere shadow of a dark day, or of a petty annoyance was apt to make life seem not worth living. And in a constitution so delicatedly balanced, any unusual strain was always likely to turn the melancholy into actual derangement. This happened with Cowper. The full details of the madness are not revealed to us; but it was evidently blighting and horrible enough. The constant threat of it must be always taken into account in studying him.

Combined with this extreme sensitiveness and susceptibility, there was in Cowper's case another element which tended strongly to encourage the fixity of his delusion. He was a man of remarkable confidence in his own opinions and judgment in everything. His natural bent was to vigorous and decided conclusions. He reasoned forcibly, and when he had reasoned it was difficult to change him. His dogmatic turn showed in a disposition to think himself unique, not only as to Hell, but as to other things. When a certain kindness was proposed to him, he wrote: —

> I am, perhaps, the only man living who would hesitate a moment, whether, on such easy terms, he should or should not accept it. But if he finds another like me, he will make a greater discovery than even that which he has already made of the principles of this wonderful art.

It is now easier to understand how such a combination of circumstances could facilitate the belief which made a horror of all Cowper's later years. He was convinced that God had not only abandoned him, forgotten him, but had made him a special object of punishment and vengeance. For other men there might be salvation and redemption, for him none, but only the wide gaping terror of eternal and inevitable Hell. It is difficult to exaggerate the bare vividness with which Cowper conveys and expatiates upon the misery of his situation. In the midst of pleasure he is wretched, in the midst of love he is hated, in the midst of life he is dead and buried. The ghastly lyric on his own mind sums up the situation in verse better than prose could do it: —

> Man disavows and Deity disowns me,
> Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
> Therefore, Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
> Bolted against me

If we try to trace the causes of the condemnation, as Cowper saw them,

he makes them comparatively clear to us, however inadequate. He believed that in neglecting to improve the mercies of God on a certain occasion in his early life he had sinned against the Holy Ghost. This was the unpardonable sin, and there was no forgiveness and no recovery. After this fatal rejection his doom was fixed. The final judgment was revealed to him in a dream in the year 1773 when he was forty-two years old, and ever after he referred to his fate in the phrase *actum est de te, periisti;* the verdict is passed, thou hast perished. There were indeed occasional gleams of hope. Prayer, too often denied him as a consolation, sometimes opened a door of comfort. On a sunny day in spring, perhaps, when the south wind was blowing, it might seem impossible that Hell should be so near. Then the clouds settled down and the darkness was thicker than ever.

It was the nocturnal voices that did most. In the daytime and the dear light you could seem to live. But in the lonely dark came those dreadful voices, always so symptomatic of madness, and there was no escape from the black terror of them. You were shaken with frightful dreams, and the voices murmured through them, *actum est de te, periisti.* You awoke, yes, you knew you were awake, and the voices were only louder and firmer and infinitely more terrible. Laudanum could not quiet them, though who could blame you for taking it? Love could not quiet them. Your best friends argued with you. Their intentions were good. Their arguments were excellent, no doubt, and might have applied to anyone else. But no argument made any difference to you: *you knew.* It was that same old dogmatic positiveness of temperament. The man was gentle about it, polite about it. But nothing could shake him. He was damned, peculiarly damned, uniquely damned. And so subtle, so colossal is human egotism that you see that the pleasure of uniqueness actually alleviates even damnation.

In a life so lived, and with the presence of such a tormenting terror, it is interesting and curious to see the part played by suicide. When Cowper was eleven years old, his father — a minister, mind you — gave him a treatise advocating self-destruction, and asked his opinion on it. The boy gave it positively, no doubt, whatever it was; and the father making no comment, the son interpreted his father's silence as favoring the conclusions of the treatise. It was a choicely paternal action. How far it influenced Cowper later we cannot tell. But suicide was often in his thoughts and never very far from his actual experience. He attempted it over and over again, always realizing perfectly the absurd contradiction of his attitude, since he was only bringing himself nearer to the very end that he dreaded. Yet humanity is full of such inconsistency, and Cowper was like others, though he hated to think so. How could you paint the inconsistency more vividly than he does when walking along a precipice?

> I passed sometimes within a foot of the edge of it, from which to have fallen would probably have been to be dashed in pieces. But though to have been dashed in pieces would perhaps have been best for me, I shrunk from the precipice, and am waiting to be dashed in pieces by other means.

He waited till the natural end. But nothing ever shook his conviction. When he was dying, a friend ventured to point out to him that 'a merciful Redeemer had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children — and therefore for him.' But Cowper energetically waved aside the argument and begged his friend to desist. Up to the very last he preferred being damned to being convinced.

II

It might be supposed that, when a man's whole existence was set and framed in such a delusion as this, he could be only an object of repulsion and pity and would be much better forgotten. On the contrary, Cowper was charming to live with, full of instruction and diversion, of good counsel and varied entertainment. In spite of his nerves, there was something of cheerfulness in his natural temper, and before the fatal dream had blasted him, he could write of himself:—

> As to my own personal condition, I am much happier than the day is long, and sunshine and candlelight see me perfectly contented.

All his life he could turn from Hell to all sorts of trifles, play with them, laugh at them, be busy with them. Even the same intensity which made Hell take hold of him made the trifles take hold of him, while they were present.

> I never received a *little* pleasure from anything in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme.

He liked jest and laughter, liked pure nonsense, and had an exquisitely gracious gift at it. Often his touch in this respect suggests that of Lamb. The difference is that with Lamb the jesting instinct was beautifully and subtly infused through all the tragic background of life. With Cowper it was merely imposed upon it.

Cowper, then, dodged Hell in every sort of a mild and sinless diversion. He was always fond of exercise in the open air. In his youth he indulged in amusements which would have appeared sinful to his age. He speaks of dancing all night and shooting half the day. In his very latest years he looks back with pleasure to swimming in the Bay of Weymouth. Walking was at all times his resource and joy. Alone or with a companion he wandered through the woods and found that the activity of the brain was best soothed and banished by the activity of the legs.

Also, when he walked he used his ears and eyes, and external nature was the greatest consoler he could possibly find. It is true that, from the standpoint of eternity and of Hell, the sun and moon were trifles, like other things:—

> Rested in, and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth — what are the planets — what is the sun itself but a bauble?

But they were such delicious trifles! Rarely has the sense of ecstasy in natural objects been expressed with more passion than by this half-mad dreamer:—

> Oh, I could spend whole days and moonlight nights in feeding upon a lovely prospect. My eyes drink the rivers as they flow.

Nor was it the more unusual or violent aspects of natural beauty that Cowper longed for and appreciated. He did not require mountains or glaciers, strange tropical luxuriance or arctic splendor. Just the quiet walks around Olney and Weston were enough. A sunset, the morning star, the drift of clouds in autumn, the wayward notes of birds in woodland silence, he asked no more than these. And his gift for rendering these natural impressions was admirable. It might be in the prose of the letters:—

> Here is no noise *save* (as the poets always express it) that of the birds hopping on their perches and playing with their wires, while the sun glimmering through the elm opposite the window falls on my desk with all the softness of moonshine. There is not a cloud in the sky, nor a leaf that moves, so that over and above the enjoy-

ment of the purest calm, I feel a well-warranted expectation that such as the day is, it will be to its end.

Or it might be even more perfectly in verse, as in the primrose passage in *The Task*, or the summary of nature as it appears in association and recollection: —

> Scenes that soothed
> Or charmed me young, no longer young I find
> Still soothing and of power to charm me still.

And as Cowper loved wild nature, so he loved it cultivated, loved to keep a garden and work in it, loved a greenhouse also, to plant and transplant and prune and train and finally to enjoy. How little one connects Hell with the tranquil delight which saturates the following: —

> But now I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive, I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighborhood resort to a bed of mignonette, opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum, which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets.

All the mechanical occupations implied in country life were acceptable. He liked not only gardening, but carpentering, would wield a hammer and chisel and saw and make pretty odds and ends of all sorts to please himself and to help his housemates. Busy fingers teased him out of thought as well as busy feet.

Then there were pets. All his life Cowper loved animals. When he was being carried off to a madhouse, his last normal interest was that his cat should be tenderly taken care of. His own state of hopeless reprobation seemed somehow to throw him down to the level of the animals, at least to destroy the super-animal part of him. As he himself expresses it with singular quick pathos: —

> The season has been most unfavorable to animal life; and I, who am merely animal, have suffered much by it.

Anyone who knows anything of Cowper at all, knows the charming, elaborate description of his hares, of their lives and deaths and the profound interest he took in them. His birds meant quite as much to him, and the dog Beau, the companion of his walks.

In human beings generally and in human affairs Cowper took almost as much interest as in birds and rabbits. True, he affected to regard politics and the movement of the world as quite remote from him. He was an 'extramundane character' and, 'though not a native of the moon,' yet 'not made of the dust of this planet.' But it would have been impossible for his dogmatic temper not to have pronounced judgment on all the doings of kings and ministers and peoples. The truth is, he himself was going to the devil, and he would have been hardly human if he had not sometimes thought the whole world was tending obscurely in the same direction. He did. Rulers were bad and people were worse, and if England was piping and dancing and rotting herself to final disaster she richly deserved it.

Cowper's interest in the more common concerns of life, as it went on immediately about him, was a much more personal matter. He entered quickly into the peculiarities of the people whom he met even in a casual fashion, and he had a remarkable faculty of setting off those peculiarities, not harshly or bitterly, but with a singular grace of comic touch. Trifle for trifle, the human trifles were the pleasantest. The classic example of this is the admirable narrative of

Gilpin. But the letters have many incidents and characters almost equally delightful, for instance the whirlwind passage of the Parliamentary candidate through Cowper's quiet household.

Nor was Cowper less sensitive to the tragedies of life than to its comic side. Misery touched him, want appealed to him, not only passively, but actively. His means were always limited. Indeed he himself was largely dependent upon the assistance of others, and it required the greatest prudence and frugality to keep expenses within proper bounds. Yet his charity was incorrigible, so much so that his friends complained of it, and thought he was perpetually duped. At any rate, he had at all times a crowd of dependents about him, who enjoyed his moderate bounty and showed probably as much gratitude as is usual.

In closer contact with his equals Cowper was not very responsive. At least the grave temper of his mind resented the ordinary frivolity of the world. In his early days he seems to have known what gayety was, balls, routs, games, diversions, chatter. But even then he was apt to shrink from such things and was essentially a shy and solitary mortal.

'Visits,' he says, 'are insatiable devourers of time, and fit only for those who, if they did not that, would do nothing.'

He complains again and again of his incurable shyness: —

I am a shy animal, and want much kindness to make me easy. Such shall I be to my dying day.

Yet with the friends whom he loved he could overcome the shyness and reserve, could abound in spirits and light merriment. Over a good dinner of fish or game, such as was so often sent him, he could no doubt play the merry and amiable host.

And especially he liked to pour out his soul to his friends in letters. He had a long list of correspondents, Newton, Unwin, Bull, later, John Johnson and Hayley, and always innumerable ladies. I cannot help suspecting that he had a lurking idea that some day the letters would be printed. At any rate, he evidently takes great interest in letter-writing as an art and makes many charming comments on it.

Puzzle not yourself about a subject when you write to either of us; everything is subject enough from those we love.

Indeed, everything was a subject for him, and everything he touched was transfigured by wisdom or grace, by pathos or gayety, always with just the little relish of waiting Hell, to give it a spice.

III

Besides the external trifles, which could divert the gaze for a moment from inevitable perdition, sunshine, flowers, birds, animals, kings, and men and women, there were internal, spiritual trifles also, trifles of art, trifles of thought, trifles of literary workmanship.

Art might seem far enough from Cowper, and so it was. Yet those busy fingers liked at times to play with the pencil and brush and to produce bits of plastic beauty on which he could at any rate rally himself. Music came nearer home. Its infinite spiritual suggestion appealed to Cowper's sensitive nerves. The constant singing of hymns, which to many of us seems a rather desperate form of amusement, was to him soothing, or more so than some other things. He seems always to have been deeply affected by sound; witness the wonderful page in the letter to Newton, which ends so characteristically: —

There is somewhere in infinite space a world that does not roll within the pre-

cincts of mercy, and as it is reasonable, and even Scriptural, to suppose that there is music in Heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found; tones so dismal, as to make woe itself more insupportable, and to acuminate even despair.

But the most curious passage, musically, in all Cowper, is the one in which he at once recognizes the subtle insinuating charm, and deprecates it with all the Puritanic passion of his nature and training:

> The lawfulness of it, when used with moderation, and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befool the natural understanding, than music, always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation, it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same.

Reading was another resource; but especially in later years reading was difficult and dangerous: it was too apt to involve or suggest or imply strange matters and lead one into worlds that were far better let alone, if one could. As for thinking, hard thinking, abstract thinking, that was impossible for a brain so torn and worn with inevitable thought. Yet he could divert himself with books delightfully. How he would have enjoyed novels, if they had not seemed to him worse than music. But he could read books of travel, and he did, wide wanderings in strange countries, bewildering adventures and fantastic daring, which made him hug his quiet fireside all the more closely. Perhaps it was good training for one who was fated to have wilder adventures in the great unknown.

Also, he liked to read the great poets, or had done so in his youth, and he had definite opinions about them, expressed with all his usual pragmatism. But in later life he had few such books and read them little for a rather astonishing reason: —

> Poetry, English poetry, I never touch, being pretty much addicted to the writing of it, and knowing that much intercourse with those gentlemen betrays us unavoidably into a habit of imitation, which I hate and despise most cordially.

He had not perhaps quite grasped the fact that the best recipe for avoiding imitation, next to having never read anything whatever, is the very widest reading possible.

But, reading or no reading, he was a poet himself, and poetry was on the whole, the best of all the numerous trifles that distracted him from Hell. He did not take to it extensively till somewhat late in life, but when he took to it, he took to it wholesale, and wrote verses of all sorts. Short or long, grave or gay, instructive or diverting, all was one to him. He could make a comic epic of the story of Gilpin, or he could spend long years in translating the Iliad and Odyssey. Nonsense spattered from his pen as freely as ink, and when the sexton of the parish wanted him to make mortuary verses for his death-list, inspiration came quite as readily, but no more so.

The motives that induced him to write were as various as the subjects. If a lady suggested that he should make a poem about a sofa he would spin it into six books of Miltonic longitude. But, though the whims of ladies might be the provoking cause, the fundamental purpose, or so he insisted, was to make the world better. Poets in general were poor creatures: their only serious excuse for being was to moralize, and he moralized, sugaring the pill

with primroses and bird-song and other agreeable dainties. And all the time, underneath, the deepest motive was distraction, to get rid of Hell. Yet nonsense and mortuary verses both sometimes failed to achieve the end: —

Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and, but for that saddest mood, perhaps had never been written.

Whatever the motive, if a man like Cowper set out to write at all, it was certain that he would do his very best. Conscience and thoroughness were characteristic of him, even in trifles. He worked steadily, persistently, and faithfully. That is to say, there were times when he could not work at all, when the mood was unfavorable, or external cares and perplexities distracted him too greatly. But he kept his set task before him and returned to it whenever he could catch an hour or a minute. Interruptions, not directly pertinent, were disregarded, and he was willing to write in surroundings which many authors would consider prohibitive.

Also, he not only worked persistently, but worked carefully. His first draught was generally turned off with ease, but he revised and criticized his own productions with peculiar zeal, and let nothing go that was not as perfect as he could make it: —

I am a severer critic upon myself than you would imagine.

Even in the last wretched years, when every hour had its torment, the close and scrupulous revision of his Homer afforded as much relief as anything: —

I give all my miserable days to the revisal of Homer, and often many hours of the night to the same hopeless employment.

Hopeless, because back of all the dainty trifles was that yawning gulf, and you could not fill it or hide it even with songs and flowers.

And if work would not fill it, assuredly it could not be filled with anything so insubstantial as glory. Cowper often expresses the conventional indifference to fame, the vulgar breath of the unthinking crowd, and all the rest of it.

You tell me I am rivaled by Mrs. Bellamy; and he, that I have a competitor for fame, not less formidable, in the Learned Pig. Alas, what is an author's popularity worth, in a world that can suffer a prostitute on one side, and a pig on the other, to eclipse his brightest glories?

Yet criticism annoys him: the critics are so dull, they seize the wrong end of things, always praise where they should blame, and overlook the point on which an author most prides himself. And when the poet speaks frankly, he admits as much desire of success as might infect a more worldly man: —

I have (what, perhaps, you little suspect me of) in my nature an infinite share of ambition.

Yet how strange it is to watch the interplay of this perfectly normal and human instinct with the terror that obsesses him: —

As to fame, and honor, and glory, that may be acquired by poetical feats of any sort, God knows, that if I could lay me down in my grave with hope at my side, or sit with hope at my side in a dungeon all the residue of my days, I would cheerfully waive them all.

IV

So the flavor of Hell runs through the whole portrayal of Cowper, necessarily. But what brings it out with the greatest vividness is to see him in his usual surroundings, the infinite peace and domesticity of a conventional English

parlor and fireside. If he had lived an earthly life of furious movement, it would not only have helped him to forget, but the transition to the plagues of Hades would have been more agreeably and imperceptibly prepared. Not he. He never moved, hated moving. He did not visit London for years, did not stir from the monotonous tranquillity of his rural environment. His timorous, fluttering spirit could achieve the semblance of serenity only within the mild radiance of the evening lamp, with the click of knitting needles about him, and the soothing, inconsequential chatter of women's tongues. The world ran on for him in an even unbroken course, as if it were to run on so forever. His poetry is largely the poetry of home life and humble, simple contentment. That is what gave it such charm for Sainte-Beuve. Perhaps if the French critic had known the atmosphere better, he would not have praised it so much.

But indeed Cowper was domestic by temperament. He felt the family affections very deeply, all of them, and this tenderness is manifest in his letters to the end. The fondness which he cherished for the memory of his mother seems to have been something intimate and peculiar, and it clung to him in his worst distresses, though it could not banish them. Probably his best-known poem is that on receiving his mother's picture; but the singular depth of his feeling finds expression also in letters:—

> You may remember with pleasure, while you live, a blessing vouchsafed to you so long; and I, while I live, must regret a comfort of which I was deprived so early. I can truly say, that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day), in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short.

And this was when he was over fifty, and his mother had been dead forty-seven years.

In general, Cowper had a fondness for women and an attraction for them. He much preferred substantial domestic qualities to social graces. Although he had danced in his youth, he thought you could judge a woman better in her morning gown than in her evening finery:—

> We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the good woman, who wants not a fiddle to sweeten her.

In his youth he not only danced, but loved: a charming cousin, Theodora Cowper, who loved him and would have married him; but his utter lack of worldly prospects and his madness forbade it. In much later years, the gay and gracious Lady Austen, who had lived in close familiarity with him and Mrs. Unwin, found it convenient to fall in love with him, and nearly caused an unseemly commotion in that tranquil house.

But the central and profound attachment of Cowper's life was that which bound him to Mary Unwin. He became acquainted with the Unwins when he was something over thirty. Both the husband and the wife attracted him, and he soon took up his abode with them, establishing and maintaining the most affectionate relations with the son, as well as with the parents. The elder Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse shortly after Cowper became intimate with him. But the poet continued to live with Mrs. Unwin and to profit by her care through all his lingering years of misery. She seems to have been a simply and gently attractive person, with no pretensions to wit or brilliancy, but shrewdly intelligent not only in practical matters, but in her comprehension of Cowper's character and literary work. Cowper's judgment on this point is clear and decisive:—

She is a critic by nature, and not by rule, and has a perception of what is good or bad in composition that I never knew deceive her; insomuch that, when two sorts of expression have pleaded equally for the preference, in my own esteem, and I have referred, as in such cases I always did, the decision of the point to her, I never knew her at a loss for a just one.

At any rate, it would be hard to overestimate the place Mrs. Unwin filled in Cowper's life. She was but a few years older than he, and the singularity of the relation probably caused comment, in spite of recognized dignity and beauty of character in both. At one time they seriously considered marriage; but the project was interrupted by one of Cowper's periods of derangement, and it was never taken up again. We have no letters addressed to Mrs. Unwin herself, since the two were never separated. But the references in letters to others show the depth of Cowper's feeling and this is confirmed by the two poems, the well-known, exquisite sonnet, and the lovely lines asserting the permanence of affection in age.

For still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

Mrs. Unwin's death, a few years before the poet's, greatly augmented the misery of his last days, and the tender care lavished upon him by others could never take the place of hers.

As for her feeling for him, there is no word of her own to indicate it to us. But a bit of his delicate analysis shows how fine was the nature of it.

You are very kind to humor me as you do, and had need to be a little touched yourself with all my oddities, that you may know how to administer to mine. All whom I love do so, and I believe it to be impossible to love heartily those who do not. People must not do me good *their* way, but in my *own*, and then they do me good indeed.

Is it possible to suggest more delicately all that the devotion of such a woman means to such a temperament as Cowper's? The gentle, unobtrusive watchfulness, the infinite patience with complaint and weariness and restless questioning, the cheerful disregard of particular symptoms, with the boundless sympathy for fundamental causes, the tender rallying, when rallying is best, and the ever-ready consolation when consolation, perhaps unuttered, is most needed — all these Cowper required from his faithful companion, all these he received in unstinted measure.

But the strain for her can also be understood only by those who have endured — or inflicted — something similar. Day and night she was tortured by the endeavor to supply what could not be given, to breathe hope into the hopeless, to furnish comfort where all comfort was impossible. And the climax came when she entered a room and found that her beloved had tried to hang himself; he was saved only by her cutting him down. What is humanity made of, that it can support such pangs as these, and survive?

Yet the woman — and the man — lived on. And we think of him chiefly as we see him in the well-known portrait, with the strange turban crowning the sensitive, austere, far-gazing face. Women petted him, cats purred about him, he held endless skeins of worsted, cracked his pleasant jokes, drank oceans of tea. And all the time within an inch of his unsteady foot opened that black, unfathomable gulf of Hell.

Yet is it not much the same with all of us — with you and me and the man in the street? We laugh and dance and chatter and lie through our trivial daily life, and right beside us yawns the infinite abyss, for all we know with Hell at the bottom of it.

OUR MRS. BODFISH

BY ELIZABETH DE BURGH

At present we are living in an apartment. It is in what Mrs. Bodfish calls 'one of them dooflexes.'

Mrs. Bodfish is our weekly 'help,' and Thursday is the day she comes to 'do' for us. I can assure you that she does for us very completely.

I look forward to Thursdays with mixed feelings. Mrs. Bodfish is undoubtedly an excellent scrubber and polisher, but I dread the ruthless tidying away of notebooks and papers, the hiding of our most comfortable and beloved slippers, and the curious rearrangement of the furniture. I enjoy the lady's unfailing cheeriness, I marvel at the amount of work she gets through, but I shudder at the thought of the 'mis'aps' that are bound to occur in the course of a lively day. However, one cannot expect to have it all one's own way.

I should judge Mrs. Bodfish to be still in the thirties. She is short and, below the waist, more or less small. But above — well, massive is the only word for it. What her chest measurement can be I hardly dare think. Looking at her, I am always reminded of the nursery game in which one person, having added a body to an unseen head, turns the paper down and hands it on to his neighbor to finish off the legs. When the papers are unfolded Mrs. Bodfishes frequently appear. Charles calls her the 'Buffalo.' For herself, she deplores her difficulty in the matter of stock sizes and delicately describes the condition of her upper portion as 'robust.' It is impossible not to admire her use of the word.

With such bulk to be carried round one would expect a certain slowness of movement. Mrs. Bodfish's briskness is therefore astonishing. But even briskness can be overdone. It leads to mis'aps. To use her own expression, she is a 'fair towzer' for work. She most obligingly volunteers to perform this task or that, quite outside the official programme, and will consider no refusal. In this way she washed three soft collars and a shirt belonging to Charles, a pair of cretonne curtains, and my best silk underwear. The collars, decorated with patches of vivid blue, were ironed on the wrong side, the shirt and the curtains came out several sizes smaller than they went in, and my darling silk underwear received a scorching from which it never recovered.

I have to hide the washing from her now.

On another occasion, the weather being very cold, she begged to be allowed to make a steak-and-kidney pudding which, she declared, would be more warming than the chops I had provided. That kidney and the scrap of suet was n't no good for nothink else and the chops would keep —

She had long boasted of her beautiful puddings. I supposed we were doomed to taste one sooner or later. Weakly I gave way.

The sweeping and dusting were abandoned and the kitchenette appeared to become a floury volcano in the act of eruption. I retreated.

Finally, however, to my relief, she informed that the pudding was tied up and had been deposited in the saucepan.

'It'll be lovely for your brother w'en 'e comes 'ome,' she told me. 'There 's nothink like a bit of suet crust, this weather, for 'otting you up.'

'It *will* be a surprise,' I said, trying to sound enthusiastic.

It was.

I had some shopping to do before luncheon so Charles and I arrived home together.

Mrs. Bodfish came to meet us, smiling broadly.

'Oo dear,' she said. 'I 've 'ad a mis'ap with that there pudding. Ain't it a shame? It was all done lovely too. Picked it out of the saucepan with a fork and the cloth gave way on me. You should 'ave seen it a-laying there on the floor! Could n't tell w'ich was pot and w'ich was pudding, 'ardly. But I've saved a bit for the dog,' — here she laughed, the perfect optimist, — 'so it ain't all wasted!'

We had little appetite for the sardine salad that was hastily substituted. Alas, the broken bowl proved to be, not an ordinary, everyday white one, but the bottom of our fireproof hotpot, of a peculiar shape, that fitted into its special holder. To replace it would be impossible.

And to crown all, Fury refused his helping. But I honestly think he showed his sense.

Cheerfulness is one of Mrs. Bodfish's most splendid qualities. She is cheerful even in the face of calamity. But on Thursdays, at any rate, the calamities are nearly always mine. As the result of her terrible energy, crockery smashes, clocks stop, fabrics are rent, furniture breaks, and silver bends like plasticine. And through every adversity she bobs up smiling and so turns away wrath.

When she first came to us we had a vacuum cleaner. We treated it kindly and it responded by rendering us faithful service. But Mrs. Bodfish seems to have a fatal way with electrical appliances. Irons, toasters, coffeepots, heaters, once they fall into her energetic clutches, become pitiable wrecks. If we were wise, we would order in fuses by the bushel.

The vacuum cleaner — vampuum, as she calls it, or vamp, for short — proved no exception to the rule.

'I'll sweep this 'ere carpet and then I'll run the vamp over it,' she would announce. In response to my exhortation to treat the poor thing gently she would blithely assure me that she would take the greatest care of it. And then when Charles came in I would hear, 'Would you 'ave time to fix that there vampuum for me, sir? It won't work no'ow. I think the clockwork's wore out. I like them 'Oosers the best; you can't beat 'em for lasting.'

An 'Ooser, by the way, is a Hoover. You might not recognize it.

Charles was very patient, but in the end he grew desperate. So now we hide the vampuum as well as the washing.

On one occasion, in the course of her dusting, she knocked over a table lamp. There was a horrible crash. But was she daunted? Not a bit of it. Bravely she smiled as she lifted the silk shade, revealing the shattered hundred-watt bulb.

'Ah,' she said, nodding her head knowingly, 'that's no good no more. The volt's gorn, see? And a nice old mess I've made for meself on me clean carpet!'

I picked up what remained of the 'volt,' retired to the bedroom, and gave way to mad laughter.

Her theories are remarkable. For instance, she firmly believes that it is

dangerous to leave an electric-light socket empty. Without the bulb the electricity escapes.

'It runs down the cord,' she says. 'You can smell it.' And that settles the matter.

One day she embarked on a lively argument with Charles, declaring that though turpentine might evaporate, gasoline would not. For her enlightenment Charles went to the trouble of procuring a sample of each and painstakingly demonstrated his point on the passage floor. She watched him smilingly, but when he had gone she turned to me.

'Ah,' she said, 'I let 'im run on, 'cos it pleases 'im and it don't 'urt me; but I know what it is, miss, all the same. 'E's bin and got 'is bottles mixed, that's what 'e's done!'

It is a marvel how she manages to mispronounce the simplest words. She has a positive genius for it. October is invariably Optober. Guests are gwests. Turpentine is terpumtime. She never wraps anything up, she wrops it. And what you do to beads is to threddle 'em. A child, of course, will gather many a curiosity of this sort and continue to use his own version until time provides correction in the shape of the written word. But the written word has little chance with Mrs. Bodfish.

'I ain't got no use for books,' she once told me; 'nor my girl 'as n't, neither. Books take up a lot of room and they 'old the dust. Not but what I don't like a love tale once in a while. But there's not much, even in them.'

To compensate for this she is a keen observer, and little escapes her eagle eye. A change in the position of the smallest ornament will be noticed, and with shame I confess that on more than one occasion I have been guilty of cravenly rearranging dustpan and brooms before her weekly arrival for fear they should betray me and thus allow my prestige to receive a horrid jolt. But perhaps I have already lost what little I possessed? Or worse still, perhaps I never had any at all?

She enjoys her gift of observation to the full. 'Ah,' she will say, regarding our walls pityingly, 'plain wall-papers ain't being used at all this season. And them valuances over the curtings is quite gorn out. Even Miss Sloggett was taking 'ers down. No, everythink's got to be zigzag this year, and the new ceilings are all cloudy-like. I see a lot, going round as I do.'

I agree meekly.

She continues. I am not to escape as lightly as all this.

'Your carpets *'ave* wore well, ain't they? 'Ad 'em a long while, I expect. Nobody's using that sort any more. If they're Orienstal they got to be Chinese, all blues and yellers; but the very newest kind is from Mankchuria, so they tell me, w'erever that may be. And the furniture, it ain't like this any more, neither. There's a lot of Chinese being used, to match the carpets. But it's no good 'aving just one bit, like what you've got there. Better none at all than that. You might be able to get rid of it, but it's a bit shabby now — it would n't fetch much. You should see Mrs. Krohn's new 'ouse! Louis Quintorze in the droring-room, Jacobeelian in the 'all, and the bathrooms in Jazz. My, it's a swell 'ouse! Not that I 'olds with them up-jump profiteers. They must 'ave their early morning tea, like as if they was used to it, and they 'ires in a butler from Price's and entertains lords and whatnots; and then Mrs. Krohn she runs out into the kitching afterwards and scrapes the butter orf of the plates! She give me some once, but I told 'er flat I would n't eat it. "That's the way you catch them miprobes," I says to 'er. She did n't arf grumble!'

As she speaks she moves Charles's case of gramophone records, and, doubtless still thinking of the 'miprobes,' bangs Hone's Day Book vigorously down upon it. There is a crackling noise.

'What's that?' she asks. It is a superfluous question.

We open the case and discover the broken fragments of a waltz. She puts the pieces in the dustpan.

'Funny 'ow sorft they seem to make them records nowadays,' she remarks. 'It's the war, I reckon. Nothink's the same as what it was.'

'It was banging down the book,' I say reproachfully.

'Do you think it was?' she asks. 'Well, p'raps you're right. I'm a fair towzer for work and I guess I'm a bit too quick sometimes. I always was. Mother did n't arf used to give me a slop on the ear for it. But all I done was to lay the book down like this, see?'

I utter a cry, but it is too late. Bang goes Hone! There is the same ominous crackle.

'There!' she exclaims triumphantly. 'It's done it again, see?'

I take up the record-album and leave the room with what I intend to be crushing dignity. The cheerful voice pursues me.

'That's right, miss. You take it away from me. I ain't to be trusted with it, and that's the truth. Funny 'ow sorft they seem to make everythink nowadays!'

In solitude I investigate the damage. I might have known it. Kreisler's 'Tambourin Chinois,' and the 'Beggar's Opera'! However shall I break the news to Charles?

A few weeks ago my peritoneum grew unexpectedly troublesome and I was obliged to go into hospital at very short notice. I departed on Thursday and Mrs. Bodfish had all the glory of an ambulance and a juvenile crowd at the front door.

'Pore thing,' I heard her say to the milkman as I was being carried down the stairs, 'I do 'ope she'll come out all right, but you never know what they'll take it into their 'eads to do w'en they've got your insides all spread out before them on the table. It seems to tempt 'em, like. There now! Just see what I've bin and gorn and done! That's talking, that is! Funny 'ow sorft —'

Another 'mis'ap'! In my weakness I groaned aloud. The attendants were sympathetic. They put it down to my peritoneum.

But then of course, they did n't know Mrs. Bodfish.

THE TEA PARTY

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

You know, I never set with my back
To a room, said Mrs. Markle. Fac',
She said. I sort o' feel, she said,
There might be somethin' there — not dead
Spirits, she said, but somethin' alive —
With claws. — So there they sat, the five
Comfortable women around the kettle
Sipping their tea while the cheerful metal
Shone in the sun. — With claws, said she,
And dipped her bread in her cup of tea.
You feel it breathin' on your neck,
Sniff! Sniff! she said. — And Mrs. Beck
Said Don't, too loud! — And naked as apes,
Naked and hairy, primeval shapes
Circling a wood-fire, sit the five
Deep in a forest. Thin clouds drive
Dragging across the moon. An oak
Screams in the wind. The wet wood smoke
Blinds. And behind in the rustling dark
Night birds scream terror, baboons bark
And are suddenly silenced — and something creeps,
Creeps from the shadow — huddles — leaps —

La's sakes, Mrs. Markle, you're spillin' your tea,
Said Miss Mapes. What on earth does the woman see!

ANARCHY OR ORDER

A STUDY IN THE SOCIOLOGY OF AUTHORITY

BY LUDWIG STEIN

I

THE sociological treatment of a problem is directed primarily to those tacit assumptions which pass untested from mouth to mouth and derive their sanction from tradition, until some restless sociological inquirer discovers that the problems really only begin where others see solutions. The mathematician presupposes space, time, and number; the natural scientist, the existence of a material universe subject to strictly causal laws; the theologian, the existence of God; the jurist, the institution of property, as finished undebatable data or experiences. For the sociologist, on the other hand, all these resting places of thought are transformed into just so many question marks. For us, the phenomenon of authority is a social-psychological problem — indeed, more accurately, the central problem of group psychology.

According to Spencer, human beings of all times and climes, from the moment of forming aggregates of over a hundred persons, absolutely cannot get along without social differentiation, without hierarchical gradation, or without a system of subordination and superiority. Not merely is this an indisputable fact of comparative ethnography and of general history, but also and preëminently it is the basic phenomenon of social psychology. The psychology of the crowd, dealt with by Sighele and Le Bon, and concerned with the suggestive effect of the leader upon his followers, of the orator upon his audience, of the founder of a religious sect upon his adherents, of the great artist and the great scholar upon their respective disciples, — this crowd-psychology has its scientific backbone in the problem of authority.

By 'authority' we mean logically the 'untested acceptance of another's judgment.' To submit to authority implies the surrender of one's own judgment in favor of another's. It means refraining from the expression of private judgment in view of the binding force of the judgment of persons, books, or institutions recognized by us as bearers of authority. The psychic basis of all need for authority is the belief in the superiority of those accepted by us as authorities, be they physical or hyperphysical persons, works, or institutions. When we conform our thoughts and corresponding actions to the command or counsel of authorities, either set up or consented to by us, these authorities become moving springs of our action. We subordinate in this case our own wills to that of another, be that God or King, religious revelation, or secular law. What the authorities have felt before us we have to feel after them; what they have thought we have to think; what, finally, they have willed,

we have also to will. Command there, obedience here. The authorities fix the rules, norms, and laws of thought, feeling, and action. Those who submit to these authorities or their bearers are but executive organs — the administrative arm, so to speak, where the authorities represent the legislative. The authorities are organs for retarding or accelerating our wills, as the case may be. They create the values of general validity. They mint the coin, while their adherents merely put it into circulation.

Whence, then, this voluntary enslavement and self-imposed guardianship of the entire human race? Since the beginning of authentic history we know of no people among whom there has not been in effect an above and a below, a cleavage between those who commanded and those who obeyed, those who ruled and those who served; in short, a social differentiation into classes. Can it be a mere accident that the aboriginal state of anarchy has everywhere yielded, with advancing civilization, to externally regulated convention and law, to a more or less complicated, usually graduated, system of subordination and superiority? Why do the *forms* of authority differ according to conditions of climate and soil, exactly as do languages and religious beliefs, while the *principle* of authority appears over all the earth to be just as necessary and irresistible as it is necessary and irresistible for all languages to contain within themselves a common logic?

If the craving of human nature for authority or support were only an historical category, that is, conditioned by space and time, consequently something relative — a fortuitous result that might also have appeared as something else — then that 'general consent' which has among all peoples and in all times and climes produced authority would remain a sociological riddle. Examples of such authority are the subjection of children to parents (*patria potestas*), of pupils to teachers, of citizens to the State, of the faithful to their church, of the laymen to specialists, of common soldiers to officers, of city dwellers to the officials, of political parties to their leaders. Without a subordination of the individual to a collectivity, the societal equilibrium among personalities as sensitive and responsive as we civilized men are, would in the long run be impossible to maintain. At any rate, in the economy of the history of mankind the principle of authority plays the rôle of social regulator. In this sense I have characterized authority and anarchy as the two extremes of human association. (*Sinn des Daseins*, p. 240.) I have defined these concepts as follows: authority is the unifying, integrating, species-conserving principle, while anarchy is the dissolving, disintegrating, species-injuring one. On the one side, altruism; on the other, egoism; on the one side, the general interest of the race; on the other, the special interest of the individual.

II

The fundamental conflict of human history is the perennial opposition between the individual and the race, between personality and community. Personality resists the engulfing and leveling effects of authority, the more stubbornly and confidently as time goes on. The theme of modern history since the Renaissance, the age of Humanism and the Reformation, is the struggle for personality, for autonomy against heteronomy, for individuality against authority.

Over against the political slogan of Stahl, 'Authority, not majority,' there stands sharply and irreconcilably that of Fichte, — 'Be a personality,' — the 'Individual' of Stirner, and the 'Super-

man' of Nietzsche. In the first position, the interests of the race are asserted just as one-sidedly at the expense of the individual, as in the other the interests of the individual are placed in the foreground quite divorced from those of the race. The antitheses: authority and anarchy, communism and individualism, race interests and individual interests, are always formulated by the dogmatic adherents of the respective philosophies as an exclusive alternative: *either* authority *or* anarchy. No third possibility is presented. But a sociological treatment of the problem of authority will no more admit of the bias on the right than on the left. Where doctrinaire antagonists see only an absolute 'either . . . or,' the sociological observer discerns a possible 'both . . . and.' The problem of authority involves, then, a reconciliation of opposites. Lacking all authority the human family could no more be educated and guided than it could by means of an authority that smothered and leveled down all personality. Bolshevism as a philosophy was wrecked upon the problem of authority. The place of Tzar Nicholas was taken by Lenin. At extremes the human race can never permanently come to rest, for every societal principle, carried to its logical limit, upsets the equilibrium and finally succumbs to its own anemic one-sidedness. Thus the communistic historian, Hippolyte Castille, once wrote: 'The principle of authority is a perpetual safeguard of human society.' Robespierre was a remarkable man not on account of his gifts and virtues, but because of his sense of authority. In fact, even predatory states, like those of the Filibusters, find themselves forced to set up and obey authorities. This psychic urge to social organization, which breaks forth with elemental force even where personality is in inner revolt against whatever species of authority, proves unmistakably that the problem of authority, exactly like the problem of faith, its twin sister, concerns not historical but psychological categories. That the Bolsheviki had to substitute for the dictatorship from above one from below, is a classical example for the sociology of authority.

In his posthumous *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, Hume has shown that the religious urge of the human race represents the same kind of psychological necessity as was later asserted by Kant for the metaphysical need in human nature. Now I wish to set alongside of the religious and metaphysical needs a third fundamental attribute of original human nature with its race experiences, namely, the need for authority. Schleiermacher, Goethe, and Feuerbach have reduced religious impulse to an affective necessity; Kant has referred the metaphysical impulse to a necessity of thought. Similarly I propose to demonstrate the need of authority in original human nature as a necessity of purpose, as an economy of the will, as an expression of the law of least effort. The temporal and local elements in religion, we know, are only the creed; what is universal in all religions, that which represents their eternal aspect, is the irresistible urge of human nature to create gods for itself, to overthrow old ones only to replace them with new ones. An exact parallel is presented in the evolution of the numberless languages, dialects, and idioms in their relation to the one dominating logic. The laws of logic, which are common to all men and even to animals, rest upon just such a psychic urge as does the structure of the religious idea.

Only the *forms* of authority are historically necessary, but the *principle* of authority is psychologically necessary. The species-preserving instinct of the human race demands imperatively

that authority as such be established. But what kinds of authority are to be set up or acknowledged, is conditioned by time and place. It depends on soil and climate, fauna and flora, topography and, finally, on historical factors. The *forms* of authority, as historical categories, are varied, exactly as are the forms of divine worship or the grammatical forms and phonetic symbols of the various languages. But the same irresistible impulse of human nature, which by psychological necessity has led to the formation of language and of religion as such, was also at work to produce from inner necessity the principle of authority as the social regulator.

III

In my book, *Sinn des Daseins* (pp. 240–271), I attempted a psycho-genetic derivation of the principle of authority, by demonstrating that fear, imitation, and insight are the three ascending forms in which the principle of authority reveals itself in history. Here I am concerned with laying bare a still deeper layer of the principle of authority by ignoring for the moment the manner in which the principle manifests itself in history, and asking: How is the problem of authority to be grasped sociologically? Why do men surrender their original freedom and unrestraint in speech and thought, in feeling and action, by subjecting themselves voluntarily in speaking, to the rules of grammar; in thinking, to the laws of logic; and in acting, either to the legal or to the moral code? The progressive restraint of the individual on the part of the collective whole, to which the individual adheres either of his own accord or under compulsion by the State, is a striking characteristic of every highly developed system of civilization. A sociological explanation is demanded for this voluntary fettering of the modern man, who has conquered for himself political and religious liberty, freedom of press and speech, by violent revolutionary convulsions after centuries of struggle, and who none the less submits without struggle in his speech, thought, feeling, and action to the innumerable dictates of grammar and logic, of use and wont, of convention and law, of etiquette and fashion, lest he be considered an outcast. If with advancing civilization men generally have left the state of anarchy in the wilderness or in the desert, only to impose upon themselves a multitude of controls in a governmentally ordered state, deep-lying motives must have been effective to account for such a surrender of original freedom for a manifold restraint of the individual within a closed system of civilization. The historical category of authority, — which has hitherto supported itself upon common sense and justified its sociological existence on the ground that all known civilized peoples have instituted and honored some sort of authority, — this must in the last instance be reduced to a psychological category, to an irresistible psychic urge, evidenced in the fact that the need for authority represents an inalienable characteristic of original human nature. We have to do, accordingly, with the psychological and, beyond that, with the biological and sociological foundation of the principle of authority.

An item in the heritage of the individual from the race is the social regulator of the authority principle, which I wish to interpret as an economy of the will. As Ernst Mach has derived all science and logic on the basis of the economy of thought, so I should like to justify the principle of authority as a function in the economy of the will, and thereby to raise this principle to the rank of a psychological category in the same sense in which Hume has accom-

plished this for the religious problem. Nietzsche once said, anticipating the pragmatism of James: '"true" means adapted to the existence of man.' The belief in authorities is in this sense, like every belief, an expression of the confidence with which we approach the bearer of the authority — a man, a tradition, an institution, a dogma, or a commandment. All belief in authority is inseparably bound up with the nature of belief or acceptance of the opinions or traditions of others. In the absence of confidence in those truths which the preceding generation transmits to that which succeeds it, in the form of firm convictions and irrefragable doctrines, each generation would have to start anew. But that would violate the law of parsimony in nature by a useless expenditure of energy. Where a tradition of our ancestors has been tested, or where the counsels or direct commands issued in authoritative quarters in the common interest have been found helpful, they have a claim to credibility and confidence. What has proved useful a hundred times in the past, admits the conclusion that the future will in that respect resemble the past, and thus it is understandable that Herbert Spencer, for example, saw in ancestor worship the origin of all religious feelings. Ancestor worship, veneration of the dead, of the departed souls of one's own ancestors, and hero worship, are psychologically most intimately related. The departed souls leave us their oral commands or written testaments and contribute to mould the will of their descendants by the force of their authority. The deceased ancestors or heroes are not only the first representatives, in point of time, of the principle of authority, but also the most effective sources of authority in the present. Whoever holds sacred the memory of his fathers or of national heroes, determines his own actions preferably in accordance with the ideals to which they aspired. Authorities in this form are veritable stereotypes of the will. Ancestor worship is probably the most rigid form of authority, for the intent of the dead is a judgment from which there is no appeal. The deceased cannot be controverted. Thus are evolved, particularly in feudal stocks with great family tradition, veritable chains of social heritage which, as motives of authority, act so effectively as frequently to crush the individual personalities by the excess of familial authority.

That which the continuity of family tradition and the veneration of ancestors mean for the individual, the three Testaments mean as manifestations of the supreme authority — God — for the three monotheistic religions; that, also, constitutions and legislation mean for political organizations. *All these centres of authority represent, so to speak, summaries of social-will motives.* Every authority is an apparatus of inhibiting or inciting the will — a formula for abbreviated confidence. The individual is absolutely unable to carry out every one of his actions quite independently, merely out of his own voluntary decision. It is, indeed, agreeable to his love of ease — a parallel to the law of inertia in nature — instead of deliberating for himself every time and accepting, along with the choice, the pain inevitably connected with it, to act as his authorities advise or command him to act, irrespective of whether these be parental or religious, political or social authorities.

IV

What Mach says of prejudice is valid also of authority, if we pass from intellect to will, from thinking to acting: it is a reflex movement in the realm of the will. Authorities are centres of

power and summaries of will, stereotypes of action, which serve as convenient sources of judgment to those individuals who submit to the authorities in question and thus infinitely facilitate their own choosing and testing. Not every individual, placed in the exigencies of life, has in himself the capacity to choose correctly between two possibilities for his weal or woe. Without authorities, not only to think in advance for them but especially to will and to act for them in advance, human beings would, like Buridan's ass, starve spiritually between two bundles of hay. As it is, however, man in his average daily routine refers his acts of will to the particular centres of power or motivations respected by him as authorities. He goes to church as his religious affiliation demands, to the polls, as the State or his Party requires of him, to his occupational duties according to the dictates of his professional moral code; he walks and stands, drives and rides, salutes and smiles, as use and wont, convention and etiquette, fashion and good form dictate. By far the largest part of all of man's indifferent actions — the Stoics called these 'adiaphora' — take place in accordance with the requirements of the numberless centres of authority, whether it be the written law of the State or the unwritten law of social ethics and morality. And it is well thus. For these convenient stereotypes of the will relieve our will power and liberate it for truly important moral tasks, which only the individual can achieve. Authorities as reflex movements in the realm of human action save us, in perhaps ninety per cent of cases, the superfluous effort of an independent quest for motive sources and of a choice between competing motives. As in our prejudices we follow the pioneer thinking and feeling of others, so in accepting authority we follow their willing. What prejudice means in a logical sense, whether for good or ill, that also authority means in the ethical field, for good or ill, namely, a kind of antecedent will. As in prejudice one abdicates his thinking in deference to another who has prejudged for us, so in authority one abdicates his will in deference to others who have already willed in advance and thereby have shown us the way. The utility in this psychological category of authority is the enormous relief it offers to our daily acts of will. As a scientific formula saves me the effort of going through the entire process of thought which has been reduced to this formula, exactly so it is with the various centres of authority that serve as motive sources for our action — that is, they relieve our *wills*. What the sciences are for thinking, authorities are for action.

The *forms* of authority vary and disappear, but the *principle* of authority as psychological category endures.

Having revealed the authority principle in its useful capacity as biological function, we now have to discuss the historic bearers of this principle. The authoritarian function is biologically necessary; the bearers of this function, however, are historically determined, *i.e.*, conditioned by climate and topography, myth, and tradition.

What the principle of self-preservation means for the individual, that also the principle of authority means for the preservation of the race. Though the individual may behave according to whim and caprice, inclination and temperament, impulse and mood, in the practical conduct of life, not so with the race. The societal principle of self-preservation imperiously demands the setting up of rules and canons, norms and laws, which exclude individual preference. The collective whole issues public commands to which the individual has unresistingly to submit, failing

which he is subject either to physical punishment or to moral ostracism. Such commanders or lawmakers, who force under their sway the individuals who voluntarily or under compulsion come under their imperatives, are known as authorities. Wherever the dominating will of preëminent personalities, such as founders of religions, lawgivers, despots, prophets, apostles, geniuses, heretics, or leaders of sects, sets up general rules of behavior which are faithfully accepted and followed, there, as we have shown, stereotypes of will are formed, which affect the particular individuals through use and habituation, in the course of centuries, with almost automatic certainty. The normal, *i.e.*, the submissive, individual acts, as a rule, in conformity to the dictates of his family tradition, his environment, his church or State authorities. By means of the principle of authority, which represents a perpetual biological safeguard for the preservation of the human species, a certain uniformity, indeed, a beneficial identity among the activities of human groups is effected, which forms a natural counterpoise against the anarchic will of the individual.

Those functions of order which elevate man above the beast may all be classed as autonomy of the human racial intelligence. Sense images which enter our sphere of perception in thousandfold variations are received by us civilized men from the outside world exactly as by animals, savages, idiots, and children. But we alone are capable, by means of our logical categories, to introduce into this apparent confusion of impressions that conclusive order which is found in astrophysics and in the descriptive natural sciences.

Against this stressing of the principle of authority it might be objected that, in our age of autonomy of the human personality, it is the part of boldness to break a lance for the alleged antiquated and scrapped principle of authority. My answer is, that although the forms of authority change and are transmuted with time, as we believe we have demonstrated, the biological selective principle of authority as social regulator of the preservation of the human species is immutable. The *historic bearers* of authority come and go, but the sociological category of authority abides immovable in the flux of time.

V

The historic bearers of authority are either personalities and their traditions, or public institutions. Ancestor- and hero-worship stand at the threshold, not only of all religion, but also of all authority. For that reason, the parental power (patria potestas) is the original bearer of all authority. God himself is mythologically personified as father of the human race (God, the Father), and eminent monarchs are glorified as fathers of their countries, thereby assuming the highest rank as bearers of authority. The elders and church fathers have always been privileged sources of authority. The historic bearers of authority are: (1) the parental; (2) the divine; (3) the sacerdotal; (4) the royal; (5) the governmental-military; (6) the legal; (7) the scholastic; (8) the scientific.

Authority is the quiescent, persistent, assured character of the general will, in contrast to the fluctuating, fleeting, and arbitrary character of the individual will. Authority is, in all its bearers, the representative of the collective will of mankind, which supports itself for the most part upon the race experience of past generations, as over against the unconsidered impulse of the individual. The eternal tragedy of man is his restless oscillation between self-preservation, which pushes him to the forceful

assertion of his self-interest, and the preservation of the species which urges him to surrender his own will in deference to the collective will.

The later historic sources of authority are found in the Decalogue; the ten tablet legislation of Solon; the twelve tablets of Sulla; the three testaments of the monotheistic religions; the Roman law, empire, and papacy; councils and synods; laws and constitutions; parliaments and governments. The concrete authority of the father, which survives as a last vestige in 'God, the Father,' 'Holy Father,' 'Father of the Country,' 'Little Father Tzar,' is everywhere being attenuated into impersonal institutions and legislations. The personal source of authority embodied in the 'royal will' gives way in the ascending historical rhythm to the impersonal 'public weal.' The principle of authority, too, is democratized. Since the great French Revolution, heteronomy is replaced, the more completely as time goes on, by autonomy.

The bearers of authority are no longer imposed from above, but are elected from below, and that means self-determination in contrast to alien control. Laws as impersonal sources of authority are to-day no longer forced upon us by a foreign will, whether of ancestors or heroes, of gods or despots, of councils or synods whose composition has not been determined by the sovereign will of the people; but they are enacted by legislative bodies which in constitutionally governed states represent in the last instance the popular will. All enfranchised citizens are co-enactors of those laws, to which they submit so much more willingly as these laws represent not alien commands but self-given commands. For this reason, in the pre-war time, the constitutionally governed states were better disciplined than the clay-footed giant, Russia, where a shadow authority had to support itself upon fear and imitation rather than upon insight, as the modern, autonomous principle of authority demands. No state has ever been so decayed and internally undermined as the Russian. Even the ruined Germany remained a firm state organization. And Russia collapsed like a house of cards because it was not a constitutional state.

With the spread of the knowledge of nature, the mythological form of authority everywhere yields to the logical. So too with the rise of commerce and industry, the mystical representatives of authority retire to make room for consciously instituted bearers of authority. The cult of Lenin in Russia is a regression toward that political mysticism which is hereditarily characteristic of the Russian nature.

Natural and moral laws are valid absolutely, but the social imperatives of authority only relatively, for they are conditioned as to time and place. They establish not rigid laws but only tendencies or volitional inclinations of human nature. Mathematical or logical ('eternal') truths are necessary postulates of thought; authorities, however, are only postulates of the will, establishing a disposition. Their validity depends upon the complete realization of their object. If the bearers of authority have failed to conceive or to realize those ideals in whose service they stand, and as the living incarnation of which they have been instituted, their commands have no indisputably compulsive character. Postulates of purpose can be annulled at any moment when they no longer adequately fulfill their functions. Our present-day bearers of authority are subject to public control for the reason that, as functionaries of the collective whole, they have to give evidence in their public conduct that the centre of confidence and power shall continuously remain justi-

fied. Formerly, the authority had only to command; the individual, only to obey. To-day, however, the bearers of authority are of our own establishing. As the historic fact that men have destroyed images and idols only to fashion ever new gods compels us to infer that the concept of a god represents a spiritual necessity of human nature in its cultural evolution, precisely in the same way the fact that old authorities are overthrown only to permit new ones to be erected in their stead, irresistibly enforces the conclusion that authority represents a social-psychological necessity.

For America, the national heroes — Washington, Franklin, Lincoln — are the bearers of the national idea of authority. Their names are celebrated by the nation, as in the Middle Ages those of saints, and in the feudal-militaristic period those of heroes. This respect for his authorities protects the American citizen from loss of restraint and direction. America furnishes in her form of democracy the pattern of an authority constituted by the free choice of her citizens. Bossuet is confirmed.

Where everyone may do as he likes, no one may do as he likes; where no one is master, everyone is master; where everyone is master, everyone is slave.

The way out of this slavery toward an authority sociologically established, is pointed by the doctrines of social optimism here developed.

OMAR'S GRAVE

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

We drew up before a dilapidated mud hovel. The door, a low hole in the wall, served both for entrance and for light. An unhappy familiarity with the ways of Persia enabled us to recognize this cheerless cavern as a teahouse.

The proprietor, a gentleman whom Mr. Wells would call one of the dark-whites, — tall, lean, regular-featured, with head swathed in a brown turban in the fashion of Khorasan, — greets us with, —

'Command me' — which is the Persian way of saying 'Welcome,' or 'Be seated,' or 'After you, please,' or 'Dinner is served,' or 'Speak: I listen.'

I put a tousled head out of the carriage window. Through a wide-open gateway, next door to our teahouse, I catch the tangy smell of horse dung, and hear the hum of a million flies. It is the courtyard of the Posthouse, where lodge the lean horses of the Administration-of-Loading-and-Transport-of-the-Government. With meagre tails swishing, the horses stand in fours around a sort of hammock, from which they munch their barley.

I ask: 'What have you?'

The Proprietor of the Teahouse: 'Everything. A hen, bread, tea, eggs — (hesitates) — *mast* (sour milk).'

I order tea, boiled eggs, and mast.

When these are brought, I say to the proprietor: 'How many *farsakhs* to Nishapur?'

The Proprietor: 'I make a petition; three; light ones.'

I (mechanically, having asked the same question ten times already since the morning): 'Is the road good?'

He stretches out his hand, palm upward, to indicate the utter smoothness and flatness of the road; and with a slow, falling inflection, to indicate perfection, he utters the word: 'Smoo-ooth.'

I: 'We have heard that at Nishapur a poet is buried — '

THE PROPRIETOR: 'It is true: Khayyam — but his grave is not in Nishapur. Half a farsakh from the city gate, there is a garden — a good garden of roses, fruit trees, and grape vines. In the middle of the garden, there is an Imamzadeh,[1] where are buried the ashes of the Honorable Mohammed Mahrouk, the brother of the Honorable Imam Reza, the Refuge of Strangers (on whom be peace). The Honorable Mohammed was burned in this place by Jenghiz the Mogul (a thousand curses be upon him).[2] In a small porch adjoining the Imamzadeh is the tomb of Khayyam. It is of white plaster — straight, without tile-work or any writing. Who would believe that a great poet is buried there?

'It is related,' continued the Proprietor, 'that in his youth Khayyam had a friend called Nizam ul Mulk. Like Khayyam, he was poor; but being also wise and ambitious, he became at last the Sultan's Vizier. Then he sought out Khayyam and, when he had found him, begged him to make a request, even up to half his riches. But Khayyam answered: "In the plain of Nishapur, where I was born, there are one hundred and fifty pieces of villages. And there is one small village there, half a farsakh from the Meshed gate, which produces the best grapes in all Persia. Let me be overseer of this village." And there he died and was buried.

'It is related that Khayyam was fond of wine, and that when he had drunk he spoke in *rubais*. One day, as he was seated on a rug on his verandah, with forty jars of wine standing in a row before him, there came a wind which blew down the forty jars and broke them. Whereupon Khayyam, looking over his left shoulder whence the wind came, recited this rubai: —

'The wind, which broke my forty *kuzehs*, filled
With last year's vintage, in His wrath He willed;
Who is the greater sinner, he who drank
The rare, musk-scented wine — or He Who
Spilled?'

That night we spread our groundsheets and sleeping-bags in the garden, by Omar's tomb. Shall I forget the stately dome of the mausoleum of Mohammed, looming up from among those ghostly trees? Or Orion, hanging low over Nishapur? Or Sirius, burning in the East? While hidden away, in the annex of the mausoleum, that plain white slab of common plaster glimmered to the dawn's left hand.

We were informed by an attendant that an Englishman had visited the tomb last year and had promised to give money for a decoration of tile-work and an inscription. But nothing has been done. Perhaps that nameless Englishman has thought better of it. I trust he has. I like to think of Omar chuckling under his slab of plaster at all that pomp of pointed arch and soaring turquoise dome — the mausoleum of the roasted saint.

[1] Mausoleum of a relative of one of the twelve Imams.

[2] The proprietor of the teahouse was a little weak in his chronology. Mohammed Mahrouk, the brother of the Eighth Imam, whose tomb in Meshed is the holiest shrine of all Persia, died four hundred years before Jenghiz Khan was born.

THE SOLDIER VOTE

BY WILLARD COOPER

I

THE World War created among five million young Americans a bond that few would care to sever. It gave them at once a common tradition and a training in disciplined coöperation.

When the war ended, common need gave them another common cause. The majority were in immediate want of physical or economic assistance — 'rehabilitation' is the trade-name used by veterans themselves. Means of organization were not lacking. The Veterans of Foreign Wars had been in existence for a generation. All who had been overseas were entitled to membership. The American Legion was organized within six months after the Armistice. The Disabled American Veterans of the World War and the Military Order of the World War were created to represent special classes of veterans — the disabled and the commissioned personnel. There are other societies less prominent. All avow principles of patriotism and mutual helpfulness.

Two years of battle 'hue and cry' converted the leaders of these new organizations into crusaders, anxious to tilt their lances against any and all foes — even windmills. Agitation against the 'Red Menace to Americanism' was then at its height. Alarmed patriots sought to create a bulwark between established institutions and revolutionary radicalism. The disabled were in a bad way, lacking anything like a just system for their compensation. Thousands of their comrades were eager to fight their battles.

Some of the leaders who swam to the top of this ferment had downright genius for organization. Young lawyers, having to make a second start in their profession, became noticeably active in the ranks of both new and old veteran organizations. They were needed as spokesmen for their less articulate buddies. The consideration that work among their late comrades would find them many immediate and prospective clients certainly was no deterrent to their activities. Other young professional men found similar opportunities for service and for practice. As each worked for the benefit of his chosen organization, he built up not only the organization but a personal following. This following, in a majority of cases, he still retains, and in many instances he has vastly augmented it.

To remain a leader of men, the leader needs popular issues. Among veterans issues were never lacking. Civil service preferment, rehabilitation, employment campaigns, welfare work in a score of phases — all were ready-made for the leaders, or, if these failed, Bolshevism remained.

All through this yeasty period the demand for a bonus to all honorably discharged veterans had been growing. At first the Legion and other organizations held aloof. But post commanders, representing in late 1920 nearly ten thousand units in the Legion alone,

reported that their memberships favored a bonus drive. The veterans began to base their pro-bonus reasoning on the matter of time lost in service, not on the service itself. So the bonus drive crystallized in the Adjusted Compensation Bill which was finally passed by Congress in May over the President's veto. Seldom has any legislation been fought so hard. Twice vetoed, it carried the House of Representatives five times and the Senate three times. For whole months of the last four years it has been a conspicuous news-story of the national press. Politicians call it Soldier Legislation and say it was enacted out of deference toward, or fear of, the 'soldier vote.'

Yet the bonus was not the consummation of veteran legislation; it was only a seeming and temporary climax. Neither was it the beginning of that kind of legislation urged by the soldier vote; in fact it followed nearly two hundred other bills passed at the instigation of veterans. The other bills were less spectacular; to the man in the street they may appear far more constructive. But the soldier vote will see that Congress in the future passes thousands of bills yet to be conceived.

II

This is no arbitrary prophecy. It is based on historical precedent. Bonuses and other prerequisites have been granted to American veterans ever since the French and Indian Wars of colonial days. They have been granted after every war which has engaged the entire nation. Civil Service preferment, pensions to the veterans and their immediate families, even political preferment in all elective and appointive offices, have become almost the traditional right of American veterans.

Tammany Hall originated as an organization of the veterans of the American Revolution. So did the Order of the Cincinnati. Only one President who was not a war veteran — Cleveland — was elected in the thirty-five years following the Civil War. By the time of Taft, Civil War veterans had become too old to withstand the rigors of political life. Up to that time, however, the history of legislation in the United States had been marked at frequent intervals with laws that illustrated the power of the Grand Army. In practically every Northern State, men out of the Union armies were given Civil Service preferment. When Civil Service was instituted by the national Government, provision was made to advance veterans over employees who had not worn the uniform. Immediately after the Civil War land grants were given to almost any veteran who wanted land. This form of bonus only followed the precedents of the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, and the several Indian wars. Through the activity of the Grand Army, the nation created eleven soldiers' homes, in which any ex-service man was entitled to board and room if he were unable to support himself. The Grand Army may early have relinquished any political aspirations it held as an order, but veterans were never laggard in waving the bloody shirt to embarrass candidates who could not point to a war record. The epithet 'copperhead' was applied too freely to please men who had been of military age during the war but had not seen military service.

Only fifteen years after the Civil War had ended, a small pension had been granted to practically all Civil War veterans. The sum was increased gradually until it became a small competence for all who had worn the blue. This year it took a presidential veto to prevent enactment of a bill that

would have augmented the pensions of all war veterans except those of the World War by an aggregate of almost $500,000,000. Yet, to bring into being a Bursum bill, only 100,000 Civil War veterans of the Union armies remain alive. Their political significance must therefore be out of all proportion to their numbers.

Veterans of the Spanish-American War, although numbering only about 250,000 all told, acquired almost immediately after that war a liberal pension law for disabilities such as malaria and rheumatism, besides the customary pensions of the time for wounds. The diseases from which Spanish War veterans suffered are generally attributable to the miasmic camp-sites and battle-grounds of the war, with their concomitants of chronic malaria and rheumatism. It is difficult to trace these diseases directly to war origin. The veterans' pension system, therefore, has been liberalized from time to time ever since the war and was to become practically a blanket system with the Bursum bill.

Spanish War veterans have been especially enthusiastic in pressing claims for Civil Service preferment and have secured advantageous preferment bills in almost every State. The privileges they hold are not regional by States, as are the Civil Service privileges of Grand Army veterans. Spanish War veterans have benefited in other ways. Electoral and appointive political preferment came quickly. Theodore Roosevelt himself was nominated for Vice-President in 1900 partly on account of his splendid war record. These veterans have never been so active in National politics, however, as have those of the Grand Army, owing partly to the fact that their one all-inclusive organization, the United Spanish War Veterans, did not reach a strength commensurate with its name until comparatively recent years. Another reason for their seeming lack of interest in national affairs was their method of enlistment; almost all of them served in the National Guard — over 200,000 of the 250,000. The National Guard's organization naturally exercises more power in the State than in the Nation.

III

So it was that the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled American Veterans advocated a law 'to adjust the compensation' of men who fought in the World War. The Legion itself has about 700,000 active members; supporting veteran societies and their auxiliaries for women, all told, probably have not more than 500,000 members. Yet here is a political entity, already recognized by Congress, whose influence is far stronger than the numbers signify.

Although the Legion professes sincere opposition to any political activity that may be personal in its application, it was beyond question the foremost factor in convincing Congress that the bonus bill should be passed over the veto of President Coolidge. In the popular press, the Legion had approximately an even share of support. Among newspapers of 'class circulation,' the Legion was supported only by the Boston *Transcript*. In opposition to the bonus were financiers, the dispensers of economic and social patronage, and the influential classes generally.

If the Legion is opposed to personal politics, it may be asked, How did the Legion and the other veterans' organizations persuade Congress to vote contrary to the President's wishes? The answer lies in the fact that the Legion, while it may present an issue to the country, must leave the methods

of pursuit largely to its individual membership. The soldier vote is not positive, but negative. It is a vote *for* nobody; it is a vote *against* anybody who opposes soldier legislation. The veterans' organizations as a rule are composed of men who hold their military service dear. They are energetic patriots. But they are not above a certain political vindictiveness. Having been trained during nearly two years of war to hate well, they carry their training to the polls. As a result they may find themselves facing the alternatives of voting for a man of opposite political faith or of not voting at all. The inevitable consequence is to assist in the election of a man, not because of his superior character or principles, but because of something, perhaps trivial to the rest of the electorate, which his opponent has done. It should be said in behalf of the veterans, that they will permit no pussyfooting or slurring over of any of their favorite issues; they demand outspokenness. They seem to believe that silence means opposition to their wishes.

Whatever the reader may think of the bonus, it is a fact that the average World War veteran approved. He wanted it. While the Veterans of Foreign War, the Legion, or any other organization would not have sponsored the candidacy of any man merely because he favored the bonus, they would have voted for no man who opposed the bonus. The result would have been the same. They would have seen to it that their friends and relatives who favored the bonus voted against candidates who opposed the bonus. Their ardor furnished ready-made machinery to get their vote to the polls.

Opposition to the bonus from within the Legion undoubtedly was stronger than opposition among ex-service men who did not belong. Inside were thousands who had joined because through the organization they found the most efficacious weapon in the fight for the disabled. Outside were millions who wanted the bonus, would lend voting strength to get it, even if they were not enough interested to pay dues. Within the Legion, perhaps sixty posts, with a total membership of perhaps 6000, opposed the bonus, and nearly every one of the 11,000 posts had at least a handful of members who were opposed to the measure. The Legion's membership decreased from 850,000 in 1920 — before the bonus became a national issue — to about 725,000 at the close of 1923. This decrease, however, must not be considered too significant, because the Grand Army, during the same relative period of its existence, lost all but about 25,000 of its 400,000 original members. Moreover, the only veterans' organization which made bonus opposition an issue, the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, never claimed more than 30,000 paid-up members. It was obvious to leaders within the Legion that the organization would lose more members by opposing the bonus than it would lose by supporting it. This opinion was strengthened by the election results of 1922.

Thirty-five candidates sought election or reëlection to the United States Senate that year. Seventeen were reëlected. Thirteen of the seventeen had voted to pass the bonus bill over the veto of President Harding. Four who had voted to sustain the veto were defeated by pro-bonus candidates of the opposition party. Six who had voted for the bill over the veto were defeated only by men as pro-bonus as themselves. Fourteen of the eighteen new Senators and thirteen of the reëlected old Senators were avowedly in favor of the bill.

The result in Indiana, proverbially

typical in its reaction to political trends, reveals clearly the negative character of the soldier vote. Senator New, opposed to the bonus, was defeated in the Republican primary by Albert J. Beveridge. Beveridge in turn was defeated in the election by Samuel Ralston. Beveridge had been noncommittal about the bonus; Ralston had proclaimed himself in favor of it. In New Jersey, Senator Frelinghuysen, a close friend of President Harding and an opponent of the bonus, was beaten by Edward I. Edwards, who favored the bill at the time although he has since recanted. In New York, Royal S. Copeland easily defeated Senator Calder. In both New Jersey and New York newspaper opposition to the bonus had been bitter.

In the make-up of the lower House of Congress, the same influence had been at work. As yet the country does not seem to realize that nearly eighty Representatives are themselves veterans, — fifty of them veterans of the World War, — that the veteran representation grows in every Congress, and that, regardless of party, these ex-soldiers and sailors pull together on issues affecting their former comrades.

IV

The bonus is an old story now, but not for years will Congress forget it. The American Genro — or Old Guard — has never taken kindly to the political aspirations of outsiders, and to have outsiders elevated above themselves by the power of a group of upstart youngsters was appalling. In the political upheaval of 1922, a swing toward progressivism eliminated New, Calder, and Frelinghuysen, but Henry Cabot Lodge survived. He was a strong supporter of the bonus. Conservatism was shocked. The prophecy became general that the bonus was but the opening wedge in the campaign for soldier legislation. Pensions and what-not were coming. Where would be the end?

There may be no end. Even as Tammany Hall to-day carries on largely as it carried on in the days of Aaron Burr, the soldier vote will be enabled to carry on until the last World War veteran is dead and the auxiliary societies which have sprung up around him have perished. Some of the soldier issues of four years ago are still alive. New ones are in process of being born. The disabled will be subjects of legislation for many years. To-day, the U. S. Veterans Bureau — itself the result of soldier legislation — offers a measure of care or compensation for illness only to the man who can trace his disability to war origin. The veterans as a rule want Government treatment for any disability, regardless of origin. Eventually they will make the demand.

Friends of the Civil Service and many of those protected by its rulings are already disturbed because the veterans want preferential treatment in Civil Service appointments. Many States have granted such preferment, and the Federal Government has granted it to a slight extent. More consideration for veterans will be asked and will be fought in Congress if necessary.

There are to-day 5000 orphans and half-orphans of World War veterans in the United States. The veterans' organizations want pensions for these children. The Legion, anticipating the problems of the orphans with much the same foresight that enabled it to anticipate the problems of the disabled, already has instituted a series of 'billets' for orphans of World War veterans; but, unassisted, the Legion cannot maintain these and its other welfare activities. Other organizations doing child-welfare work are likely to

oppose the Legion on this point, when, as it inevitably must do, the Legion goes to Congress for help.

Eventually pensions will be demanded. National conventions of the American Legion have declared against any form of horizontal pension; but it is safe to prophesy that efforts will be made in Legion conventions of the future to withdraw from a position that is contrary to the precedents of preceding veteran societies. The leaders who fathered the bonus may believe that the endowment insurance premiums that were given as the bonus, coming due as they will in twenty years, will forestall pension agitation; but what of the rank and file twenty years hence? No organization can remain seated on a political safety-valve indefinitely and live. If the majority of veterans want pensions — whether the nation believes that they need pensions or not — the chances are that there will be organized pursuit of pensions.

It takes an issue like the bonus, or pensions, or Civil Service preferment, to arouse a fighting spirit among those who lead and guide the soldier vote. But while these issues are more or less under cover, the universal draft of men, money, and materials in the event of another war will furnish something to keep the crowd together. So will mothers' pensions, immigration restriction, Japanese exclusion, anti-radicalism — any of a dozen causes. And they will suffice.

The leaders will see that they suffice. The leaders want careers. Some want only political careers within the veteran organizations. These generally are unselfish, visionary men of ample means. Others want political careers outside the veteran ranks. They seek election and appointment to State and Federal offices. They can count upon finding ardent campaign workers in their posts and among men the veterans' organizations have served. In America any activity that brings citizens together can be used to produce votes, directly or indirectly. Our rising young statesmen can be depended upon to exploit soldier friendships and veteran groups, just as their predecessors did, even though the organizations, as such, may eschew political objects.

V

There are fifty Congressmen who served in the World War. Most of them owe their election or appointment to their war records, and their affiliations with other veterans since the war. Some of them — young men like Hamilton Fish of Garrison, New York — ran on their war records as much as on any issues. Others, like Royal Johnson of South Dakota, were in Congress before the war. Five World War veterans have been elevated to the Senate. One of them — David Reed of Pennsylvania — voted to sustain the bonus veto. But he favors most of the remaining soldier legislation. Approximately twenty more Congressmen are veterans of other wars.

These seventy-odd men form a bloc. They are bound together by the ardent comradeship of war. Like soldier and sailor voters at the polls, they are ex-service men first on many issues, Republicans or Democrats next. They recognize no party lines in soldier legislation. In the House they have caused the creation of a Committee on Veteran Legislation. They caucus informally but effectively on proposals for veteran legislation and, because of the narrow Republican majority, they have held the balance of power in many parliamentary contests.

Soldier legislation after all is a small

part of all the legislation that goes through the Congressional mill. But the veterans were almost unanimous in favoring immigration exclusion, — a favorite policy of the Legion, — and were practically unanimous in the compromise Johnson Immigration bill which became law. The veterans were a unit in urging the enactment of the bill creating the Veterans Bureau from an accumulation of small welfare-bureaus within three Federal departments and placing it outside the influence of any cabinet officer. They unanimously supported a series of eighty-one bills this year to remedy apparent defects of the Veterans Bureau. They lent every possible assistance to the Senate investigation of the Veterans Bureau in 1923. They are practically unanimous in favor of the universal draft. There was some defection within their ranks when the Congressional minority attempted to amend the bonus bill this year to provide cash payments, but none of the veterans took the amendment to the floor, as did Senator Copeland, who is not a veteran.

On the outside, but of real assistance to those inside, have been the legislative lobbies maintained by the veteran societies. John Thomas Taylor, the Legion's principal representative at Washington, won recognition for his handling of the bonus campaign; yet he has handled other veteran drives on Congress with even more ready success. He knows how to capitalize the balance of power held by the veterans who are Congressmen. Taylor learned politics as secretary to Boies Penrose.

In time the demands of the veterans upon Congress will become more and more emphatic and the veterans' organizations will be larger and more influential. If the Legion follows the cycle of the Grand Army of the Republic, it should grow from the present 700,000 members to 2,000,000. Having acquired a political following by serving their late comrades, those veterans who lean toward politics will never lack influence. The highest offices in the land await them.

When the bonus fight was at its height, the American Legion caused approximately a million letters and telegrams to descend upon Congress in a period of about two weeks, asking that the bill be passed. Imagine the effect of the correspondence that would come from an organization of two millions!

And imagine the effect of the political wrath of such an organization! Today, the veteran wrath is feared. Say what you will, that is why the bonus was passed over the President's veto. The veteran vote is negative, not positive. Because the veto was unsuccessful and the bonus passed, the soldier vote may never be directed against President Coolidge. Victors hold few grudges. But if the bonus had failed there is no doubt that the soldier vote would leave its mark on the November results, as assuredly it will do in many Novembers to come.

PROFITEERING UNDER A COMMUNIST RÉGIME

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia once characterized Bolshevism as a political and military success, but an economic failure. This seems a premature judgment to pass on a social system that has not yet run its historical course; and a Russian Communist might retort that Masaryk's Czechish legionaries, together with the other forces which took part in the intervention, must bear a considerable share of responsibility for Russia's present shattered economic condition.

However, Masaryk's remark contained a kernel of suggestive truth. Acting Premier Kamenev declared at the last Soviet Congress that the Soviet Government now has no political problems, only economic ones, and this observation really sums up the present situation in Russia.

Politically the Soviet Government now appears stable almost to the point of stagnation. There are no 'politics,' in the ordinary sense of the word, in Russia to-day. There are no opposition political parties; no hard-fought election campaigns; no anti-Government newspapers. Behind the transparent façade of the Soviet Constitution, the dictatorship of the Communist Party, an organization which now numbers approximately 600,000 members, functions with clockwork regularity.

This dictatorship passed through two severe tests last winter and emerged from both apparently unshaken. There was first the internal Party controversy, in which Trotzky assumed a position in opposition to that of the majority of the members of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee, the highest executive authority in the Party. This controversy ended without any open break; Trotzky withdrew from public activity for a time and has now returned, apparently ready to cooperate with the Central Committee on the same terms as before. The second test was the death of Lenin. Here again the strength of the Party organization made itself felt. The machinery of government continued to function without a sign of creaking. Public order remained undisturbed.

The unbroken political calm in Russia can be ascribed in part to such positive factors as the closely knit, well-disciplined organization of the Communist Party and to its dictatorial control of all such sources of power as the army and the police, the legislative bodies and the courts, the schools and the newspapers. It is also due to certain negative factors. The many Russians who are opposed to Communist rule are helpless in their lack of any common programme or organization. The old social classes about which the anti-Bolshevist movements of Kolchak, Denikin and Wrangel centred, the Tsarist landlords and military and civil officials, have been smashed by the Civil War and the social upheaval in village and city. New self-conscious classes with political

and economic interests in opposition to the policies of the Soviet Government have not had time to develop, although the new economic policy has created a basis for such classes both in the country districts and in the towns. However, for the time being, the Soviet Government has easy sailing, so far as the matter of preserving its political domination is concerned.

Economically, on the other hand, the situation is quite different. It is no accident that most of the space in the Russian daily newspapers is given over to discussion of economic problems. Under any conditions the material reconstruction of Russia, after years of steady deterioration, would present colossal difficulties. But the usual difficulties are complicated and enhanced by the fact that the Soviet Government is attempting to apply, in a peasant country with a shattered industrial system, Marxian economic theories which are based on the assumption of a high degree of mechanization both in industry and in agriculture.

II

Broadly speaking, the Soviet Government is now faced with two main reconstruction problems. There is first the problem which confronts every government, especially every dictatorship, the problem of securing tolerable living conditions for the masses. Then there is the second problem, peculiar to Russia, of directing the country's revival along State Socialist lines.

Judged by almost any statistical test Russia has experienced a notable material revival during the last three years. Industrial production has risen in volume from ten or fifteen per cent of the pre-war figure, the low level which it touched during the worst years of civil war and blockade, to approximately thirty-six per cent at the present time. Among the more important industries oil and textiles have led in this recovery. Russia's export trade, which disappeared entirely during the years of blockade, rose in value from approximately $40,000,000 for the year ending October 1, 1922, to $100,000,000 for the following year. This year the export programme of the Commissariat for Foreign Trade anticipates a volume of exports to the value of more than $200,000,000. The deficit in the State budget has steadily diminished, and in February the Government was able to stabilize the currency, although this measure still demands the greatest vigilance and economy in order to ward off the danger of a new inflation.

The daily life of the population has also improved, as compared with the conditions of three or four years ago. People are gradually getting more food and more clothing. The cities are no longer half starved. The famine conditions which prevailed in the Volga Valley in the winter of 1921–1922 and, to a much smaller extent, in the southern Ukraine in the winter of 1922–1923, have been overcome. The fearful cholera and typhus epidemics of the period of civil war and famine have ceased.

One should not exaggerate the tempo of Russia's recovery. The economic situation still presents many unfavorable aspects. As a result of several factors, loss of livestock through war and famine, high taxes and disproportionately high prices for city products, the material condition of the great majority of the peasants is still very bad. The heavy industries, such as mining and metallurgy, lag behind the general pace of industrial recovery; and it seems doubtful whether they can be restored to anything like pre-war productivity without the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars for

reconstruction purposes. The impoverished Russian State treasury is, of course, altogether unable to furnish such sums, and no large-scale agreements have been made with foreign capital. During the last eighteen months there has been a perceptible, steady growth of unemployment, due to several causes: the reduction in the number of workers employed in various Government institutions, the demobilization of the former huge Red Army, the influx of peasants from the poverty-stricken villages into the cities. This influx has proceeded faster than the reviving industries were able to take on new workers, and has contributed considerably to the growth of unemployment. The total number of unemployed is now estimated in round numbers at about a million.

Still the favorable symptoms in Russia's material development generally outweigh the negative factors. Starting from an almost incredibly low level, the country has been going through a slow and painful, but steady, process of recovery, uninterrupted by any such catastrophic setback as Germany experienced in connection with the Occupation of the Ruhr.

The problem of advancing Russia's material reconstruction, difficult as it is, has probably given the Soviet Government much less concern than the problem of guiding this reconstruction along State Socialist lines. The struggle between State Socialism and private Capitalism, a struggle that is constantly assuming new forms, is perhaps the most vital and absorbing manifestation in Russian economic life at the present time.

Blockade, intervention, and civil war pushed the Soviet Government into adopting a programme of thoroughgoing Communism, which involved the nationalization of all industry, the forbidding of all private trade, and the industrial conscription of all citizens. Much of this was doubtless inevitable during the Civil War: for it was essential, from the standpoint of the Government, to get food for the cities and the army; and it was impossible, in view of the acute shortage of fuel and raw materials and the concentration of most of the factories upon military production, to turn out enough manufactured goods to give the peasants in exchange for their food. However, this complete Communism proved utterly impracticable as a system of production in time of peace; and in the spring of 1921 the Soviet Government, under the pressure of peasant revolts against the requisitions, desperate food conditions in the cities, and the general economic breakdown of the country, went over to the so-called New Economic Policy, or 'Nep.'

The most important feature of the Nep was the substitution of a fixed tax for the previous requisitioning of the peasants' grain, and the legalization of private trade within Russia. This was accompanied by a number of less significant changes, such as the restoration of a monetary system, the granting of a larger measure of autonomy to the coöperatives and the reorganization of the State industries along lines which imposed greater responsibilities and authorized a larger degree of initiative on the part of their managers.

The Soviet Government realized that the reintroduction of private trade would pave the way for the rise of a newly enriched bourgeois class and eliminate the material equality which had prevailed, on paper at least, during the period when the city population was rationed as to food and clothing and the peasant was allowed to keep only as much grain as he needed for his own use. With a view to preventing the private capitalism which was inevitably bound up with the New

Economic Policy from assuming a commanding position and thereby bringing about a complete economic counter-revolution which would certainly entail political consequences, the Soviet Government marked out a number of economic key-positions which should, under no circumstances, be surrendered into private hands. These key-positions, or economic bases of Soviet power, have been described several times: by Trotzky, for instance, at the Communist Party Congress in April, 1923, and, more recently, by Rakovsky in his opening speech at the London Conference. It is well to bear them in mind, for it is by the maintenance or surrender of these key-positions that an outside observer can best judge the success or failure of the State Socialist reconstruction programme.

III

The first of these key-positions is State control and operation of transport and essential industries. This is designed to prevent the successful merchant or speculator from investing his capital in industry and getting a grip on the processes of Russia's basic production. The second key-position is State monopoly of foreign trade. This institution, from the standpoint of the Government, has several advantages. By insuring a favorable trade balance it helps the Finance Commissariat in its difficult struggle to stabilize the currency. By creating a centralized apparatus for carrying on commercial relations with other countries it enables the State to direct Russia's exports and imports along the lines which are believed to be most advantageous for the country's development. Finally the State monopoly acts as a barrier between the Russian private merchant and the foreign firms with which he might otherwise open up connections. This deprives the new capitalist class in Russia of another possible source of added wealth and economic power.

A third key-position is the Soviet Land Law. This law is based upon the principle that use is the only legitimate title to property in land. The village land allotments are based upon the number of workers in each peasant family; and, while the leasing of land for productive purposes is permitted over limited periods, no one is legally permitted to acquire anything in the nature of permanent title in land which he does not propose to till himself. This law is designed to prevent the rise of a class of wealthy peasants upon the ruins of the old landlord system. It should also operate as an effective obstacle to the buying up of land from impoverished peasants by the newly enriched classes in the cities.

Besides holding these most important economic key-positions the Government controls Russia's banking system and maintains State and co-operative stores in competition with those which have been opened by private individuals. One might think that under such conditions private capitalism had little opportunity to develop, especially as the Government does not hesitate to banish or imprison, with scant legal formalities, any merchant or speculator whose activities it considers obnoxious. But there are other factors in the case that modify the effects of the Soviet Government's theoretical programme and help to explain the rapid development of certain forms of speculative capitalism.

A régime of State Socialism, in order to function effectively, must have a trained and reliable economic Civil Service staff, consisting of engineers, production managers, accountants, technical and financial experts, and others. The Communists scarcely had

any material out of which such a Civil Service could be built. A party of workmen and radical intellectuals, they experienced the greatest difficulty in finding men who were even passably qualified to occupy the more important technical administrative posts after the November Revolution. To be sure the Revolution brought out a good deal of latent untested practical ability in some of the Communist leaders. Such men as Trotzky, Rykov, Dzerzhinsky, the head of the Supreme Economic Council, Pyatakov, one of his chief lieutenants, and Sokolnikov, the Commissar for Finance, have made good records.

But a few able and devoted men at the top cannot make a complex economic system work efficiently. And, in picking out candidates for such posts as heads of State trusts, managers of factories, and sales-directors of syndicates, the Soviet Government is again and again compelled to make a difficult choice between appointing an inexperienced Communist, who is likely to wreck the enterprise through technical blunders, and a specialist of the old régime, who is just as likely to wreck it by working out some elaborate scheme for selling out the State property to private speculators at much reduced prices, receiving a share of the proceeds and making up the loss by charging higher prices to ordinary customers. Of course all the State enterprises are not so badly mismanaged. But in general corruption and inefficiency constitute a heavy burden for the Russian State industries.

Moreover, Russia's experiment in State Socialism was carried out under conditions of extreme national impoverishment and disorganization. Especially during the first period of the New Economic Policy, the scarcity of goods was so great that any clever speculator could make a small fortune by cornering the available supply of sugar or leather or textiles in a city or region. The spoils of trade, under these circumstances, almost invariably flowed to the shrewd, energetic private trader.

Given these two factors, the absence of a competent and experienced personnel for the work of State economic administration, and the conditions of scarcity which acted as a stimulus to speculation, it is not surprising that private capital developed and accumulated in Russia after the introduction of the Nep at a much faster tempo than the various legal and economic restraints and barriers erected by the Communist Government would seem to permit. The Nep has already contributed to the emergence of two definite, comparatively prosperous classes from the grim, hungry equality of the period of military communism. These classes are the Nepmen in the cities and the kulaks, or rich peasants, in the villages.

IV

The Nepman is a familiar figure in Moscow, Petrograd, and other large Russian centres. He goes to the opera in a fur-lined coat in the winter and spends his summer vacation in a villa outside Moscow or in a Caucasian or Crimean health resort. His money is easily made and easily lost, so he is prone to spend it recklessly while he has it.

The Nepmen may be divided into several species, according to social and economic origin. Some of them are former merchants who have reopened their old businesses. A large element is made up of hardened speculators who contrived to escape the severest persecutions of the period of military communism by their uncanny facility for bribing and swindling. These are the men who are quick to spy out the weak

spots in the State economic organization, to tempt corruptible officials in the State trusts and coöperatives with proposals to dispose of their goods at abnormally low prices in return for a bribe. The army of Nepmen also includes an underworld and a semi-criminal fringe of successful bootleggers, drug-venders, professional gamblers, and so forth.

How much the Nepmen have made is a subject of heated debate in Communist economic circles. Mr. Preobrazhensky, a well-known economist and one of the members of the Russian delegation to the London Conference, estimated the gains of the Nepmen in trade during the last year at $300,000,000. During the same period the State industries generally showed losses, amounting, as is generally estimated, to a little less than $100,000,000; and these losses had to be made good by means of subsidies from the hard-pressed State treasury. Preobrazhensky's figures about the gains of the Nepmen are disputed, and no very accurate statistics on the subject seem to be available. However, it is known that five sixths of the retail trade of the country is in the hands of private individuals, and private capital is more and more penetrating the fields of wholesale and wholesale-retail trade. In any campaign to carry out a plan of coördinated price reduction the Nep trader is a factor with which the Government must reckon seriously.

Of course the Nepmen have no hold on transport, basic industries or natural resources; and they are completely excluded from any share in political power. But within a comparatively short time they have gained a commanding position in the field of trade, and their real economic power is somewhat greater than would appear on the surface.

Side by side with the Nepman in the city the last three years have witnessed a steady increase of wealth and economic power on the part of the village kulak. The kulak, or 'fist,' was a familiar figure in the pre-revolutionary Russian peasant village. He was the village usurer, the man who had got many of his poorer neighbors in his debt. The term also came to be applied, somewhat less justly, to those peasants who had the skill or good fortune to accumulate more land and property than their neighbors.

During the Civil War the kulaks, who generally ranged themselves on the anti-Bolshevist side, fared rather badly. Their horses, cattle, and grain were ruthlessly requisitioned; their land allotments were cut down to correspond with those of the poorer peasants. But the introduction of the Nep paved the way for the return of the kulak to something of his old predominant position in the village community. War, requisitions, and famine played havoc with the peasants' supply of live stock. According to figures prepared by Mr. Yakovlev, who has been carrying out an extensive investigation of the peasant problem on behalf of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, 52.7 per cent of the Ukrainian peasants have no horses. Ukrainia, to be sure, suffered especially from civil war and banditism; but figures for other regions also show a large proportion of horseless peasants. The percentages for three other districts in different parts of Russia are 37.7, 34.1 and 42.2. Now, the peasant who has no horse is economically very much at the mercy of his richer neighbor. The poorer peasant is legally entitled to his equal share in the village land allotment, but he cannot harvest his crop unless he can get the use of one of the kulak's spare horses. He must pay heavily for this, and by the time the demands of the tax-gatherer

are satisfied the poorer peasant usually has barely enough grain left to meet the food needs of his family and to exchange for the most necessary articles of household use. So his economic bondage continues from year to year, whereas the kulak, fattening on the rental of his working animals, pays his taxes promptly, thereby securing a reduction in the amount, holds back his grain when prices are low in the fall and gets the advantage of the higher prices in winter and spring. The rapid accentuation of class differences in the villages since the introduction of the Nep is commented on both by Yakovlev and by other students of the agrarian problem.

The leaders of the Communist Party are by no means blind to the growth of the Nep and to the dangers which this growth implies for their political and economic hegemony. They see in the Nepmen and in the kulaks the embryo formations of classes which, if they continue to develop and accumulate wealth, will come to constitute a political as well as an economic menace to the existing régime. To a certain extent, of course, they recognize their helplessness in the face of circumstances. The memory of the desperate conditions which produced the Kronstadt mutiny and the peasant revolts of 1921 is too fresh to permit any responsible Communist even to think of the possibility of doing away with the New Economic Policy; but it is possible, within limits, to take political steps against certain phases of the Nep, and some of the recent actions of the Soviet Government seem to have been designed with this in view. So, during the last winter a large number of Nepmen, estimated at several thousand, were summarily told to leave Moscow. Some were sent in exile to remote parts of the country; others were allowed to go where they chose, so long as they left the capital. Last March the well-known Communist bank president, Krasnoschekhov, was brought to trial on charges of abusing his position to serve his private interests and received a sentence of six years in prison. Krasnoschekhov was not convicted of any flagrant corruption; and his case was clearly designed as a warning to Communist industrial administrators who might be tempted by their surroundings into living too luxuriously, thereby bringing on the Party the reproach of harboring 'careerists' and bureaucrats. Lately a 'cheestka,' or cleansing has been going on among the Communists employed in such institutions as the State Bank, the Foreign Trade Commissariat, the Supreme Economic Council, and the Centrosoyuz or Central Coöperative Organization. This is avowedly designed to weed out Communists who have succumbed to the temptations of the Nep and are living in 'bourgeois' style. The admission of two hundred thousand manual workers directly from the factories represents another attempt on the part of the Communist leaders to give the Party a more definite working-class revolutionary orientation, as a counter-balance to the relaxed morale that has made itself felt since the introduction of the Nep.

V

It is a tragic and fascinating spectacle, this effort of a small band of fanatical Marxian revolutionaries to apply their theories in a primitive, half-Asiatic country like Russia, which differs in almost every conceivable way from Marx's vision of a thoroughly industrialized society. One constantly returns to the futile but absorbing question: How will it all end? The consequences of the social upheaval in Russia are so complex and far-reaching,

the present phase in the post-revolutionary development is so confused and apparently transitional in some of its manifestations, that one shrinks from anything in the nature of premature dogmatic prophecy. One may, perhaps, venture to sketch two alternative lines along which the Communist dictatorship may develop. The Soviet Government may preserve its present State Socialist organization of industry and finance, maintaining the monopoly of foreign trade and contenting itself with the very modest sums of foreign capital which may flow into the country under these conditions. Some Communists are convinced that the salvation of Russia lies in this direction. The country will be built up, they argue, slowly and painfully but steadily; the economic and administrative measures of the State will keep the Nepmen in a subordinate position; with the passing of time a new generation will grow up under the influence of revolutionary ideals and capable of adjusting itself to the demands of the Socialist State.

The chief obstacle to the reconstruction of Russia along these lines would seem to be the sacrifices which it will demand from the masses of the Russian people in the way of a much lowered standard of living over a very long period. Material hardship breeds political discontent; and the Soviet Government, despite its absolutist political system, may some day find itself confronted with a new kind of opposition — not the dead and buried opposition of the Whites and the Interventionists, but a demand on the part of the Russian masses for better living conditions.

There is also the possibility which has been mentioned by several Americans who have recently been in Russia, notably by Colonel Haskell, the former head of the A. R. A. relief work in Russia, and Mr. Irving T. Bush, former President of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. This is the possibility that State Socialism, like the military Communism which preceded it, is only a passing economic phase in the history of the Russian Revolution; that the restoration of full-fledged capitalism, symbolized by the recognition of the Tsarist debts and the turning over of many of the State industries to private operation, is a likely development of the near future. This point of view, however, would seem to underestimate the fanatical loyalty of the Soviet leaders to their ultimate Communist ideal. Among the Communist political leaders, such as Trotzky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Stalin, there is no division on the issue of yielding to foreign capital. All are committed to holding the bases of economic power to the bitter end.

There is really no historical precedent to enable one to calculate the future prospects of the Russian Communists. By making the compromises with the peasant and the small trader which were implicit in the Nep they have prolonged the term of their existence far beyond that of their historical spiritual ancestors, the French Jacobins. A hostile commentator once spoke of the Nep as 'the economic Ninth Thermidor' of the Bolshevist Revolution; and to some extent the present phase of the Revolution, with its lack of a strong, unquestioned leader, its mixture of old and new social and economic forms, its half-realized and unrealized ideals, suggests the French Revolutionary aftermath under the rule of the Directory. But no Napoleon has appeared on the Russian horizon, and, if there were such a figure, he would think twice before risking his life in an attempt to substitute personal rule for the Argus-eyed dictatorship of the Communist Party Central Committee.

POLITICAL PROGRESS IN THE NETHERLANDS INDIES

BY RALSTON HAYDEN

I

ONE of the most important and least understood factors in the complex politics of the Eastern Pacific is the Dutch island-empire called Insulinde. Writing many years ago Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the far-seeing French economist and political scientist, urged his people 'to dwell attentively upon the rôle of Holland in Asia and on the creation and development of her colonies in that region.' An intimation of the interest of the American government in present developments in the Netherlands Indies may be found in the fact that the chief representative of the United States in the Orient, the Governor-General of the Philippines, recently made the long journey from Manila to Batavia to acquire first-hand information as to the situation there, at a time when political developments within his own jurisdiction might have rendered his absence extremely unfortunate.

America has, indeed, much reason to 'dwell attentively upon the rôle of Holland in Asia.' As the sovereign of more than 11,000,000 Malayan people, for whose future we are in some degree responsible, as a nation with an increasing concern in the general politics of the Orient, and as a people whose industrial future depends in part upon an adequate foreign supply of mineral oil, we cannot safely remain indifferent to events in Insulinde. For under the Dutch flag live more Malays than exist in all the rest of the world; the Dutch islands because of position, richness, and the military weakness of their sovereign occupy a peculiar place in the Oriental political system; and Dutch Malaysia contains oil reserves to participate in which the United States has already fought, and apparently lost, one stubborn diplomatic battle.

Recent activities of Japan in Java indicate clearly the interest of that Empire in the Dutch colonies. Last summer a distinguished commercial-political mission visited the islands and completed arrangements for a bi-weekly Japan–Java steamship service to run from Kobe to Sourabaya via Japan's mandated islands lying west of the Philippines. Within the past year millions of dollars have been invested by Japanese corporations in plantations in western Java. Japanese in Java have been capitalizing the present Dutch-Indian distrust of the United States, a sentiment arising from our attitude on Sumatra oil and our war-time invasion of a hitherto virtually closed market, to work up anti-American feeling wherever possible. An ably staffed and very active department of the Government of Formosa exists for the sole purpose of keeping Tokyo informed of every event of political significance in southern China and Malaysia. A glance at the map of the Eastern Pacific with especial reference to the long fringe of islands which flanks Asia from Siberia almost

to Burma, coupled with an understanding of the deep-seated feeling which exists throughout the East that Japan is the potential leader of a pan-Oriental movement, is enough to explain this Japanese activity in the Malay archipelago. It might be added that a conspicuous part of the standard schoolroom equipment of the Dutch possessions is a wall map which includes Mindanao as a part of Insulinde, and that Japan has established a large colony on the southern coast of that rich and undeveloped island of the Philippine group.

II

The distinguishing characteristic of the political development which is now occurring in the Netherlands Indies is that it is based upon the historic institutions of the native inhabitants. It is a commonplace that the Netherlands East Indies Company, the instrument of Dutch authority in the Orient from 1602 to 1798, existed for the sole purpose of trade. This association of adventurous merchants cared nothing for the glory of sovereignty and felt no impulse either to save the souls or to improve the worldly state of the island peoples with whom it dealt. So instead of the legions, the law, and the language of Imperial Rome, the soldier, the priest, and the administrator of Colonial Spain, or the groups of hardy settlers which reproduced England in half a dozen parts of the world, the Dutch sent to their Eastern possessions only the factor. At an enormous distance and with inadequate support from home, this functionary always sought to trade rather than to govern. The company maintained a few strong posts at strategic points and sought the exclusive control of the Malayan seas. Its policy was never to assume the government of a native state if it was possible to procure the spices and other products which it sought by dealing with the existing ruler or by replacing him with an always available rival. Consequently, at the end of the eighteenth century when, under Spanish rule, the branch of the Malay race which inhabits the Philippine Islands had been Christianized and organized socially and politically upon the lines of a unified Occidental state, the inhabitants of the lower part of the Malay Archipelago were still Mohammedans grouped into a congeries of native states bound to Holland by treaty only.

During the nineteenth century the Dutch viceroys gradually assumed the direct government of most of Java and Madura, now the home of about 37,000,000 of the 47,000,000 inhabitants of their wide-flung domains. But even under the centralized system which the great Daendels inaugurated the Native governmental organization is utilized. The Native regents, hereditary chiefs of subdivisions of the old Javanese kingdoms, are officials in the Dutch hierarchy, with each of whom is associated a Dutch resident, or 'elder brother,' who really directs the government of the district under the strict supervision of the Governor-General in Batavia. The regent is, in turn, assisted by subordinate native officials, *wedenos*, who also serve with Dutch *controleurs*, and whose duties within their smaller districts are similar to those of the regent within his larger sphere. Within the villages the old democratic Malay institutions are largely maintained and the natives, Inlanders, the Dutch call them, as a rule live under their ancient law, or *adat*, administered by native tribunals.

Outside of Java and Madura, Dutch authority is exercised chiefly through residents, or *controleurs*, who act as authoritative advisers to hereditary

native rulers. There are still some three hundred and fifty of these self-governing districts in the 'external possessions.' Thus the Dutch, instead of destroying, have utilized the political and social organization which they found in their Asiatic colonies, and, along with these old institutions, their Malay subjects have retained much of their ancient culture and the religion which they possessed when their present masters arrived from Europe.

III

The present movement toward self-government in the Dutch Indies began in the local field in 1903. Constitutionally authorized in that year, urban, district, and provincial councils were gradually instituted in those places which the Batavia administration deemed ready to use them successfully. In the urban and district bodies the government is represented by administrative officials sitting ex-officio, while the European population, the Natives, and the foreign Orientals speak through elected and appointed members. The provincial councils are entirely appointed. Thus far Europeans predominate in the provincial and municipal councils, 'so that modern European ideas of local administration and sanitation, especially in the greater centres of population, may be guaranteed.' District councils are now being created, however, with Native majorities.

Both electoral and membership qualifications for these bodies are high, consisting of the payment of considerable taxes or the ability to speak and read Dutch. The result is that the electorate consists of Dutchmen, Eurasians, and the wealthier Natives, Chinese and Arabs — the Eurasians, a powerful and highly self-conscious class, having by far the greater number of votes. The new organs thus established exercise a limited control over the usual subjects of local administration.

The decentralization and popularization of local government which was thus begun in 1903 is being slowly extended through Java and Madura, and to a few of the 'external possessions.' The Dutch are not in a hurry. They have been in the Indies for more than three centuries: why should they attempt to remake the country in a generation? Furthermore, having made no rash promises, one of the indiscretions of less experienced colonial powers, they are not pledged to apply the dogmas of democracy to subjects not prepared to receive them.

Local self-government in Insulinde does not yet mean popular self-government. In preparing the masses of the people for popular government of the Western type, the Dutch have progressed in the Indies to about the point which had been reached by Spain in the Philippines in 1898. But in the Philippines the Spaniards destroyed all native political organization, while in Insulinde the Malay still expresses himself governmentally through his ancient political institutions, which are controlled but have not been obliterated by his alien overlord.

Thirteen years after the inauguration of limited local self-government in the Indies, Holland introduced a similar element in the central administration of her Eastern colonies. In 1916 an act of the States-General provided for the establishment of a Volksraad to be associated with the Governor-General, the Council of the Indies, and the departmental secretaries who had hitherto been the sole repositories of governmental power in Batavia. A distinguished Dutch citizen, whose family has been associated with the Indies for generations and who played an important part in the organization

of the new council, described to the writer the influences which led to this step. He said, in substance: —

'The plan for the Volksraad was launched as early as 1905, and from that time on there was an increasing Native demand for its creation. The Malays were supported by the Chinese who were also clamoring for better treatment and more political and civil rights. With the formation of the Chinese Republic in 1912 these demands became stronger, as did those of the Natives and of a section of the Europeans. The Philippine example, especially the increase of autonomy which occurred upon the advent of the Wilson administration, exerted a powerful influence here and was one of the great compelling forces that finally led to action. Dutchmen said, "We must do something or we shall be left far behind in the general development of the world." And of course self-government in the Philippines was used as a lever by the Natives, as well as by liberal Dutchmen here and in Holland. The creation of the Volksraad in 1916 was due to these causes and to the fact that, at that time, when Holland was busy at home protecting her neutrality and was in financial straits on account of the mobilization of her army and the disorganization of her trade, she could not afford to risk trouble in the Indies. The conservatives both here and at home were opposed to the step, but they could prevent it no longer.'

Similar views as to the forces which compelled the creation of the Volksraad are commonly expressed in Java, Native speakers emphasizing the compelling influence of their demands. The importance of the Philippine example is of particular significance to Americans, especially as this influence is equally powerful in every other part of the Orient.

IV

The Volksraad in Batavia is one of the most interesting colonial councils in the world. Half of its forty-eight members are elected by the local councils which have already been described, while the other half are appointed by the Governor-General. Membership is divided equally among the Natives and the European and Chinese subjects of the Queen. The assembly is housed in a dignified and beautiful building, which was once the palace of the Governor-General, and it there enjoys quarters that any legislature in the world might envy. Called to their chamber by the sound of an ancient Javanese gong, the members represent almost every element of power and influence in Insulinde. Stalwart, white-clad Dutchmen, marked by the air of mastery which distinguishes that race in the tropics, slim Javanese, Sundanese, Macassars, or other Natives, often wearing Bond Street coats and haberdashery in combination with batik sarongs and Oriental footgear, an Arab Hadji in his fez, and impassive Chinese, all mingle together in the usual legislative fraternity.

The presiding officer, or 'voorzitter,' is appointed by the Crown, and the present incumbent, Dr. W. M. G. Schumann, plays an important rôle in the transactions of the chamber. A Eurasian of German origin, Dr. Schumann is an authority on administrative law and had won distinction as an administrator and teacher before entering the first Volksraad as a Liberal. It is evident even to the casual observer that he does not hesitate to use freely the wide powers which the rules of procedure place in his hands, and that he is regarded as a leader by every group in the House. Members not only respect his judgment, but enjoy and at times fear his

ready wit. It is often said, too, that the voorzitter enjoys special prestige and power because his appointment comes direct from the Crown, a condition that would not exist in most assemblies.

The powers of the Volksraad are so limited as to seem almost trivial when compared with those enjoyed by the Philippine Legislature, or even by the new National Legislature in British India. All legislative authority is vested in the Governor-General and his council of three or in the States-General itself. The Viceroy, however, must seek the advice of the Volksraad upon the annual budget bill, upon other financial measures of importance, and upon proposals to impose military duties upon the people. The budget must be approved by the Volksraad before the Governor-General can make it effective; but this seeming hold over the administration is rendered somewhat illusory by the provision that financial measures shall be finally enacted by the States-General, which often treats the budget from Batavia with as little respect as our Congress shows for Executive recommendations. In the exercise of his other powers the Governor-General is not bound to follow the advice of the Volksraad.

During the five years of its existence, nevertheless, the Volksraad has exercised a much greater influence than might have been expected from an a priori estimate of its legal powers; and that influence is plainly increasing. As one member of the chamber remarked, 'We have never changed a budget, it is true, save in unimportant details. Our chief use is as a preventive. That is, we compel the Government to consider very carefully whether its budget or other measure will be approved before presenting it. Then when the measure is presented it is fully discussed. And,' this gentleman added, 'a new day had dawned in the Indies when the Government had to consider carefully what any local council, especially one composed in part of Natives, might think of its measures.'

The rôle of the Volksraad in influencing both legislation and administration was admirably illustrated at the time of the debates upon the educational chapters of this year's budget. In the Department of Education and Religion the writer found all of the higher staff absorbed in preparing material to be used by the secretary in justifying his proposals to the House, in meeting criticism of its weak points, and in defending the educational policy and administration of the Government. In the Volksraad the secretary faced his critics in precisely the same spirit that British ministers face the House of Commons during the debates upon the estimates. The fact that the assembly lacks power to dismiss him from office did not seem to make the three-day discussion less of an ordeal. Very obviously the Government was dealing with a body whose wishes could not be ignored. In this matter, as in many others, the influence already exercised by this new colonial council is another illustration of the fact that constitutions serve only as starting-points for the development of the powers of legislatures.

The first Volksraad was decidedly radical in its membership but in the second elections, which occurred in 1921, the limited electorate returned representatives who were conservatives, almost to a man. The Governor-General, however, then appointed a considerable number of Radicals, including a Socialist, to the assembly. The result is that in Batavia the Government is faced by an opposition which owes its existence to appointments by itself.

V

A natural concomitant of the development of the Volksraad has been a marked strengthening of Dutch-Indian political parties. Although these groups as yet possess only a rudimentary organization and a restricted membership, they are beginning to perform some of the functions which necessarily fall to parties in the government of large democratic states. That is, they assist in the creation and expression of public opinion, share in the selection of officials, and help to enforce the responsibility of those officials to their constituents. Several of them send speakers all over Java and to some of the 'external possessions,' besides being instrumental in the publication of widely circulated accounts and criticisms of the proceedings of the Volksraad.

In one group of these parties are to be found extensions, or imitations, of the established parties of Holland, as the Christian-Ethical, the Liberal, the Politico-Economic, the Roman Catholic, the Social-Democratic and the Communist parties. Membership in these groups is largely European with a fringe of Native adherents. A survey of the official declarations of these organizations reveals a substantial agreement that the Indies should eventually become autonomous, that the powers of the colonial legislature should be increased and that its members should be directly elected, that the natives should be educated and prepared for self-government, and that liberal economic and social legislation should be enacted. The extent of these reforms and the rapidity with which it is proposed to accomplish them increase as one proceeds from the Christian-Ethical party on the right to the Social-Democrats on the left. Most of the declarations are marked by the inclusiveness and generosity which is characteristic of the platforms of parties possessing neither power nor responsibility in government.

Of more recent origin than the Dutch groups, and of far greater potential importance, are the growing Native parties. Of these organizations the Javanese Nationalist Party (Boedi Oetomo) and the Mohammedan party (Sarekat Islam) are of greatest interest. The former is the organ of the upper-class Javanese, of the aristocracy. It is nationalistic but not democratic. It demands increased Native participation in the administration of the state, some extension of the suffrage, parliamentary government, equality before the law for all Dutch subjects of whatever color or race, and educational opportunities for all 'in conformity with natural condition and future profession.' This group is distinctly the Native party of the right.

On the left is Sarekat Islam. Based upon religion, nationalism, and democracy, colored by socialism and led by a Javanese of vivid and virile personality, this party possesses all of the qualifications for dynamic nationalist leadership. Its most recent declaration of principles begins with a vigorous protest against Dutch domination of the Indies. This domination is stated to have grown out of Europe's need of the Orient's rich products, to have been attained by Europe's command of modern means of production, and to rest upon a system of racial discrimination. The introduction of European capital and methods into the islands is said to have destroyed the old native economic organization and to have 'put an end to free tradesmen and farmers who can live by their hands . . . so that almost the entire island-population now consists of hired laborers who earn enough to exist, but not enough to live in a way fit for

human beings. The larger part of those Natives who are educated do not seem conscious that their development is but another means for European capitalism to strengthen its position and become more favored in the eyes of the people of this country.'

The remedy urged by this party is unity of purpose and action among laborers and farmers in a fight to obtain for the whole island-population political rights, 'which open the way to power and influence in the direction and control of the native land.' The declaration frankly sets forth that, 'in its aims, the Sarekat Islam holds strictly to the principles and laws of the Mohammedan religion,' and these are said to provide for popular government and economic equality.

If the experience of other colonies is any criterion, Sarekat Islam, or some successor to its principles, will be the dominant Native party of the Dutch Indies during the period of national political development. Every extension of political rights to the people will strengthen it and weaken its opponents, European and Native. Its positive Moslem character will add the driving power of that militant religion to the emotional force of its intense nationalism. Indeed, it is not impossible that this party will become an important factor not only in the politics of Insulinde but of the entire Orient.

VI

In the extension of popular education, as in many other matters, the Dutch have proceeded slowly in Insulinde but are now accelerating their pace. The school system is too complicated to describe in a general article but the trend of its development may be briefly indicated. In 1907 after the Government had realized that it could not afford to give all or even a large proportion of the children instruction in the 'Inlander' schools, where a first-rate five-year course is offered to about 400,000 pupils, it began to establish large numbers of village, or *dessa* schools. These institutions are supported partially by the central government, partially by the villages. In each rustic, single-room building the three R's are taught to three classes by one teacher. The course covers three years and instruction is by Native teachers, men who have had five years of general education followed by two or three of normal training. No Dutch or other foreign language is taught, the purpose being to ground the child in his own language and literature and in the subjects which will be of the greatest practical importance to him in life. At present some 500,000 children are in schools of this type, and it is expected that ultimately all of the children not otherwise cared for will receive this sort of education. It is also planned to articulate the dessa schools with the higher grades so that it will be possible for an increasing number of pupils to carry their studies through to any desired goal.

The schools of Insulinde are the expression of a very different theory of education from that which obtains in the Philippines. In the American possession all instruction is in English from the first grade through the university, the avowed purpose of the system being to make English a common national language and to train a whole generation of Filipinos in the principles of Occidental, democratic citizenship. The Dutch-Indian schools for Native children, on the other hand, have been planned to develop the Native culture and personality. Malay languages, customs, music, and dancing are emphasized. In discussing this aspect of their system the most

distinguished educator in the Dutch colonies said: —

'To teach the child a foreign language and in a foreign language at the age of five, six, or seven, when he ought to be beginning to think, is to spoil his mind. He cannot think in the foreign tongue. He does not think in his own. What he learns he learns by rote, and later his mental processes do not develop. The first year should be entirely in the native tongue of the child, also the second. Then a small amount of Dutch and gradually more, until toward the end of his seven- or eight-year course he should spend only about ten per cent of his time in studying his own language and further acquiring his own culture. The early years of work in that tongue will have grounded him in its use, in a knowledge of his national traditions, customs, and literature. During this time his mentality and personality will have had a normal development and later he will acquire Dutch more rapidly than if he had begun it at once. In the end he will be both a better Dutch subject and a better Native. But,' the educator added, 'the Natives all want to learn Dutch and wish instruction to be in Dutch from the beginning.'

There is no teaching of civics or other deliberate preparation for citizenship or for a philosophy of life in the Native schools of Insulinde. The more progressive Dutch educators regard this as an ostrich policy, but thus far they have not been able to change it. A quantitative comparison between the educational systems of the Dutch Indies and the Philippines reveals strikingly the really remarkable effort that the latter country is making to train its children. Out of a population of about 11,500,000 Filipinos nearly 1,100,000 children are in the public schools, while of the 47,000,000 inhabitants of the archipelago to the south only 1,300,000 are receiving an education. It should be added, however, that the Dutch colonies, much against the wishes of the Native inhabitants, expend annually for national defense a sum more than twice as large as the entire Philippine budget, while the Filipinos under American sovereignty are quite free from military or naval burdens. Nor should Americans, who are inclined to believe that the straight and sure road to self-government runs through the schoolhouse, forget that it was the mature judgment of the late Viscount Bryce that in politics, 'education, that is to say the education given by schools and books, signifies less than we would like to think.'

VII

Not the least interesting of the tasks of the observer in the Netherlands Indies is to study the attitude of various classes of people toward the political and social changes which are almost universally recognized as taking place there. The old-time officials and business men, reacting as the class does everywhere, regard the Volksraad and the movement toward Native education and political development as almost wholly bad. It got under way during the war, when the colonies were left in comparative freedom by the home government, when liberal elements controlled the States-General and a liberal Governor-General ruled in Batavia. Now many Conservatives are very much surprised and extremely indignant that the granting of some rights to the Natives should lead them to demand others. They are just beginning to realize what education and representative councils may lead to, and they are both angry and alarmed. Since the war this element, both in the Indies and in Holland, which did not escape the post-war wave

of reactionary politics, has attempted to bring the colony back into its former leading strings.

This task is proving a difficult one in Insulinde, as in several other parts of the world. It is resisted not only by all of the Natives, but by a large number of resident Dutchmen. In Java one realizes immediately that most of the permanent Dutch population feel very strongly that day-to-day control from the distant home-capital is no longer possible. They wish to rule the colonies from Batavia primarily for the benefit of the colonies. They do not care to have their financial, business, military, and educational policies determined by men at The Hague over whom they can exercise no effective control and who think first of the interests of the mother country. Furthermore, the more liberal members of this group realize that Native progress cannot be checked. On the whole they approve of the liberal developments of the past few years and expect them to be carried forward, although there are different views as to the speed and the ultimate end of the movement.

One interesting aspect of the situation is the attitude of the Eurasians toward Native aspirations. This class occupies a very powerful position in the country, controlling much of its wealth, holding many of the highest official positions, and exhibiting more cohesive force than any other group. In the main the Eurasians oppose the further education and development of the Natives. They do so because they fear them. They realize that they are so completely outnumbered that the rising power of the Malays will be acquired at their expense. Consequently they are more Dutch than the Dutch and resist any movement that may lessen the power of Holland in the islands. Their position in this matter probably is well founded, for it is apparent that much more actual feeling exists between the Eurasians and the Malays than between either the Dutch and the Natives or the Dutch and the Eurasians.

The views of the Natives are expressed in part in the platforms of Boedi Oetomo and Sarekat Islam, already sketched. They were further set forth not long ago in the Volksraad by one of the leading Javanese Moderates. This member declared that the changes that have occurred during the last generation or two have made it imperative for the Natives to become generally educated and to have a voice in their own Government. The forces which from time immemorial had enabled them to hold society together, to govern themselves locally, and to live economically have been so changed that the people likewise must be changed. In the old days, this Malay said, there was a feeling of local solidarity, respect for local rulers, laws, customs, and institutions. Economically the local groups were more or less self-sufficing; local industry throve and local agriculture was sufficient for the needs of the people. Now, with the advent of roads and railroads, the people move about constantly. The old group-system with all that it implied is breaking down, or has broken down. Nowadays the Chinese and the European trader can come into every village. They can buy up the agricultural products for a song and their manufactured articles drive out Native handiwork. This situation, the speaker declared, can be met only by the education and enfranchisement of the Native. Otherwise he goes under, economically and politically, in the new social and economic environment. As one passes through the crowded Javan countryside with its throngs of depressed, tired-looking brown people,

among whom women are the commonest and most heavily laden pack-animals, he realizes that there are realities back of this statement.

The reaction of most Europeans to this strong presentation of the Native case was well expressed to the writer by a distinguished conservative member of the Volksraad who said, speaking of his Malay colleagues: 'The Native members are often keen debaters, men possessed of good minds. The trouble with them, as with all Orientals, is lack of precision of thought. They love to talk and argue and fight for the sake of doing these things. They are not unlike ourselves in that respect, save that they do not have minds of precision. They do not think a thing through to its logical conclusion; do not foresee the inevitable consequences of their words and their acts. They are animated by emotion rather than by reason. They want money, education, and development, and they expect the Government to provide all of these things. How — the means to the end — they do not say in detail or in a practical way. In the economic development of the islands they have had little share and they exercise little economic influence now. The capital and the direction, the creative energy, are all European or Chinese. The Natives lack this creative energy yet they wish to control politically. The guiding and impelling force, however, must come from the Europeans.'

VIII

From such dissimilar points of view do the Dutch and the Malays regard each other and their common problems; and their attitudes are typical of those of white men and colored, or of advanced and backward peoples, wherever the former rule the latter. The vital fact of the situation in the Dutch Indies and elsewhere, however, is that the problems of such opposing races are problems that can be solved only by coöperation. The Japanese in Korea and Formosa, the English in India, and the Dutch in the lower Malay Archipelago have come to a realization that permanently hostile subjects will render unprofitable and dangerous the richest province of the most powerful empire, and they are now seeking to substitute consent for force as a basis for their sovereignty in these dominions. They are discovering that the transition is not an easy one.

Yet many of the leaders of the unwilling Oriental subjects of Occidental nations, and of Japan, are beginning to learn that, for the present at least, their masters are necessary to them. They are demanding universal education, better sanitation, higher standards of living generally, and a modern political organization. But even in Java, richest of the far-famed isles of the East, there is not enough economic development to support the social superstructure that the Native leaders would build. Nor has the Malay or the Indian yet demonstrated that he can lay the necessary economic foundation without Occidental aid. In the Philippines, where by far the greatest progress has been made toward a successful adaptation of Western institutions to the uses of an Eastern nation, the people have been relieved of tremendous burdens of government, such as national defense, which other Oriental colonies bear and from which no independent nation can escape. And the Philippines have practically reached the limit of social development possible with their present economic resources.

The hard fact is that the Malays and other tropical and economically backward peoples cannot dispense with the coöperation of more highly developed nations until they become productive

enough to pay for the sort of civilization which they seem determined to acquire. They can, however, insist that meanwhile their relations with more advanced states rest upon a fairer basis than they have in the past, and that steady progress be made toward autonomy or independence, economic and political.

In the political field the present need of Western tutelage is almost equally great, however stridently Native leaders may publicly deny its existence. It arises from the fact that the ancient institutions of these tropical peoples are inadequate to the exigencies of government under modern economic and political conditions. In British and Dutch India, national consciousness has not yet submerged ancient, local, religious, and racial antagonisms, while even in the Philippines there is a possibility that sectional divisions will become dangerous once the pressure of American domination is withdrawn. Further, as the Javan who pleaded his people's cause in the Volksraad clearly recognized, it has become necessary to reorganize Native society upon principles that are, in the main, foreign to the history and the temperament of Oriental races. It is highly significant that from Korea to Turkey the professed goal of the nationalists is self-government of the modern Occidental type — that is, democratic self-government. But experience seems to show that capacity for this type of government comes only from long training, and that it is really successful only among people who are habitually loyal to law and willing to stand up and fight for their rights under the law. Loyalty to law is not an Oriental concept and the Oriental masses have not yet acquired either the knowledge or the will to resist oppression by their traditional rulers. No Eastern nation, save only Japan, has yet successfully adapted Western political organization to its use.

So, because its old institutions have been destroyed or rendered inadequate to the present needs of its people, the East must tolerate the West yet a little longer within its gates. But it is doing so with an increasing insistence that the position of dominance now held by the West shall be only temporary, and with a hardening determination that it will become the master of its own future.

Will that future unfold under the inspiration of Occidental or of Oriental leadership and ideals? This is the ever present question in the Eastern world. As for Insulinde, every native of 'that magnificent empire which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds' would say with the Javanese Princess, Kartini: —

'New conditions will come into the Javanese world, if not through us, through those who will come after us. Emancipation is in the air; it has been foreordained.' [1]

[1] Three articles, taken from a collection of Princess Kartini's letters, appeared in the *Atlantic* in November and December 1919, and in January 1920. — THE EDITORS

IS AMERICA IMPERIALISTIC?

BY SUMNER WELLES

TAKE, for example, our relations to the Republics of Latin America. I think it may be said truly, that these relations were never better than to-day. Facilities of direct communication have been developed, trade is increasing, the youth of other nations are coming in increasing numbers to our universities. Despite the efforts of those in other countries who endeavor to foster an unfriendly sentiment toward us, our national position is more clearly understood; the absence of any imperialistic purpose on our part is more generally recognized; our desire to promote peace and good-will, to have the beneficial coöperation which depends on confidence in the maintenance of territorial integrity, assured independence, and mutual esteem, is more fully appreciated. . . .

Yet there are writers among us who apparently make it their business to develop antagonism and to spread among the people of this country, who have no opportunities for judgment from personal knowledge, the notion that our policies are imperialistic, that our influence is baleful, and that mutual respect and friendship are decreasing. Publicity is given to these erroneous and harmful assertions and misdescriptions upon the ground, I suppose, that what may be false should have an equal chance with what may be true. . . .

Our Government has no intrigues, no secret agreements, no hidden policies. And when history fully reveals our actual relations at this time to our sister republics of this hemisphere, when correspondence and instructions are published, I am happy to say that there will be no page of which any American need be ashamed. — The HONORABLE CHARLES E. HUGHES, SECRETARY OF STATE, in an address delivered at Amherst College, *June* 18, 1924.

I

THE belief that the policy animating the Government of the United States in its relations with the Latin-American republics is one of 'dollar diplomacy, with its combination of bonds and battleships,' is shared by a small group in the United States and by other groups in the majority of these republics. It is a belief to which the policy of the United States has given credence upon a few unfortunate occasions in the past. It is a belief sedulously fostered at present by propagandists, both sincere and insincere. But, after years of personal experience in Latin-America, the author is not convinced that this belief is shared by more than a small proportion of the inhabitants of any of the republics on this Continent.

In considering this aspect of the question, it is of interest to determine the class to which the more vociferous critics of the continental policy of the United States belong. Should careful investigation be made, it would be found that ninety per cent of them may fittingly be compared to those groups in our own country who promote racial or religious antagonism for personal or political ends. They are rarely men or women who have achieved prominence in statesmanship, politics, or in affairs. By far the greater part are agitators whose articles foment distrust of the motives of the 'Octopus of the North,' as they refer to the United States, and who, so far as is known, confine themselves to destructive criticism,

omitting to point out any remedy for the appalling condition of affairs which they profess to see.

There is always an audience for critics of this character. In fact, the Government of the United States has, to a certain extent, because of the propaganda which has been carried on, become an 'Aunt Sally' for this variety of audience on the rest of the American Continent; but that such criticism is participated in by those who direct the destinies of the Latin-American republics, or by any considerable number of those engaged in agriculture, in commerce, or in industry, of the liberal professions, or even of the labor element, it would be impossible to prove.

Although mistakes undoubtedly have been committed, our record in general has been one with which an American citizen may be well content. It has revealed a consistent effort on our part to strengthen the foundations of constitutional and stable government, to develop legitimate commercial relations, and, by demonstration and friendly advice, to further the settlement by peaceful methods of international disputes.

Before passing to a survey of the relations actually existing between the United States and Latin America, it seems desirable to point out that the United States must by force of necessity, due to geographic proximity, treaty relations, or other reasons, make a practical distinction in its dealings with the various republics of the Continent. Relations between the Republic of Cuba and the United States on the one hand, and the Argentine Republic and the United States on the other, cannot be regarded in the same light by our diplomats because of the special treaty relations existing with the former. In like manner, the relations between certain of the republics of Central America and the United States cannot be compared to the relations existing between Brazil and the United States, for the reason that the former nations, while they are in the eyes of the world on an equal plane with Brazil so far as their independence and sovereignty is concerned, have not been afforded the opportunity to march so far along the road of civilization and progress as has Brazil. The practical task confronting our Government therefore is the following: our relations with all the neighboring republics should be those existing between free and independent nations; yet, until certain of these countries have developed a firm tradition of orderly, constitutional government, the United States must be prepared to step in to protect the lives and property of its citizens should they at any time be in danger; and it must likewise be ready to assume the responsibility of offering its friendly mediation, or, in extreme cases, its friendly intervention, should conditions be such as to threaten a national or international conflagration which would give rise to a situation wherein the policy of self-protection of the United States, known as the Monroe Doctrine, might be endangered.

For the reasons above set forth, our relations with the republics of Central America, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, and Panama, have certain common aspects. Our relations with the remaining nations, including all the republics of South America and the Republic of Mexico, are likewise in general comparable.

Since our dealings with the former republics in the past have given rise, in a few instances, to ground for just criticism and have undoubtedly been subject to very general misunderstanding in this country, it would be useful to review with entire frankness the history of the relations of the United States with each one of those republics during the past decade.

II

The problems which the United States has faced in its relations with Cuba since the termination of the first occupation have been many and serious. No nation has produced more devoted and unselfish patriots than were the Cuban heroes of 1898; and yet, because of the centuries of Spanish colonial administration, the great mass of the Cuban people entered their independence without ever having experienced the benefits of honest, efficient, and democratic government. For the protection of the Cuban people themselves, therefore, a treaty was consequently entered into between the United States and Cuba which contained provisions, also incorporated in the Cuban Constitution, commonly known as the Platt Amendment. The third article of this treaty provides: —

> That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba.

This contractual right of intervention, though of no advantage — direct or indirect — to the United States, has been, on the other hand, a fruitful source of misunderstanding and resentment. The right has been exercised on various occasions, but never except in the face of open rebellion which might have threatened the independence of the Republic and which actually threatened the maintenance of a stable constitutional government.

The policy of the United States with regard to Cuba is necessarily a policy which applies to the other countries of the Caribbean. Our Government must be guided not only by its altruistic desire to help develop civilization and progress in general, but also by purely selfish motives; for what better protection can there be for the United States in the event of foreign menace than the presence throughout the Continent of strong Governments maintained in power by the consent of the governed, well disposed toward the United States? Intervention in Cuba has never been undertaken except with this end in view. The policy of the United States in this regard has not changed. Such actual intervention in or occupation of Cuba as the United States has been obliged to undertake is, of course, at best, an artificial method of restoring outward tranquillity so that constitutional government may once more be established. Of far greater value is the friendly advice which may be offered to the Cuban Government and to the Cuban people through our representatives.

There are no American Marines in Cuba, as has been charged, as a physical reminder of our treaty rights, beyond those stationed in the United States naval district of Guantánamo; and only as a sequel to intervention by treaty right have members of the military establishment of the United States been stationed in the interior of the Republic. The last occasion upon which American Marines were temporarily stationed in the interior of Cuba was following the armed uprising of the Liberal party in 1917, when a small detachment of Marines was retained in the Province of Camagüey upon the request of the Cuban Government itself.

In considering present conditions in Cuba, it is impossible to overlook the great benefits derived from the friendly advice tendered the Cuban Government by the United States after the

economic crisis of 1920 through General Enoch H. Crowder, then Special Representative of the President of the United States, as well as through many experts sent to Cuba to devise methods of reëstablishing financial credit and economic stability. The economies and fiscal reforms initiated by President Zayas, after consideration of the advice so tendered, have brought the Republic out of a condition of impending ruin to one of essential financial soundness. The advice so offered has not been resented by thinking Cubans. On the contrary, the Cuban people as a whole have demonstrated their gratitude for the assistance lent them, and although a few may protest the friendly intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs, even these realize that the steps taken by the Cuban Government in 1921 saved the Republic from disaster — possibly revolution.

No step taken by the Government of the United States in Latin America in recent years has given rise to more criticism—and, in this instance, just criticism—than the military occupation of the Dominican Republic by the armed forces of the United States in 1916. The history of the Dominican Republic throughout the years which have elapsed since its original liberation from the Spanish yoke has been a tragic one. It has comprised decades of Haitian domination, a return to Spanish rule, and during the last sixty years, with a few periods of comparative improvement, a long sequence of dictatorship, revolution, and dictatorship once more. Since the overthrow of the last Dictator, Ulises Heureaux, in 1899, revolution has succeeded revolution, notwithstanding the efforts of many high spirited and truly patriotic Dominicans to stem the tide. It is the belief of many that the Military Occupation by the United States in 1916, on the ground that the Treaty of 1907 had been violated by the Dominican Government, would never have occurred had President Wilson had the opportunity or the time, in the excitements of that period, to become fully cognizant of the causes of the situation existing in the Dominican Republic. Even so, in the order authorizing the occupation, Mr. Wilson, declared that he acted 'with the deepest reluctance.' Likewise it is improbable that he was informed of many of the occurrences which took place in the Dominican Republic during the earlier years of the American Occupation — occurrences deeply to be regretted by every American citizen.

It is not generally known that the present policy of evacuation was initiated under Secretary of State Colby during the last six months of President Wilson's administration, although the proposals of our Government were not then accepted by the Dominican people and a plan for evacuation was carried to a successful conclusion only in the third year of the succeeding administration. Those who refer merely to the errors of the Occupation do so without at the same time making clear that the Occupation has terminated, and that a freely elected constitutional government of the republic is now in sole power. The promise of the United States to the Dominican people to undertake the immediate evacuation of the Republic was not conditioned, as stated by Dr. Inman, in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*,[1] on the ratification by the Dominican people of all the acts of the Military Government, nor upon their agreement to allow the United States to continue to collect the customs and administer the finances of the country. Such a statement is entirely inaccurate. An agreement was entered into in 1921 between the United States

[1] 'Imperialistic America': Samuel Guy Inman, in the July *Atlantic*.

and a commission of representative Dominican citizens, comprising the leaders of all the political parties, providing for the establishment of a Provisional Dominican Government, under which free elections could be held to provide for a future constitutional government.

Their national elections took place in March 1924, and the President and other public officials elected in those elections took office on July 12 of the present year; whereupon the Military Forces of the United States evacuated the Republic and relations between the United States and the Dominican Republic are now undertaken entirely, as they should be, through diplomatic channels. Ratification by the freely elected Dominican Government of certain acts of the Military Government has been limited to validation of those acts which established revenues, authorized expenditures, or created rights in favor of third persons. Were such ratification not undertaken, chaos would result. Except during the Military Occupation, the United States has never administered the finances of the Dominican Republic, nor was any attempt made to do so under the agreement providing for the evacuation of the country. The collection of Dominican customs by American officials was undertaken upon the request of the Dominican Government in 1905, and such obligation on the part of the Government of the United States was provided for in a treaty entered into in 1907. Abrogation of that treaty has not been suggested by the Dominican people, nor is it desired by them, since, until the resources of the country have been developed and governmental stability has been assured, as they undoubtedly will be during a period of peace and tranquillity, it would be impossible for the Dominican Republic to obtain funds with which to construct permanent public improvements without the security afforded by the collection of Dominican customs under the supervision of American officials.

Because of the Occupation, feeling against the United States in Santo Domingo has been exceedingly bitter, and yet, during the past two years, there has been evidenced a notable change, through general belief in the sincerity of the United States in its reparation of the mistaken policy, which had been initiated. What could be more significant in this connection than the following phrases voiced by the President of the Republic, General Horacio Vasquez, when, on a recent visit to Washington, he had occasion to address a few remarks to his fellow guests at an entertainment at the Pan American Union: —

'I desire to take occasion to express my hope that the notable work of the Pan American Union in making closer and more friendly the relations between the American Republics may meet with ever increasing success; and may I state my belief that no opportunity could be more favorable for that desired end than the present, when the efforts of the Pan American Union are supported by a government of the United States guided by a spirit of sincere friendship and real justice to its sister nations of this hemisphere.'

Those who have the privilege of knowing the present President of the Dominican Republic will realize that those words are not merely courteous expressions. They are due to a sincere conviction, and that sincere conviction is unquestionably shared by the great majority of his fellow citizens.

The series of revolutions existing in Central America during the past century has forced the United States repeatedly to intervene temporarily in those republics in order to protect the

lives and property of its own nationals and, in certain instances, those of other foreigners.

The causes of Central American revolution have been clearly outlined by Dr. Dana G. Munro in his work entitled *The Five Republics of Central America:* —

> *First:* The attempt to impose political institutions copied from one of the world's most advanced democracies upon a country where elections were absolutely impossible;
> *Second:* What may be called 'the habit of revolution' among the ruling class and the people of many of the towns — a habit formed during the turbulent years that followed the breakdown of the federal constitution and perpetuated by the bitterness of personal feuds and sectional jealousy, the pursuit of politics as a money making occupation, and the mutual persecution of rival factions; and
> *Third:* Backwardness of the masses of the people, which has not only made the republican constitutions unworkable, but has also prevented those who in the long run suffer most from civil war from exerting any effective influence for peace.

It has been the studied policy of the United States in recent years to coöperate with the Governments of Central America in preventing these causes of chronic disturbances.

The very notable improvement in the feeling existing in the Central American republics toward the United States, which has taken place during the past few years, has been largely due to this spirit of helpful coöperation — as distinguished from intervention or imposition — evidenced by this Government in its offer to the Central American republics of the City of Washington as the meeting-place for the delegates to the Second Central American Conference held in 1922, as well as by participation by the United States in that Conference and by the entry of the United States into certain of the resultant treaties and conventions on a basis of entire equality with the other signatory powers. These treaties and conventions are essentially practical, not theoretical, and the recognition of their value is evidenced by the fact that certain of them formed the basis for the deliberations of the Pan American Conference held in Santiago, Chile, in 1923. It may be said, in general, that they provide for the obligatory settlement of international disputes by peaceful methods, for the limitation of armaments, for the progressive development of the economic resources of the Central American republics, and, above all, for the insurance of government by constitutional and orderly methods.

Opinion in Central America regarding the value of these conventions is clearly evidenced by the following editorial published in the *Reconciliacion* of Tegucigalpa on June 13, last: —

THE PACTS OF WASHINGTON

> The conventions signed in Washington by the plenipotentiaries of Central America were extensively studied at the time and discussed by the press and the jurisconsults of our country and from those discussions an opinion has been formed that the conventions represent a most firm base for the maintenance of internal peace and for more cordiality in the international relations of the five Republics of the Isthmus.
>
> The Assembly of Nicaragua was the first to approve the pacts in their entirety.
>
> Later the Congresses of Salvador and Guatemala ratified the most important of the conventions.
>
> And now we are informed by telegraph that the President of Costa Rica has submitted all the treaties to the Assembly of that country and, to judge

by the sentiments which prevail in parliamentary circles there, it is certain that the legislative body of that State will ratify them.

We can add nothing to that which has been spoken and written in favor of the conventions signed by the plenipotentiaries of Central America at the Washington Conference, and which provide so fully for the tranquillity of these countries.

The pacts in a positive manner guarantee the peace of the five sections of the turbulent isthmus.

They have been approved by three signatory Governments — Nicaragua, Salvador, and Guatemala; and another, Costa Rica, is submitting them to its Legislature where they will probably be ratified.

The fondest hope of the people of Central America and the Governments which rule here is the establishment of national stability.

Peace only will be able to make effective the prosperity and development of these countries.

And for peace we all are obligated to struggle by all ways and means, as the integrity of the nation and the salvation of the honor of the Fatherland are at stake.

The moral influence of the United States in Central America, as the result of the achievements of the Conference, is greater than it ever has been before. The distinction between the moral influence which now exists and the material influence which formerly existed should be emphasized. Imperialism is not furthered by the strengthening of the moral influence of this Government in Latin America. Once the conventions referred to have been ratified by all the signatory powers, and once their stipulations have been placed in effect, it is probable that Central America will progress so rapidly that the much desired union of the Central American republics can be undertaken. It has long been suspected both here and in Latin America that it was the ambition of the United States to oppose the formation of a Central American union. That nothing could be further from the truth, is demonstrated by the recent policy of the United States. The United States has shown that it will assist in promoting Central American union, should the five Republics so desire and should the political and economic development of those countries and intercommunication between them make such union possible of realization. Were the policy of the United States truly imperialistic, its logical endeavor would be to prevent the formation of such a union and the consequent building-up of a strong progressive federation in Central America, in order to exploit the five small nations. The patent contradiction of the charge made by Dr. Inman that the policy of the United States Government in Central America is imperialistic lies in that fact.

The day of 'dollar diplomacy' in Central America is past, and no more agreeable proof of this assertion could be found than in the cordial coöperation between the United States and the Central American republics in the joint mediation offered when revolution and counter-revolution took place in Honduras a few months ago, as the result of which mediation a conference was held in Amapala, the Pacific port of Honduras, attended by delegates of all the governments mentioned. That conference brought about the cessation of civil war in Honduras and the selection by the political factions in Honduras of a provisional government of that Republic to maintain order, with the moral support of the mediating Powers, until such time as a constitutional government could be elected by the free vote of the Honduranean people.

Criticism has been directed against

the United States and undoubted resentment in Latin America has been engendered by the policy of this Government in Nicaragua since the Revolution of 1912 which resulted in the overthrow of the Dictator Zelaya. It has been charged that this Government has favored the interests of the American bankers who had undertaken to finance the Republic, in detriment to the interests of the Nicaraguan people. Whatever may be our view of the financial arrangement entered into between the Nicaraguan Government and their bankers, the fact remains that the financial plan, under which the Government has been operating for the past eleven years, has brought about a condition of financial stability for the Nicaraguan Government not exceeded by that of any other Latin-American Government. With slender resources, the Government has been enabled to meet all its obligations, to maintain, even during the European War, a stable rate of exchange, and to accumulate a sufficient surplus to enable it to obtain this year control of the railways of Nicaragua, which had been pledged to the bankers as a portion of the security for the loan made by them to the Republic.

The criticism has likewise been made that the retention by the United States since 1912 of a small detachment of American Marines in Managua, as a Legation Guard, has been an undue intervention in Nicaragua and has resulted in the maintenance of the Conservative party in power, notwithstanding the alleged fact that the Liberal party represented the will of the majority of the people. The Government of the United States, however, has officially announced its intention to withdraw these Marines, who number only between seventy-five and one hundred men, after the installation on January 1 of the Government which will be selected in the coming presidential elections. The Nicaraguan people this year will vote for the first time in accordance with the provisions of a modern electoral code, compiled for the Republic by Professor Harold W. Dodds, of Columbia University, employed for that purpose by the Nicaraguan Government. The registration for the elections has demonstrated that a greater number of Conservative than of Liberal voters is registered, and it is admitted by both parties that the registration was entirely fair. Whatever the result of the elections may be, it can no longer be alleged that the United States has assisted in the maintenance of one Party in power.

It is difficult to understand how the charge can be made in good faith that the Republic of Panama is under the control of the United States. The relations between the Republic of Panama and the United States are defined and limited by the Treaty of 1903 between the two countries. As Secretary of State Root said in an instruction to the American Minister in Panama on December 4, 1905: —

> The United States will exercise its rights under the treaty for the maintenance of order in Panama, Colon, and upon the Canal strip, and will not permit any interference with the peace and order of either of those cities or of that territory, which can be prevented by the exercise of its treaty rights, and it will not go beyond its treaty rights.

That policy, as outlined by Secretary Root, has been consistently followed by every succeeding Administration. The United States exercises no financial or military control in the Republic of Panama, and has not done so in the past. The only possible basis which might be seen for the charge of Ameri-

can intervention in Panama is the employment by the Government of Panama of an American Financial Adviser, in accordance with legislation enacted by the Congress of Panama many years ago. However, the ultimate decision in all matters affecting the finances of the Republic is vested either in the Congress or in the President and Council of Ministers as provided in the Panamanian Constitution.

The most difficult problem of all, perhaps, is that of Haiti. Yet, because of differences in race and language between the Haitian people and the other peoples of Latin America, the Haitian question is of less interest to the majority of the Latin-American republics than any other. The American Occupation of Haiti is one for which there is no strictly legal ground. As Chief Justice Marshall has stated, no nation can rightfully impose a rule upon another. Should the problem be viewed solely from the realm of theory, it is clear that the Occupation should terminate. If, however, the Occupation is viewed from the practical standpoint that the happiness and well-being of the Haitian people and the advance of education and economic prosperity are of higher importance, it must be admitted that the Occupation is and has been of the greatest benefit to the Haitian people and should continue until the Republic is governed by a Haitian administration, elected in accordance with the permanent provisions of the Haitian Constitution. A very clear and fair statement of the Haitian situation was contained in the following portion of an editorial published in the *New York Times* of July 2, 1924: —

> Under the rule by revolution that prevailed before the American Occupation, the peasant was not encouraged to do more than supply his wants. If he attempted to accumulate property, he was despoiled of it. The gendarmerie system set up by the supervisory Government protects him in all his rights. The fabric of native administration remains. The Haitian flag still flies. Agriculture has made substantial gains with the suppression of the *cacos*, who preyed upon the tillers of the soil. They can now bring their produce into the cities without fear of molestation, over good roads built with native labor under American engineers. Every few miles there is a gendarmerie station. Never before have the Haitian people enjoyed security in their homes and protection of their persons. Never before have they known the meaning of hygiene or had proper medical attention. In the view of the ruling class that formerly preyed upon the people, the supervisory Government flagrantly violates the rights of Haiti; but to the mass of the people it is a protector and a practical friend, who provides employment, pays good wages, and is developing the resources of the country for the general welfare.
>
> The Treaty of 1915 has been renewed for a term of years, because the Americans could not abandon the Haitians before the task of training them to govern themselves had been finished, and not because there ever had been a design to exploit them. The Americans are in Haiti to raise its people from a state of ignorance and savagery for which their rulers were responsible. The duty devolved upon our Government because European nations called upon the United States to bring order out of chaos and make Haiti solvent, or to waive the Monroe Doctrine and let them intervene to collect their debts and protect their nationals. The United States is pledged to evacuate Haiti when the work is done.

The decision of the United States to adopt the policy upon which it has embarked has been severely condemned and creates possibly a dangerous precedent. It is probable that it is too early as yet to estimate whether

the policy is justifiable or not; and yet, should it later be ascertained that the material assistance lent to the Haitian people by the United States had substituted the benefits of civilization (without the impairment of ultimate sovereignty) for a condition of anarchy and chaos, who could claim that our policy had not proved wise? When the Occupation was undertaken to prevent European intervention in an American republic, it resulted in the overthrow of the Haitian system of administration existing up to that time. Can the Occupation be terminated until a new system of administration is developed which our Government believes can successfully undertake the task which it has temporarily assumed?

III

Current criticism of our policy in regard to the great republics of South America appears to be limited to the employment by Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, of American experts or financial advisers, and by the agreement on the part of Bolivia and Salvador that the deposit of the funds destined to the payment of interest and sinking-fund charges be made under the supervision of the representatives of the American interests holding their national obligations. Yet these advisers and experts were employed by the Governments concerned without the shadow of advice or intervention on the part of this Government. To state that the employment of such advisers constitutes undue interference on the part of the United States in the domestic affairs of the countries named, is as absurd as to charge that the employment by Brazil and Peru of French military missions constitutes intervention by France in the internal affairs of those two countries. The nature of the contracts entered into by Salvador and Bolivia with American bankers, is due solely to the fact that the national credit of those two republics was not such as to warrant better terms. It will easily be seen that, had it been possible for either Salvador or Bolivia to obtain a loan in the United States, or in Europe, upon better terms, less onerous contracts would have been entered into. With such questions, of course, the Government of the United States has had no direct concern.

It is almost axiomatic that development of commercial relations between countries brings about a better understanding and a clearer perception of their mutual advantages and common needs. In Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Venezuela, citizens are hardly 'trembling in their boots' because Americans since the war have invested more largely than ever before in South American securities. South American countries are, of course, ambitious to increase their commerce with the United States and to obtain American capital, as well as European, in order to develop their stupendous natural resources. Another legitimate and helpful ambition is that of the American business man to develop trade relations with Latin America. These mutual desires our Government has fostered in every proper way. Commercial development, however, cannot be considered economic domination, nor could it logically be the policy of the United States to attempt to monopolize trade with Latin America to the exclusion of the legitimate growth of trade between Europe and Latin America. Even a most superficial study of world commerce makes it clear that in an era when the commercial and financial relations of all the nations of the world are closely interlocked, such an attempt on the part of the American Govern-

ment would be more detrimental to the United States than to any other nation.

Distinction should, however, be made between the fostering by our Government of legitimate trade and its support of exploitation by American interests entrenched in Latin America. The mere fact that powerful American interests have invested in Latin America does not imply that they are necessarily worthy of the support of this Government. Governmental support was in fact withdrawn some years ago from a highly important American concern believed to have been involved in the overthrow of a constitutional Government in Central America. Nothing can be conceived more prejudicial to real understanding between the United States and its neighbors than the exertion of undue influence through corruption of governmental officials by American interests in Latin-American countries. There are certain large American companies, for example, doing business to-day in Central America, which have done much to foster good feeling and promote a more cordial relationship between our country and the nations of Central America. Such companies build and support schools, assist in the development of good roads, maintain public hospitals at their own expense in the districts where they are located. By refusing to employ any but the nationals of the country in which they are doing business, even in the highest positions, they secure the confidence and respect of native populations.

Other companies, on the other hand, have exploited the countries in which they are situated in the most shameless manner, and by a policy of obtaining that to which they were not entitled by corruption of governmental officials, ranging from the president of the republic to the local alcalde, have not only created suspicion of the purposes of the United States and the American people, but have blocked the measures of reform toward the realization of which this Government had exerted its energies. Cases have been known where American companies of this character have even gone so far as to foster revolution, supplying the revolutionaries with funds and with munitions in order to secure the establishment of a Government subservient to their desires. The policy now determined upon by the United States, however, to refuse to accord recognition to a Government in Central America which has come into power through the overthrow of a constitutional Government recognized by the United States — a development of the policy initiated by President Wilson after the Tinoco Revolution in Costa Rica in 1915 — has almost entirely eliminated that danger.

That policy must be persisted in if the moral influence of the United States Government is to continue to increase.

It is easy for one not familiar with the perplexing problems which our relations with Latin America present to point out inconsistencies in policy and errors of judgment of which our Government and its agents have been guilty. A careful analysis of the history of our relations with Latin America during the past twelve years will, it is believed, demonstrate conclusively, that, for every error of judgment, additional progress has been made in instilling in the hearts of our neighbors belief in the sincerity and unselfishness of our purpose. South of the Rio Grande faith is increasing, notwithstanding the occasional difficulty of the Latin to comprehend the Anglo-Saxon mentality, that our Government is responsive solely to the desire to promote good understanding and to

remove discord, using its powerful influence at all times on the side of right and justice.

The personality of the present Secretary of State looms larger in Latin America than is perhaps realized in this country. His previous service in the Supreme Court of the United States has strengthened the impression that he is the embodiment of justice. Submission to the arbitration of the United States of such long-standing and dangerous controversies as the Tacna-Arica dispute between Peru and Chile, and the boundary dispute between Peru and Ecuador, not only evidences the trust of the Governments involved in the justice and impartiality of this Government, but also demonstrates that they are not driven by resentment or fear of the United States. The support by our Governmen in a practical manner of the constitutional Government of Mexico during the days of the de la Huerta revolution has strengthened even more the general belief in the justice of the man shaping the foreign policy of our nation.

No more satisfactory expression of the desire of this Government in its dealings with its American neighbors could be found than that employed by President Wilson in his address before the Southern Commercial Conference in Mobile, Alabama, in 1913, when he said, speaking of the Latin-American republics: —

> We must prove ourselves their friends and champions upon terms of equality and honor. You cannot be friends upon any other terms than upon the terms of equality. You cannot be friends at all except upon the terms of honor. We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interest, whether it squares with our own interest or not.

To that declaration may be added the declaration of Secretary Hughes in his address before the American Bar Association in August 1923: —

> We are aiming not to exploit, but to aid; not to subvert, but to help in laying the foundations for sound, stable, and independent government. Our interest does not lie in controlling foreign peoples; that would be a policy of mischief and disaster. Our interest is in having prosperous, peaceful, and law abiding neighbors, with whom we can coöperate to mutual advantage.

These utterances sound the keynote of this Government's Latin-American policy. We may not have reached our ideal; in some instances we may have fallen far short of it; but these solemn pledges, supported as they are by the great majority of the American people, stand as positive assurance that no imperialistic policy will ever be supported by the American people and that such mistakes as we may make will be rectified, as they were in the case of Colombia and the Dominican Republic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY CHINESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

My friends of the most beautiful chrysanthemum garden in all this ancient Chinese city sent me some chrysanthemum slips to-day. Two days ago the Tai-tai, lovely lady of the old Cathay, graciously requested me, assuring me of my honorableness, to have my flower-pots ready to receive their miserable and unworthy offering.

The earth, so she gently insisted, must be field earth, unrobbed of its fertility. So from the silt-rich paddy fields, outside the East Gate of our age-old city wall, have come twelve loads of black soil. Blue-coated, chattering farmer women, swaying with rhythmic grace under their balanced carrying-sticks, have carried the earth in clam-shaped baskets. The old potter, with look as ancient as the time-stained widow's arch under which his tiny shop huddles, brought some tens of his wares. The gardener journeyed to Bamboo Street to get a tray with meshes fine enough to sift the soil for the precious slips.

I learn that to-day, being the fifteenth day of the Third Moon, is the auspicious day for the sacred rite of chrysanthemum planting. It appears that the moon being full-orbed insures the flowers being likewise. Hence, that courteous insistence that I have all in readiness for this particular day.

My Tai-tai of the moth-antennæ brows gave me other lute-voiced instructions. With the sharpest of scissors must I cut the roots off each little plant. The necessity is laid upon me to shelter their tender heads from the drenching of heavy rains, and sprinkle them with the lightest of touches from a bowl of water. In the Eighth Moon, I must soak soy beans and pour the water over the plants.

An exact science, chrysanthemum raising, as well as an art, it would seem. In China, it is a scholar's pastime, which has been known to grow into a passion. A statesman of the Tsin Dynasty, an old Chinese tale has it, forsook the highest of Imperial honors, that he might tend his beloved chrysanthemum garden. Emperors have chosen the flower as their emblem. Poets have sung it. And to all who love the chrysanthemum is bestowed the gift of the crystal heart, for it represents purity.

The yellowed pages of an ancient Chinese herb-book tell one to pick the chrysanthemums and, wrapping them in a cloth, to use the fragrant bundle as a pillow; for it will drive away evil influences and all impurities. Legend has it that there is magic in the chrysanthemum, and there are ancient ones who by eating the petals became endowed with fairy powers. They tell of a mountain where chrysanthemums grew in such riotous profusion that its sparkling springs flowed fragrant with their perfume. And the blessed folk who drank of those odor-drenched waters were remarkable for longevity.

An old bard, in the musical cadences of Chinese poetry and the colorful pictorialness of the hieroglyphics which no English rendering can convey, sings to me of chrysanthemums through the lips of a young Chinese student who is not too modern to reverence his country's long-ago poets: —

Round, high-flung flower,
Its gold is untainted with alloy.
Planted early, blooming late,
Of the snow all unafraid,
Pouring out its petals' oblation,
The loveliness of its heart.
Put them in your tea-cup,
A drink for the fairies.

Saturated in chrysanthemum lore, with its fairies, its magic, and its loves in old-time gardens, I was ready for the ceremonious bringing of my gift from the loveliest chrysanthemum garden of all this Chinese city. The basketful of slips held the promise of just such sheen and glory as had hushed my heart last Ninth Moon when my ladies of the cassia-bud finger-tips and the swaying bamboo grace had led me through their garden's luring mazes.

They came — my chrysanthemum slips, each neat little bundle tied with twisted rice paper. Each was tagged bearing the name of the variety written in flowing soft-brushed Chinese hieroglyphics. These names made up a list with which Li T'ai-po might have conjured: 'Beauty of the Palace of Han,' 'Gold Pine-needles,' 'Silver Autumn Lotus,' 'Jade-dust on the Sun,' 'A Skyful of Stars,' 'Snow of the Eastern Ocean.'

And now all my slips are cradled in the sifted earth. Sixty pottery pots sit in prim rows under a Dragon's-Eye tree. I must bide me in patience for chrysanthemums. But in the Ninth Moon — Month of Chrysanthemums — I shall be having promises fulfilled.

IN DEFENSE OF AN HONEST LIAR

One of the memorable sermons of my childhood was on lying. I was a precocious child and developed at a very early age a talent for the imaginative interpretation of commonplace events and a gift for creative narrative that distressed, more often than charmed, my environment. My failure to entertain these matter-of-fact people who surrounded and cramped my childhood, was more discouraging to me then than it would be now. I did n't realize then as I do now, that lack of appreciation of my rare quality is merely evidence of the superiority of my imagination and humor.

The theme of this sermon was the inescapable depravity of man in his relation to absolute truthfulness. No man had ever been absolutely truthful. It was said to be impossible for anyone to be scrupulously, religiously truthful. We strayed from the narrow and literal path, however ardently and reverently we devoted ourselves to the spirit of probity. I was comforted and elated to hear authoritatively from the pulpit that my obliquity to truth was a common failing of all humanity. I did n't analyze the degree to which one might indulge this original sin without becoming a moral offender. I was satisfied to know I was normal and I planned to develop my talent intensively and refine its artistic expression.

My composure was completely upset by the discussion that took place during dinner. My mother made the surprising statement that the sermon was quite wrong, that absolute truthfulness is a congenital virtue in some people and that perfection could be achieved. My moral point of view changed immediately, my background shifted. I was again a sinner, a liar. My mother then gave her definition of a lie — a malicious intent to deceive. I was again morally reinstated, absolved. Of course I had no standards of my own. I was perfectly obedient to all forms of discipline and subordinate to every form of recognized authority. I was not a liar for I never intended to deceive. My desire was to entertain. I was never malicious.

Then my mother did an overwhelmingly gracious and courageous thing.

In preference to two infinitely more deserving, though undeveloped, examples, she chose me and said she would tell the preacher that to her mind he had preached a wrong and questionable sermon; for I, her son, who was already a local celebrity as a perverter and colorist of truth, had never told a lie to her, nor to any one else as far as she knew. I was a notorious prevaricator, yet I had never told a lie. The strict moral aspect of the question has never been settled in my mind and my concern as I grew up was more in its technique than in its principle.

I still do not tell malicious lies with deliberate intent to deceive. The facts of a situation or incident interest me only as the outline of a plot. The facts are rarely important, certainly not sacred, and their usefulness depends only upon the way in which they are employed artistically for the development of the plot. Details and all the tricks of embroidery and elaboration must be spontaneous, inspired by the interplay of the story and the audience, and for this reason a story should never be told twice to the same audience. I never tell a story the second time if I can avoid it, for my memory is as poor as my scientific and moral attitude is weak. I can't remember just how I told it the last time and it is the details, the emphasis upon exact incidental facts, quotations, and precise figures, preferably odd numbers, that give my stories plausibility.

The risks I sometimes take with figures are not worth the reward. I am oftener checked in the matter of figures than in facts. Incidental facts can be made so picturesque and their origin so obscured that it is a mean person indeed who will aggressively contradict them. I never trust a person the second time who fails to grasp the humor of a shade, a touch, or a tone that, even though it varies the truth considerably, still compensates by an appreciable heightening of interest.

Of all the elements that go toward the making of a good story, figures are invariably the most dangerous. An honest liar should never use figures conspicuously or thematically. Round numbers are, of course, safer than exact figures because of their very roundness, by which I mean their elasticity. But in their tendency to inflate, increase, collect, or propagate a nought, they are treacherous, slippery, and unreliable. A nought, in itself harmless and negligible, may multiply your intention ten times — and without warning.

My most shameful betrayal by round numbers was in connection with an enthusiastic account I was giving in behalf of propaganda for a summer camp my cousin had just opened. I said he had fifty boys and since his tuition was $1500, he ought to have a profitable summer. If some one had made this perfectly unselfish statement to me, merely in the interest of creating a belief in his cousin's prosperity, I should never have maliciously multiplied 50 by 1500 mentally and arrived at an incredible figure. The fact that I can't do mental arithmetic that involves more than two figures has nothing to do with the consideration of the incident. The fact that the number of boys may have been generously doubled and the tuition accidentally multiplied by five, has nothing to do with the motive, which was a friendly desire to convince a skeptical person of a successful enterprise toward which we should have been mutually indulgent and moderately sympathetic.

This discussion of technique will illustrate the only real problem the honest liar has, after the moral phase has been settled, his principle defined and his limits set. This illustration does not include a very treacherous objective condition and I should

explain how this trap is avoided. It is very simple. I never indulge a matter-of-fact person with a sheer piece of imagination, however elementary. For example: our grocer, though honest, writes an illegible hand, and all his clerks have been trained likewise to concentrate upon the figures in the right hand column of his slips to the utter neglect of the appearance or legibility of the items for which the figures stand. I discovered once that an article of our extremely simple diet that happened to end in a 'y' was charged to us and added to our account as if the 'y' had changed into a '6' in the figure column, and this winning indifference had cost me six dollars.

So I said we would have to cut from our diet all foods ending in 'y' and we must try to avoid any that might be written with a terminal flourish. The response I got was genuine but disappointing. It was: 'What foods end in *y*?'

JUNK

THERE was junk on my lot. How it sucks into empty spaces! Despite my glaring and inhospitable sign, a rusty bed spring arrived between dark and dawn. A heap of rubbish gathered around the nucleus. I saw nothing arrive, but the heap grew silently, like a crystal. Bottles, palm leaves, and old water tanks added themselves to the ensemble and gave it character. An automobile body topped the mass: it was without seats, without leather, without hardware. It had been efficiently and ultimately plundered and abandoned.

Neighbors complained. I telephoned to the City, to the County, to the Garbage Commission. My junk heap was an outlaw; no government would recognize it. I inquired of friends. There was a public dump, I learned vaguely, somewhere by the Bay.

Fortunately I had a conveyance: a trailer. I loaded the trash and drove over crooked, cobbled streets, the junk swaying and clashing behind me. It was a district of smokes and smells, foundries, can factories, glassworks, machine shops. Spur tracks cut across the streets, and dusty dumpy switch engines pushed freight cars by twos and threes.

I had wondered about junk, and now I began to see. All these things I was carrying away had once come out of a factory, new, bright, and shiny; had been carefully shipped and sold and paid for. It was alarming. How much junk there must be! Here were a half-million people, consecrated to junk. Some sweated, in grimy overalls, to make it. Some nailed it up in boxes, adding to its bulk. Some drove locomotives, pushcarts, lorries, drays, or three-wheeled motorcycles to separate it, for the geometry of space would otherwise choke off its production at the factories. Then there were the sailors, trainmen, and vegetable-peddlers who brought it in from outside. And all of these people, every one of them, help to consume it. Consume? What a foolish word! What of the conservation of energy? Are we not taught that nothing can be created, and nothing destroyed? Soon or late, all these things become junk, and must be laboriously carried away.

True, there are exceptions. There are cigars, for instance, that practically take care of themselves. And there are gasoline and flash-light powders. But on the other hand, there are yeast, and dried apples —

The evening grew dark; one-armed men at the railroad crossings changed their discs of tin for red and green lanterns. The gas works spouted fire. An admirable commodity, gas. I had lost my way.

How wide a district this was, how

many factories! And this process had been going on for fifty years. Even before that, Yankee traders had come in with shiploads of 'notions,' junk these many years. Where did it go to? Why was the city not buried in it, with only here and there a clock tower or an electric sign looming up out of chaos?

Before me was a high wagon with tubs behind. I slowed to the pace of the horses and followed. I looked over my shoulder, and behind was another, and another. I was in a procession, a slow-moving, serious, silent procession, with a mighty purpose, a pilgrimage to an economic sacrament.

The city glowed dirty red in the sky behind. Before me was darkness, punctured by an occasional street-lamp. Far ahead, a wagon turned, and the next and the next followed.

Irregular cluttered hills lined this side road. They were the great terminal moraine that the city pushes ahead of itself. Fires burned and smoldered, and heavy smoke hung in layers. Ragged men climbed slowly through the wreckage, heads bent attentively downward. Occasionally one stopped, picked something up, examined it, and dropped it. There were no quarrels over a prize. Who would quarrel where there is so much?

A hand was raised in front of me, a voice cried 'Stop!' and I stopped.

'You can't dump that here,' said the voice. 'Take it away.'

'But the policeman told me —'

'That 's all right, he is the policeman; what he tells you is his business. I am Master of the Dump. Get out.'

The man spoke as one having authority, and my heart sank. Were all men's hands against me? Was I to be turned away from every resting place, to wander the earth forever, with a wagonload of junk tied to my rear spring? I was awed at the man's power, his withering scorn of policemen. He transcended Government. He was economic. Policemen might quit, there would be a few murders until we adjusted ourselves, but no serious derangement. Even a mayor might go on a year's vacation. But the Master of the Dump — let him once lift his hand against the scavengers, and disease and death would stalk into the city overnight.

A desperate, bold thought prompted me. I had heard of wickedness in high places. Aldermen were unprincipled, even judges took bribes, and a Master of the Dump?

'For fifty cents, now —'

His manner instantly changed. 'Anywhere,' he suggested graciously. 'Wait — don't unhitch that trailer. Come around here; you can turn and save you the trouble. Don't unload it, I'll attend to that. One minute!'

He shouted. A bearded gnome arose as from the earth and came to help. The two lifted off the bed spring, the water tanks, the bottles, carefully scrutinizing each article as they set it down. Last came the automobile body. The bearded man set it down gently and stroked the rotten upholstery with affection. I paid the fee and was forgotten. I contemplated the empty trailer with a deep sense of relief.

On a low mound, silhouetted against the dull red of the fires, stood the two men, one short, grave, and bearded, the other ragged, powerful, and austere. They were bent over the old automobile body.

'Nice little buggy, nice little buggy,' said the bearded man lovingly.

The other grumbled: 'Fool — drag it out here — throw it away — good as new.'

The gnome reached into a long leathern wallet. Their hands met, coins clinked, and the Master of the Dump strode off.

Cycle upon cycle! Perhaps, after all, I was wrong. Perhaps there is no junk!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It was in 1864 that Joseph Pulitzer, an eighteen-year-old Hungarian, 'jumped ship' in Boston Harbor and swam ashore to a new world. After serving in the Federal Cavalry until the end of the Civil War, Mr. Pulitzer became a reporter on the *Westliche Post* of St. Louis. With hardihood he made his own way as a journalist, lawyer, and politician. In 1878 he bought the *St. Louis Dispatch* and united it with the *Evening Post* as the *Post-Dispatch*. In 1883 he bought the *New York World* which, under his direction, rose to prominent popularity. In 1887 his health was irrevocably broken by over-work. He died in 1911. Mr. Pulitzer was particularly successful in the selection and the loyalty of his assistants. With him for fifteen years served **Don C. Seitz,** as Business Manager of the *World* — an office which Mr. Seitz has maintained since his old Editor's death. For more than a decade, Mr. Seitz has been gathering material for the biography of Mr. Pulitzer from which this portrait is taken. ¶In this and his other recent paper, 'London — Forty Years Later,' **A. Edward Newton** proves himself the most brightly comparisoned of American travelers. He has always been the most brightly caparisoned.

* * *

William L. Chenery, until recently editor of the *New York Telegram-Mail*, will quell many diatribes with his fair-minded consideration of Tammany. Mr. Chenery wrote us: —

> I have long believed that journalism — in New York, at any rate — would be much sounder if editors or, better, owners, understood why it is Tammany has never been divorced from the affection of the people.

Stuart P. Sherman is enjoying Continental relaxation before assuming his critical habit on the *New York Herald Tribune*. We know of no friendship that has achieved so happy an expression as that of Cornelia and Professor Sherman. A volume of their conversations — many of which have never been overheard in the *Atlantic* — are to be published in October by the Atlantic Monthly Press under the title *My dear Cornelia*. ¶That a spectre and a bad joke have been ridiculed to death by such a humorously wise **Philosopher** will be a comfort to every mother of married children. **William Sidney Rossiter,** president of the Rumford Press at Concord, New Hampshire, and President of the American Statistical Association, knows a man who lost an umbrella. **Alice Brown,** long an occasional contributor of ours, is an accomplished novelist, essayist, poet, and playwright. ¶To fathers who pay bills and their college sons who run them up, a graduate of '90 speaks in mellow appreciation.

* * *

With his accustomed understanding, **Gamaliel Bradford** has interested himself in a mild-mannered poet who had rather be damned than happy. ¶We asked **Elizabeth de Burgh** to tell us something about her literary experiences. She replied: —

> We were a nurseryful of scribblers, spurred on to constant effort by the example of an uncle who was — to us, incomprehensibly — actually asked by grave and reverend editors for articles on Burmese life and character, and of a literary nursemaid — a far more dazzling personality — who had once received half-a-crown from *Tit-Bits* for an anecdote. With some of us the habit has stuck, that is all.

Archibald MacLeish, poet of Boston and Paris, has deliciously described a tea party somewhat different in spirits from the only other tea party that matters. **Ludwig Stein,** distinguished German professor, philosopher, and publicist, is an associate editor of the Ullstein papers, whose foremost journal is the *Vossische Zeitung*. ¶Reading **A. Cecil Edwards's** account of Omar Khayyam's tomb many will envy the stimulating simplicity of the poet's life.

A veteran, **Willard Cooper,** was formerly a reporter for the *Springfield Daily News*. On his return from overseas, he joined the executive staff of the American Legion and was one of its publicity experts in the battle of the Bonus. **William Henry Chamberlin** has been in Russia for the last two years as Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. ¶Another traveler, **Ralston Hayden,** gathered the material for his article during eighteen months' residence and journeying in the Orient as exchange professor of political science in the University of the Philippines. ¶Many important letters, well deserving print, have come to us concerning Dr. Inman's paper, but we have thought best to continue the discussion of our relations with Latin America in articles published in the magazine itself. This month the **Honorable Sumner Welles,** Commissioner to the Dominican Republic, a man of great experience in Latin-American affairs, writes in sharp disagreement with Dr. Inman's contribution. It is mere justice to add that Dr. Inman's purpose was far other than that ascribed to the demagogue in Mr. Hughes's Amherst speech.

* * *

A CORRECTION

In Dr. Samuel Guy Inman's much-discussed paper, 'Imperialistic America,' the statement is made that 'the United Fruit Company and other American financial interests have secured control of the railroads, which now become a part of the International Railways of Central America — the largest American-owned railway enterprise outside of the United States.'

The authority for this statement was a detailed article in the *New York Times* for March 26 last. We are now informed that the United Fruit Company owns no shares or securities in this railroad, nor has a lien upon it in any way whatsoever. We are glad, therefore, to make this correction, and since Dr. Inman's specifications were made carefully and after consideration, to add in response to individual inquiries that, in his subsequent allusion to 'banana interests' in Costa Rica, no reference to the United Fruit Company was made or intended.

It is interesting to note that the fathers of poets are the same the world over.

Poona, India.

Dear Atlantic, —

Sir Bezenji Mehta of Nagpur, a very old friend of our family, seems to be a subscriber to the *Atlantic*. He happens to be in Poona for the present and sent us a copy of the May number, which contains my 'A Pianoforte Recital' and that original little notice of yours in which you describe me as an 'East Indian' — and why not? Sir Bezenji sent the *Atlantic* to my father pointing out my 'arrival' as an event of family interest — almost. It was as if he regarded me as fulfilling the traditions of our family as writers, albeit, so far, in our own language, Gujerati. My father who has hitherto studiously avoided giving me encouragement, moral or practical, in my various literary experiments, was that evening actually moved to read and criticize the poem in our little family public! So you see what the *Atlantic* can do for a struggling aspirant at this distance overseas! Fredoon Kabraji.

* * *

Applicants for joy apply at Heaven or Greenwich Village.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have tried every prescribed 'source of joy' ever printed on paper or shouted from a platform only to find that joy consists in such a number of things. I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings if we could only find the things.

Because 'the victim's' particular hunger-need was filled by giving out to others in the environment in which she happened to live, does not signify that Priscilla Dalton could find the same source of joy in the New England village in which she lives. She is in the wrong environment and can no more find a source of joy there than a sea gull can find a source of joy in a jungle.

I do not believe the Bible teaches that the Christian religion is in itself the source of joy. I believe the Bible teaches that the Christian religion is the source of wisdom that will, if understood, bring *conditions* that produce joy. Does it not teach us to seek first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added, for the Father knoweth we have need of all these things? Of 'all these things' none is so important as a knowledge of one's *individual* hunger-need.

The only thing to do with unhappiness is to solve it, each for himself. The source of Wisdom guides us into but does not give us joy. If Priscilla Dalton would let her Source of Wisdom lead her to Greenwich Village I 'll wager her a romp in the snow, and no questions asked, she 'd

forget even to seek the Kingdom of Heaven first. What is a fern's Source of Joy? A bird's? Yours? Mine? A bear's?

C. S. B.

* * *

'S' had better look out for his own head!

SHARON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Another wood-alcohol tragedy! S's letter gave this reader the sensation that either he or S had been 'taking something.' One checked the first impulse of resorting to the simple and easy explanation — 'none so blind' — *Sober* second thought suggested the caution that one should be extremely careful in the selection of his private stock for the five-foot shelf; for 'none so blind' as those who, wittingly or otherwise, absorb an overdose of wood-alcohol. Obviously S's *humor* is *moist*, but his *wit* is not very *dry* if he considers 'Cornelia and Dionysus' one of the 'most subtle and convincing articles *against* prohibition'!

Mr. Sherman set such a full table — or shall I say such a line of mixed drinks? — with arguments for every taste, wet and dry, and S so enjoyed the arguments for drink, imbibed them so freely, that he had no taste for the cold-water arguments which flowed even more freely. So one may be pardoned for setting these points by themselves: —

First: — The necessity which put through the Volstead Act was the war . . . the necessity of maximum production . . . the necessity of a workman sober seven days in the week.

Second: — The war-necessity having passed, the release of the workmen from ruinous drink-expenditure has given opportunity for the creation and gratification of other tastes — home-building, autos, baby bonds, victrolas, education, which men *and their wives* are not ready lightly to surrender, in order to return to a state of 'personal liberty.'

Third: — Drinking and automobiling don't go together. We have fifteen million cars . . . one out of every six or seven 'souls' drives a car, is an engineer on the highway. In one city we killed some seven hundred people last year with cars . . . we are all private engineers nowadays and must submit to the same regulations as governed — long since — engineers on the railways. And the argument is pointed by the dramatic illustration of the mother and son run down at that very moment by the intoxicated son of the cynical worshiper of Dionysus.

To what other conclusion could such arguments lead an intelligent man than advocacy of the strictest possible enforcement of the prohibitory law? If S cannot *see* the point he may *feel* it sometime, if he is ever run down by a drunken chauffeur — which may his god Dionysus forbid!

JOSEPH B. LYMAN.

* * *

' — first prize awarded to Paul Green.'

ALBANY, GA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I do not know Paul Green as an author, but I want to congratulate you on the publication of a 'true story.' It is seldom that one reads a story of folk-life that rings as true as the 'Devil's Instrument.' I happen to be rather familiar with the author's type of characters and setting, and I find his accuracies in the use of dialect, and in the portrayal of the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of this phase of life to be unusual; and what is still more remarkable is that such events as he describes actually occur now, and not so far from the so-called civilized haunts of men, as some of your readers might suppose.

I have lived in the Georgia mountains and been on friendly terms with many of our mountaineers, and I am sure that the incidents of the 'Devil's Instrument' have happened there many times. I may never have witnessed an actual replica of the 'meetin'' scene, but I have seen occurrences that were strongly tinged with the fervor and excitement that he describes. I shall never forget at a revival meeting in a small mountain town seeing a woman mount a bench, wave her arms, and scream at the top of her voice, 'Hurrah for Jesus! I 'm saved!'

The dialect too of the story gives Mr. Green away. Some of the expressions that he uses I have never seen before in print. Mr. Green was either formally one of them, or he has sneaked in and played a part at it — no casual observer could get such a slant.

It is a good story, and tells of a phase of American life which is becoming more and more rare.

SUSAN FORT REDFEARN.

* * *

From one who knew to 'A Boy Who Went Whaling.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The hero of those adventures, Len Sanford, was known to me as a quiet, dignified, elderly man, and the story was told me by his brother a few months after his death.

Mr. Hawes's article left the boy swinging by his arms from the topmost branches of a lofty dead pine-tree, and directly under the eagle's

nest. A friend accompanying him had climbed a closely adjoining *live* pine and suddenly saw — and heard — the distant parent eagles flying swiftly to the rescue. He called out the danger, and as the huge ferocious birds drew nearer, he threw all his weight on the branch nearest the nest and swung it over. Sanford desperately clutched at it, it held, and he was saved, but not before he had thrown fluttering to the ground a squawking eaglet.

It should be mentioned here, that it was not from home life that the boy ran away to sea, but from boarding-school, where he was preparing for college. And in later years his only son evidently inherited his love of the sea; for as a young naval officer he was aboard the squadron which Roosevelt sent around the world in 1908–10.

Knowing the father's devotion to his son, it is pleasant to recall my last sight of them, fishing together in a shady New England brook, and enjoying the silent communion of kindred spirits.

MARY G. ELLINWOOD.

* * *

So ladies must go properly clad if only to preserve the immortality of this masterpiece!

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A contributor to the July *Atlantic* maintains that the masterpiece of the type of limerick that uses abbreviations is one that appeared long ago in the *Harvard Lampoon:* —

An amorous M. A.
Says that Cupid, the C. D.,
Does n't cast for his health,
But is rolling in wealth —
He 's the John Jaco — B. H.

I was shocked by such judgment, for I had supposed that the masterpiece of this *genre* was written by myself and published in *Life* about 1903. This is said with all modesty, for I was merely the 'lyre' — spell carefully, printer — 'on which the spirits played,' as you will agree when you read how the thing happened.

I was shaving one day when a student at the University of Virginia and, to while away the moments of scraping, tried to imitate a limerick that had just appeared in a college paper, something about Fla., which rimed with Ha. — as good a rime in Fla. or Va. as it is in Boston. I started running through the states in order to receive inspiration from the Atlantic seaboard. Me. might have helped me: —

There was an old maiden of Me.
Who never knew when it would Re., —

but this seemed innocuous. Neither N. H. nor Vt. could ever inspire me as they do Robert Frost and Calvin Coolidge, and I was so discouraged by Mass. and Conn. that I scuttled past N. Y., N. J., Pa., without stopping. Thus I happened upon Del., which brought me a vision of Und., and then the real masterpiece came bubbling into my mind: —

A young lady of Wilmington, Del.,
Of the latest French fashions was Well.,
'For the outside, you see,
They look fine, but,' said she,
'I had Rath. Del. Und.'

Now this poem is obviously superior to the other, for Cupid with his Darts and Hearts has the musty smell of the valentine, mortal enemy of the limerick, and the fifth line, which is the real test, just as the fifth act has been said to be of a tragedy, is certainly inferior to mine, not only because there are fewer abbreviations and because John Jacob Astor had already figured in a limerick that you would not be willing to print, but chiefly because it is an ephemeral poem that can live no longer than the fame of the Astor family, while my theme is eternal. Eternal, yes, unless you are prepared to argue that the day will soon dawn when young ladies will no Long. Del. Und. or any other.

H. CARRINGTON LANCASTER.

* * *

Sometimes, on very cold nights, we have dreamed it — the nightmarish tramp, tramp, tramp of unnumbered poets, as they prepare to storm the editor's Bastille. Here's matter worth considering.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your magazine has many pseudo-enemies. They are the writers of the poems which you have sent back 'with regrets.'

This vast army of disappointed poets have an unanswered question rankling in their hearts: '*Why* did the *Atlantic Monthly* return MY poem, and print another not half as good?'

There must be some reason I have never dreamed of, for my poem was from-my-heart sincere, and had a lilt.

I know this — that, were you to publish a brief article on some such subject as 'A Specimen Rejected Poem,' giving the reasons for its non-acceptance, many, many hundreds of would-be, 'rejection-slip' poets would buy your magazine instantly.

May I send you two of my returned poems for the basis of such an article?

——— ———

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1924

THE FONT OF LIBERTY

BY WILLIAM P. GEST

THE first General Assembly ever held in Pennsylvania, by the law passed at Upland in 1682, required that 'the laws of this province, from time to time, shall be published and printed, that every person may have knowledge thereof; and that they shall be one of the books taught in the schools of this province and territory thereof.' Here by this 'fit and wholesome ordinance,' passed with the 'providential circumspection' of the Quakers, it was contemplated that not only lawyers but even children should be drilled in the statutes from infancy; and in our happy State ignorance of the law excuses no one, because under the Upland Statute such ignorance cannot exist.

Moreover the whole body of our Pennsylvania legislation probably does not exceed 41,736 Statutes. The last Legislature passed only 451 new Acts. So that our children by reading, say, an act a day (omitting Saturdays and Sundays, and a moderate vacation) can keep abreast with current legislation; and, by reading four additional, or a total of only five a day, can readily catch up with the past Statutory Law of Province and State in about forty-two years, when they will be properly prepared for a review of Federal legislation. I do not guarantee this estimate, but anyone contemplating this course may count the laws for himself. He will find that (perhaps injudiciously) I have omitted joint and concurrent resolutions, in which our children would be equally interested.

At a time when 'capacity production' is regarded as the great desideratum, every well-wisher of his country must be interested in the widening scope of legislation, and the increased activity of our legislatures.

We stand at the threshold of a New Liberty. Liberty now consists in the voluntary subjection of the will of the citizen to law: —

> Naught nobler is than to be free;
> The stars of heaven are free because
> In amplitude of liberty
> Their joy is to obey the laws.

This sentiment must be politically true (I say nothing as to its physical truth), for the poet was seriously considered as Laureate. Webster stated the principle more prosaically in his Charleston Speech. 'Liberty,' said he, 'exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.'

It follows from this that the more laws we have, to which to subject our wills, the freer we are. The New Liberty then is not merely a liberty regulated by law; it is a liberty created by law. Let us examine the elements of our New Liberty.

I

First. — We find that at its foundation lies the prohibitory principle. Government being founded for the general welfare, it follows since the days of Plato that the good citizen must be encouraged and the bad citizen restrained. This is most evidently so in a democracy, where each member has willingly committed his well-being to the State. It is a wrong, therefore, to our neighbor not to restrain him in proper bounds. In the words of the greatest of the humanitarian poets of the last century, —

> . . . Where we disavow
> Being keeper to our brother, we're his Cain.

We may congratulate ourselves that the smooth and satisfactory progress of the newest and greatest application of this principle points and paves the way to its extension. The inclusion of Prohibition in the Federal Constitution has gone far to make the United States a general legislative unit, in which the rule of the majority, or even of a minority, may now be given full play.

It is hoped by many that the prohibition of tobacco in every form may be the next step. Indeed it is difficult to understand why, with liquor, we did not also do away with 'the sooty handmaid of the vine.' Let us take a moment to show that such restriction is, in fact, more logical than that of liquor.

It is especially to be noted that tobacco is very exhausting to the ground, and the economical use of our agricultural lands in the face of an increasing population demands that they be put to more productive crops — such as arrowroot and spinach, both of which are recognized as nutritious; spinach indeed, on account of the iron which it contains, may be ranked as one of the noblest of tonics.

That large proportion of my readers which is addicted to religious reading will no doubt instantly recall the encomium which the Shakespeare of Divines passes upon spinach by classing it among the articles of a robust diet: 'And he that hath a sickly stomach,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'admires at his happiness that can feast with cheese and garlic, unctious brewages and the low-tasted spinage.'

I do not, however, insist on spinach as the only safe and prudent substitute. It may be that the majority of the American people prefer parsnips on account of their high value as a nutrient and antiscorbutic (and certainly tobacco is neither of these). So, let the fact be determined by a general vote and the crop be limited accordingly.

Yet in spite of these obvious facts, in 1922, in the United States, we had under tobacco 1,725,000 acres, which yielded 1,324,840,000 pounds of tobacco (not all of the best), equal to an allowance of one pound a month for every man, woman, and child in Continental United States. Think of 1,725,000 acres in a Christian land smoking to Heaven, like the plains of Sodom! And think, again, of 1,324,840,000 pounds of tobacco converted into 1,324,840,000 pounds of arrowroot and distributed among the undernourished children of our land!

The tobacco habit, moreover, though now more widespread, insidious, and continuous than drunkenness, is comparatively recent. Man had been the slave of wine since the days of Noah — our second universal fallen ancestor. I follow tradition, and disregard the suggestion of the Higher Criticism that there were really two Noahs — a dry Noah and a wet Noah. *The* Noah — *our* Noah, he of the water-wagon — was, according to this theory, bone-dry, and depended, he and his family with him, for months on water alone. Understand me: I emphasize the evi-

dent universality of the beastly habit, and I appeal therefore from Noah sober to Noah drunk. It makes little difference in what degree of consanguinity he may stand to us, or at what generation the family-failing, by a kind of atavism, became the inheritance of all our relatives. In this I am a Lamarckian. How difficult, therefore, the complete triumph of Prohibition may prove!

Tobacco in comparison is a mere chance habit, a whim of a passing day; for it was introduced only three hundred and forty years ago — an affectation borrowed from a sluggish and savage race, unfit for civilization! It at once excited the disgust of many. Its ardent opponents counted among their number 'the wisest fool in Christendom.' The wisdom of James the First was canny Scotch wisdom. His proclamation of 1619 was quite in accord with the economical advice I have given above; for therein he urged the settlers of Virginia 'rather to turn their spare time toward providing corn and stock, and toward the making of potash or other manufactures.' He carried his opposition so far that in order to protect his people from the noxious drug he preëmpted all that was imported and sold it again at higher prices. (MacPherson: *Annals of Commerce*, II, 302.)

But that which a despotic government could not control in a distant colony may be readily achieved by a free and highly centralized democracy.

Note especially that the habit of drinking, however loathsome to the drinker, is not so offensive as that of smoking to his fellows, whom it is the function of Government to protect. What right has the smoker to discharge his by-product in my face? Why should I, drugged against my will, lose my sleep because another smokes? If the particles of smoke were larger, like stones, it would surely be assault and battery; but the size is merely a question of degree, and not of principle. No one, nowadays, throws whiskey at me in the street. There is, moreover, a real precedent in Pennsylvania for the prohibition of tobacco. (Act of October 28, 1701, *Statutes at Large*, Vol. 2, p. 68.) The Act is probably in force now, for I find no record of its repeal. It provides that if any person shall presume to smoke tobacco in the streets of Philadelphia, either by day or night, he or *she* shall, for every such offense, forfeit twelvepence, et cetera. Alas, how soon salutary legislation falls into desuetude, unless protected by heavy penalties, or enforced with eternal vigilance!

Moreover, in the ingrained prejudice of the people, liquor is, or is alleged to be, quite beneficial in some diseases, and even necessary to save life in others; but no one, I believe, or if any certainly only a few, can be considered absolutely dependent upon nicotine for existence. If by the prohibition of wine a few old, feeble, and useless members of society are rightly sacrificed to the public good, how much more readily the fewer and more offensive victims of their own vice?

There are precedents for such action in the cigarette laws of many States, in our own Act of 1901 providing that tobacco is not to be sold or given to any person under sixteen years (Act July 10, 1901, *Purdon's Digest*, p. 1014) and that of 1903 against selling cigarettes to any person under twenty-one (Act April 4, 1903, *Purd. Dig.* p. 917.) This Act recites: 'Whereas the smoking of cigarettes is injurious to the young.' This opinion, being the law of the State, cannot be now legally controverted. There is also an early precedent for the absolute prohibition of the public smoking of tobacco in the Connecticut Code of 1650.

If, however, this reform is attempted, it is important that all stocks of the offending substance should be destroyed. This precaution was omitted in the present Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act, and the occasional infractions of that Act may be attributed to the fact that it is merely prohibitive and does not strike at the basic fact in the production of liquor. Readers of history will recall the decree of Domitian, who, on account of a plentiful wine crop attended with scarcity of grain, forbade anyone planting any more vines in Italy, and ordered the vineyards in the provinces to be cut down, or but half left standing. Unfortunately the attempt was abandoned by that Emperor.

Ahab, King of Israel, on a smaller scale but with stronger arm than Domitian, displayed a similar enlightened policy. For he expropriated the vineyard of Naboth in order to eradicate its vines and replant it with potherbs. (I Kings xxi.) It is to be noted that Ahab offered Naboth the value of his vineyard in money; but this would not be necessary in this country where the expensive method of condemnation is avoided and the property is taken under the police power. A similar policy, broader than Ahab's, less vacillating than Domitian's, pursued in our country would materially diminish infractions of the Prohibition law. It would only be necessary to prohibit the growth of every substance out of which alcohol can be made, such as wheat, corn, rye, barley, potatoes, apples, peaches, and other fruit.

II

Any act of this character will require teeth, and this brings us to the second principle of the New Liberty, which is that all reform legislation must have the sanction of severe penalties vigorously enforced.

I pause to explain that this expression 'to put teeth into an act' had its origin in a very early prohibitory measure. That was the act prohibiting mice from eating cheese. According to the ancient story as related in an old law book, 'The women were much concerned at the continued depredations on their stores. A body of very wise men had an Act passed with half the words in the English language and backed by all the rhetoric of Lincoln's Inn, that it should be death without benefit of clergy for a mouse to eat cheese. Still the pantries were robbed and the lawgivers laughed at. A sage cat armed and clad in scarlet, having crept into the Senate House through a borough, urged that he be allowed to execute the decree.' The rest of the story is well known. Since then the language has been enriched with the phrase a 'law with teeth in it,' and mice are on their good behavior.

The policy of putting teeth in laws, according to the feline system was formerly very frequent. The Israelites adopted it in the law punishing with death the gathering of sticks on the Sabbath. King Charlemagne followed it in the law which made eating meat in Lent a capital crime. English law adopted it in King Henry the Fourth's law for the burning of heretics, and it is an ascertained fact that the countries in which men do not build fires on Sunday, and never eat meat in Lent, and never turn heretic, are the same countries in which mice never eat cheese.

In order to put teeth into a law, it is, fortunately, not necessary to resort to capital punishment; according to the papers a judge at New Castle, Pennsylvania, has just sentenced one John Bowie, accused of transporting liquor, to attend church every Sunday for two years, apparently with no time off for good behavior. So I suppose the sentence will be carried out, unless the ac-

cused obtain a release by habeas corpus, on the ground of the constitutional inhibition of cruel and unusual punishments.

III

Third. — Another principle of the New Liberty is the principle of Administrative Authority. Under this more and more power is being granted to Federal, State, and Municipal Officers, enabling them to carry out the laws of all kinds.

The General Government has a supervision, now ripening into control, of transportation, banking, and in general of trade. These powers, joined to that over the mails, the secret service, and a number of bureaus, enable the Washington authorities to trace out and prevent any machinations of the individual that are seen to be contrary to the general interest. Closer teamwork is still desirable between the Federal and State Governments, but the latter are naturally learning that the greater must direct the less.

An example of this principle is the Act passed by the last Legislature of Pennsylvania, authorizing the Secretary of Banking, whenever he is of the opinion that a Banking Institution is 'in an unsafe or unsound condition to continue business,' to enter upon its office and close it up. Under the present law the Commissioner takes immediate possession without recourse to the Courts and the Banking Institution is entitled to reëstablish its credit by application to the court afterward.

It is remarkable that no such law has yet been adopted for food inspection and destruction. If the Board of Health were given authority not only to seize and destroy bad food, but to close the shop of the offending seller, preferably with a padlock, it would effectually put the wrongdoer out of business, probably permanently, and thus improve the conditions of life.

If any mistake is made by the administrative official, the individual has immediate recourse to court, and the burden of proof is thereby shifted to the accused, where according to many systems of legislation it rightly belongs.

Another Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1923 provides the number of pounds to the bushel in some eighty-one articles, and the close observance of this law would no doubt make for much regularity in merchandising. It provides that a bushel of spinach shall contain twelve pounds, and a bushel of sand one hundred pounds. What weight shall be satisfied when the spinach contains sand — alas! too often the case — is not provided. The Act is patterned upon the principle of the Act of 1797 (*Purd. Dig.* Vol. 1, p. 540), which provided that all loaf bread made for sale within this Commonwealth shall be sold by the pound avoirdupois, under penalty for infraction. This Act is still in force. It is true that the Bread Act, so far, has had no appreciable effect, except to allow a dishonest purchaser to avoid payment of his debt, but this is because the Act stands alone. If there were similar acts dealing with all articles, and requiring all to be sold by weight, and each of these acts was diligently followed up by a corps of Government Agents, zealous, patriotic, well-paid and incorruptible, there would be a different story to tell. Some exception might have to be made in the Act as to selling by the pound such articles as gas, electric current, and real estate.

It is difficult to deal with such subjects by State Legislation, as all eyes look to Congress; and it is evident that remedial legislation on this subject should be general because there is no State in the Union in which bread is not sold. Accordingly Charles H. Brand, a Member of the House of Representa-

tives, introduced into the last Congress a bill for the Federal Regulation of the size and sale of loaves. A survey made by the Director of the Bureau of Standards revealed a fact which few would have imagined — that one hundred and five different-sized loaves of bread are made in Pennsylvania alone; four thousand loaves of bread varying from ten to forty-eight ounces each were weighed and found to be sold to the public at varying prices.

This is quite at variance with the legislative policy of the State from its earliest times. The Act of November 27, 1700, provided that all bread should be sold by Troy-weight; that only three kinds should be baked, *viz.:* white, wheaten, and household, and no more; 'and the loaves shall be a penny loaf or roll, a five-penny loaf, and a ten-penny loaf; and that if any of these exceed the assize in fineness or weight, it shall be equally seizable as if it were under the fineness or weight.'

Now it is a fact about bread that the heavier it is the more it weighs, and therefore the more it would cost if sold by weight; and the lighter it is the better it is, and yet would be sold for less; but everyone would of course buy the cheapest, so that a proper Act would not only ensure fairness in dealing, but would bring the best bread within the reach of the poorest persons — an end not always attained by legislation.

Acts of Assembly, in fact, should not be allowed to become obsolete, for laws are like bread and eggs. *Pan d'un di, ovo d'un hora,* says an old proverb. (Bread one day old, an egg one hour.) A number of these 'moth-eaten' laws call loudly for enforcement. I might mention those against blasphemy, gambling, baggage-smashing, pool-selling, as well as the Act of 1919, providing a penalty for selling *as* fresh eggs, eggs which are *not* fresh eggs.

There was an interesting law passed many years ago in South Carolina, which is an illustration of the dangers of laws becoming obsolete, unless reenacted. The law provided that every male citizen of age should attend church, fully armed, and this law may still be on the Statute Book, the legislators not thinking it safe, perhaps, in that jurisdiction, to repeal it. The peculiarity of this enactment is that it is directly contrary to the rule of early Christian times, which forbade bringing arms into the church.

Locke in the celebrated constitution which he drew for Carolina provided that any laws not reënacted should become obsolete in a hundred years. But as this constitution never went fully into effect no harm was done.

IV

A fourth principle of the New Liberty is Uplift; that is that adequate laws shall be passed for the Welfare of the People. President Coolidge expressed in his message of December 1923 the opinion that the Government was not doing enough for the general welfare. Carrying out this policy the President, on April 13, 1924, appointed a Commission to formulate a National Out-of-Door Policy. We may rejoice then in one great step taken by the Pennsylvania Legislature, in passing the Act creating an Athletic Commission. This Act provides for three Commissioners, at a salary of $5000 each; and a Secretary, with a salary of $3000; also, for the appointment of Referees to superintend prize fights. It was modeled, I believe, upon the legislation of New York State. It was, indeed, somewhat of an inconsistency that the same Legislature reduced the appropriation to sundry hospitals, in which the participants in these fights may expect to be treated. Some will think it also an inconsistency that

prize fighting and boxing had been made illegal by the Acts of March 16, 1866, and March 22, 1867; but we must not allow ourselves to be dismayed by those slight inconsistencies which are the essential mark of a progressive legislative policy.

Although in the right direction the Act was a mere step. The modern world fully realizes the need of clean, compensated, and professional sport, and there should indeed be similar acts providing for commissions for baseball, golf, and also, and probably especially, for games of chance. A proper encouragement should be extended to new games. Mah Jongg is struggling for recognition, and should be protected, as an infant amusement.

It is a matter of great regret that, while considerable time has been devoted by the legislators to sport, they neglected to pass an Act, presented with almost providential forethought by Representative Eaches — namely the Act allowing fishing on Sunday with one line and two hooks.

A great advance in the direction of welfare has also been made in the creation of holidays, which increase, and never diminish. In general, idleness is of benefit to a nation; Aristotle says that leisure is the first object of the legislator — which is one of the few judgments in which ancient and modern sentiment agrees. Much of this advantage is lost, unless leisure is made universal and compulsory. As the law stands now, a man may work or not on a holiday, as he pleases, and so it happens that certain people, animated by aggressive self-interest, and a plentiful lack of social instinct, work on holidays, and thereby gain an advantage over their fellows; this destroys the balance of equality, which is so essential in a free country. A law should therefore be passed, preventing work on any part of a legal holiday. This is in accordance with the policy of the Trade-unions, which is now established by general acceptance, and has become regular in all the principal trades. The Sunday laws could readily be extended from holy days to holidays, the old distinction between the two having passed away.

The suggestion that laws be passed for the sterilization of criminals is highly scientific, and there are precedents for it in our Colonial laws. Once adopted the principle is capable of extension to even more necessary fields. We all know that it is not criminal people that annoy us so much as it is disagreeable people. Criminals are rather favorites with some. Criminals are indeed a meaningless category to many in a democracy. Says 'the good Gray Poet' in voicing the New America: —

> To me any Judge or juror is equally criminal, and any respectable person, and also the President is.

In fact in a democracy the popular, and therefore the true, idea is that what is disagreeable by the Vox Populi is criminal by Vox Dei. What, therefore, shall be done with bores, and talkative people, who perhaps outnumber the criminals, and often incite to crime? For those who believe that comfort and health-giving environment are necessary to civilization, the bore is a menace, not only to contemporaries but still more to succeeding ages. What particular bêtes noires should be prevented from intruding their posterity upon the next generation should be decided by a mixed commission made up of both sexes and all parties, so that no mistake could be made.

For the improvement of the race also, it would be well to enact laws based upon the laws formerly in vogue in many cities of Germany, preventing

the poor from marrying without the permission of the commune. Such laws were formerly in force in Norway, the Canton of Berne in Switzerland, and in Saxony, Württemberg, and Mecklenburg, but have fallen into disuse. Indeed it may have occurred to the legislators in these cities that it would be easier to support poor children in families than in foundling asylums, but this, if it occurred, would be merely the result of enforcing the law in a lame and inconclusive manner.

With this it would be consistent to join a law such as existed in Sparta, fining men who married women of insufficient size. Such a fine was imposed on King Archidamus. Whereas in our own insufficiently regulated country the little women in utter defiance of all civic virtue get married without even waiting for the supply of larger specimens to be exhausted.

Speaking of uplift in general, we may say that while it is unfortunately true that we cannot elevate ourselves by tugging at our own bootstraps, it is fortunately equally true that we *can* elevate others by tugging at *their* bootstraps. Herein lies the salvation of Democracy. The spirit of the time admonishes us to abandon the attempt to improve our own lives — an irksome task carrying no salary — and to give ourselves whole-heartedly to the improvement of others, being conscious that our outlook is broader and nobler than theirs. Our country is being mobilized into innumerable groups in which each member is fully at grips with his neighbor. Let us, then, tug away valiantly, with Old Glory floating above us, and the prayer 'Save America!' upon our lips, knowing that no matter who is successful the national level must be raised — unless indeed the bootstraps should break, in which case there would be a lamentable loss of energy.

V

A fifth principle of the New Liberty is uniformity in public and private life. This can be best accomplished by standardization in various departments. The standardization of spelling and language, as well as of the tone, taste, and character of our literature, might be relegated to some central authority, some 'sovereign organ of opinion' as Sainte-Beuve called it, of which the French Academy may serve as an example. The benefits of the French Academy have so clearly been laid before the English-speaking people by Matthew Arnold that the advantage of a similar institution need not be here enlarged on.

The licence system opens an inviting way to standardization. It is sufficiently established to ensure its ultimate universality. We now require licences for most of the activities of our national life; *inter alia*, Lawyers and Dogs; Surgeons and Butchers; Bankers and Jackasses; Taverns and Detectives; Plumbers and Midwives; Carters and Accountants; Gunners and Nurses; Automobile-drivers and Undertakers; Intelligence-offices, Menageries; Dentists and Amusements in general; Omnibuses and Operas; Pawnbrokers and Clam-sellers; Dealers in Renovated Butter, and Fertilizers, which no doubt might have been appropriately included in the same act. In fact, practically the only portions of our population allowed to roam at large without licence are clergymen and cats. Yet the anarchy that prevails in religion is notorious. Hegel, nearly a century ago, pointed out the anomalous and ridiculous position of America in this respect. 'Everyone,' he said, 'may have a religion peculiar to himself. Thence the splitting-up into so many sects which reach the acme of absurdity. . . . The various

congregations choose ministers and dismiss them according to their pleasure. . . .' Yet no reform has been attempted since this was written (1830).

The Licence Acts cited above represent an unconscious movement toward more universal regulation, and have been merely instinctive, gradual, sporadic. In the modern systems for zoning cities, now spreading over the country so rapidly as to give evident proof of the trend of the civic mind, we find a method for developing the principle into a complete and articulated system. Under this a permit may be required for the occupancy or use of any property, and by this means a complete method of centralized and scientific control of every business can be exercised by a wise and competent City Bureau; which will also, after the system has become permanent, lend itself to a complete control and elimination of methods detrimental to the civic interest.

VI

There are many departments of legislation on which I have not even touched, for 'a man may dive deep and long before he finds a bottom when there is none.'

I might speak of the ingenious invention of transferring the tariff-regulating power from the Legislative to the Executive, a power recently exercised to prevent the importation of Canadian wheat. The method is so very similar to the sliding scale of the English Corn Laws that it may reach a similar degree of popularity.

As the result of this action may be to put the price of flour up, the complementary step should now be taken, *viz.*, a price-fixing regulation, to keep the price of flour down. This regulation might be extended to all commodities. In imitation of the famous decree of Diocletian (A.D. 303) issued in a similar period of high taxation and rising prices, we might set up a tariff inscribed in stone in every market in the Union, limiting the price of every commodity from schoolmasters' salaries to salt. You see that by engraving the prices in stone all possibility of fluctuation is eliminated.

This transfer of the Legislative power to the Executive need not be confined to the tariff, for in principle it is equally applicable to internal taxes. It would furnish an obvious method to balance the budget. The rate on different articles could be left uncertain until Congress had adjourned and then raised or lowered by the President, according as Congress has spent more or less. Indeed it is not easy for members of Congress to know exactly how much has been appropriated until after adjournment.

I might mention compulsory voting, which is now advanced by many with great force. Voting in a republic is a duty, complementary to paying taxes, and it is evident that either voting should be made compulsory or tax-paying should be made voluntary.

I might mention compulsory Americanization. This would involve a special department, which, having first determined what Americanism is, would set about making over all immigrants into virile, red-blooded, two-fisted, English-speaking, one-hundred-per-cent American He-Men.

Whatever stands in the way of this ideal must go down. The Constitution was at best a compromise and is in its nature temporary. Let us press on, remembering the words of that accurate constitutionalist, H. G. Wells: 'A time may come when the people will regard the contrivances and machinery of the American Constitution as the political equivalents of the implements and contrivances of neolithic man.'

VII

I shall close by mentioning a necessary reform — fundamental to health and morality. This is the reintroduction of the curfew. By a mistaken policy, the curfew was abolished in the reign of Henry the First, but it is mentioned long after his time, so hard was it to do away with such an excellent custom. If it should be thought at first impracticable to adopt the ancient limit of eight o'clock, the law might at first be made for half-past eight, and the wholesome rule gradually drawn more tightly. How sweet it would be again to hear the curfew toll the knell of parting day. But as such a law might be supposed to infringe Constitutional Rights in some backward States, it could most effectively be introduced as an amendment to the Federal Constitution. In order to ensure its passage it would probably be necessary that the franchise be extended to babies. In spite of opposition in a small minority, whose alleged rights should not stand in the way of a great reform, I assume that the majority of American babies would vote for such an amendment; the theory of the curfew is quite in line with our laws for daylight-saving, and should appeal to all intelligent and patriotic infants. Its effect on the moral and physical health of the people would be prodigious. Under such an influence I see a transformation of America — 'A noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after' a long and well-regulated 'sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.' The very idea conjures up the picture of a vigorous race, standing in the forefront of progress, a lesson to the backward peoples of the earth, realizing the picture which Pericles drew of the Athenian polity in its most glorious period: —

> We live under a constitution such as no way to envy the laws of our neighbors, ourselves an example to them rather than mere imitators. It is called a Democracy, since its permanent aim tends toward the Many and not toward the Few. . . . Moreover our social march is free. . . . We are not angry with our neighbor for what he may do to please himself, nor do we ever put on those sour looks which, though they do no positive damage, are not the less sure to offend. . . . We have provided numerous recreations from toil.

But enough of Pericles. Our American statesmanship far outsoars the petty policy of Athens. Here no civic jealousy impedes the progress of the National Idea. Here slavery, the 'Nemesis of Nations,' has been eradicated and our colored brethren (more recently our colored sisters) have been rendered legally competent to sit in the highest councils of the land. We are in no danger of stagnation from homogeneity; with 340,000 Indians, 1,300,000 Porto Ricans, 10,000,000 Filipinos, and 10,000,000 Negroes, our population is sufficiently diversified. Our electorate is educated and able to express an opinion on every question. Bands of quick-witted men and noble-hearted women accomplish continuous reforms with a fine 'apotheosis of instinct' which renders the slow and laborious methods of experience and study quite unnecessary. I behold the vision of a political structure too vast to be called a nation, too democratic to be called an empire — patriotic because paternal; permanent because progressive, which devises its legislation with a noble imagination, and enforces it in serene majesty.

This future it is ours to form and to re-form. Let us address ourselves to the task, taking for our motto the apothegm of Voltaire, 'No Government ever perished except by suicide.'

THE NEW PREPAREDNESS

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

In the World War man power was one year ahead of matériel. Men can be trained for war much faster than they can be equipped for war. Dwight F. Davis, Assistant-Secretary of War, recently said, in an address to the General Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth: 'You can draft an additional million men in a well organized and disciplined nation within ten days, but to supply these men with rifles is a task that takes many months of careful preparation, because every step in the manufacture must be planned in advance. . . . We went into the World War without any definite plan of mobilization.'

This was true even though, for months prior to April 1917, the American government had recognized the certainty of conflict, and the American people, in the main, had accepted eventual participation as inevitable. We were prepared for war psychologically but not materially. In Great Britain, where hostilities broke more suddenly, the gap between man power and supplies was even greater.

In his *World Crisis* Winston Churchill says of this: 'There were no rifles, there were no guns, and the modest supplies of shells and ammunitions began immediately to flash away with what seemed appalling rapidity. . . . We had nothing but staves to put in the eager hands of the men who thronged the recruiting stations.'

Time is the essence of preparedness. It is little short of murder for a nation to put into the field ill-supplied troops. Thousands of lives and billions of money were tossed into the abyss that stretched between ready men and tardy munitions. If the industrial-preparedness plan of the Army and Navy functions as well as it appears on paper, never again will the United States be guilty of this appalling waste.

I

The National Defense Act, as amended June 4, 1924, changed fundamentally the business organization of the War Department, making the Assistant-Secretary of War responsible for the procurement of all military supplies and for the mobilization of matériel and industrial organizations. The incumbent of this office, interpreting this amendment broadly, accepts under it responsibility for preventing profiteering in war supplies. Both Mr. Davis and his predecessor, J. Mayhew Wainwright, now a member of Congress from New York, have taken the view that special training is required for a task so vast and complex. As a result of this belief there came into existence the Army Industrial College, established by General Orders No. 7 (February 25, 1924), 'for the purpose of training Army officers in the useful knowledge pertaining to the supervision of procurement of all military supplies in time of war and to the assurance of the adequate provision for the mobilization of matériel and industrial organization essential to war-time needs.'

In the Munitions Building at the

national capital, the student officers of this unique college con production charts with the same zeal that their brother officers at the War College study campaign maps. Their instruction is based mainly on the work of the former War Industries Board; their training is to fit them to direct the marshaling of the nation's economic resources in accordance with the general plan of mobilization in which both Army and Navy departments coöperate.

The foundation of this plan consists of approximately ten thousand allocations to manufacturers for the production of essential supplies. Over six thousand plants have been allocated so far. It is hoped and expected that a contract form will be distributed to these manufacturers so that at the outbreak of a major emergency it would merely be necessary to sign 'on the dotted line' and after this, unless there is a breakdown, the United States will be well prepared industrially, except, as will be shown later, in airplanes.

The new preparedness programme is an attempt to organize production so that sufficient troops for a major military movement can be supplied promptly and continuously with all the materials for effective action. That is primary. But, secondarily, the plan provides for doing this with a minimum of interference with the steady, normal production of socially necessary goods. The recognition that production is a social process, that 'the home front' must be mobilized efficiently and yet without disturbance, is a novel element in the Army's present point of view.

The basis of action is, of course, the modern paraphrase of the Napoleonic maxim: Heaven fights on the side of the most complete supply train. But a second maxim is hardly less important: Heaven fights on the side of the less distressed populace. Not again, if the Army can help it, will war needs send prices soaring in open markets or force manufacturers to drastic changes in plant-equipment. Another conflict will find the production facilities of the United States neatly card-indexed. Available reserve stocks are tabulated. From the very outset of war, supplies will be kept moving in orderly progression from shelves, factories, and loading-docks, from forest, field, and mine, to military depots.

Disturbing though this solution of the economic problems of war may seem to many minds, let it be balanced against its alternative. The alternative is a situation approaching chaos, in which profiteers thrive, numbers die to no purpose, public funds vanish in a sea of waste, and a public partly overworked and overpaid and partly underworked and underpaid thrills to the lurid promises of social revolutionaries. In such emergencies the choice is not often between war and peace; but between a long war and a short war, between much distress and little; possibly between defeat and victory. At any rate, it is as clearly the duty of soldiers to make war as it is of statesmen to keep peace; the military begins to function fully only when statesmen have failed. The Army, therefore, enters upon this preparedness programme, not with any delusion of grandeur, but rather as a stern and difficult duty, a duty forced upon it by the lessons of experience.

The duty is rendered the more difficult by reason of the very size and intricacy of the problem. Both manufacturing and raw-material resources have been surveyed, roughly to be sure, but none the less comprehensively. Industrial mobilization will be administered, as far as the War Department is concerned, by a staff of from sixty to one hundred officers who will be commissioned from the leaders of

America's industry. A class of fourteen regular officers is taking a special training course in the Army Industrial College to train them in similar work. Busy men of affairs have been drafted from their plants and offices to teach the Army how to mobilize the basic industries of the country. Many competent industrialists are also being enrolled as reserve officers ready to act in specially important niches upon call.

By no means all of the industrial leaders who are coöperating in the industrial mobilization plan are optimistic. All accept the general idea as sound, but some doubt that such a broad plan can be administered by men trained in army methods and out of touch with civilians. More than one has addressed his class after this fashion: —

'It is ridiculous for you army officers to attempt to run industry in an emergency. Even when everything is moving serenely, business is a rough-and-tumble game, in which experience is the only safe guide. You lack incentive. The government guarantees you homes, salaries, pensions. You are promoted by seniority, not by reason of anything you may have accomplished. You have n't the faintest conception of the realities of competition. This should be a civilian enterprise.'

These student officers take these criticisms smilingly and keep on trying. After all, they say, the Army does not contemplate chasing the industrialists out of their plants. That would be futile, and at any rate is unnecessary. All that the Army seeks to do is to substitute coördination for competition in the production of supplies. The industrialists will go right along hiring and firing and producing, as long as they give the fighting forces what they need in sufficient quantity and proper quality at just prices. This is no attempt to supplant civilian specialists; but rather an effort to create a national synthesis of their diverse, and on the whole competent, activities. The Army thinks it can do just that. It has sent several officers to the Harvard School of Business Administration, not with any idea that they will actually produce and distribute goods in time of war, but in order that, with a background as broad as the country itself, they may keep the industrialists pulling together for the general welfare.

II

In return for the measure of control which industry yields, the Army expects to give value received, not in money, because economy is a ruling factor, but in security. It is now obvious that the war boom had to be paid for. Profits mounted rapidly at the outset, but did not last. Living costs and wages advanced; labor troubles multiplied; and delays in securing raw materials caused heavy losses. Then came the post-war depression. Inflation spells eventual deflation. Rather than ride through such stormy waters again, experienced industrial leaders would gladly take the Army aboard as pilot. Consequently, as the Army's industrial tutors come to understand the new preparedness, the majority of them accept it heartily.

For its effective administration, the plan depends upon prior distribution of contracts among manufacturers for enough supplies to equip an army for a major operation, and upon the tracing of the various components of the finished product to their bases of supply, to make certain that in time of war there will be an unlimited flow of raw material from source to factory.

A moment's consideration of but the first half of this dual programme will be sufficient to convince the reader of its

difficulty and magnitude. Take, for example, shoes. It is simple enough to say that if a military unit is composed of ten thousand men a like number of Munson-last shoes must be ready for it. But in that calculation, only the original equipment is considered. The average war-service record of a pair of shoes is one quarter as long as that of the same shoes in civil life. Private Citizen John W. Doughboy wears out a single pair in a given space of time, but when he drops the 'Citizen' to become Private John W. Doughboy, he goes through four pairs in exactly the same period. This knowledge, born of World War experience, is part of the data which will enable the Quartermaster's Corps, when Private Doughboy discards his first pair of shoes, to furnish him promptly with a new pair from its reserve supply.

The second step has required a complete survey of the plants now engaged in the shoe-manufacturing industry, scattered, for the most part, over eastern Massachusetts, southern New York, and the Middle West. In the first stampede of the World War, rush contracts were awarded either competitively or noncompetitively on a 'cost-plus' basis, depending on the urgency of need. No study had been made of the facilities available. No figures had been compiled to show what part of the total output each factory could be depended upon to produce. But there is to be no more guesswork. The Army knows how much of each plant can be devoted to manufacturing army shoes without disturbing too much the normal output, and orders have been allocated among factories in every production-centre, which become operative only when war is declared. Munson lasts are available in the factory storerooms; a stipulated production programme, experimentally proved, is ready in the safe. No manufacturer is required or even requested to devote his entire plant to making military shoes. A part of each factory will continue commercial production. Noncombatants also wear shoes and prefer to buy them at reasonable prices.

But with production taken care of, only half of the dual programme has been satisfied. It still remains for the government to guard against delays resulting from an insufficient supply of raw materials flowing from their original sources to the manufacturer of the finished product. During the World War, when buyers went into the open market to procure hides for the shoes required by the Army, prices rose rapidly. Consequently the hide market has now been surveyed with an eye to war-time control. The Army knows how many hides are in hand, how many can be secured from domestic sources in an emergency, how many Canada and Mexico might furnish at reasonable rates, and how many would be required from overseas sources. The military importance of a productive and friendly Mexico is not to be overlooked in this matter of hides, and the calculation is affected by the possibility that the trade route to the Argentine might be closed against us or interrupted. Here as elsewhere the Army plan encounters a Naval problem. But all the factors possible to foresee have been weighed, in order that every soldier engaged in this major military movement — the exact number is a military secret — shall have proper shoes in plenty.

Hides are but the beginning. Thread, eyelets, canvas, and other findings have been considered in equal detail. Anxious eyes have even been cast upon our dwindling domestic output of tanning extract. A blight, accidentally introduced into the country from China, has ruined our chestnut forests, as a result

of which our tanners must import Argentine quebracho. Experiments are now under way to discover a substitute not subject to ocean risks, and the Department of Agriculture is growing on its Maryland farm seedlings of the blight-free chestnut discovered in the far interior of China by one of its scouts. This illustrates the thoroughness with which the economic survey is proceeding.

III

Essentially the new preparedness plan calls for the synchronizing of the three essentials of victory: man power, munitions, time. In the World War time was the deadly unknown — x. Now x, according to the Army's industrial survey, varies with each manufacturing process: x may be one month for shoes and two months for clothing and three months for machine-gun ammunition. Reserve stocks are to be maintained accordingly, with time as their measure rather than mere quantity as heretofore, because the reserve supply must maintain the units until deliveries can be begun on the immediately operative contracts. The success of the whole programme depends upon production overtaking dwindling supplies before wants develop. When you consider that a modern army uses everything from siege guns to pins, from precision instruments to picks, the magnitude of this survey and the intricacy of the calculations made thereunder are alike impressive.

Thus far we have been considering the problem of management. There are other factors — capital, labor, and transportation. It is planned to finance war contracts through an organization similar to the War Finance Corporation in order to prevent congestion in the banking system. Proved production-costs, which occupy prominent places in the card index, together with governmental control of markets, will be a safeguard against profiteering.

Mr. Davis has strong opinions on this question. He says: 'The War Department is giving most careful attention to the ways and means whereby profiteering may be controlled in time of war. The principle that men at home shall not make inordinate profits from war while their fellows are staking their lives and health for their country is a fundamental proposition of common justice. It is a fixed national policy for the future.'

Both the Democratic and Republican parties have committed themselves without reserve to the draft of capital. The Democratic platform reads: 'In the event of war in which the man power of the nation is drafted, all other resources should likewise be drafted. This would tend to discourage war by depriving it of its profits.'

The Republican plank is even more explicit: 'We believe that in time of war the nation should draft for its defense not only its citizens but also every resource which may contribute to success. The country demands that, should the United States ever again be called upon to defend itself by arms, the President shall be empowered to draft such material resources and such service as may be required, and to stabilize the prices of services and essential commodities, whether used in actual warfare or private activities.'

Theoretically, the control of capital is easy; actually it bristles with difficulties. Nevertheless we appear to be committed to the experiment if occasion arises; indeed, the American Legion has already asked Congress to pass the necessary legislation and will renew its effort in the next Congress.

Labor is usually considered the bad boy of the Martian family. Labor disputes are bound to arise under any sort of regulation, and coercion of labor

is foreign alike to our sentiments, traditions, and laws. Obviously the machinery for the adjudication of labor disputes will have to be immensely improved. But the minds behind the new preparedness plan accept as basic the patriotism of American labor. Furthermore they are convinced that with the cost of living kept under reasonable control by orderly production and distribution of commodities, wage disputes will be less frequent. They believe that labor, if not distressed by shortages or inflamed by profiteering, will do its part with right good will. In this prognosis it is of course taken for granted that the call to arms will never be sounded except for due and solemn cause appealing to the public conscience — only after all possible pacific overtures have failed.

Transportation problems will be met through government supervision of railroads, rolling stock, waterways, and highways. One of the greatest difficulties of the World War arose in connection with the blockades that occurred at every great terminal.

It remains for the government to apportion the fruits of industrial mobilization among the seven supply branches of the army. These function as follows: —

The Quartermaster Corps clothes, feeds, houses, and transports all mobile troops and their animals.

The Ordnance Department supplies rifles, pistols, cannon, bombs, tanks, tractors, and all ammunition.

The Signal Corps is responsible for all lines of communication and must supply telephone, telegraph, radio, photographic, and meteorological instruments.

The Engineering Corps assumes responsibility for all construction projects. It provides for water supply, builds camps, constructs highways, and bridges transportation lines.

The Air Service must provide airplanes and balloons with their attendant equipment.

The Medical Corps provides hospital supplies, surgical, dental, and veterinary instruments, drugs, chemicals, and hospital furnishings.

The Chemical Warfare Service supplies war gases and gas-defense equipment, including masks for the civilian populations of cities.

In these seven services, requirements often overlap. Hitherto they competed one against another for supplies. While the new plan was being worked out, confusion arose when representatives of several departments asked for too large shares of highly specialized products, notably precision instruments and camera supplies. These conflicts have now been adjusted, and each department knows what it may expect.

The actual production of war munitions is the greatest difficulty which faces the Army at this time. Government factories, idle until the emergency, are clearly out of the question. Government arsenals cannot produce in sufficient quantity. They meet the Army's limited peace-time requirements, but lack the capacity to supply a major military effort. In effect, they are little more than experimental laboratories, developing and perfecting types of weapons. Under the exigencies of the World War, thousands of factories were called upon to change their industrial activities to meet war-time needs. If the plan of the Industrial Board is ever required to become operative the dies, jigs, and gauges of the bromidic 'ploughshare' will be laid aside, and those of the 'sword,' carefully and experimentally found to be the nearest approach to the commercial output of the particular factory, will be substituted. The heavy-machine shops of the Middle West, for example, will begin turning out shell-casings for

which New England will be coincidentally making fuses.

An example of the method used in the survey is that of a manufacturer of bird-cages whose facilities can be used for the production of artillery fuses. The Army furnishes him with a copy of specifications. In spare time, at his own expense, he has dies and jigs made. He produces a few fuses experimentally as a basis of calculating his shop's capacity and the unit cost, variable only with wages and the price of raw materials. The result of his test, together with a sample of the fuses, is delivered to the War Department, where the sample is rigidly tested by specifications. The result being satisfactory, another 'complete' card may be dropped in the index file, and the bird-cage manufacturer is listed for war production.

Changes in design of weapons present special problems to the Ordnance Department. It is impossible to alter specifications with each change. A general policy has been accepted upon the assumption that war weapons will not vary materially during the next ten years. Necessities of war make mass production imperative — a process which is based upon the use of patterns constant in their design. Months of labor and tons of material were wasted during the World War when even minor changes were ordered. The present plan will admit of few if any substituted processes during war-time mass production unless the variation seems vital, the improvement epochal. Of course, standardization has its dangers as well as its advantages — both clearly recognized at Washington.

Slowly, indeed, but with sureness, the Army Industrial staff, supplemented by government experts in many departments, is solving the problem of industrial preparedness. In six of the seven departments approximate perfection is but a matter of time; a critical condition exists only with relation to the Air Service. Unlike necessities of the Ordnance and other military supply-departments, an airplane, as yet, cannot be built in different factories and later assembled from interchangeable parts. Too much specialized workmanship is required. Official reports for the past two years have repeatedly warned that our supply of aircraft is almost exhausted and that the aircraft industry faces extinction. A military board has supplemented these statements with the declaration that the air force must be recognized as of equal importance in our scheme of national defense with either the Army or Navy. To which officers of the Industrial Staff have replied that we must have more facilities for airplane construction, pointing out that in an emergency it would be at least eight months before any airplanes could be supplied. Still, no constructive measures have been adopted to meet the situation, which might prove critical.

The quiet precision and efficiency with which the economic survey has been carried on by our generals in the trenches of industry — the important contributions they have made toward the nation's security in the unhappy event of war — make even more imperative the solution of this one problem. With a single weak link, the chain of preparedness is worthless, and the World War experience, as well as recent experiment, has demonstrated the importance which the airplane would assume should war be declared.

In conviction and tradition opposed to maintaining large standing armies, the United States is now drawing upon industry for reserve strength. It is a natural evolution, but one which nations less fortunately situated and organized may ponder with dismay and perhaps with foreboding.

THE JEW AND THE CLUB

BY X

I

THE recent discussions in the Democratic Convention in New York brought about by religious and racial antagonisms were a bursting-forth of fires which have been long smoldering and threatening American life. A fire which is burning and developing between floors and partitions is apt to gain a headway which makes it impossible to check its progress when discovered. Far better to have everything in the open before the fire becomes a conflagration. So it is to be hoped that the racial and religious dissensions, not caused, but merely revealed, by the Ku Klux Klan issue, be not allowed to smolder in hidden places, but that they will bring about a frank and thorough examination of the canker eating into our political and social life.

As a people, we have convinced ourselves by repeating to each other, that we are still as we were: a liberty-loving people who make no invidious distinctions between men of different race and religion, the only factors of importance being character and ability. We regard our country still as the land of opportunity where no white man, at least, is denied the fruits of his toil in every direction and where, at least, all white folk are created free and equal and remain so throughout good behavior. We still look with the same scorn as formerly upon the poor European countries where anti-Semitism is so great a factor, and Catholic wars upon Protestant, and people generally are oppressed and unhappy. There is no one to tell us that, except for certain material advantages natural to a country which is still relatively sparsely settled and undeveloped, there are few countries in which there is so much daily individual discrimination and so much bitterness engendered in the hearts and minds of a large number of cultured inhabitants and worthy citizens.

Americans are prone to lay too much stress upon *political* equality as distinguished from *social* equality. The desire to have some influence in determining the form of government of the country is one which is very strong in many quarters and has, of course, been one of the chief factors in civil wars and revolutions. At the same time, strange as this may sound to American ears, it has probably little to do with the happiness in everyday life of the individual. The German Empire of William II discriminated *politically* against many sections of the population, but there was little or no *social* discrimination; that is, men of like culture, education, wealth, and alike in those other elements which create social strata, at all times in all places, intermingled, on the whole, freely and without much reference to religion, race, or previous condition of servitude. This explains why millions of Germans felt contented and happy in spite of the fact that there was little political freedom. In daily intercourse the German felt that he

would be accepted everywhere in accordance with his real worth as measured by ordinary social standards. The same was true elsewhere in Continental Europe and more or less also in Great Britain.

It must be admitted that the war, which has accentuated extreme nationalistic spirit everywhere, has probably made men in all countries more conscious of racial and religious differences than was true in 1914 and the decades preceding the great catastrophe. Partly as a result of certain phenomena in the war and partly as a result of the Wilsonian doctrine of 'self-determination,' so widely advertised by the Versailles Conference and the events immediately preceding and following, every nation has felt the need of justifying its existence by proving its racial purity and homogeneity as a possible defense and protection against rival claims for part of its territory. In the case of the United States there is no fear of loss of territory, but there the war showed up certain cleavages which aroused the nation to a realization that spiritual unity was still far distant, and that this lack proved detrimental to the influence which the country could exert in international affairs, and that it had caused its action during the Great War to be determined, not by its own interests, but by the varying strength of the various national strains which entered into the composition of its people. The result in the United States is the intensified 'Americanization' movement, but this very movement has brought forth and accentuated certain phenomena which bid fair to prevent the realization of its ultimate aims.

II

My neighbor Mr. C and I are intimate friends, our families see much of each other. Occasionally, we dine at each other's houses and we and our wives sometimes go to the theatre together. He is a man of much greater means than I am, is most hospitable, and entertains very freely. I know many of his friends, associate with a number of them, and in a general way may be said to belong to his circle. In summer I see much less of him than at other times of the year and our intimacy suffers a certain check, the reason of this being golf. My neighbor is not a great golfer and I am not a helpless cripple. Probably Mr. C would be willing to play with me, but I am not a member of his golf club and I cannot become one, for I am of Jewish origin and Mr. C is of New England stock. There are some public links in the suburb where I live, but the people with whom I associate are all members of the X Country Club to which, as indicated, I am not eligible. I am not snobbish but golf would interest me only as a means of social intercourse and so I do not go to the municipal golf club where the players are of an entirely different social group from the one to which I belong. This sounds as if I were laying undue stress upon social life or perhaps society. As a matter of fact, I am not much of a clubman; I have no special desire to go to clubs frequently, and I rarely attend the meetings of those societies to which I do belong. But the fact that I and members of my family cannot belong to certain organizations which form the social centre of the community prevents us in large measure from forming those intimate and congenial friendships which most, if not all, men crave.

I do not really suffer so very greatly. I am in business all day. When I come home I am apt to be tired and am quite ready to enjoy the company of a good book. But it is hard on my wife and worse for my children. The social life of the community in which I live

centres, as is so often the case in American suburbs, around the town club; especially the children find their companionship in the dances which take place Friday evenings, on the skating-rink attached to the club in the winter, and on the tennis courts in summer. I find it rather difficult to make it clear to my children why we are not eligible, for from one point of view it is n't quite clear to me. We are in no sense foreigners; my wife and I are both descended from generations of cultured people; I was educated at what is generally regarded as one of the most famous of American universities, was a member of its staff for a short time after graduation, and have occupied positions of trust and responsibility. We do not even have very pronounced Jewish features. What makes the situation even more puzzling is that while no Jew is admitted to either the local community club or to the X Country Club, there are a number of members who I am convinced are of Jewish origin but have changed their family name, give lip-service to a Christian church, and are probably more anti-Semitic than those who have no trace of Jewish blood. The fact is that the whole distinction is very artificial in the main, the average American recognizing a cultured Jew merely by certain outward signs, such as the name, the features, and the like, and when the name is changed and kinship to the Jewish race denied, the true facts are not even recognized.

It might be asked, if this is the situation, why do Jews like ourselves stay where they are evidently not wanted? Why do we not move into the city? We live in the suburbs for the same reasons that our neighbors do, because it is better for our children. Then the natural question to be raised is, whether we are the only Jews here, and if there are others, why do we not club together? There are Jewish golf clubs and Jewish social clubs, and undoubtedly here and there this arrangement offers a satisfactory solution of the difficulties presented. But from a larger point of view, what does this mean? It means that amalgamation with the rest of the population becomes more and more difficult, and the Americanization upon which so much stress is laid is made impossible. Certainly, love of country cannot be expected of those who are treated as being citizens of subordinate rank, never to be permitted to attain to the higher grade. Mere material comfort is not enough, especially for the educated and cultured classes, who have the same tastes and the same desires as have their fellow citizens. Moreover, the Jew cannot find refuge in purely Jewish social organizations. Outside of New York the Jewish communities by themselves are not large enough to permit the organization of hard and fast groups of kindred tastes. In many of the Jewish clubs about the only bond between the members is their common racial origin, and there is little community of taste and education.

After all, in Boston there is only one Somerset Club, in Chicago only one Chicago Club, in Detroit only one Detroit Club, and these cities have only one University Club each. If it be considered from how large a population these clubs draw their membership, and how relatively small in each instance a like Jewish population is, it is clear that the Jews cannot find a sufficient number who have the desired qualifications to form similar separate clubs. The same applies to clubs of the second rank and so down the line. In the suburb where I live there are a handful of Jewish families. They could hardly support a variety of clubs of their own to parallel similar Gentile clubs, even if these Jewish families were

all congenial. This, of course, they are not likely to be, any more than all Methodists are congenial to each other, or Catholics, or members of other religious or racial groups.

It is herein that the café life of Europe is so much better. It must be remembered that Continental Europe hardly knows clubs in the Anglo-American sense of the word. There are a few organizations appealing to men interested in certain arts, like painting and music, a few so-called clubs existing for the purpose of enabling the members to gamble in peace and comfort, and here and there a club of an aristocratic group. The place of the American club is taken on the Continent of Europe by the café. Men meet and pass their leisure hours there as they do here in their clubs. Sports are still relatively unimportant, so that our country club is unknown. Even in England club life has not assumed the importance that it has in the social and business life of this country. The well-known British historian, Professor Prothero, once sought to explain this difference as being due to the fact that in this country we have developed a concept of democracy which seems to imply that everyone has the right to mind everyone's else business, so that from sheer need of self-protection we must have some exclusive place where we can take refuge and enjoy a certain amount of privacy. The fierce light that is supposed to beat upon a throne is weak compared to the glare of publicity which envelops every individual in our great democracy.

But to return to the Jew. In Europe if he is personally agreeable to a small group, he will undoubtedly be able to visit the same meeting-place as his Christian neighbor, sit with him, meet and share in the activities of the whole group. My neighbor Mr. C would not go off to his club with his friends, leaving me to find my own amusement, but naturally would include me in his various activities as he does his other friends and acquaintances. We should all be on the same level, and there would not be the same wall of caste between us, and between his children and my children. When the Alumni Club of my old University meets, I should feel free to meet with it and keep up my old associations. I do not do so now, for the meeting-place is the University Club, to which I am ineligible. As I have naturally some pride, I decline to attend the meetings of an organization held in a place where I am not welcome. I am regarded as one of the better known and — may the anonymous conceit be pardoned — one of the more distinguished graduates of the institution; so my old associates frequently importune me to participate in the activities of the club of my Alma Mater, for which at various times I have sacrificed much. It is curious and characteristic that they do not seem even to understand why I am inclined to reject such an invitation as an insult, any more than I quite comprehend why any self-respecting man should be expected to participate in and help support every social and civic enterprise — such as a city club, membership in which gives no honor or special privilege — when at the same time he is rigidly excluded from all that is considered as really worth while.

Gradually, more and more, much of the business life and social life of our larger communities is beginning to centre around clubs. More and more Jews, and here and there Catholics, are being excluded from such clubs. Still, Jews and Catholics form a fairly large and important element of the population. In so far as they have not acquired the education, point of view, and habits of the Protestant Nordic races, it is natural that they would be

excluded, but such differences tend to disappear in the course of a few generations. The present tendency, however, is to make the cleavage permanent and to introduce what in time will amount to a caste system in its way as rigid as any devised in the East. Whether this will make for a more unified nation and whether this is in accord with the doctrines of the founders of the country I leave my readers to judge.

The difference between the system of social organization in this country and that of Europe is much the same as that underlying the organization of the student body in those institutions of higher learning where there are fraternities and sororities and those where these do not exist. In the former the students are forced early into rigid and unchanging groups; in the latter there is constant flux, and even a Jewish boy or girl has an opportunity, if found desirable and agreeable, to make friends outside of his or her co-religionists. So in the cafés of Europe men meet and intermingle; those who find each other congenial will congregate together regardless of race or religion. In practice it is true that some social groups will not care for Jews, others may be composed largely of Jews, but in practically all instances the determining factors will not be race or religion, but a community of interest, taste, education, and culture, and those indefinable qualities which attract men to one another. My objection to our system is that these qualities are not allowed free play, but that purely artificial distinctions have been built up. In many clubs which refuse membership to Jews, probably few members have individually any objection to Jews, many of them probably have Jewish friends, but as a club—Heaven forbid that Jews be ever admitted! It would make the club less exclusive in comparison with other clubs, and therefore less desirable. The fact is always emphasized that so many Jews have qualities which are undesirable and disagreeable, that even if there be a Jew who is personally agreeable, he cannot be admitted because he would immediately bring others. This has always seemed to me a lame argument. Clubs discriminate between Gentile and Gentile. No membership committee feels bound to admit all Presbyterians because some members of the club attend the services of the Presbyterian Church, nor to admit all people with dark hair and short noses because a majority of the members in the club have dark hair and short noses. A Jew should not be admitted to a club because he is a Jew any more than he should be excluded because he is a Jew.

Undoubtedly, it will be felt that I am making a mountain out of a molehill and that in the everyday life of our people, Jews and others, all this plays no rôle. It may be felt that what I say concerns only a small class of the wealthy who have not been accorded the social recognition which they believe to be their due. But this is not the whole story. I have dwelt at length upon clubs, because the facts there are less easily denied; there they have become generally recognized. For as I stated at the outset, the trouble with so much of it all is that it is hidden and not admitted, and so cannot be fought in the open. The Jewish controversy at Harvard is well known. It was at least open and above board, though it made the lot of Harvard men of Jewish extraction more difficult. However, at Harvard the question was settled in such fashion that the Jew is not discriminated against officially, at any rate. At many other universities, however, the same problem has appeared, and open discussion has been carefully avoided for fear of giving offense to

possible donors with Jewish antecedents. It is well known, however, that Jewish boys and girls have much difficulty in gaining admission to these institutions, and conditions similar to those in Rumania, Poland, and various Balkan states have developed.

Least of all is it realized that discrimination of this kind is gaining marked headway in business life. It is natural that the men whose social life is spent together should also desire to be associated together in business. They know each other from all angles; they are congenial, for otherwise they would not be together outside of business; and when favorable business opportunities arise their thoughts quite naturally turn to each other. This sort of consideration cannot affect a business owned by an individual or a very small group. It will arise in concerns where the social side is well developed, as in banks, where officers are apt to belong to clubs of one kind or another, though this development is by no means confined to banks. Of course, no bank or other business would admit that it discriminates against Jews and Catholics, leastwise not if its customers are large in number and belong to all classes of society. Nevertheless, it is well known to the initiated that several of the larger New York banks will employ no Jews and at least one of the very largest also has the bars raised to keep out Catholics. In some of the other cities, some of the larger banks have one or two Jewish officers and perhaps here and there a Jewish member of the board of directors. In some instances this is with deliberate intent to attract Jewish customers. But even so, it is becoming rarer and rarer to employ Jews in banks other than those where the controlling interest is Jewish.

I have mentioned the situation of Jewish students, but not only are Jewish students excluded from our universities primarily because they are Jews, but Jews are finding it more and more impossible to obtain teaching positions in universities, and Jewish students of medicine are experiencing difficulty in obtaining desirable internships in our hospitals, though as yet we have not reached the condition of Rumania, where Jewish students can dissect only if Jewish cadavers are available.

III

Anyone concerned about the future of the country may well pause a moment. There are at least eleven million people of Negro descent in the country, who form an indissoluble mass in the population. There are approximately four million Jews, who, as indicated, are being driven to form another separate entity. Moreover, the tendency is to segregate also the Catholic elements from the rest of the population. The effect produced by the attitude of the majority upon the minorities mentioned is to harden and make more permanent the cleavages and divisions in the population, the very reverse of the aim of the Americanization movement. Curiously enough, the very people who are desirous of making good Americans out of the foreign-born are in many instances those who, by their attitude, are frustrating the success of this movement.

Personally, my associations have been largely non-Jewish. Nevertheless, I feel, in my own case, much more than I used to, a desire to emphasize my Jewish nationality, and I feel that I am becoming more sensitive to slights, real or imagined. My children will probably, under the circumstances, feel all this more keenly than I do and are likely to associate much more exclusively than I do with people of Jewish origin. The result will be to

accentuate any Jewish traits which they may have inherited and by that very fact to set them off more sharply from others. A similar result will follow in the case of those other elements in the population to which I have referred. We have already in our large cities definite sections of the town reserved for the Negro population. Very likely, in time, we shall have other parts of our large cities definitely reserved for the Jews. Not that the lot of the Jews is at all comparable to that of the Negro. So far, at least, their intelligence and economic standing have preserved them from actual persecution. In some respects, their lot is worse than that of the Negroes because, being fewer in number, they are unable to find a sufficient number of congenial spirits among their own people with whom to associate. At least, this is true outside of New York. The Negroes belong mostly to the laboring class, with little of the social aspirations of the educated and cultured, while a large number of Jews, as regards breeding and education, belong to the highest social strata. What the lot of a really educated Negro in this country is, I hardly dare contemplate. If I had a son, I have often thought that I should advise him to leave this country and go elsewhere, say to some southern country where, while he might suffer political disability, he would probably not suffer any social disability, and as I have sought to indicate, the latter is really at times more galling than the former.

I stated at the outset that I do not think the raising of the religious question at the recent Democratic Convention has been an unmixed evil. It may wreck the fortunes of the Democratic Party, but on the other hand, it may be the best service that could be rendered to the country as a whole. It is very important that we begin to realize whither we are drifting.

Many of my friends read with interest the work of Ludwig Lewisohn, *Up Stream*. The only criticism — and it was a constant one — was to the effect that it was to be regretted that his work had such an undercurrent of bitterness. I can only smile at such a remark. What other feeling is a man to have than that of bitterness when he feels conscious that in descent, education, manners, and ideals he is the equal of those about him and that, nevertheless, he and the members of his family are excluded not only from clubs, but even from hotels, and from many of the ordinary pursuits open to those among whom he lives.

As I sit here writing this article, I am not even certain that any magazine will publish it, or at least a magazine which reaches the people for whom such an article might prove of value. For we are so afraid of criticism, we are so fearful of bringing to light the ugly sores which infest the body politic, but which unless recognized can never be healed, that we refuse to listen to criticism, however well meant, and decline to read anything which will enlighten us. Persecution begets persecution and tolerance begets tolerance. What will the future bring? I wonder.

THE CLOCK

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

It is the traveling kind. I take it with me on my journeys, snugly packed in its red leather case. At other times, bereft of that armor against the uncertainties of Persian travel, it stands on the mantelpiece in my study. A sturdy clock of gilded metal it is then, and a part of the permanent furniture of the room.

I like the cool liquid note with which it strikes the hours — not so loud as to disturb me at my work, yet loud enough to remind me, gently, of the inevitable lapse of time.

On the day that Agha Seyyid Fazel sent his servant to inquire whether it would be convenient to me if he were to arrive at my service at an hour before noon, I answered, 'Let him command,' and prepared to receive my visitor.

Then it was that Habib reminded me that the wives and mothers of my hospital assistants had asked the Khanum to appoint a time, and that she had appointed the same hour of eleven. The drawing-room, therefore, would scintillate with unveiled ladies. Would My Honor, said Habib, receive Agha Seyyid Fazel in the study?

My Honor would. Quickly, out of that wilderness of books and papers order was evolved. A table was prepared on which five plates were set, containing five kinds of sweetmeats; and charcoal was put into the samovar, so that the tea of custom might be ready.

At the appointed hour, the servant of Agha Seyyid Fazel knocked at the outer gate and announced, with hand upraised and in a hushed voice: 'They are coming.'

A few minutes later, through the drawn curtain of my study, I viewed the entry of that great man. He bestrode, as became the dignity of an ecclesiastic, a white ass, which appeared to carry his bulk with pride along the garden path. He was enveloped in an ample brown *abba*, or gown. He sat the animal huddled up, with back bent and head sunk on his chest, so that he looked for all the world like a huge brown sack set perilously on the small white donkey.

The demeanor of the Persians in the matter of calls is far above ours. Perhaps they consider unnecessary any conversation which is not edifying — as indeed it is; or perhaps they think that silence is a thing too precious to be frittered away in small talk; or it may be that, having really nothing to say, they think it wisdom to say nothing.

However this may be, we sat there, when the ordained inquiries as to our healths were over, in cordial silence. Habib brought tea, which we consumed with noises, but almost without words. From time to time my guest would hazard a short question, but of the kind which affords no opening for anything beyond an answer: as, 'How much did you pay for that clock on the mantel behind you?'

Suddenly, the even tenor of our entertainment was cruelly convulsed. Sparks rushed into the room, barking. There hung from his collar a broken end of string.

To a Persian, all dogs are unclean; but for little dogs that bark and snap he has a peculiar detestation. And it would seem that little dogs are aware of it, for they look upon all Persians as their enemies and rightful victims. It is for this that Habib has strict instructions to keep Sparks tied up when I have Persian callers. But the string had not been equal to the strain.

Agha Seyyid Fazel, terror-struck, gathered his abba around him, and drew his fat legs as far toward his chin as his ponderosity allowed. I lunged forward, and caught Sparks just in time to prevent the defilement of that holy man. I then dragged the dog by the collar from the room.

After giving him his deserts, I returned to the study, to find my guest sitting very straight in his chair, with his mantle arranged primly around him. I apologized for the intrusion of my dog. Agha Seyyid Fazel nodded his head sagely several times, and murmured something in his beard.

After that I attempted bravely a conversation, but without success. Agha Seyyid Fazel answered in monosyllables, or by a wagging of his vast turbaned head. I began to wonder how long it would be before Habib brought coffee, the signal for departure. In despair, I glanced furtively over my shoulder toward the clock, on the mantelpiece.

The clock was not there.

In Persia, one learns to control one's emotions. I could have sworn the clock was there when I went out, but even if it was, what then? I looked askance at Agha Seyyid Fazel, fearing that he might have detected my momentary excitement. But my guest was sitting with eyes half closed and head sunk forward on his chest, solemn and immovable.

Suddenly, from beneath the ample folds of Agha Seyyid Fazel's mantle, I heard a little grinding sound, as of revolving wheels, followed by a muffled stroke; then another, and another, and another —

The clock struck twelve.

How can I describe the agony of those twelve muffled strokes? If it had struck three times or four — but twelve. Shade of Imam Reza!

There was a momentary quiver of Agha Fazel's enormous bulk. His impassive face became ashen, but he did not move a muscle. He continued to sit, immobile, with head bent forward and eyes half closed, as if he were pondering eternal problems.

The situation was saved by Habib. He brought coffee. We took our little cups with friendly ease. After he had drained his cup, Agha Seyyid Fazel waited for the required time, and then begged me to command his departure.

A week later Agha Seyyid Fazel sent his servant to inform me that his daughter was unwell, and would My Honor come to see her and ordain a medicine. It is my custom with Persians to collect my fees in advance, this being the only way to get anything out of them. But I reasoned that in the case of Agha Seyyid Fazel, whose honesty is renowned, I could safely make an exception.

I went. The girl was suffering from a minor indisposition, caused, no doubt, by overindulgence in cucumbers.

I prescribed something and left.

A few days later, the servant again appeared, bearing on a tray something concealed beneath an embroidered cloth. He explained that it was a small present from his master, in recognition of My Honor's skill and kindness in restoring his beloved daughter to health. A Persian of position will rarely pay a doctor's fee in cash — he will send a present of becoming value.

I removed the cloth.

It was my clock.

THE DOUGHBOY OF 1780

PAGES FROM A REVOLUTIONARY DIARY

EDITED BY JAMES R. NICHOLS

1780. *Saturday* 12 *August.* Sent a letter to my mother by Mr. Wescott. Am to pay him 10 dollars.

19*th.* This morning exercise Baron Steuben Commanded, somewhat fatiguing, but through Divine goodness was enabled to go through it acceptably. Capt. Sewall on guard.

ORANGETOWN. 26. *Saturday* — Upwards of three hundred waggons which went off two days ago covered by a detachment of the Army arrived this morning loaded with sheaves of wheat and upwards of three hundred head of cattle which were taken on the Jersey shore [? ?] below York. Successful enterprise very beneficial to the Army. The Lord's name is to be praised from the rising to the setting sun.

Thursday 31. Pretty warm this evening. Heavy shower of rain, very sharp lightning & thunder. One clap broke on the light Infantry, one man struck speechless. Come and see the works of God. He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

Monday 4*th Sept.* Decamped from Tenick & march'd about 8 miles & encamped near [?] Steenrapie in comfortable circumstances. Has been a very pleasant march. blessed be God for it.

STEENRAPIE. *Lords Day, Sept.* 10. This morning, Capt. Sewall left camp to go on business to Newburg. Previous to his departure he called me to him & informed me of his going & that he expected to be gone two days at least, during which time or in his absence I must take the care of the company with respect to its internal police, that I must grant passes only to four men a day, two in forenoon and two in afternoon & not to give pass to the latter till the former are returned. — I requested the Capt. to inquire of Mr. Brooks, Commr. Gen'l. of Clothing, respecting a paper cont'g a list of the articles of clothing which I lost by fire at West Point & which he took of me at Said point for to estimate their value as sold at Continental store in '74, which he said he would endeavor to get. Mr. Francis B. Q. M. accompanied him.

Attended divine service, Mr. Smith officiated. He spake with great clearness and energy from John IV. 8 v. of how little likeness or rather how great and almost universal is the unlikeness to the ever Blessed & true God in this fallen world. —

Oh! that God of his infinite, free, rich, mercy & grace would be pleased to pour out of his spirit and turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.

ORANGETOWN. *Fryday* 22. Fine weather. Early this morning, heavy cannonade above Dobbs Ferry [*** ***] by our troops & the enemies ships when the latter was beat off with damage.

Monday 25. Pleasant weather. The left wing of the Army were reviewed by

Gen'l. Greene and a number of other principal officers.

Tuesday 26. Last night, about two o'clock orders came to be in the most perfect readiness to march at the shortest notice. Advice having been rec'd. from His Excellency of Gen'l. Arnold's *treason* in being about to deliver up West Point into the hands of the Enemy. Of Arnold's escape to the Enemy & of Mr. Andrie, Adjut. Gen'l. of the British Army being our prisoner. This day the Pennsylvania divisions march'd agreeable to orders.

Wednesday 27. Last night Capt. Sewall invited me to go the grand rounds with [him]. I cheerfully accepted & went between 11 & 1 o'clock. This day Sergt's. Frost & Poland & myself obtained permission to pass the guards and went first to Dobbs Ferry. Near it is a block house building, which we was at while at the Ferry. A British sea officer arrived there with a flag, in a barge & was permitted to land & deliv'd a letter to the commanding officer of the detachment at that post, then went to a house near the Ferry with several American officers. We then return'd. towards camp, leaving it on our right, went on about three miles & we conversed with several inhabitants & returned to camp by the way I pass'd it. Some rain. Blessed be God for his preserving goodness.

Thursday 28th. This day the British Adjt. Genl. & [Hett?] Smith a Tory were brought to the Army & kept under guard in a house & think they were Arnold's accomplices.

Fryday 29 — Nothing remarkable.

Saturday 30. Learnt the circumstances respecting the captivating the British Adjt. Gen'l. — It happened about 2 or 3 miles below Terrytown by 3 of our militiamen who were a patroling — they had halted to divert themselves by a game at cards when a man rides up [to them] and speaks addresses them with words to this effect (if not the identical) 'what do you do here lads?' 'Waiting for two or three of the Dam'd rebels whom we expect this way.' 'I am glad to find myself among my friends again. I have been out on weighty business and am now returning to York & wish you to guard me a few miles,' to which they readily assented, immediately arose from their game with their guns, step'd round him & ordered him to dismount or he was instantly a dead man. He used entreaties to dissuade them from it and to let him go but they told him they availed him nothing. He dismounted — they searched him, took his watch, money &c. but found no writings. They made him sit down and searched further, pulled off one boot and then the other — when under his stocking foot they found papers by which Gen'l. Arnold's Hellish Plot was discovered. They then brought him on to His Excellency, General Washington who was then in Connecticut.

N. B. I had like to have forgot an essential article in the affair. *Viz.* The above mentioned prisoner (who proved to be the British Adjt. Gen'l.) offered our men a large sum of money to let him go but they treated his proposal with disdain & queried with him how much he would give them. He made large offers but they were all lighter than a feather against their honorable Patriotism and finally resolutely assured him he was not to go to York again but was their prisoner & should safely guard him to Washington.

The three heroes who took Mr. Andrie yesterday came to the Army and were conversed with by many.

Lord's Day. Oct. 1st. Pleasant weather, attended divine service, text, Psalms 52 v. 7. on the occasion of treason.

Gen'l. Orders that Maj. Andrie the British Adjt. Gen'l., was tried by a

board of Gen'l. officers & condemned to suffer death, the sentence to be put in execution the usual way. The gallows was erected, grave dug & numerous spectators had assembled expecting to see the execution. A flagg arrived — execution put off.

Monday 2d. This day, the business of Mr. Andrie's execution was resumed and completed. He was hung at 12 o'clock, with great apparent fortitude to the last. Capt. Sewall on guard.

Wednesday 4th. Stormy, This evening, . . . a soldier in our camp was punished agreeable to a sentence of a Court Martial for loosing Continental horses, a disobedience of orders while in the B. waggon service. He received 38 [lashes?] and then joined the company.

TOTOWAY, *October 26 Thursday.* This day, a general review by His Excellency Gen'l. Washington & French Ambassador and a number of other gen'l. officers. The Ambassador had been [elected] from Congress and was on his return.

Oct'r. 27, Fryday. I sold Serj't. Huggins one dozen cartridges which number he lost.

Lord's Day. November 26. This day, the Army rec'd marching orders.

Monday 27. This day, agreeable to yesterday's orders, we marched at 10 o'clock & encamped 2 miles E. of Peramust church in woods. Pleasant weather.

Tuesday 28. March'd. from Peramust and encamped near Karhaat church.

Wednesday 29. Marched from Karhaat and encamped near Kings Ferry.

Thursday 30. Decamp'd from Kingsferry & incamped in the woods near West Point.

Fryday, December 1. Arrived at West Point, where I met several of my old friends who rec'd & treated me kindly. Tarried on the Point a few hours, then were marched to the woods about 2 miles west of the point and there three days.

Monday 4. Marched from thence & the baggage having arrived at the Point, pitched tent. on a hill 2 miles N. W. from West Point.

Tuesday [5] This day built chimnies to our tents. Gen'l. Glover's & Lieut. Learneds Brigade in barracks at the Point. Paterson's in hutts which the Yorkers yesterday left, being ordered to Albany for several days. Part of the levies have been discharged.

Through the whole campaign, I have enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health, notwithstanding the many inconveniences we have necessarily been subjected to — for which I desire to bless and praise God's holy name whose mercy is great above the Heavens & beg him to give me new resolution to devout my spared life to his service & I do pray God to grant me wisdom and strength to conduct in such a manner as shall be well pleasing in his sight & that he would keep & preserve me in every time of danger & difficulties, that I may glorify him in body & spirit, while in this life & if it shall be His holy will, see these United States free & independent & my friends & relations in peace & safety to rejoice with them, & above all, be brought to the full enjoyment of God in his Heavenly Kingdom, for Christ's sake.

N. B. The seven nights which we lay in the wood without covering, only part of one was wet — a very pleasant march.

WEST POINT. *Saturday 16.* Capt. Sewall let me have a pair of boots.

Tuesday 19. Bought the aforesaid boots of Capt. Sewall for which, I am to pay him One hundred & twenty dollars, old emission. Agreed with Plaisted to give him my linen breeches for his blanket.

Tuesday Jan. 2d, 1781. Yesterday the

new arrangement of the Army, pursuant to the resolves of Congress of the 3 & 21 Oct'r. took place. A gill of rum ordered to each of the soldiers who remained in service on the occasion — this with the new year, new clothes as to send in a day or two, should be lasting influences to the aspiring to become new creatures.

Fryday 5. Lieut. Huggins & Arnold arrived from threshing. The comp'y was served with clothes but no coats.

We are now, through Divine Goodness, arrived at the place, where, I trust, we are to remain during the winter, here are hutts which will tolerably accommodate us & in which I hope we may make improvements in all those things which tend to the glory of God and our countrie's good surrounded with mountains — may we have the sensible preference of the God of Glory at all times with us — be influenced, directed & supported by wisdom. This day, Lieut. Huggins & Arnold were disch'g'd and set off for home.

Saturday 13. Fuller & John went on redoubt guard. Get brimstone of the surgeon to anoynt for the itch.

Lord's Day 14. Last night anointed for to cure the itch. This day I read a small book which I borrowed of Mr. Senote containing two sermons 1st. if the righteous surely are saved &c. 2. There is a way that seemeth right unto a man but the end of that way is death — Willard & Wakefield return'd from extra service, some snow.

Monday 15. Last night reanointed, to-day pleasant — copied back orders — Willard & Wakefield's levies discharged and set off for home.

Thursday 18. Last evening had a surtout and a waistcoat cut out of a blanket.

Tuesday 23. Yesterday Col. Sprout informed me he was ordered on command — that the Jersic troops had revolted & His Excellency was determined to reduce them to obedience. Last evening, sent by the Col. with a letter to the Bd. Major at the hills about clothing, there being 40 coats to a reg't. arrived at Red House — snowstorm, it fell till day and was very severe.

Monday 29. Pleasant weather and a load of wood.

Wednesday 31. Col. Sprout returned from command, having reduced the Jersic troops to their duty, two of whom were shot.

Wednesday. February 14. Committee from Boston arrived with hard money for the troops. Money left on the Island because the ice is weak — O! God keep our hearts in thy love.

Lord's Day 18. Committee from state began to pay the troops their hard money nine dollars per man, light companies first who are ordered on detachment duty. M. Ge'l. Howe set off for Boston. Colo. Sprout asked me if I did not want a furlough, answered I should be happy in an opportunity of visiting my friends for a short time previous to the opening of a new campaign. Said he would give me a recommendation for a furlough.

Tuesday March 13. Sarjt. Penny was at our hut, said he was going home in 10 days & that, if after he had been home, he cold get 400 hard dollars would engage for three years & come out again. News. A number of the enemy vessels were coming up the river, were as far as Sing Sing — Bragdon, a soldier of Capt. Williams' comp'y. began to fit our compy's hut to accommodate him and his wife, having no place to live in as the number of our comp'y. are small they quarter with Capt. Williams comp'y. in their hut & when recruits arrive & it becomes necessary for our comp'y. to occupy the hut — Bragdon &c is to remove from the hut.

Thursday 22. Delivered ½ lb. tea for

Capt. Lord to his waiter. The commander in chief returned from Philadelphia.

Wednesday 28. 29 years of age. [Edmund Gale born March 28, 1752.]

Thursday 29. Pleasant.

Saturday 31. Agreeable to Gen'l Orders, the troops of 2 Brigade marched to be inoculated for smallpox. 24 from 2 Regt. Lieut. Myrick & 16 privates — his waiter Maxwell is with him. Maj. Maxwell returned to the Regt. from command at the lines.

Wednesday April 11. . . . agreeable to the Regulations, Lt. Myrick told me he has seen Sewall who was not willing I should leave the company to serve with Commisary Frost, nor the Major. Perceiving it would be disagreeable to the officers of the Reg't. in general tho't. it best to conclude not to leave the company. Supposing I might, accordingly, I went over to Mr. Frost's and told him my conclusion. Said he should have been glad to have had me & that he had not sought for anybody else. I was obliged to him & I returned to camp. The chain laid across the river. Training weekly return for the morrow. Dewey promoted to be a serg't.

Monday May 14. Reg't paid their wages for the first month in 1781.

Tuesday 15. N. Alvord & Clary went off on command completed to 40 rounds of cartridges from Irason's box. Sergt. Lincoln gone. Rec'd. one recruit into our company, John Choran from Boston, carpenter. Drew pair of shoes, Wadsworth, old Salem friend, one of the recruits who joined Capt. Drew's comp'y, by whom I was informed my friends & relations were well to my great satisfaction, it being a long while since I heard from them. News from the Lines. The enemy surprised and butchered a small guard of ours at Pine Bridge, murdered Col. Green & a major & several militia.

Lord's Day 27. Richardson absent from roll call by reason as appeared he was very drunk. In evening Adjt. Ballard ordered me to put him into the guard house as soon as he was able to walk, which he was not at tattoo beating.

Monday 28. This morning, Richardson upon his legs and according to orders put to the guard house & made report to the Adjt. who said it was very well. Fine Day.

Tuesday 29. Last evening Richardson brought to the post, when the sentence of the court martial was read it was 30 lashes but beg'd the Commandants forgiveness & was forgiven by Majr. Gibbs. This day brig'd. marched at 8 o'clock. A. M. & arrived & encamped near the German huts at eleven. An agreeable encampment, Watkins on command at lines.

Monday May 4. Serjt. Dewey confined of overstaying his pass 18 days.

Thursday 7. Last night and this day rainy & very seasonable. Blessed be God.

Tuesday 12. Lt. Myrick to Penna. Sold my green coat Noadiah Alvord for a pair silver knee buckles & ten new emission dollars to be paid as soon as possible.

Thursday 14. Crary returned from command, lost 4 cartridges.

[Scrawls, and so forth. Evidently an attempt to make out a wash list.]

Wednesday 20. Maj. Gibbs made a feast to his excellency Gen'l. Washington, Genl's. Howe, Paterson & numerous field & commissioned officers.

THE WORST BIRTHDAY IN A MAN'S LIFE

BY EDWARD W. BOK

In conversation one day with Colonel Roosevelt I happened to mention that I was approaching my fiftieth birthday.

'The worst birthday of your life,' was his instant comment.

'Why?' I asked.

'Because you can't help translating it into the fact that it is half a century and because it is n't likely that you will live as long as you have lived. In other words, the realization is brought home that you have lived the larger part of your life.'

'But you have no fear of the end of life?' I asked.

'Not a bit,' came the quick answer. 'Not an iota. I 've had a wonderful time. But so much to do. The world is so interesting.'

When I did reach my fiftieth year it was true: I had exactly the feeling which Colonel Roosevelt had pictured, and so, I fancy, has nearly every man.

I

It is really funny to watch the average man when the calendar one day tells him the time has come to change the first figure of his age from four to five. There is something psychological about the half-century mark that he does n't like. Whether it is the realization, as Colonel Roosevelt said, that the span he has lived is longer than the span he will live, or that his vanity is touched by the fact that he can no longer be rated in the young-man class, a man simply does not like his fiftieth birthday. Inevitably he begins to take stock of himself; he convinces himself, so far as a touch of lumbago, or a slight murmur of the heart, or a letting-out of his belt will permit him, that he feels just as fit as he did at thirty. Then he goes out and proclaims it to all his friends. 'Keener than I ever was!' 'Wonderful how I can sleep.' 'Eat? Eat more than I ever did,' and all the familiar mental caperings that come with fifty.

And the friend to whom he proclaims all this wonders why Ned is stressing these things since never before has he felt compelled to give an inventory of his health to everyone he met. Probably the friend begins to suspect that Ned has reached and passed the fiftieth milestone. He may listen politely to Ned's protestations, but he smiles and chuckles as he walks away.

Meanwhile, Ned is busy with another little problem that comes with fifty. He sees the young man of thirty with whom he compares himself coming along, and worse still he sees — almost feels — the young man of forty at his heels. He does not like the pace of either of them: particularly the forty-year-old who seems to be crowding him a bit. He looks ahead and sees the sixty-year-old man secure in the contentment of his age of wisdom, and he does n't like that picture either. He gets the feeling of being between two walls. He feels sure he is at the very top of his stride, and yet — ! He is not so sure of it as he wishes he might be.

He must exercise, he decides. Golf, and when the weather does not permit

golf, then — 'twelve daily lessons to music.' He has heard, too, that it is very good for the girth to be able to bend over and touch the tips of your feet with the tips of your fingers. Then his dress. His shirts may be just a little gayer of design, perhaps; he has noticed that there are some specially beautiful shades of red in cravats this season. The cut of his clothes could be a bit snappier. Of course, he must see 'old Doc' about that little twinge; that foolish little stiffness which seems to come and go; there 's a hump that should n't be there.

'They 're nothing of course; a man can't be one hundred per cent,' he argues. Still one might see what 'Doc' has to say. The teeth, too, might stand a bit of looking over, and, when he comes to think of it, he has n't had his glasses corrected for three or four years.

II

To himself — of course, only to himself — the half-century man reads what I have written here and thinks, 'That chap knows.' You see I have been there. I do know and, let me add, I know the foolishness of it all. What we need at fifty is a little more common sense — a realization of the facts; then no excuses or self-deception, but an honest admission and a readjustment. Why this pretense of being a thirty-year-old when we cannot meet the specifications? Why offer this excuse, and create that alibi or try to fool ourselves with futile explanations, when, in reality, we fool no one — not even ourselves. Why be ashamed of being fifty? What is there to be afraid of? The span of life is lengthening, and it is very largely within our own hands to determine how long we shall live and enjoy life!

It gets us nowhere, however, to proclaim ourselves to our friends as what we are not. We did not do this before fifty; why call attention to the fact now by assuring everybody that we are as keen as a razor and as bright as a new penny? Our friends know a fifty-year-old penny when they see one, although they may be too considerate to say so. All we have to do is to take reasonable care of our health, confessing first to ourselves, and convincing ourselves of it, that we cannot endure at fifty what we did at forty; nor can we eat the same things; nor as much. Of course, a man will immediately say, 'How can you prevent yourself from catching the diseases that are all around you?' We can — in a measure; but the chief truth to get lodged in our minds is that the diseases which really lay us low are not those which we catch from others, but which we present to ourselves. We cannot 'catch' a valve in the heart or the fatty degeneration of that organ. Nor is it anyone's fault if we strain our heart to the point where it puts us out of the running. Our arteries are not hardened by others; we accomplish that process ourselves. No one gives us Bright's Disease, or diabetes, or a case of strained nerves; we present these to ourselves, and we do it by excesses — not of the other fellow's making, but of our own. The contagious diseases to which we are exposed by others' carelessness are bad enough; but why make the battle harder by personal and self-imposed contributions? If it be true that a man can give the organic diseases *to* himself, is it not then also true that he can keep them *from* himself?

III

It is a very satisfying statement for some to say that a man can, at fifty, play thirty-six holes of golf a day and feel just as fresh as he did at thirty. Some men can, but they are excep-

tional, and the chances are rather against your being the exceptional man. Besides, golf is determined not so much by the number of holes played a day as by the manner in which you play them. 'I can walk ten miles a day and not feel it,' is a proud boast. But, unless one is a letter-carrier, why walk ten miles a day? The body does not require that amount of walking a day to keep in trim. Let common sense rule. It can easily be demonstrated that two miles a day are infinitely better at fifty, just as satisfying and certainly wiser, and that eighteen holes of golf are just as efficacious as thirty-six, if not more so. The extremes are never wise because unnecessary.

It is astonishing, too, how susceptible the average man becomes at fifty to the faddists and the charlatans who have as many notions of how to keep well as there are days in the calendar. The general start is with 'only five minutes of this exercise every morning just after you wake up.' If the exercise is one that has to be taken while you are in bed, before rising, then someone comes along and gives another 'five-minute exercise' for the bathroom. The third acknowledges that while these may be good, they are not sufficient for an all-around exercise, and he prescribes a full dozen, some with music, and others without. Of course, the musical exercises always depend upon whether the bathroom can accommodate a Victrola, in addition to the bathtub and other accessories. If the size of your bathroom does not permit such demonstrations, the booklet of instruction advises doing the exercises in your bedroom; which raises the point whether others may not wish to sleep at just the time when the music is inspiring you to kick in various directions or to fan the air wildly with your arms.

The advertisements, of course, do not present these obstacles, but experience does, and that perhaps is why so many exercises with music are put away in closets to exercise the patience of the housewife who must find room for them 'when no one uses them.' I confess I had at one time some six or seven of these early-morning diversions prescribed by doctors, dentists, aurists, and oculists, until I found myself taking from an hour to an hour and a half to dress, with each diversion deemed more 'important' than any other by the prescriber! I never tried the twelve daily lessons set to music because, while I may be peculiar, I prefer my music without exercise at the same time. But I did try to raise myself up from the floor by lifting the abdominal muscles only; to touch the toes with the legs erect; to stand on my head and wave my feet rhythmically in the air; to shape the inside of my hands like a cup over my ears twenty times and pull the hands away quickly; to take twenty-five deep breaths standing before an open window; and to stretch my abdomen thirty times. In addition to this, I learned to eat two raw eggs before breakfast; to drink eight glasses of water while dressing, and to run floss through the crevices between my teeth. As a result of these exercises I found a day's work, if I were nimble, beginning at eleven o'clock in the morning! And I was pretty tired when I began!

IV

Where the half-century man most often errs is in the comfortable belief that he can eat everything he could at thirty and digest it just as well. 'I can eat nails,' he says; and he does everything short of trying to prove that he can. Phrases and so-called truisms are perhaps the most misleading things we have: we forget in the acceptance of a truism that it was, after all, but the

utterance or opinion of one man who was just as likely to be wrong as to be right. There is, however, one truism that has a basis of hard truth, and this is that we 'dig our graves with our teeth.' Very few men, however, like to have their diet disturbed. This is particularly true of the man who has always eaten what he chose. He is a slave to his palate, and so the road which leads to a sour stomach, to flatulence, unpleasant breath, palpitation, and dizziness beckons easily to him, and soon he begins to travel on it, wondering all the while what is the matter with him. That it is his diet is the very last point he will concede. A physician of forty years' experience with stomach troubles said to me recently: 'There are two things a man does n't like to be told: to eat less and to smoke less. The moment I tell him those two I generally find I have lost another patient. And yet,' he added, 'that is just what the average man should be told when he passes fifty.' Another stomach specialist said: 'If only the average man would give food to his stomach with the same care with which he gives gasoline to his automobile, we stomach specialists would have to seek some other profession.'

The average man seems unable to attain the reasonable mean between eating too much and what he calls a starvation diet. Suggest taking anything away from him, and he immediately sets up the cry either that you are 'springing new-fangled notions' on him, that the doctor is 'a nut,' or that his wife is starving him. He will recognize no middle-ground. He will assure you that he needs all that he eats: he can't keep going unless he does eat just so much. He must have a hearty breakfast (meat, generally!) to start the day; his luncheon must have something to it after an 'exhausting' morning; and of course, in the evening, he 'simply must have a complete dinner'! Then he goes to 'fix the car for to-morrow' or to 'fix the furnace for the night,' absolutely oblivious of the fact that, if either of those inanimate objects had been fed as he has fed himself all day, the car would n't run and the furnace would be clogged with fuel. Make this comparison clear and he waves it aside with the all-sufficient (to him) argument that you cannot compare an automobile or a furnace to a human being. But make the comparison to fit his ideas of eating, and he will at once agree with you. 'Sure!' he will say. 'That 's what I always say. A man must be stoked just like a furnace — fill it up.' And the gases which fill his house during the night from the overstoked furnace tell him nothing of the gases in the stomach which make him belch or hiccup or feel a 'stitch in his side.'

Man, with few exceptions, is a glutton, and he will not have his eating interfered with. You may argue all you like with him about speedier fermentation of food after fifty, less perfect elimination, digestive processes that do not work with the same cream-like smoothness with which they did at thirty, the less need for the same amount of food. He listens, perhaps with patience, perhaps with irritation, according to his nature, and then goes on and does exactly as he did before. If he does slow up, it is for a short time only; then, feeling the healthful reaction from a more moderate diet, he falls again into the old rut of overeating. If it were true that organically a man is the same at fifty as at thirty or forty, all this would be correct. But the organs are *not* the same, and will not perform at fifty as they did with the fresher, more youthful, and freer flow of blood at thirty. A food specialist has said that a man at fifty should eat thirty per cent less food than at forty, and that for every five years thereafter

he should take off ten per cent until he reaches fifty or sixty per cent reduction. Of course, no table of percentages is applicable to each and all, but in the main it is conceded by stomach specialists that this moderation is by no means too drastic; if anything, it is too conservative. Then, of course, the quality of the food comes in, and there must be taken into consideration the question of well-balanced meals.

The point of the whole matter, however, is the realization of the need of a reduction in food when a man reaches the half-century point in his age: the amount of that reduction must be decided by the individual. Drinking (water) he can increase, and wisely; but to eating he cannot hold as in the past, and the sooner he gets the truth of that idea securely fixed in his mind the better. It is truly amazing, when one tries the experiment, to discover how little food is needed not only to keep a man feeling fit, but also to enable him to do a prodigious amount of work. Gradually I have cut down my eating until sometimes I seem to my family to belong to the family of orchids. But invariably with such reductions my health has been bettered, my mentality has become much more alert, and there is no diminution in the quality or quantity of work accomplished. 'Enough is as good as a feast.'

V

The physiologists tell us that the life of a man is divided into cycles of seven: that during each of these cycles his organism undergoes change, and that the time between the seventh and eighth cycles — that is, between the forty-ninth and fifty-sixth years — is a period that should receive the particular attention of every man. Of course, this is but another way of saying that at this time of a man's life there should come a readjustment of his habits of eating, a moderation in his exercise, in the speed of his activities, and in his general watchfulness of himself, if he would reach his sixtieth year with any degree of vitality and with the blood flowing freely in his arteries.

The particularly watchful point of observation is the appetite, which has a way of taking on an avariciousness during this cycle out of all proportion to the needs of the body. It is, then, either by gratifying or curbing his appetite that the man determines his future health and longevity. If simply because he has a craving for food he satisfies the appetite, he will find the entire organism weakening under the pressure, and trouble begins. If, on the other hand, he curbs his appetite and trains it according to the needs of the body, a healthy vigor takes the place of a torpid condition. A man can wisely eat only what he can easily digest; and this truth means simply that his digestive organs will not take care of the same quantity of food between the seventh and eighth cycles of his life as during the sixth and seventh periods. Because the palate craves food it does not by any means follow that the digestive organs can take care of it.

After all, there are only three points to which a man at fifty should pay attention: less food, with a more generous drinking of water; a rational amount of exercise; and eight hours' sleep. These, with a contented mind which casts off worry, are very likely to lead to a ripe old age.

The wise Marcus Aurelius was right when he wrote, 'Remember this: that very little is needed to make a happy life.'

HARVEST HOME

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

Do you remember, Cynthia,
How the great corn-waggons used to lurch out of the gate
And sway down the little white road,
Brushing the hedges on either side
Till both of them were caught and strewn
With wisps and stalks of corn
With sometimes the ears on it still,
Hanging there,
Swaying over the twigs?
Do you remember, Cynthia,
How strange the sea used to look
Appearing above the waggon
As it went down the hill —
A broad blue bar,
Hard, against the paler blue of the sky?
Do you remember the great golden twenty-acre field
And the reapers,
Their cries and laughter?
And the little dusty edge of the stubble all the way round
Poppy-strewn, and strewn with nettles and dock,
Where sometimes playing and exploring in the hedges
We 'd start a couple of partridges
With whirr and scuffle
And plaintive cry?
Do you remember how we used to ride the horses
Going down the swathes between the stooks,
And how the long golden lads
Who seemed to us giants then, —
Leonard, Mike, and the rest, —
With their lithe arms and sunburned faces,
Would pitch the golden stuff high over our heads,
And gather the straggling bits that still remained
With long sweeping curves
Of their two-pronged forks

And then cry 'Hold-jee'
For the great old horse to move on
To the next lot of sheaves?
Do you remember the rise of the shafts
Beneath our sand-shoes,
And the feel of the buckles and straps of the harness
Digging into our bare legs
As the cart moved on?
You used to wear a little sunbonnet
From which your black curly hair overflowed
And blossomed about your warm cheeks;
And sometimes, impatient, you 'd push it back,
And shake your curls out free
In the wind and the sun.
And when we were astride the horse together
You used to put your arms round me
And laugh over my shoulder;
I could feel your breath on my cheek
And your hair, tickling.
And then I used to feel what a man I was
To do great and adventurous things
In the years to come —

Do you remember old Father John,
Thigh-deep at the top of the great stack,
With the harvest moon at the full
Swinging up out of the deepening skies
Behind him —
And still the huge waggons lumbering up below
With their burden of golden grain
To be pitched on top,
And the ceaseless rustle and whisper of corn,
And lads' voices and laughter
Through the moonlit dusk?
We used to leave them there,
And wonder how long they 'd work on into the night,
By the gleam of the moon.
We used to leave them there
And run home down the darkening lanes,
With our shadows flitting in front of us
And the whisper of bats' wings above.
Do you remember?

NOTES FROM A FRONT-PAGE LABORATORY

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

Newts and Salamanders. PAUL KAMMERER is a Viennese biologist who is now engaged in defending the doctrines of Lamarck against seemingly overwhelming odds. Nearly one hundred and twenty-five years ago Lamarck believed that one potent factor in the transformation of species was the inheritance of acquired characteristics. New traits developed by one generation under the stress of use or disuse or some other environmental force might be transmitted to succeeding generations, along with traits inherited from the very beginnings of life. So Lamarck. The doctrine became scientific heresy when August Weismann, a human generation ago, proved, or is believed to have proved, that nothing ever gets itself transmitted from father to son which the father in turn has not inherited. One might say that until recently Lamarck was disproved by himself. His doctrines failed to be transmitted to succeeding generations.

Now comes Kammerer and asserts that he has demonstrated the inheritance of acquired traits. He has changed the color of salamanders by breeding generations of them against a differently tinted background. He has adapted land lizards to a marine environment. He has taken newts in whom the eye, from disuse in the dark, had become filmed over and sunken into the skull socket, and by exposing them to the light has bred newts in whom the eye has pierced forward into prominence. Kammerer's conclusions have been received with skepticism by the scientific world as known to the Anglo-Saxon. In the first place, he has been told that his experiments must be duplicated and verified by other observers. In the second place, it is a question whether his newts and lizards, even if they have changed as Kammerer says they have, will stay put, or whether some day Kammerer will not find himself confronted with a startling reversion of his newts and salamanders to the original type. It would appear that man is not the only backslider in the world of animate nature. And thus the controversy moves merrily on.

Serajevo and Versailles. Suppose, then, that we leave this conflict between environmental change and the predetermined plasm to be fought out in the laboratory tanks and cages, while we look about for the test of Lamarckism in the world as known to the man in the street, with a newspaper. This being very soon after the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of the World War, we might look back to the summer of 1914 and later. Here it is immediately manifest that the evidence is strongly against Lamarck. The story of the last ten years shows, at first sight, that acquired characteristics decidedly are not transmitted.

Of the Great War, it is frequently and correctly said that it vindicated, in tragic form, the principle of primal heredity. The war showed that man in

1914 was still very much the heir of traits imbedded in the germ plasm of millions of years ago. The war showed that our celebrated 'human nature' has been transmitted through the ages virtually unaffected by the acquired characteristics of civilization. The war was a conflict of age-old passions, competitions, frontiers, manifest destinies, spheres of interest, and white man's burdens of all sorts. Man, in the course of the centuries, had acquired many characteristics. He had acquired peace societies, Red Cross societies, international Socialism, international scientific congresses, exchange professors, arbitration courts, international finance, humanitarianism, safeguards for women and children, and many other pleasing traits which, by continuous use, were expected to transform the human species. And then came a sudden outburst of poison gas and submarine sinkings to show how easily the acquired characteristic of many years could be sloughed off under the impact of a violent self-assertion of the primal germ.

The war produced some extraordinary examples of reversion to type. Take, for instance, the case of Poland. Between the years 1772 and 1793 Poland had ceased to be an individual entity and had become the acquired characteristic of no less than three other individuals — Russia, Prussia, and Austria. For nearly one hundred and fifty years, the czars continued to transmit Warsaw to their heirs as an acquired characteristic. Hapsburg continued to transmit Cracow to Hapsburg as an acquired characteristic. Hohenzollern continued to transmit Posen and Danzig to Hohenzollern as acquired characteristics. By 1914, it was pretty generally assumed that this acquired Polish trait had become an integral part of the Romanoff, Hapsburg, and Hohenzollern germ plasm, destined to run on in these best families forever. Five years later this great Lamarckian process was completely undone. Russia, Prussia, and Austria have lost their acquired Polish traits as decisively as Kammerer's opponents say his newts and lizards may find themselves stripped of their acquired 'foreign' traits.

And elsewhere in the world's geography the same anti-Lamarckian process has been manifesting itself. The acquired characteristics of the Ottoman Turk in Arabia, Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia have disappeared. Japan has lost her acquired characteristics in Shantung. Hungary has sloughed off all her Slav taxpayer characteristics. The Egyptian traits are fading out of the British Empire; and things are stirring in India.

Low Acquisibility. Even more notable have been the anti-Lamarckian effects of the war in the economic-biologic sphere. Here we have to do with the most celebrated of all acquired characteristics — namely, Wealth or Property. Wealth is the one characteristic which men have always set out deliberately to acquire. In this respect, property would even out-Lamarck Lamarck. The salamander does not say to himself, 'Go to, I will migrate from a bright-green to a soft-yellow environment in order to acquire a lovely lemon tinge for my posterity.' For that matter, not even man, the self-conscious one, has ever said, 'I will now proceed to develop an exceptionally spatulated thumb or supernormal power of eyesight for the benefit of my grandchildren.' If these things happen, they do just that: they happen. There is no conscious purpose behind it. But in the matter of bank stock and railway bonds and real-estate mortgages a man does consciously strive for an acquired characteristic. And what is more, he is eager to acquire that characteristic for the very purpose, mainly, of transmitting it.

And not only in the sense of being

highly transmissible has private property, hitherto, been true to Lamarck. Broader than the principle of the inheritance of acquired characteristics is the Lamarckian principle of functional use and disuse as factors in the evolution of species. If a newt uses its eye steadily and purposefully, that eye develops in scope and power. If a newt uses its eye ill, that eye atrophies. So with wealth. Suppose John Smith has acquired a million dollars in the course of his lifetime and has transmitted that valuable characteristic to his son. If John Smith 2nd makes proper use of that million-dollar characteristic, the chances are that it will manifest itself in the third John Smith in the form of a five-million-dollar trait. On the other hand, successive generations, by improper use of a transmitted million-dollar trait, or a five-million-dollar trait, or even an eighty-million-dollar trait, may lose that trait altogether and revert to the original state of the original John Smith before he began acquiring Dun and Bradstreet characteristics. This Lamarckian truth has been summed up in the familiar remark that in this country it is usually three generations from overalls to overalls.

Society has looked with extreme favor upon the Lamarckian conception of property. Society has encouraged the transmission of property from generation to generation. Indeed, there is a very respectable body of opinion which holds that property is the basis of the social order; and the right to property obviously means not only the right to accumulate and possess, but the right to transmit. There is no need here to discuss all the historic codes and laws of inheritance which until recently were designed to reënforce a biological principle with a social sanction. This sanction finds its fullest development in the laws of entail and primogeniture, by which individuals are actually deprived of the right to dictate the specific channel along which their acquired real-estate characteristics shall be transmitted. The individual was compelled to let his acquired traits flow along the channels deemed most desirable from the point of view of the social interest. England to-day is frequently considered to be what it is because of the laws that encouraged real-estate transmission to the eldest son, leaving for the younger sons the army, the church, or the colonies. In France, on the other hand, the Code Napoléon decreed that a man's landed-property characteristics should be distributed equally among all his children; and France's sturdy peasant proprietorship to-day is usually traced to this popularization of Lamarck by Bonaparte.

The Weismannian Tax-Collector. But there has been a change. Why are the people of the United States, at the moment of this writing, more deeply concerned with the problem of tax-reduction than with any other question of general interest? Why is this also true of the people of Great Britain, of Italy, and of the greater part of the civilized and tax-paying world? Because something happened a few years ago which largely destroyed the Lamarckian character of property, and tax-reduction is a desperate endeavor on the part of the world's population to get back to Lamarck. That something was the World War. Wealth emerged out of the war, with anywhere from thirty to one hundred per cent of its transmissible qualities destroyed. The normal citizen can no longer transmit property to his descendants as readily as he used to do, for the very good reason that his Government takes a very large part of his property away from him, and leaves him with that much less to transmit. For many millions of people in Europe the war left nothing at all to transmit. The struggle to get back from war-taxes to

normal taxes, to get back from Weismann to Lamarck, will be in the forefront for a great many years to come in every civilized country — or at least in every country sufficiently civilized to have participated in the World War.

Great Britain is to-day the most anti-Lamarckian nation on earth. The subjects of King George hand over more of their acquired property characteristics to the tax-collector than do any other participants in the World War. British inheritance taxes mount as high as forty per cent, meaning that this portion of a defunct British citizen's property has been rendered untransmissible. And it is not merely succession taxes. The normal taxes paid by the British citizen average one third of his annual income. This means that, for a very considerable portion of the British middle-class, wealth has virtually ceased to be hereditary. The business of making both ends meet is so difficult that there can be little question of saving for one's heirs. England to-day expects every man to do his duty by the tax-collector six times as hard as before the war; and to that extent one's duty by one's heirs must suffer.

In other countries the loss of the transmissible character of property has been somewhat less notable, but still enormous when compared with the pre-war standard of taxation. In France, perhaps twenty per cent of an individual's income is rendered unavailable for transmission to the next generation, by the activities of the tax-collector. In the United States it is ten per cent, on the average. Federal taxation to-day is probably five times as high as before the war.

What is the justification for war-taxes? In the first place, of course, necessity. But in many quarters there has been an attempt to moralize the process. It is a familiar argument. The State, in the course of the war, had exercised the right to conscript the bodies of its citizens together with their freedom of opinion, of utterance, and of movement, and various other normally inalienable characteristics. Therefore, it is argued, Government should have no hesitation about conscripting the wealth of its citizens to pay for the war. In the course of the war, millions of young men were deprived of the power to transmit to their issue, not only their acquired characteristics, but all characteristics whatsoever, by the simple fact of dying on the field of battle or in the hospitals and the prison camps. Young men were killed who might have transmitted to their unborn children a vast accumulation of energy, aptitude, genius, aspirations, dreams. It is only just, it is argued, that the survivors should deny themselves, to a considerable extent, the privilege of transmitting their property accumulations to their children. If it is to be Weismann against Lamarck, then it should be Weismann all round. So runs the argument. Its soundness may be left for the reader to pass upon.

On the Other Hand. But in society, as in the biological sciences, it is a very rare principle that enjoys smooth sailing. Hypotheses have a disconcerting way of running up smack against an obstinate set of hostile facts. So in this after-war world and on this issue of private property, where everything has seemingly been running against Lamarck, we find ourselves suddenly confronted with a very startling vindication of Lamarck. I have been pointing out how much more difficult war has rendered the inheritance of the most popular of all acquired characteristics, namely, wealth. In all fairness, it should now be pointed out that in one respect Lamarck has been very emphatically justified; that, as a result of the war, wealth has been more rapidly and more thoroughly transmitted from individual

to individual than for a century before the outbreak of the war.

The situation may be summarized as follows: The war has made it much more difficult for an individual to transmit his acquired real-estate and bank balances to his son. But the war has encouraged on an enormous scale the transmission of a man's wealth to non-descendants of his body. It is a phenomenon frequently hinted at in the two familiar epithets — the New Rich and the New Poor. Let us see.

II

To what purposes do Governments devote the taxes which they derive from their citizens and by which said citizens are rendered more or less incapable of transmitting said wealth to their descendants? The great bulk of taxes everywhere goes to paying interest on the national debts piled up during the war. But if such vast debts exist, these debts must be held somewhere. In other words, there must be somewhere a great body of wealth. And there is. It is in the hands of the New Rich or of the Richer-than-Ever. All over Europe millions of the so-called middle class, and particularly millions of the so-called brainworkers and fixed income owners, are paying interest on bonds which other people hold. In a very real sense they have transmitted and are still transmitting their wealth to the fortunate bondholders. If they have no property characteristics left to transmit to their children, it is because they have handed over or are busy handing over those property-characteristics to utter strangers.

This process is best studied in Germany. By far the greater part of the property characteristics acquired through generations by millions of humbly well-off and moderately well-off Germans — small property owners, security-holders, pensioners, insurance-beneficiaries, professional and intellectual workers — has been transmitted through the devaluation of the German mark to the Stinneses and others of their kind who have profited enormously by these same worthless marks. In Germany there is not even the poor consolation that the losses of one great class have been the gain of another comparatively large class. The German national debt has been repudiated and the so-called owners of fixed incomes have seen their incomes fixed at zero. In Germany the transmission of wealth along lines of non-kinship has been from the pockets of the very many to the pockets of the very few.

That, of course, is not altogether a new phenomenon. Revolutions, whether political, social, or religious, have a way of transmitting the property characteristics of one class to another class. Henry VIII of England transmitted a very notable accumulation of real-estate characteristics from the monasteries to the nobles; and the latter supplemented the process by transmitting to themselves the acquired land-characteristics of the English peasantry — through the ingenious system of enclosures. Tucked away in a book which one would least suspect of cynicism, in *L'Abbé Constantin*, there is one brief sentence that completely covers the case. Frenchmen, remarks M. Halévy, insist on having revolution once in every generation because that is the most expeditious way of redistributing the wealth of a nation.

White Collars. By this time it should be obvious that we cannot speak of Lamarck's doctrines as entirely valid or entirely discredited. The transmission of acquired characteristics operates in some instances and breaks down in others. Sometimes we see the same trait, as in the case of the wealth of the European middle-classes,

partly justifying Lamarck and partly repudiating him. Sometimes we see in the same individual certain traits true to Lamarck and other traits belying him. This particular phase of the conflict between Lamarck and anti-Lamarck is strongly manifested in one section of the middle classes upon which the world has bestowed a great amount of commiseration and an infinitesimal amount of concrete relief. I refer to the so-called white-collar workers.

The white-collar proletariat to-day is at the same time the victim of traits that strongly insist on getting themselves inherited and of others that are becoming increasingly difficult to pass on to one's issue. The Standard of Living is one of the acquired characteristics which normally exerts an almost irresistible urge to pass on from father to son. To be sure, in the war countries of Europe that urge has been largely overcome by a hostile environment. The white-collar masses of Europe have been driven to accept for their children a standard based on less food and clothes, poorer housing, less education, and, in pretty nearly every other way, a lowered material and spiritual life. But here at home the white-collar population has held to its living standard, though at extraordinary sacrifices. There has been a fierce insistence, in the face of the famous Cost of Living, upon maintaining the American level of cleanly and seemly habitation and dress, and of full opportunity for education — all for transmittal to one's children. In the matter of food, I imagine, there has been practised a drastic thrift in order to make possible that dignity of home and dress which does go far to make the man. The clerk and the school-teacher eat less and hang longer hours on a subway strap in order to find an airier and more self-respecting apartment house at the end of the day and the trip.

Decent living, then, will remain a transmissible characteristic in the United States; but it will persist at the sacrifice of the transmissibility of that other acquired trait — property. To be sure, that trait was never highly developed among the white-collar workers. Their income has never been of a size to stimulate large-scale accumulation and transmission; yet something there was. That something, I imagine, has now been brought down close to the vanishing point.

Of course, the white-collar man does one other thing. Faced with the growing difficulty of transmitting property to his children, the white-collar man has been remorselessly cutting down the number of his children. But that is too big a subject to enter upon here.

Chips and Blocs. Until recently, perhaps the strongest case for Lamarck in the entire range of human experience was to be found in the sphere of American politics. No acquired human trait was so regularly transmitted from father to son as the Party label. Minnesota and Vermont on the one hand, and South Carolina and Louisiana on the other, have been with us always to show how a voting habit acquired about the year 1860 can become virtually imbedded in the germ plasm. It was a phenomenon which in Great Britain had been observed and recorded half a century ago by W. S. Gilbert when he formulated the Lamarckian thesis that every little boy born in England is either a little Liberal or a little Conservative.

In England it is now plain that, for the time being, Lamarckism is bankrupt. Twenty years ago the appearance of twenty-nine Labor members in the House of Commons showed that the Liberal characteristic was ceasing to be transmitted among a considerable portion of the population. To-day a Labor ministry is in power, backed up

by something like one hundred and ninety members in the House of Commons, and by almost five million voters in the country. People believe the day is not far away when the Labor Party will have an absolute majority in the country and in Parliament. Nor is it the Liberal characteristic alone that has been failing to get itself inherited. The Conservative Party is swinging away from Lamarck. In the last General Election it was demonstrated that Prime Minister Baldwin had failed to transmit his Conservatism to his son, who was active on the Labor side. More recently a son of Lord Curzon has shed the paternal characteristic and gone Labor. And any force in nature which can work its will upon Lord Curzon is, as one might say in nonscientific circles, 'some' force.

But, as we have seen, natural law is capable of startling reversals. Will the Labor characteristic, now being rapidly acquired by the British people, be transmitted to succeeding generations of voters? Or may we at any moment expect a reversion from Ramsay MacDonald to Asquith and Winston Churchill? Opinions differ.

In this country, it is the Republican Party that is chiefly affected by the anti-Lamarckian drift. Republican insurgency has become chronic, which is another way of saying that more Republican fathers than Democratic fathers are failing to transmit their acquired characteristics, as of the year 1860, to their sons. Over the greater part of the Republican area the reaction from Lamarck has gone only as far as the development of Progressives and Farm Blocs. But at the moment of writing, the chances of a Third Party out of the loins of the Republican Party is being seriously discussed.

Whether that Third Party comes or not, it is obvious that the farmer of the Republican West is sloughing off what is unquestionably the outstanding trait among acquired Republican characteristics. And that is the Tariff. The Tariff urge is still strong; but the zeal with which the Western farmer is striving to acquire other traits, such as coöperative marketing, Government loans, and freight-rate reduction, suggests that the Tariff trait may yet disappear out of the germ plasm of the Republican farmer.

If that should ever come to pass, it will be a disaster of the first magnitude for Lamarck. For hitherto, in this case of the farmer and the Tariff, Lamarck has been vindicated even beyond his fondest dreams. Lamarck believed that acquired characteristics are transmitted from generation to generation to the extent that such characteristics are useful to the individual. But the Tariff offers us the remarkable case of the transmission of an acquired characteristic which has been neither useful nor convenient to those farmer generations which have inherited it and passed it on in turn. The farmer sells his products in the markets of the world. By all dictates of reason he should insist on being allowed to buy in a free world-market. In other words, the farmer should, by nature, be an anti-Protectionist. But it so happened that the Western farmer acquired his Republicanism with his Nationalism during the Civil War period, and he took his Republicanism straight, including the Tariff. As a Republican he has continued to vote Tariff, even though that acquired characteristic has repeatedly got between his legs and tripped him. But, as I have said, we are now apparently facing a change.

III

The Minuet and the Trot. Mr. Minnegerode has recently told us how seriously civilization in the New York of

the 1840's found itself threatened by two formidable invasions from the other side of the water. These were the waltz and the polka. The pillars of a social structure grounded in the chaste figures of the square dance began visibly to totter. But the younger set of 1840 went its way, and somehow life triumphed over the disintegrating forces from the banks of the Danube and the Vistula; triumphed over them and assimilated them. For what do we find? This: seventy years later, a civilization seemingly rooted in the waltz and in the schottische, close kin to the polka, discovered its foundations to be crumbling under the onset of the tango, the turkey-trot, and its affiliated zoölogical dances. In the swing of human evolution around the circle, it may be confidently predicted that some day a civilization based on the trot, the hug, the toddle, and the shiver, will stand on the defensive against the menace of the quadrille and the minuet.

And if the reader will only be kind enough to substitute for my technical dance terms such terms as religion, science, morals, manners, politics, economics, books, pictures, music, he will be dispensing with a great many additional paragraphs in these necessarily condensed laboratory-notes.

Why do the young go in for the waltz when their elders practise the quadrille? Why will they revive the minuet when their elders have been won over to the fox-trot? Obviously because they are young and their elders are old. In other words: Youth is the strongest anti-Lamarckian force we know of. Every generation makes it its business to scrutinize the acquired characteristics of the preceding generation in order to reject them. Youth holds the Heights of the Meuse against the acquired traits of its fathers and cries, 'They shall not pass!' Youth insists on acquiring its own set of characteristics. There is not the least use in warning Youth that its own turn is bound to come and that, twenty-five years from now, the young of 1924 will be receiving their stiff dose of the anti-Lamarckian medicine from the young of 1949. The young of 1924 profess to be delighted by the prospect. They call it progress. To-day they demand from their elders a sacrifice in the cause of progress. Twenty-five years from now they will be glad to be the sacrifice. They want to oust and are willing in their turn to be ousted. They say so now. How they will feel about it in 1949 I don't know; but I have my suspicions.

Which is the better thing for the world in the long run — that Youth should inherit its faith and ideas, or that it should create its own new set of faiths and ideas, to be replaced in turn by a newer equipment a generation hence? The present investigator, having been young in Roosevelt's first administration, believes, of course, in Lamarck. He believes that Youth should go slow in throwing over the accumulated characteristics of its predecessors. And he believes this on the basis of Youth's own favorite argument: because it makes a much more interesting fight. If each generation gets into the habit of thinking that its own ideas are valid only for itself, what sort of defense will it put up when the next generation comes swarming over the top? A man will fight desperately in defense of a heritage of ideas, but not in defense of a twenty-one years' tenancy in a certain set of ideas. Youth thinks it is calling for Struggle. But what it is really asking for is a sham stage-battle. You can't get up much of a scrap if one of the parties — the elder party — starts out with the conviction that it is going to be licked, and deserves to be.

There is one region in eastern Europe where the conflict between Lamarck and anti-Lamarck is being fought out on a

gigantic and tragic scale. Bolshevism in Russia seven years ago set out to make a clean sweep of every existing acquired characteristic: in the political, economic, and social orders; in religion; in morals; in the arts and sciences; in the very nature of Truth, which henceforth was to be true only to the extent that it was communist and proletarian. The struggle between Lamarck and Weismann in Soviet Russia is still under way; but there is really very little doubt as to the outcome. Lamarck will win. The acquired characteristics of the Russian people will once more get themselves transmitted. They are doing so already. If you need proof, take that one notable acquired characteristic of which I have spoken at some length. Property, a trait which men acquire chiefly for the purpose of transmitting it, was abolished in Soviet Russia, only to be restored. The Soviet rulers have created nothing themselves, but have virtually been living on the wealth-characteristics acquired by past generations; and they have now discovered that the destruction of the transmissible nature of property means death for a nation. The case is even stronger for Russia's acquired cultural and spiritual capital. Space is lacking for details.

And so the writer's laboratory researches, as embodied in these notes, impel him to take his stand firmly with Vernon Kellogg in a recent number of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Kellogg found that in spite of the very serious case that can be built up against Lamarck, 'many reputable and thoughtful biologists remain convinced that any satisfactory causal explanation of evolution must contain as a fundamental element some form of the Lamarckian assumption.' My only hope is that this offer of unsolicited aid and comfort on my part will not worry Mr. Kellogg too much.

COWARD'S CASTLE

BY WALTER GILKYSON

I

Judge Avery held his pencil poised above the typewritten page of testimony, then marked the margin with a long firm line. He had not remembered the plaintiff's evidence was so clear; that young man had brought it out very nicely with the neat indirectness of his questions. On page forty-eight — he turned back the rustling sheets. Yes, the witness had said about the same thing. With a faint smile of satisfaction he leaned over and began writing on the pad that lay upon the book-rest of his easy-chair.

For a moment he paused to read what he had written, the pencil trembling slightly in his thin blue-veined hand; there was a look of critical appraisal in his worn face, something vivid, keenly alive, beneath the bloodless texture of his skin. He struck out a word, replaced it with another; the wrinkle between his eyebrows deepened and he smoothed the white hair

above his forehead absently, then laid down the pad. That was the last finding of fact. He would dictate the whole and his conclusions of law before Court to-morrow.

It must be nearly five, he thought. The sunlight had shrunk to a dusty orange bar across the red carpet at his feet; through the open window he could hear the cooing of the pigeons, the soft rustle of their wings as they moved upon the stone sill. Against the opposite wall the yellow bindings of the books ran in converging rows to a well of still gray light that seemed to gather at the end of the room; the surface of the table in the centre shone like a ruddy disk above its dark carven legs; through the curtains that hung above the doorway to his right he could hear the voices of the tipstaves talking in the empty courtroom outside.

Rodenbaugh was late. Evidently he was going to finish the Minturn case this afternoon. A driving young man, Rodenbaugh — he swept uncommon clean for a new broom. The judge smiled a little grimly, glanced down at his knees, unpleasantly sharp and narrow beneath the neat fold of his trousers. Old age did queer tricks to the body, things that he did n't like. No doubt it did the same things to the mind. He was seventy-three. That was a warning in itself. He rose and walked to the window, sniffed the dusty May air. He was sorry he did n't get on better with Rodenbaugh. It was hard, at first, to like anyone who had taken Langdon's place on the bench.

There was a difference now, a very great difference. He shook his head, turned and walked stiffly to his chair. The fact that he felt the difference so keenly was a sign of his age. In his youth the old lawyers had always complained about the decay of the bar. And he had laughed at them just as Rodenbaugh would laugh at him now if he heard him. Only Rodenbaugh did n't laugh, that was the trouble. He only smiled — a slow spreading of unparted lips, a narrowing of his eyes, which — the judge sighed — was intensely distasteful. But — maybe it was just as well. If Rodenbaugh once began to laugh he might laugh at himself all day.

A step sounded on the marble outside, and the curtain was pushed tentatively back. Old Walrath appeared, his watery blue eyes searching the chamber with vague apology. 'Judge Rodenbaugh been here, Judge?' he asked. He moved forward, then hobbled down the steps. 'I looked in his room and he was n't there. He said he wanted to see Mr. Mercer at half-past three. Mr. Mercer 's in the courtroom now.'

'He 's still trying the Minturn case, Enoch. He 's coming here, though, before he goes home. I don't know what he wants with Mercer. If he 's been waiting long I think you 'd better let him go. You can call him when the judge gets back.'

'All right, sir.' The old man paused, and a look of doubt crept into his mildly truculent face. 'You think he won't mind? I should n't like to get him mad just after he 's come off the bench. You know, Judge, he 's got a way, when he 's mad, of smiling just like a Chessy cat, and passing that tongue of his over you fit to take off your skin!' He pulled at his long white walrus moustache and gazed at the judge. 'I 've been thinking he acts pretty fiery for a young man that ain't seen too much of court before he become a judge. I reckon' — his eyes moved solemnly to and fro — 'I reckon that 's why.'

Judge Avery looked at his knees; it was difficult to conceal his smile. Of

course, he ought n't to let Walrath talk to him that way. He ought to reprove him sharply, and the fact that he could n't was clearly just another sign of his age. He straightened his face, looked up. Walrath was smiling at him in a curious way. Yes, by George, he was actually smiling at him paternally underneath that white walrus moustache. The old beggar! Really, he 'd have to say something! 'Enoch!' He stroked his chin, gazed through his spectacles at the bent figure standing in the doorway. 'You 're becoming too philosophical, I 'm afraid, in your later years. I have a suspicion you 've taken to psycho-analysis.'

'No, sir!' Walrath grunted. 'I never yet heard of it. Them experts talks of electrolysis in the accident cases, but I never yet heard of the sister you speak of. No, Judge — it ain't science — you know that.' He shook his head and began climbing the steps. 'It 's just putting a long time in the courtroom, the same as you and me 's both done — that, and a little looking round, as Judge Langdon used to say.' He paused, the curtain clasped in his big bony hand. 'I 'm going out now and tell Mr. Mercer he can leave, and then I 'll come back and get what papers you want for your bag.'

Judge Avery watched the curtain settle behind him, heard the slow stump of his footsteps across the marble. Old Walrath had stumped up and down those steps and across that marble for nearly fifty years; he had been a tipstaff when the judge first came to the bar. A gay ribald young fellow, then, with a rough tongue and a surprising knowledge of human nature, but good company, sitting on a table in the clerk's office, swinging his legs and imitating Melchior Van Zandt blowing his nose at a jury. There was time to linger in the clerk's office, in those days; time to do many things that were forgotten now. Law was a profession then, not a business; the lawyer reached out toward art and letters rather than toward certified public accounting. Then Bricknell translated Demosthenes and Judge Haynes wrote Horatian Echoes. Very faint but quite scholarly. And everyone, strangely enough, spoke and wrote English. It seemed to be the mother tongue. He sighed. Even the law had changed: it had lost its pattern, its design; the fine threads of continuity were gone. Nowadays you matched facts as you matched silk, and extracted legal principles like a dentist pulling teeth. He rose, straightened his coat across his slender shoulders. He was old, quite out of date. In the hurry and press of modern life there is no time, and so forth — Any young man could finish the sentence.

He gathered the papers from the chair, slipped an elastic about them, and thrust them into a green-baize bag. There was no use in waiting any longer for Rodenbaugh; he might as well take his walk and go home. The evening dreariness was coming over him; it made him peevish and irritable; he was likely to bite, to say something he did n't mean, if Rodenbaugh provoked him. He glanced at the table to see whether he had left any papers, then at the desk. For an instant he paused, a bent delicate figure, very clear against the square of ruddy light. The evening dreariness was, after all, a little more than age. He gazed at the pictures standing in leather frames within a shadowy recess of the desk. The bright knife-like sorrow of the past was gone, but in its place was a numb loneliness, a darkening vision, a dim sense of drifting with blurred, loosened feeling toward some unfathomable end. It would have been

different if they had lived. He would have understood these youngsters better then. Old age had always to look through others' eyes; the vistas of its own past were overwhelming.

A sharp footstep sounded outside and the curtain rings jangled angrily. Judge Rodenbaugh's body filled the doorway, descended with an abrupt heaviness into the room. 'I hope you have n't waited, Judge,' he said. His small eyes moved obscurely beneath his thin eyebrows, his tall clumsy presence seemed to permeate the place, to pervade it like a harsh dominating breath. 'I wanted counsel to finish their speeches this afternoon, so I could charge the jury the first thing in the morning.' He seated himself in the chair by the table, his thick shoulders thrown forward, his legs stretched out. 'That little Kardos is a pitiful apology,' he said.

'Was he trying for the plaintiff?'

'Yes. He tries a case as if he were selling shoestrings on State Street. He 's all tongue and no head. I 've had to listen to him now for two days, fumbling and backing and filling, encumbering the record with all sorts of useless questions. Moran is against him — you know what a good one he is! I think he was saying things to Kardos under his breath all through the trial. I was n't sure. Every now and then Kardos would stop and get sort of gray and ask his questions again. Each time he repeated he got worse, and then Moran would get up with that suave easy manner of his, and suggest that his friend first make known to himself what he wanted to ask, and, after a moment's silent communion, make it known to the witness, who, in spite of his lawyer, seemed like quite an intelligent man. He 's a quick one, Moran.' The judge shook his head. 'I like him. He gives a case something — color, I guess you 'd call it.'

'That, or atmosphere, answered Judge Avery. 'It 's sometimes fatal to litigants, although we lawyers survive it. Well — what did Kardos do?'

'Oh, he 'd just smile that sickly smile of his, and move his hands to and fro and wipe his face, and begin again. He 'd have been funny if he had n't taken up so much time. You know — that fellow Moran is a great trial-lawyer! I never realized it so completely until to-day. I 'd never tried against him — I did n't try cases, the way you did, before I came on the bench. It does n't bother me, though.' He smiled and his dark heavy face seemed to widen slowly. 'It 's easy to handle things from back here, is n't it, Judge?'

'Yes,' said Judge Avery. His thin mouth closed, he leaned forward a little, his elbow upon the table, and surveyed his companion with still luminous eyes.

'Well!' Rodenbaugh stretched back his shoulders, ran his hand through the unparted hair that lay like a wig above his forehead. 'I put an oar in myself now and then. Yesterday, after Kardos had floundered about for a while, I told him he ought to get a lawyer to try his case. Up jumped Moran with that friendly manner of his and said he 'd be delighted to furnish his learned friend with a list in case he were not acquainted with the bar. The jury laughed and Kardos stood there wiping his face and moving his lips like a fish and then sat down. I told him to go ahead and he pulled up his chair and began shooting questions at the witness as if he were crying a sale. It was awful!' He leaned back, took some cigars from his pocket and pushed one across the table. 'I don't know what we 're going to do with these fellows, Judge.'

'Neither do I.' Judge Avery ignored

the cigar. 'Was there something you wanted to discuss with me? If not, I think I 'll go home.'

'Yes, there was. I wanted to see Mercer too.' He rose, thrust his head through the curtains. 'Walrath!' he called.

'Yes, sir!'

'Did you get Mr. Mercer?'

'Yes, sir. He was here. He waited till half-past four.' Judge Avery heard the clump of Walrath's feet on the marble. 'Then I let him go, Judge. I told him I 'd call him to-morrow morning.'

'You did! What did you do that for?'

'Judge — '

'Well, get him now if you 're able to handle the phone! And remember, when I send for a man I want him to wait! Exercise the authority of your age and position, Walrath, but don't exercise discretion. When the vessels of the law become old crockery, they should n't go to the well too often. Move along now — don't stand there looking at me like a fool.' He turned and descended the steps. 'Doddering old ass, Walrath,' he said.

'I told him to let Mercer go,' said Judge Avery. 'I thought you would n't want him to wait.'

'Oh!' The judge paused, a sulky look on his face. 'I see. I don't believe Mercer 's so busy that an hour's wait would injure his practice.' He sat down heavily in the chair. 'What I wanted to talk to you about was this — '

'Do you mind' — Judge Avery's voice had a curious lingering drawl — 'if we wait a minute? There 's something I want to tell you, first.'

'No,' said Rodenbaugh shortly, 'go on.' He drummed on the table impatiently. 'Old Walrath 's an ass,' he muttered under his breath.

Judge Avery smiled, a still frosty look in his clear blue eyes. Yes. Rodenbaugh deserved something. With the exercise of a little imagination he could give it to him completely in a way that he would thoroughly understand. He paused, his mind penetrating — invading the man before him. Then he leaned back, put his finger tips together, and the little smile on his lips grew sharp. There was a certain pleasure in the exercise of the imagination. Quite justifiable in this case. He would tell Rodenbaugh exactly what he was.

'It 's about myself,' he said slowly. 'Old men are given to telling stories about themselves. I suppose that 's the reason they 're bores. But I think this will interest you as a younger man. Do you mind?'

Judge Rodenbaugh turned and stared at him. 'Not at all,' he said.

'That 's very kind!' The words dropped like acid from the sardonic lips. 'I 've been in a reminiscent mood all afternoon. As you 're my defenseless colleague, — brother, as the Reports call us, — I 'm afraid I 'll have to impose on you.'

II

'It 's curious,' he continued, 'how the memories of childhood come to the surface in old age. It 's rather the way an ebbing stream discloses the soft formless ooze that lies beneath it. I can remember now just how I felt as a youngster, remember all my desires and fears with a surprising vividness. And I had plenty of fears.' He paused, nodded his head. 'I think I must have been afraid of everything, when I was young. In that way' — he lifted his eyebrows — 'I 'm sure I was different from you. Of course, I never let anyone know I was afraid. I buried it all deep down, created an image over it — an image of myself as a valiant, aggressive, reckless youngster. But I knew it was

there all the time, and the very thought of it seemed to give me a savage desire to show my strength. And yet I could n't when it came to the test. I was afraid to fight. The other boys knew I was and so I never made friends with boys of my own age. I always went about with the younger boys; they could n't destroy this image I had created; on the contrary, it seemed to grow larger the more I was with them. I used to bully them like a regular little cad. You know' — he shook his head — 'what boys are, Judge. Queer little animals; just as eager to maintain their prestige as any full-grown man, and just as clever about it, too.' He leaned back, crossed his sharp narrow knees. 'Did that thought ever occur to you?'

'I can't say it has,' Judge Rodenbaugh answered. His eyes searched his companion's face with a veiled wavering glance, then fell away. Judge Avery lifted his hand to his mouth, smoothed his upper lip.

'I suppose old men, like dead men, should tell no tales.' His smile seemed to vanish into a lurking shadow. 'I must tell you a little story and then we 'll take up the matters you want to discuss. At boarding-school — I presume you went to Saint Thomas?'

The judge moved his head.

'It might have been better if I 'd gone there, too. They sent me to Milford. Well, I was n't a great success. I was quick enough in class, but that did n't count; for some reason the boys did n't like me. I was n't good at athletics, I could n't play football, and the cold punishment of the track simply filled me with dread. There was nothing of that sort that I could do and, naturally, I did n't become a leader, and I did n't want friendship on any other terms. So I put up my image and looked around for some younger boy to keep it in place.

'It was little Immanuel Pleasants the last term. I seem to remember him better than any of the others. He was the son of Agamemnon Pleasants, the teacher of Latin — a thin, frightened, large-eared man with a white face and eyes like a Sealyham terrier. Immanuel's mother was named Lucilla, and, of course, we always called her Clytemnestra. They lived in a little house near the main building and were constantly asking unwilling boys in to tea. Even as youngsters we recognized their "inferiority complex," as I believe the psychologists nowadays call it. Old Aggie — I suppose he was thirty-five — used to call us "young barbarians" in a timid jocular voice, and give us little half-hearted pats on the shoulder and look at us with his doubtful evasive eyes. We thought he was n't much of a man, and I daresay he was n't; and as for Clytemnestra we liked her still less; there was something depressing about her red swollen eyelids and the soft pink of her nose — as if she were always having a cold. I think even Immanuel, at times, doubted the worldly value of his parents, and I know some of us used to encourage him in his attitude of unbelief. It was always easy to encourage Immanuel on any subject. He was susceptible to every influence about him; a pathetic, eager little fellow, filled with an unreasoning desire to please; one of those boys that hang about the older boys and do things for them and talk about them a little breathlessly. I thought him quite absurd, with his weasel face and his silly hat and his big translucent ears. I 've often wondered' — the judge stared at the bookcase as if he had forgotten his companion — 'what became of Immanuel. He was manifestly unfitted for this world. I suppose' — he looked at Judge Rodenbaugh — 'you knew boys like that at school?'

'Yes,' said the judge. He frowned and pulled heavily at his cigar; behind the dissolving smoke his face seemed to darken with a slow menacing flush. 'But I can't see,' — he paused, then straightened up, looked at his companion. 'I can't see — '

'There 's no need to,' interrupted Judge Avery. He lifted his long thin hand from the table. 'Don't try. I 'll be through now, in just a minute. You must let me finish about Immanuel. I rather like Immanuel! I almost feel as if I 'd invented him for you!' His smile was hard and bright with a little curl at the corners. 'Now what was I going to say? Oh, yes — I wanted to tell you about our play.

'Somewhere I 'd picked up the story of King Agamemnon and the wily Ægisthus who killed him and married the faithless Queen Clytemnestra and, one dull afternoon when Immanuel and Kinsey and little Pollock were loafing in my room, I conceived the idea of putting the story into a play. I thought it would be amusing to see Immanuel act the part of his father, and I explained to him carefully just what sort of a silly ass Agamemnon was and how Clytemnestra fooled him. I remember I took particular pleasure in rolling out the word "Agamemnon"; little Kinsey and Pollock were tremendously pleased and Immanuel stood there with that foolish, half-frightened, expectant look he always had when we made fun of his father. But, when it came to acting the part, he rebelled and, of course, that made me angry and all the more persistent. I told him he 'd have to do it or he could n't go about with me any longer, but even that threat did n't seem to make any difference; he only stood there shaking his head, his queer little weasel face very sharp and pinched, his eyes flickering with a dumb-animal refusal. I remember it made me quite angry. I felt in some way as if Immanuel were threatening my prestige, depriving me of a satisfaction to which I was entitled. And so, to punish him, I began to imitate his father myself. Little Pollock and Kinsey went into screams on the bed and I rather expected Immanuel to laugh before I was through: laughing had always been his final mode of defense. But he did n't: he only stood there looking down, his stubby fingers twisting at the absurd pearl buttons his mother had sewed on his coat. So I went on, getting more and more savage as I went; it seemed as if his very speechlessness, the fumbling inarticulate motion of his hands, filled me with rage. I must have gone on for five minutes or so, when suddenly he hunched up his shoulders and lifted his arm to his face, and then ran to the door with a queer little squeak like a bat that 's been hit with a towel. I heard someone calling after him in the hall and the next minute Danforth came to the door.

'"What 's the matter with Pleasants?" he said.

'I felt startled and rather uncomfortable at Danforth's sudden appearance: he was captain of the baseball team, and one of the leaders of the school. He 'd never paid much attention to me. Well, I put my hands in my pockets and walked over toward him. "Nothing, Danforth," I said. "We were horsing Pleasants a little, that 's all. He can't take a joke." I shook my head in a superior manner. "He needs hardening up, I should say."

'"You think so!" Danforth looked at me with perfectly frank disgust. "I should say you needed it a bit yourself! Lying around all afternoon with a lot of kids when you ought to be out in the field! Why don't you take someone your size?" He waited a minute and then walked away. "You

let Pleasants alone," he said when he reached the door. "It 's filthy the way you devil the younger boys. When I get through practice this afternoon I 'll put on the gloves with you, if you still feel you have to harden someone up!" He gave me an ugly smile and then disappeared down the hall.

'Well, I felt pretty sick. I remember that very clearly, but, unfortunately, what I don't remember is that it did me any permanent good. It was not until long after I was grown that I learned my lesson; and then, strangely enough, it took old Melchior Van Zandt and a little lawyer like Kardos to teach me. I don't suppose you remember Melchior Van Zandt. He was the leader of the bar in my time; and the kind of man we 're not likely to see again.' The judge shook his head. 'The day of outstanding personalities has gone, I 'm afraid. A high level reduces the lofty peaks — I believe that 's the explanation given. You can take it or not, as you like. To me, at times, the plateau does n't seem so high. Of course, that may be only age: the old are apt to see the great men of their youth through the eyes of their youth — and they loom very large. However,' — he shrugged his shoulders, — 'I must tell you about Melchior Van Zandt and the lawyer like Kardos.' He leaned forward a little, a cold stealthy watchfulness in his eyes. 'I think I 'd been on the bench just about as long as you have when it happened.'

Judge Rodenbaugh lowered his head, stared at the carpet with an angry frown. Then he rose, thrust his hands into his pockets, his face turned away, his chin sunk in a heavy fold between the square points of his collar. 'I don't propose, Judge,' he began. His grating voice had an ugly snarl that sounded like the snapping of empty jaws. 'I don't propose to listen to this kind of thing any longer!' He shut his mouth and the muscles above his jaws trembled slightly. 'It 's insulting and I 'm not going to stand it! You have no business' — he stared at the judge with eyes that seemed curiously futile and stricken — 'you have no business — '

'Oh, yes, I have!' said Judge Avery. 'Sit down, please.' He paused. 'Sit down, I said!' His voice leaped like a sharp blue flame through the room. 'When the vessels of the law become old crockery, there 's a certain courtesy due them, and that I intend to have from you.' He stretched out his hand. 'Take your seat, please, and listen until I 've finished.'

For an instant Judge Rodenbaugh's stare met his; then it wavered, seemed to turn sullenly inward. 'You presume on your age,' he said, in a husky voice. He sat down awkwardly. 'Also, I think you 're presuming on my intelligence. If you have any more to say, will you kindly be brief? I don't care to spend the afternoon listening to stories of childhood.'

'*My* childhood,' corrected the judge. 'I would n't presume to intrude on yours.' He looked pleasantly across the table. 'I only presume on my age, as you said — that, and a certain feeling for what I believe is called the art of narration. Quite a remarkable art; I admit I practise it very badly. But that does n't matter so long as I hold your attention. And what old Melchior Van Zandt said to me is worthy of your attention.

'I 'd been on the bench just about a month when it happened. I was older than you are, and I 'd tried quite a number of cases. But, nevertheless, I was developing that splendid sense of power you spoke of so feelingly just a moment ago. There was a little lawyer who came into my court in those days — he 's dead now — who was rather

like Kardos, and he irritated me the way Kardos irritates you. I remember one morning when I had a full list, he came bustling into the courtroom with a great cloud of witnesses behind him and that air of his, of terrible absurd importance, which, in view of his hopeless incompetence, always annoyed me intensely. Well, his case was reached that afternoon and when I called it, he came fussing up to the bar with his greasy frock-coat buttoned about him and began to splutter at me, the way he always did. He had a high squeaky voice, and his words seemed to come out in bunches, as if he blew them out from the back of his mouth. "Mr. Stover," I said, — the very sight of him made me angry, — "as far as I can gather from what you say, you want to butcher another case for us this afternoon." Then I looked around and waited for the laugh.

'Of course it came. It always does when the judge makes a joke. I grinned down at Stover and he wrinkled his forehead, then gave me a sallow little smile. "As long as your Honor 's made a shambles out of the court, I suppose I might as well begin," he said.' The judge shook his head. 'Pretty good, was n't it?' he laughed. 'He did n't leave me much to say! After Court old Melchior came stumping into my chambers swinging his big green bag at his side like a Hercules-club. "Avery!" he grunted. "You deserved what you got this afternoon." He put his bag down on the table. "I did n't think little Stover had it in him. Remember!" He shook his head at me — he had hair like the mane of an old gray lion. "The bench is the coward's castle, my boy. You 're safe, and the other man is n't." Then he picked up his bag and stumped out.'

The judge sighed, smoothed his hair thoughtfully, passed his hand over his cheek. 'It all seems so very long ago,' he said. 'I 'm afraid in recalling the facts I may have been just a little vague. I only hope that I have n't bored you.' He paused, then settled back in his chair, touched the tips of his fingers together. 'And, now, what did you want to discuss with me?'

'Nothing,' Judge Rodenbaugh answered. He rose with a hesitant awkwardness, his face turned away. 'I 've heard that story about the shambles before. Unfortunately for the truth of your autobiography it 's never been connected with you.'

'Indeed?' said Judge Avery brightly. 'I must have made it my own then. It 's not a bad story, though, is it?'

'No,' said the judge. He walked to the doorway. 'Walrath!' he called. 'Ask Mr. Kardos to step over, will you?' He turned sharply about. 'I 've listened to you; now I 'll ask you to wait until Kardos comes and then listen to me!'

'Certainly,' said Judge Avery.

III

'Mr. Mercer 's here,' said Walrath. 'Mr. Kardos is on his way over. Do you want Mr. Mercer to come in?'

'No, I 'll talk to him in the courtroom.' The judge rose from his chair and plunged through the doorway, the curtains dropping with a swift flap behind him. His voice reached the chamber the next moment, subdued to a low murmur from beyond the bench.

Judge Avery put down the Report, smiled quietly, and smoothed his upper lip. On the whole, he had done a good job. Rodenbaugh had wriggled, to be sure, but he had held the knife firm, cut to the proper depth. Surprising how his imagination had gone on; he never remembered letting it wander so far before unaccompanied by facts. Reading the *Electra* last night must have been responsible for Agamemnon

and Clytemnestra. He laughed, tapped the end of his tortoise-shell spectacles on the table, then drew a deep breath, his fingers slowly turning his thin gold watch-chain. After all, had his story done Rodenbaugh any good? Human nature was a strangely resilient substance, inevitably coming back to the same shape, no matter how hard you squeezed it. And what business had he — or anyone else — to squeeze it? That was what these damned reformers were always doing; blowing their moral ideas under everyone's skin like so many flies! He walked to the window, gazed down at the automobiles moving through the dust-gold street like platoons of black glittering beetles. Maybe he had been a little magisterial in his attitude toward Rodenbaugh, exercised the prerogative of age in a high-handed manner. Still — he shook his head — the boy deserved it!

The murmuring in the courtroom ceased and Rodenbaugh's step sounded on the marble. As the curtains swung to behind him, Walrath appeared. 'Mr. Kardos is here, Judge,' he said.

'Send him in.' Rodenbaugh turned away, thrust his hands in his pockets, and sat down facing the table. He did not look up; in the silence that followed, the situation seemed to Judge Avery just a little absurd. Then someone paused at the doorway, moved the curtains timidly to one side. 'Come in!' said Judge Rodenbaugh, a note of exasperation in his voice.

Kardos seemed to stumble into the room. As he bowed, it occurred to the judge in a sudden whimsical flash that his round staring eyes were exactly like the black buttons on his yellow shoes. He suppressed a smile, and inclined his head. 'Sit down,' said Judge Rodenbaugh, nodding at the chair in front of the table.

Kardos seated himself, then reached over, placed his green hat on the table. It looked curiously jaunty on the dark polished surface, arching above the reflection at its side with an air of draggled impudence: the judge wondered whether Rodenbaugh appreciated it, and what in the devil he was going to do with Kardos anyway, now he had him. He leaned back, gazed at the pair with vague amusement. Where in God's name did the young men get those coats! There was something skirted and dashing about Mr. Kardos's apparel — for such a little man!

'Kardos!' Judge Rodenbaugh looked in his direction with a slow downward glance. 'I want to apologize to you.' He lifted his eyes, stared at him with smoldering hostility. 'I had no business to say what I did in court this afternoon.'

'Yes, sir!' Kardos nodded his head with a violent eagerness. 'I 'm sure I accept your Honor's apology. I 'm sure your Honor 's very generous to make me any apology at all!' He spread out his hands and smiled at the judge, a watchful look on his dark flat face.

'No.' Rodenbaugh frowned. 'I owe it to you. I 'll admit' — his lip quivered with contempt — 'you gave me provocation. But' — he thrust his chin down on his collar — 'I owe it to you.'

'That 's very kind,' said Kardos glibly. He leaned forward with an air of confidence. 'You see, Judge, I was asking the questions all right. Yes I was.' His low forehead wrinkled in a thick triangular crease just above his nose. 'I think maybe your Honor don't understand the way I work.' He placed a stubby forefinger on his palm. 'You see, Judge, I sort of feel around and ease off the witness's mind until he can tell me what I want, you know, just letting him loose and giving him a chance to think, and then new things

come up and you get something maybe you overlooked when you came to court. So I just suggest' — he lifted a hand — 'an idea, maybe, here and there — something that comes to me, maybe, on the spot. Of course, I know your Honor thinks it takes up time, but' — he cocked his head to one side — 'I get splendid results!'

'You do, eh! I wish I saw some of them in my court!' Judge Rodenbaugh's little eyes gleamed balefully.

'Your Honor has n't heard me try many cases,' Kardos said. His smile was almost benevolent in its assurance. 'Where I live I get most of the business now of that kind.'

'You do, eh?' The judge grunted. 'That does n't speak well for your neighborhood! From the way you talk you sound to me very much like a fool! Why don't you prepare your cases instead of trying them by mental telepathy?'

Kardos laughed. To Judge Avery, watching his face, he did n't seem at all disconcerted. 'Your Honor has a forceful way of putting things,' he said. 'If your Honor will permit me to say so, I don't think your Honor quite understands what I mean.'

'No, and you don't yourself. How could you when you think round and round like a mule tied up in a field!' The judge grinned, shot a glance at Judge Avery. 'What you need, Kardos, is direction, straightness of mental line. I 'm afraid your mind 's built on a circular pattern.'

'Wheels?' said Kardos.

'Within wheels,' Rodenbaugh answered. 'In my opinion you 're not fit to appear before any sensible jury. You ought to practise trying cases on a phonograph in the privacy of your home. You could encumber the record then all you liked.' He looked at Judge Avery again.

Kardos caught the glance and a little grin touched the corners of his lips. He gazed at Judge Rodenbaugh with sharp motionless eyes. 'Your Honor says very smart things,' he observed, in a tone of impersonal appreciation. 'I suppose that 's the reason we all like to try in your Honor's court.'

'What?'

'I suppose that 's the reason we all like to bring our cases before your Honor.'

'You do, eh! Well, I don't know about that!' The viciousness faded from the judge's voice, and he stretched out his legs and looked tolerantly at Kardos. 'My tongue may be just a little bit quick, but you fellows need it sometimes.'

'That 's true, Judge!' Kardos nodded his head. 'Your Honor always gives us what we deserve. And besides, Judge,' — the motionless lustre of his eyes seemed to break into tiny points, — 'we like a little amusement in the courtroom.'

'Yes?' The judge thrust out his lower lip. 'Well, you furnish it all right.'

'And so does your Honor.'

'I do, eh?'

'Yes, sir.' Kardos seemed cautiously to expand, to relax in a posture of intimate friendliness. He glanced over his shoulder at Judge Avery, then surveyed Rodenbaugh with an unruffled face. 'I hear that everywhere, Judge.'

'Indeed!' The judge's mouth widened, and he smoothed his chin. 'Well, I do the best I can for you, Kardos. In your case it 's never hard.' He crossed his knees, sank farther back in his chair. 'You fellows fumble so with your facts,' he observed contentedly. 'And I think you must get your law from the *Evening Telegram*.'

'Your Honor feels that way because of your Honor's superior mind. That 's

another reason we all like to try in your Honor's court. Your Honor gets things done.' Kardos sighed wistfully. 'Your Honor's court is not like the other courts.'

'No?'

'No, sir!' Kardos repeated with emphasis. 'I remember I said, when your Honor was appointed, there 's a young man, if your Honor will forgive the word, that 's going to stir things up on the bench. It 's the kind of thing we need, and I said so, Judge, right down in my ward in public, and in private conversations. He 's a young man that knows the law, and knows how to handle a courtroom, I said. He 's got a heavy hand and a sharp tongue, and that 's what a judge needs more than anything else.'

'You think so, do you?' Rodenbaugh lifted his chin, arched his eyebrows amiably, and his lower lip relaxed.

For an instant Judge Avery surveyed him, then he turned away, gazed out at the pigeons, softly rustling their wings in the square of orange light. He was very tired; if they did n't stop in a minute he was going to get up and go home.

'Yes, I do, Judge Rodenbaugh! That 's what I think.' Kardos's chair creaked and Judge Avery could hear the scratch of his sleeve on the table. 'And I says to them, Judge,' — he heard Kardos's voice rise with a lingering sinuous accent, — 'I says to them, Judge, there 's a man that ought to go higher!'

'Indeed!' The word echoed through the chamber, hopeful, faintly ironic, foolish.

'Yes, I did, Judge Rodenbaugh! That 's exactly what I said. There 's a man that ought to go higher. He 's only just begun his career, Judge Rodenbaugh has. And I 'm telling you, Judge,' — Kardos hitched his chair closer, — 'what I says goes, in my ward, with a lot of my own people!'

'Hm!' A look of doubt crossed Judge Rodenbaugh's face, and his fingers moved restlessly on the table.

'And I 'm telling you, Judge,' — Kardos paused, then rose with an air of authority, — 'I don't think you 've realized what I could do for you. No, you have n't.' He shook his head with an impudent cunning. 'I speak for my own people in my ward. I can do a lot, I can. And Judge,' — his voice seemed to creep through the silence, — 'I could use an appointment now and then, when they come your way.'

For an instant no one spoke. Judge Avery could feel the silence about him expand, grow tense with unuttered meaning. He waited, a little smile on his lips. Then Rodenbaugh sprang from his chair, his fist beating against the table. 'Get out!' he fairly bellowed. He stretched out his arm. 'Get out, I say!'

Kardos turned, seemed to leap through the doorway.

'My God!' The judge stumbled against a chair, picked it up with both of his hands. 'Avery! Did you ever hear anything like that in your life?'

'Never before to-day,' said Judge Avery.

THE SKY LINE AT WYKEHAM

BY CARROLL PERRY

I

To the memory of cherished places their decay is the worst that can happen. Next to the worst is their improvement. And so it has come about that no child at Wykeham can mount his white picket-fence on summer evenings and stare through dust clouds at the swaying stagecoach with its trunk-laden rack and its mighty straps, bringing guests to the Mansion House. Steve Pratt, the square-bearded driver, wag of the countryside, has long since paid his own fare to Charon, thrust a long leather boot against the river-bank, and composed himself, grimly, for his journey.

For more than a generation no schoolboy has dipped a rusty tin cup into Walden's spring, while the stern bell rang out 'hurry,' and the lilacs overhead whispered 'stay.'

But the sky line at Wykeham remains what it was. Neither Time nor Death can make rigid the folds of it, or mar its loveliness and grace.

As it appears to-day, so it appeared to the first file of red men skirting the river, wending their way along the Mohawk trail; so it appeared to the vanguard of white settlers moving westward; so it appeared to us children from the roof of our big square house.

It was my mother's custom after thunder showers on summer afternoons, to suggest the abandonment of the supper table in the midst of the evening meal in order to view from the spacious roof a rainbow, or a gorgeous sunset.

We trooped, therefore, up a narrow staircase and through the attic, past pyramids of old silk hats, and heaps of rusty skates, and great bookcases groaning with their painful burdens of Latin, Greek, and German grammars. And then I recall under foot the crunching sound of gravel embedded in tar, the cool silvery note of robins after rain, and the wide circling flight of swallows enveloping far horizons. The sky line at Wykeham! And my mother's brooding smile, and quiet prudent voice, 'Be careful; don't lose your balance!'

Those rapt half-hours seem now the sublimation of our childhood's being; they have become, with that sweep of horizon, the very symbol of early happiness and beauty, the revelation, in time, of the ideal of Home and of Peace. Thus memory and the sky line blend and make one.

II

A curious fact one delights to recall was the passion that possessed every one of us, from oldest to youngest, for 'family discussions' as we called them. The subjects of the most furious debate were likely to be topics of no vital concern whatsoever. Always, if the assembly became an actual riot, father would bang upon the table, and call out with terrible gravity, 'Remember, this is a Christian family! *Now go ahead!*' Throughout these cyclones, however

great the uproar and terrific the onset, no one of us ever dreamed of 'injured feelings,' for we had never heard of such a thing in family life. This was due to father's detestation of the resort to personalities. Injured feeling never happened because it never would have been tolerated for an instant of time.

A famous debate was upon this question: 'The South Part Church: what point of the compass does it face?' This, one of our more fruitful discussions, occupied the better part of two years. Some insisted upon 'south,' others insisted upon 'east.' Yet others of us, like Athanasius against the world, were tenacious of 'southeast.' Now this could have been settled easily any Sunday morning by putting a toy compass into one's pocket and using it. Of course no one ever suggested such vulgar recourse to finality. In our inmost hearts we knew why. It would have been a breach of *family loyalty*. At best we could have reached only certainty, and certainty was what we all dreaded and avoided.

> I shall start a heron soon
> In the marsh beneath the moon;
> A strange white heron, rising
> With silver on its wings.

But oh! not too soon; for after all what was a heron?

Still stands the South Part Church; the east and the south are still there, presumably; but what the mutual relations of these I know not, nor could I bear to know, though I have passed by the modest portal a hundred times.

Now, while 'personalities' were ruled out by the laws of the game, there was, nevertheless, an abundance of raillery, and nobody was exempt. My father loved practical joking, and no jokes so much as those that victimized himself. In all the blessed years one can recall but a single exception.

Hearing that a minister in a neighboring town was in need of a holiday father offered to preach for him on a given Sunday in summer — from good will, of course, and as a mark of personal favor. The sermon that morning was a charming one, full of imagination and not without vital appeal. Each rung of that ladder of his stands against the past with clear outline after all these intervening years. On coming out of church, however, I overheard a lady of very full proportions, whose fan clicked against the shiny buttons of her black-silk dress, observe in an irritated tone, 'Well! I never was so disappointed in my life! I expected to see Reverend Doctor Frank Smirk in the pulpit. 'Stead of that we have one of them cheap Professors from Wykeham College!'

Halfway home I chuckled aloud over the incident, and father inquired the reason for my mirth.

'Oh, nothing much,' said I.

'Come, come, sonny, out with it!'

It had to be divulged, so I told him. We had just reached a dark, long, covered, wooden bridge. Our old horse, Chevalier, carried us into the shadows, the wheels rumbled gloomily over the loosened splintered planking, — half smothered in dust exhaling stable odors, — and still no word from my companion. It seemed the most unending tunnel in the world. But as we emerged into the fresh air and the sunlight, and as we caught sight of great Saddleback Mountain, father broke out into a roar of laughter.

'That was good!' said he. 'Yes, that was mighty good — it grows on me, it grows on me!'

Discussion filled every waking hour. We began the day with family prayers, and discussed the Prophets of the Old Testament. In the course of about a year we had discussed our way through the Bible, but always stopped at the Book of Revelation, which the head of

the house would decline to read on the ground that the book was 'meaningless and futile.' I felt sorry for the author of this book. Father seemed to entertain a grievance against him; and the more sensible he was of its magnificent imagery, the more his exasperation increased.

Week-day mornings, in his Economics classes at the college, whatever the special topic, he gave himself largely to the discussion of the Tariff. The midday dinner-hour would be given to discussion of local history — except on Sundays, when we discussed the sermon, and my mother would entertain the table with some ludicrous impersonation of the mannerisms of such holy men as had sought to edify the morning congregation.

Ours being a strictly Puritan household, the early part of Sunday afternoon would be spent by the six boys of the family in the discussion of schemes by which we could avoid being read to out of such books as Professor Fisher's *History of the Reformation.* In summer, the three open windows of father's study afforded cautious escape. On Sunday nights we read Wordsworth aloud. All parts of Wordsworth looked alike to father; all were incomparably great. But my mother insisted that the bulk of it was as dull as Sahara. The poem called 'Michael' was enough to ruin her Sabbath peace.

Now and again there would arise from the Professor's Economics classes a gentle protest that they were not hearing 'the other side,' meaning the other side of the Free Trade question. (They certainly were not!) Sometimes the polite revolt would be started by some serious student of outstanding ability and independence; more often by boys blessed and inspired by male parents at home who dreaded any crack in the pedestal supporting 'The Iron Stag upon the Lawn.' It was literally true that, for the Professor, there was another side to the Free Trade question only in the sense in which there was another side to the Eighth Commandment — Thou shalt not steal! Protectionism was not a science: it was an art — the art of picking pockets!

Believing this wholly and believing it intensely, the wonder is, not that he was so extravagant, but that he was so moderate.

Yet the situation had its humor. So far as cool argument is considered, his classroom many a time resembled nothing so much as the circus; and a Protectionist tenet had about as much chance as the air-filled, transparent glass balls tossed up by the left hand of Buffalo Bill. Ping! Ping! — and annihilation. Father supplied the white horse, the rifle, the powder, *and the glass balls.*

Once, with the Professor's cheerful consent, Senator Frye of Maine was engaged by a class to come to Wykeham and give an address in favor of Protectionism. The boys were eager for a joint debate; but this the Professor declined, not thinking it courteous to take an extra inning on the home-grounds. Having as a young man come off very well from a great debate against Horace Greeley in New York, it was not likely that in his prime he would be frightened by the Senator from Maine.

Since the college boys thought half a loaf would be better than nothing the two student promoters of the exhibition invited the Professor and the Senator for a sleigh-ride on the afternoon before the night address, in the hope and expectation of witnessing a grand duel from the back seat of the sleigh. This, however, would be expensive; and the boys' accounts at Tommy McMahon's were not then of the best showing. But dear old Tommy favored

the enterprise, insisting with cheerful unveracity that he never yet had lost a cint by anny of the Wykeham byes, and he would like to drive, himself, and see a grand fight, between the greatest Dimmycrat in the wur-r-rld and a Ú-nited States Sinater; and he would go, too, begad, only it was four below zero, and gittin' colder all the time. The party jingled down the village street and out into the hinterland. Tommy McMahon was right. It was now eight below zero; and Clarence, the Ethiopian driver, had to pull down his cap over his ears, and to thump his broad chest.

Sure enough, there was an animated, enthusiastic discussion between the Professor and the Senator. It was about the *Colonial History of Maine!* Only this, and nothing more; absolutely nothing more.

At the address given that night in the old Goodrich Hall, on the site of the present college chapel, my father introduced the guest of the evening in these words: 'Ladies and Gentlemen — allow me to present my good friend, the Senator from Maine. There is no more competent person, even in the Republican Party, for proving to you that two is equal to four, and that the part is greater than the whole.'

Among eminent teachers of youth in this country there have been few, I dare to believe, whose practical reason reacted so instantly to logical stimulus. If a thing were true, it seemed to him of immense importance that it should be realized and validated immediately. 'How about the nationalized railways of Europe?' I piped up one day at the beginning of dinner. He laid down his carving knife, and started a withering discourse upon this subject. But my mother interposed: —

'You have had a long morning, my dear. What you need now is not extra talking, but food.'

'Not at all!' father rejoined, with some asperity; '*if the boy is to be saved*, it must be done now; otherwise he is lost — engulfed in the folly of government ownership.'

I had not supposed my case was so serious as that. But what father called wrong thinking seemed to him always nothing short of abominable. His passion for truth meant always passion for right action. The teaching-instinct within him made clarification instant, inescapable, exacting. What he deemed a misconception in an immature mind became a moral challenge. He would put into the clearing of muddled notions the same costly, vital enthusiasm that others have reserved, let us say, for the race track.

But his personality being whimsical, there were times when he acted on precisely the opposite principle, and purposely left one mystified.

On Saturday afternoons he would often take me with him to the sawmill at the northwest corner of Wykeham. Perched side by side on the high perilous seat of our lumber-wagon we would rattle through the campus and the village in quest of sawdust wherewith to 'bed down Chevalier.' Sawdust, maintained father, was 'an admirable sweetener.' Chevalier in consequence, always bore a close resemblance to the Wooden Horse of Troy; nor did the likeness stop with externals; for he contained within himself a hundred fierce devils.

On these journeys, despite the demoralizing clatter and the fearful sidewise motion, there was always conversation. Among other questions, I asked him, one afternoon, the meaning of the Yale arms — *Lux et Veritas*. He answered, '*Looks a University and is n't.*'

Years afterward, a student at New Haven, I came to see why he laughed to himself over that answer!

III

There came a day when father and mother admitted, both of them, that it was time I should be allowed to see my first play. Betaking myself, one evening in late autumn, across the old campus, and up the hill by the mysterious footpath we used to call 'over the mountain,' through the dark pine woods, I felt the suppressed excitement that forebodes all great human happenings.

I recalled that mother had once told me her own first play had been the acting of Edwin Forrest in Shakespeare. But really, when you came to think of it, what was Shakespeare compared with Harriet Beecher Stowe?

The widow of Professor Lincoln lived with us for many years. Her bent figure I love to recall. I can see her trudging homeward through the deep snows of the Berkshire winter from some missionary gathering, her steps firm and determined, her mind intent on some just reported victorious skirmish in the age-long battle of the Cross against the Darkness in some far-off corner of the globe. 'Yes!' I can hear her say, as she discards her snowy overshoes, 'it was an excellent meeting.' Good and kind and keen, and very, very able, she was all her life long a spirit-passenger on the good ship Morning Star.

She must long ago have met the Pilot face to face; beyond all shadow of doubt that too was 'an excellent meeting.'

She used to be President of the Shakespeare Club, in which Charley King, the druggist, would sometimes read the part of King Lear while she herself was at her best as Ophelia.

It was a favorite sentiment of Mrs. Lincoln — I had heard her express it many, many times — that the plays of Shakespeare were composed *to be read*, not to be acted on the stage. While I knew nothing about the merits of the question I felt very confident that my mother did not accept this dictum at all. But she never contradicted the old Latin scholar's widow. None of us did — not even father. My explanation of this is, that while the infallibility of father was merely a habit, the infallibility of Mrs. Lincoln was a spiritual endowment. It seemed almost coeval with the cosmos.

Conducted to a settee in the ill-lighted basement of the town hall, I had time to recall the fascinating scenes I had witnessed in this glorious forum. Only a month before, at a Democratic rally, I had listened to the magnificent oratory of Benjamin F. Mills, Esquire, handsome and florid headmaster of Greylock Institute, who had thrilled a handful of Irish citizens, my father, and my brothers, with a description of how Samuel J. Tilden would look on the fourth of March entering the classic portals of the White House. The peroration had been this: 'And the mocking-birds will be singing in the sweet savannahs of the South!'

But now, alas, it seemed assured that while '*the mocking-birds*' would doubtless be there, the great and good Mr. Tilden would not.

The palpable odors of Town-Meeting of the preceding spring seemed to cling still to the hall. Yellowed overcoats, soaked by rain, cheap cigars, mud and tobacco juice, the hoarse cackle of Abe Bunter's laugh, the rustic solemn dignity of 'Mr. Moderator' — of all these things my memory spoke.

Also I was greatly occupied by thoughts of Mary Marden. I wondered if she were sitting in the hall, but try as I would she could not be discerned through the dimness. Extending my left arm along the back of the bench so that the new cuff-button of celluloid might be properly exposed in case she

were behind me somewhere, I gave myself up to reverie.

Mary Marden was a pretty girl, 'going on twelve,' from whose broad low forehead brown hair drew away beneath a round rubber comb. She had recently recovered from a serious illness, during which my own dear sister, always my confidante in these matters, could find me no good reason why I should not pray for Mary Marden. I did pray, and earnestly, that she might come through this diphtheria 'without getting pock-marked like Mirabeau.' And my prayer had been answered.

She had a somewhat gruff voice and I thought it charming. (Satan, across the abyss of time, whispers 'adenoids.') I even admired the freckles on her nose; they really seemed to *add* something.

Monk Raymond, my best friend, a philosopher of thirteen summers, had been given a free ticket to the play, for he had been engaged to turn the windlass that wound up the curtain pole. He conceived his part, as always, with deep seriousness, while I fought down my envy as well as I might.

There were bloodhounds, but surely no bloodhounds could range widely on so narrow a stage as this; nor did they. A fiercer Legree, however, never appeared on any stage. And Eliza, considering that the river-scene had to be helped out by a wall map of Mesopotamia, loaned by the Methodist Church, managed the ice in the Euphrates admirably.

Monk and I walked home through the woods without saying a word. But as he bade me 'Good Night' he sighed, and observed, 'I 'm going to give up the stage.'

'Why is all this, Monk?'

'Well, in the first place,' said he, 'it 's a dog's life; and in the second place, I'd rather stay poor and *keep my character.*'

The next day, as I hurried past Mary Marden on my way home from school, she called to me.

'I caught a glimpse of you, last evening,' she said.

'Of me?'

'Yes, last evening, while I was *seated at the Opera.*'

The Sky Line at Wykeham! Far flight of swallows waving in evening gold, swinging, swinging to the west, follow your sky line; pray find it ever the same, little swallows, till the world's end; and be careful: 'Don't lose your balance!'

THE AMATEUR AT BAY

BY STEPHEN WALLIS MERRIHEW

STRANGELY enough the sport that has provided the stiffest controversy over the amateur-professional status in modern times is and always has been one of the freest from professionalism. There is no recognized professional tennis, in the sense that there is recognized professional golf and cricket, sports which, while chiefly amateur, nevertheless frankly turn a professional side to the public.

Of two million tennis-players the world over, probably not more than three hundred are professionals. These are chiefly teachers who rarely attract public notice of any sort and seldom play match tennis except with amateurs preparing for important contests. There are few tournaments restricted to professionals or open to them. Moreover, these tennis-teachers would be under severe handicaps in continued match play, for the reason that they have little opportunity to become 'match-hardened' — accustomed to playing before large audiences and meeting the nerve-racking concomitants of acute competition. No player, even though he be a genius, can become a champion until he has met a series of these acid tests. Excellent players sometimes 'crack' under the strain. If they are really great they persevere to the point of becoming 'gallery-proof.' On the other hand, some players from the start find that the crowd gives them just the fillip they need in order to do their best.

Both in spirit and in fact lawn tennis is overwhelmingly amateur. In the whole history of the sport, professionalism has made no headway. The apprehensions culminating in this controversy are rooted in fear rather than in experience. Neither past nor present encourages the idea that tennis morale is breaking down. Moreover, the 'player-writer' criticism is leveled at a small group, not more than twenty, and including only four players of prominence. That a sport so notably amateur as tennis can be undermined by the literary activities of so few is absurd.

Nevertheless it is this, the most amateur of all sports, with the possible exception of polo, which has legislated against its greatest match player by impugning his amateurism on grounds so novel, and under definitions so fine-spun, that the tennis world stands divided against itself on the merits of the controversy. The Tilden case has become, indeed, not only a *cause célèbre* in tennis, but involves principles of the utmost importance in the future of amateur athletics in general.

Amateurism is one thing in play and quite another thing in work, one thing in sport, and something else in a profession or business. An amateur detective follows sleuthing as an avocation, not as a vocation, yet he does not lose caste if he accepts emoluments on occasion. The amateur printer, or photographer, or bookbinder frequently sells his work, yet continues to think of himself as amateur. There is more distinction between amateur and professional painters, actors, singers, and

entertainers, yet it disappears quickly and without qualms of conscience or loss of prestige if the market calls loudly enough. In the traditionally learned professions amateurism is actually taboo. In most states and countries amateur lawyers and physicians have no right to practise, and amateur ministers usually receive scant consideration from the public.

The case is quite otherwise in games and sports. These are amateur, not by definition, but by right of being. Just as pedestrians are accorded priority on thoroughfares because pedestrianism is the natural state of man, so amateur sport stands on a higher plane than professional sport. The player antedated the ticket-taker, the amateur antedated the professional. Upon professionalism must ever rest the necessity for proving itself decent, whereas the amateur status is respectable per se until challenged. Indeed, in the eye of sportsmen, there is something almost sacred in that status, so that a flank attack upon it, by definition and interpretation where facts are lacking, seems not only needlessly cruel, but even to some extent unsportsmanlike.

But since, in time, professionalism *was*, it had to be dealt with. Then arose amateur rules or laws, self-imposed by groups of enthusiasts, to protect play from commercialism. In the beginning, no doubt, they were simple enough but, as new inhibitions and prohibitions were grafted upon them, they have become a mystery to the public, a torment to governing bodies, and a plague to the players. The amateur rule is the most troublesome of all. And yet, after playing games and studying rules for more than a third of a century, the matter seems to me simple, the definition of an amateur easy, and the enforcement of it not at all difficult. As a member of the Committee of Seven selected to deal with the protection of amateurism in lawn tennis, I shall soon discover whether theory can be translated into action.

In my opinion, an amateur in lawn tennis is one who does not receive money or its equivalent for playing or teaching the game. Conversely, a professional is one who receives money or its equivalent for teaching or playing the game. The line of demarcation is as sharp as fresh whitewash on a grass court.

This bald statement discards the time-honored fiction that an amateur tennis-player is one who plays the game simply or solely for the love of it. Every sport devotee knows that while love of the game attracts and holds him to his specialty, there are times when love is absent from his play and when he gets no pleasure from his mightiest efforts. Pride, the honor of club, or section, or country, the fighting spirit — these are among the mixed motives that drive one forward toward victory in the fifth set of a tennis match or in the finish of a Marathon race.

To phrase the amateur issue somewhat differently, yet still simply, if a player gains pecuniarily by his play, and plays for that gain, he is not an amateur.

The essence of the approaching decision must be looked for in the definition. The purpose of that definition should be, not to create professionals, but to preserve amateurism. The definition, in order to win whole-souled allegiance in the world of tennis, should be a direct attack upon money-play and not an indirect attack upon personalities. Neither by word or inference should it imply inferiority in professionals. The professional in tennis can be, and frequently is, as conscientious and idealistic as the 'purest' amateur. The issue involves neither personal morals nor manners, but merely stand-

ards established to keep play wholesome and the money influence out of competitions. We discriminate not for the ignoble purpose of handicapping an individual but for the lofty purpose of protecting a sport.

That, at least, is the ideal function of governing bodies in the field of sport. Such bodies are coeval with the games themselves, the inheritors of proud traditions and the bearers of high responsibilities. The Marylebone Cricket Club in England and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews are excellent examples. In England and the United States tennis-players look up to the respective Lawn Tennis Associations of those countries, without whose governance the game could hardly have grown to present proportions or come into the possession of so long and creditable a past. Twenty-three nations, each with a separate governing body, challenged for this year's Davis Cup.

Among the duties of these governing bodies is that of maintaining amateur standards. Each accepts amateurism as essential, yet they define the amateur in almost as many different ways. Among all these differences of phrase and emphasis, however, one finds the common thread of belief that the amateur is one who is not paid for playing. But maintaining amateur rules is not the whole duty of a tennis governing body. While none but amateurs may compete in official tournaments, not all amateurs may do so. There are considerations of time and space and fitness to reckon with; these are met by regulations which admit some and disbar others. These acts of disbarment are almost as important as rulings on the amateur status; yet they are separate and distinct from the cases arising from other cause and it is important that they remain so. This need is frequently lost sight of and the oversight leads to endless confusion.

To be at once fair and safe a governing body should set up a plain and unequivocal amateur rule and then, but not until then, frame regulations for the player. Under these regulations a player may not be permitted to compete in certain tournaments because his club does not belong to the governing organization in charge; or he may be barred because of unsportsmanlike conduct; or because of his age he may be kept out of a junior event. But none of these considerations impugn his amateur status, just as they are powerless to restore a professional to amateurism. Although all lawn-tennis governing-bodies the world over are dedicated to the cause of amateurism, their regulations differ widely. Nevertheless, a player may travel thousands of miles and compete under many flags without being embarrassed by strange regulations. If he measures up to the requirements established at home, he can play abroad, even though his appearance may contravene the tennis code of the country in which he is visiting. This common-sense view accepts the basic distinction between amateurism and player regulations, a distinction which should be as clearly observed at home as abroad.

The essence of the amateur rule of the United States Lawn Tennis Association is contained in Section 4, as follows: —

> An amateur tennis-player is one who plays tennis solely for the physical benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom the playing of the game is nothing more than a pastime.

This is a wrong and insufficient definition. The motives laid down are not always the ones at work. An amateur player, as I have pointed out, does not play solely for the pleasure and 'physical benefits he derives therefrom'; nor

is this anyone's business. Human motives are too mixed to admit of such absolute criteria. Surely it is no violation of amateurism to play under a doctor's orders, or for the sake of keeping one's boastful children in their places, or to keep the Davis Cup from wandering abroad, or for any other reason unconnected with money reward that seems good and sufficient to the player himself.

The English rule wisely avoids strewing the path of amateurism with such silly obstacles. It deals solely with the receiving of money or its equivalent, directly or indirectly, for playing or teaching tennis. That is a first principle to which we should return.

Of four Acts of Disbarment in the U. S. L. T. A. roster, only one relates even indirectly to the writing of articles on lawn tennis, the source of the present controversy. A player is disbarred for permitting the use of his name in connection with articles which he did not write. The plain inference is that if he does write the articles appearing under his name he is safe. Since none of the men whose amateur status has been thrust into danger lately could be proceeded against under this or any other existing rule, those opposed to 'player-writers' passed last February what is called an 'interpretation' of the amateur rule. This purports to link with another act of disbarment the writing of articles on tennis for substantial compensation. This 'interpretation' is really no part of the amateur rule, albeit the present controversy rages around it.

As is nearly always the case where principles and personalities are equally affected, the personal element has crowded to the front. The direct issue was raised between the U.S.L.T.A. and Champion William T. Tilden, 2nd. It became evident that he would be barred from competition after January 1, 1925. Subsequently attacked as a 'bad influence' in the game in the report of the Amateur Rule Committee, Tilden resigned as a member of the Olympic and Davis Cup squads. The resulting protest by both players and public forced the U. S. L. T. A. to withdraw the interpretation, invite Tilden to play for the Davis Cup, and appoint a Committee of Seven to review the entire case on its merits. Four members of that Committee have been appointed by President Wightman of the U. S. L. T. A., two favoring the 'interpretation' and two opposed. The latter are Tilden himself and the writer.

I am convinced that this dispute, like many others, arises from confusing the definition of amateurism with regulations governing tournament competitions. The need for regulation is universally admitted; but there is likewise need for discrimination. If a player is employed by a sporting-goods house to exploit his skill and fame for its benefit and his own, he violates every tenet and tradition of amateurism; but if he enters that business just as he would go into the selling of hardware or any other commodity, I do not agree that he should be cast out of amateur circles.

The case for Tilden rests on the same basis. His receipts come from writing, not from play, and they are a measure not of his tennis skill but of his literary skill and industry. He could go on writing articles that would find a ready market long after he ceased to play. In fact his ability to write entertainingly and instructively on tennis will continue to hold his audience for many years. Sam Hardy, one-time Pacific Coast champion, is still earning a substantial income by writing on tennis. If Tilden were to be physically incapacitated to-morrow his income would be more likely to go up than down, because he would have more time in which

to produce copy. If the champion were interested only in money, he would quit match play at once and put all his energy into books and articles, as he has more than once been urged to do by publishers. Yet that would be a distinct loss to the game, as he is unquestionably the greatest match tennis-player that ever lived. The point is that he loves the game for its own sake, and sacrifices his financial well-being every time he competes in a tournament.

Another element worth considering is that Tilden made more money selling insurance than he does writing tennis-articles. He quit the former pursuit for reasons honorable to his sporting instinct, because he disliked the work and because it was the baldest recognition of his tennis fame. The latter gave him entrée to offices when other solicitors cooled their heels in antechambers; big business men bought insurance from him and then settled back in their chairs to talk of tennis. On the other hand, he likes to write, and likes also to interpret the intricacies of a beloved sport to the countless thousands of devotees remote from the large centres who never see important matches. He relishes the thought that he is assisting in the development of countless young players and in broadening the democratic basis of a clean and zestful sport. Lack of unearned income is surely no fault of his and no obstacle to good repute in America. Why, then, should he not earn his way in the work which appeals most to his nature and for which he is singularly well fitted, especially when it is clear that he is paid for work and not for play?

That is the nub of the whole argument. Actually it is of small moment whether Tilden earns much or little by writing, or whether he puts in only a few hours or all his spare time at his desk.

As an editor I judge that he, as writer, gets what his articles are worth, neither more nor less; there are other qualified tennis-writers, and supply and demand fixes prices, in the long run, of tennis articles as well as of tennis balls. Tilden can safely rest his case on the right of an individual athlete to earn money in any calling he chooses, provided it is earned not by playing or teaching the game.

If need be, Tilden's amateurism might be favorably compared to that of other tennis-players actively interested in the manufacture of tennis equipment.

But why make odious comparisons on false reasoning? It is sheer fallacy to assume that all profits from the sport violate amateurism. Once we start upon that boggy road we invite inevitable breakdown. Is the financial head of a sporting-goods house, ipso facto, a professional player? Are his clerks and stenographers professionals even though they may not even physically touch tennis goods? Is he who makes the cloth covering of tennis balls less an amateur than he who builds ships? And what, in turn, is the status of these purveyors of tennis materials — wool growers and buyers, steel manufacturers, Amazon rubber gatherers, varnish makers, flax growers, and hosts of others who profit legitimately by meeting the wants of two million tennis-players? No; revenue from tennis, as such, is not enough to destroy amateur status.

Even the most excited advocates of drastic tennis-legislation admit that lawn tennis is overwhelmingly amateur. They fear that it may not remain so; therefore they have taken, tentatively, a step utterly without precedent. No other tennis governing body ever has seriously proposed to prohibit the writing of articles on tennis for money. Some have regulated

such writing, properly enough, as a matter of discipline. For instance, the Australian Davis Cup players, now in this country, have been forbidden to cable stories of matches but — let Tilden's critics note this well — they are specifically urged to send newspaper stories back to Australia by mail.

There might be an excuse for expelling the greatest match-player of all time from amateur ranks if his pay for writing articles on tennis depended on his playing in certain tournaments or on his being champion of the United States, just as the employee of a sporting-goods house might be barred if his chief contribution to the business consisted of goods sold through tennis play. But if the latter could hold his job without playing in a single tournament, and if the former could sell his articles exactly as well if he broke his leg in June and could do no more than hobble till October, how could the amateur standing of either be successfully attacked?

The gist of the matter is: 'Are Tilden's writings on tennis worth what he receives for them, regardless of any playing he does?' As the editor of a tennis magazine I am both qualified and compelled to answer with a categorical, 'Yes.' And as long as truth rightfully compels me to make that answer, it also compels me to fight for Tilden's amateur status against all combinations of men, circumstances, and sophistries.

MAN'S SHARE IN CIVILIZATION

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

In an article on 'Woman and Civilization' in the *Atlantic Monthly* of September 1923, the suggestion was made that woman's genius lies in organization, administration, and social effort, while man's is rather individual, abstract, and imaginative. This view is not by any means new; many students, both of mind and of body, hold that some such distinction between the sexes can reasonably be made, bearing always in mind the degree to which men and women share in each other's characteristics. We may put it that there is a common stock of human nature from which individual men and women vary; the men on the whole tend toward the abstract and individual virtues, the women toward the social and practical. We are then justified in speaking of a 'man's culture' or a 'woman's culture' according as the social organization of a country encourages one of these directions at the expense of the other. Whichever direction the culture may take will be shared in by both sexes to the disadvantage of one of them. The ideal culture would be one in which the two tendencies were evenly balanced, but we know that such a balance is rarely attained and then held only for a short time.

On this continent of North America

there can be little doubt which culture we possess at present. We pride ourselves upon the practical qualities of our civilization. We 'get things done,' often with good results, often without sufficient consideration of what the results will be.

Abstract science, the fine arts, and religion are indeed valued by thoughtful men, but they are on the whole valued for their practical and social worth, not as things in themselves. They are valued for their effect on the community, not for their effect on the individual. It is indeed rare to hear any theory of reform or of social amelioration put forward which is not based upon organized action by one part of the community upon another part. The individual tends to be ignored. Indeed the extensive schemes of reform which are from time to time forced, or threatened, upon us are all based upon the idea that men who live in a virtuous community will be virtuous. Action is therefore aimed at the entire community, both good and bad. Our habits are to be controlled or altered because they are supposed to have an ultimately bad effect upon the community, not because they are bad in themselves. We are to 'set a good example.' The opposite idea, that a virtuous community is one composed of virtuous individuals, is rarely heard. The reformer insists that the individual must suffer for the good of the community; the individual may well answer that reforms which make the individual suffer are themselves bad for the community.

Our purpose at present is to show that the abstract and individual life, the life of the man, has a value in itself, and that this value is largely ignored in the cultural life of North America.

It is convenient to consider this abstract life under the three divisions of science, art, and religion, each of them a well-recognized activity with a bearing upon the other two.

Abstract science, pure research, is valued by farseeing men in America; it is even endowed by rich ones, but usually upon the assumption that the practical applications of science can be reached only through pure research. We are continually hearing that wireless telegraphy rose almost incidentally out of purely scientific investigations, and so scientific study is commended as a means to a practical end, as an instrument for some world-wide reform, not as a thing good in itself. Our Utopias of to-day are applied-science paradises.

In the same way the fine arts are to be encouraged for their elevating social qualities, or for their effect in adding to our reputation as a wealthy and cultured people. This was the old Roman idea, and we are very like the old Romans in many ways. To possess great museums and picture galleries is one of the marks of a great nation; every Rembrandt or Velasquez brought across the Atlantic gives a thrill of patriotic pride. It is true that the masterpiece may merely pass from one private collection to another. It may, as is rumored of certain Shakespeare folios, merely pass into a millionaire's cellar; but such purchases create an atmosphere of connoisseurship. We cannot say that our leading citizens are indifferent to art, or that art has no value. Some art evidently has a very large value. If that value accrues to the art-dealer rather than to the artist, we have long ago agreed that the distributor is more worthy than the producer.

It would be absurd to assert that the social value of art is not a very real thing; it would be absurd to ignore entirely its financial value. The point to be made is that the fine arts have

an inherent value which is neither social nor commercial, but rather individual. A great country produces great artists rather than great collections.

Religion is similarly valued because we consider that it tends to make people act rightly toward one another. So we find that the churches lay great stress upon philanthropy, upon social endeavor and organization, and upon reform. We would all agree that a religion which did not tend to make its people morally better was a very poor religion; we would agree, too, that our own religion does, in the main, have this effect. A very great number of church adherents frankly support the churches upon social grounds, holding that their main value is that they are a steadying influence for good in a society which is all too easily disrupted. This is all true, nor would one attempt to minimize its importance, but it is only one half of the truth. Religion has a value to the individual which is quite apart from its social value.

II

Now let us turn from these abstract elements of life to the preëminent activity of the modern American world.

The conduct of commercial life is supposed to be the peculiar province of the man. America leads in 'big business'; the ambition of the American young man, if we are to judge by fiction, literature, and the advertisement column, is to become an employee in big business. The 'highly paid executive,' the trusted servant of a great corporation, at an equivalent salary — these are the ideals of success. Yet there was a time when most men longed for a business of their own, even a small business. It was perhaps the better loved because it was small and private and struggling. We are told, of course, that the day of small business is over, that economically the little man must give way to or be absorbed in the great organization. So long as size — impersonal, unindividual size — is our ideal this must be so. If our ideal gave more value to the individual and less to the organization, it would not be so. The question is not whether such business is more or less efficient, not whether it produces more goods at a less cost — but: Would we as individuals be happier, would we have more scope for development if we paid less attention to efficiency and more to living, less attention to 'getting together' and more to individuality?

Professor Mavor, of Toronto, in his recently published memoirs, says, 'To the Scot's mind not "getting together" but getting decisively separate on fundamental contradictions is the right plan.' We need occasionally to be reminded of the advantages of separation, and to realize that union is not always strength — it is often merely a symptom of weakness. Sheep flock together.

Man is not a solitary animal, but neither is he a flock animal. He needs both organizations. To me the social type appears essentially that of the woman, the individual that of the man; and I venture to think that the case for the man's culture has not been sufficiently brought forward. But whose fault is that? Certainly not the woman's.

We cannot blame active, public-spirited, and capable women if they do things their own way. They have captured our elementary education, our art, and our intellectual culture. Where they do not actually practise these things they influence them. Meanwhile our men play politics or poker or golf in the intervals of commerce, and submit their intellectual and emotional lives to the rule of their

wives. The traditional picture of the American Family in Europe has the foundation of truth usual in caricatures; so have the adventures of Mr. Jiggs. Woman is the culturally active member of American civilization, and she drags man, feebly protesting, in her wake.

But now, as to the value of pure science, art, and religion, that is, their value apart from their practical or social uses.

Scientific work is disinterested; it is concerned only with the discovery of truth and the increase of knowledge, not in any way with its effect upon society. The value of science lies in this disinterested quality, and in its insistence upon accuracy, so far as that can be attained. Pure science has no respect for old established traditions, beliefs, or superstitions, except in so far as they can stand the test of accurate investigation; it insists upon honest thought. Science is therefore cathartic; it cleanses our thought from sloppy, half-realized ideas and beliefs. The first essential of the scientific attitude is that our thoughts and our beliefs, whatever may be their nature, shall be perfectly clear and definite; the second is that they shall not be in conflict with facts, so far as we know them. As a consequence we must never fear a new truth because it appears to be in conflict with a former belief. We need more men who will insist upon truth though the heavens fall.

But what is truth? This is an important point upon which the practical mind attacks science.

No scientific man ever supposes that he will or can attain to ultimate truth. That is a question for metaphysics rather than for natural science. The most that the scientist can do is to attain to a slightly more accurate description of and a slightly closer approximation to the structure of nature. He does not even know whether there is any such thing as ultimate truth or ultimate reality. As a scientist he works on 'verifiable hypotheses with an extending fringe of theory,' to be verified in its turn. So at any moment he may say, 'This, which I have hitherto believed to be true, I now find is only partially so. Accordingly I change my belief.'

The whole idea of unchangeable truth and of pure dogma is, in fact, unscientific. Recently, for instance, our ideas upon the constitution of matter and the 'law of gravitation' have been subjected to severe revision. Popular protests were actually published against Professor Einstein on the ground that he was wrong (apparently morally wrong) to disturb the Newtonian law; but every scientific man knew that Newton's 'law' was as much subject to revision as any other so-called 'law' of nature. These 'laws' are only human approximations to an unknowable reality. Science can have no dogmas. But such a condition of flux in belief is very unpleasant to many men. They demand nice clear facts! 'This is true, that is false; this is good, that is bad.' And these values are to be the same forever. One function of pure science is to destroy this simple attitude, and to substitute for it the divine curiosity, the endless desire to know, by which alone the mind can develop.

Science insists that there is no opinion which may not be subject to criticism; even more, that every opinion *must* be subjected to the severest criticism, provided only that the criticism is sincere. It is by continual criticism that our knowledge is increased. Yet how many men to-day are willing to submit their political opinions to radical criticism, or to consider radical opinions as worthy of rational

criticism. Most of us make efforts toward a more scientific attitude of mind, and we know how difficult is the scientific attitute toward a 'cherished opinion.' But we know also how great is the reward when we persist in such an attitude. It is firm ground beneath our feet.

The scientific attitude is more than the investigation of nature: it is the attitude of moral and intellectual honesty.

We value the artist to-day less than the scientist, because it is more difficult to find a practical use for him. We have already indicated some of the uses commonly assigned to art, and a little rationalizing will produce further practical virtues even in the fine arts. So long as department stores and banks find a commercial value in imposing buildings, so long will the architect be allowed to be, or to hire, an artist. So long as well-drawn advertisements are considered to be profitable, so long will commercial artists be supported; and so long as the possession of pictures is looked upon as a social asset, so long will 'art-lovers' who cannot afford old masters make a virtue of buying the products of to-day. There are and will always be a few to whom art is a part of life; but, in the main, art, literature, and music are to-day regarded as embellishments to be rated according to their commercial or social value.

But just as science frees the intellect, so art frees and cleanses the emotions. The artist is the emotional expert whose function is to expose false or outworn emotions, passions, and prejudices, to show what is noble and what is base in life without regard for the feelings of any man. All fine and noble art is as cathartic emotionally as science is intellectually.

This is a value of pure art, yet even with this value the artist is not concerned except in so far as it compels him to sincerity. For the one social crime which the artist can commit is insincerity, and sentimental art is the only real immoral art. The artist is the man who feels deeply and sincerely, and who can convey these feelings to others; and if he is to do his best work he must be concerned with no other end than art. Art for art's sake does not mean art abstracted from life, but art valuable as itself, independent of utility, economy, or morality. And such art should pervade life, making for honest workmanship and honest design in everything we have or use. We can feel rightly about even the shape of a spoon or a chair, just as we can feel rightly about the destiny of a nation.

In this view 'old masters' cease to have any very great value. They were once the fresh vision of a prophet, they are still interesting and beautiful expressions of eternal humanity, but they are not of that intense and immediate importance to us which is possessed by the artistic vision of to-day.

The ordinary man, however, in so far as he thinks about the matter at all, prefers to rest content with those visions of beauty which satisfied his great-grandmother. So, when a painter or a writer produces work which has an immediate bearing upon present-day life, particularly if it exposes some comfortable emotion inherited from his great-grandmother, or if it considers life from some point of view unseen by that lady, the average man is flicked in the raw. A fresh vision in art is even more irritating than a fresh knowledge in science. Fresh views in anything are indeed usually branded as 'immoral.'

Art is the cleanser of emotion, science is that of intellect; what place is then left for religion?

The churches to-day are devoted to social endeavor, a most necessary and useful work, and they are full of

activity. They perform a very necessary part in our social organization; yet it is notorious that scientific men and artists do not attend their services very regularly. For this the churches naturally blame the scientists and artists — regarding them as 'irreligious.' The scientists and artists say very little about it; they seem to find their lives complete without the aid of the churches. Yet they are probably a very highly religious body of men. For religion is not belief in any body of dogma, it is effort of man to bring himself into sympathy with the universe. It is therefore intensely personal.

It seems a pity that the beauty of our own religion should be obscured by quarrels regarding the historic truth of this or that narrative. Historic truth is a matter for scientific inquiry ending in a verdict of proved or not proved. It should be kept apart from religion.

'The kingdom of God is within you.' 'But rather seek ye the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Whoever seeks sincerely and faithfully that which he believes to be true and right; whoever schools his intellect in the sharp discipline of science, and his emotions in the equally sharp discipline of art, is not far from the kingdom. Not only is there no opposition between science, art, and religion, but I would venture to assert that no man can be deeply religious who is not in sympathy with science and art. It cannot be contrary to religion to seek a further knowledge of nature or a further insight into human emotion. Science and art are deeply religious in themselves; for the better we know ourselves and the universe of which we are a part the nearer we shall be to God. This is perhaps mysticism, nowadays rather out of fashion, yet many have questioned whether religion can exist without mysticism.

To many of us the churches to-day appear to be chiefly instruments of moral compulsion. Every faddist who chooses to denounce woman's clothes, the way she cuts her hair, dancing, smoking, literature, sculpture, painting, evolution, any form of social or moral freedom, finds support in the churches. This view may be very unfair, but until some decisive body of church opinion speaks out boldly on behalf of freedom, of the right of the individual man to choose right or wrong, and to be responsible for his own choice, such a judgment will be made. The churches at present raise a chorus of denunciation, the ordinary man meekly accepts their expert opinion, and then pays no further attention to what he regards merely as a professional declamation.

Yet religion is a necessity for mankind not because it gives a supernatural sanction to some code of morals, but because it binds man and the universe in sympathy. Coercion and repression are police functions and no proper part of religion. Indeed these coercive moral measures are simply confessions of failure. The reformer must needs regard his fellow creatures as either too weak or too wicked to lead decent lives, so he must forbid every natural pleasure lest it might be turned to evil.

But there is no need to pursue the 'reformer' further, though he is one of the saddest results of our over-socialized society. He is one result of thinking only in terms of the community and ignoring the individual, and he is at present doing infinite harm, for, by his insistence on evil, he is breaking down the barriers between real evil and good. He is a negative creature.

III

Science is the cleanser of thought, art is the cleanser of emotion, and

religion is the effort of man to bring himself into unity with the universe. We cannot live without all three, and in all three there is a common feature. Their reward is not in the end accomplished, but in the effort. The scientist's work is unending—as he attains one step the next is before him. When the artist has completed a work it has to him no further value; he looks forward to a finer view. Religion is without end, and must deepen in harmony with a deeper appreciation of the Universe. To this deeper appreciation both science and art must contribute.

To all men the joy of work should be the joy of life, work without regard to economics or efficiency or organization; for, if we have the right attitude to our work, a sufficiency of these things will be added to it. At present our humanity is in danger of being choked by efficiency, and work is too often a thing to be endured for the sake of its end instead of loved for its own sake.

It is the business of the men to set these things right, and to bring back into our lives some measure of the abstract and disinterested virtues. I sincerely hope that women may in time be successful in business and in administration, and that they may in part drive out men from these occupations, compelling them at last to attend to those important matters which they are best able to undertake. Then perhaps we may have a revaluation.

Meanwhile of course the first reform required is that boys should be educated by men, not by underpaid girls. The Boy Scout movement is in the right direction in that it is at any rate an effort by men to influence boys. But the virtues inculcated in the Boy Scouts are the general human virtues such as bravery, endurance, kindness, and courtesy. Perhaps young boys are hardly capable of learning the manly virtues of abstract science and art, or the necessity of doing their own thinking. I am afraid, too, that boys are sometimes taught to be docile, and that is not a virtue at all. However, they rarely learn.

The next step is possibly to get a good deal of the prevailing utilitarianism out of our universities. At present these are mostly technical schools, very useful and necessary institutions, but of very little help to the active mind.

But the only reform which will ever do any permanent good is a change in public opinion. When the thinker, the scientist, the artist, and the mystic are respected regardless of their wealth or of their economic value — then our civilization may hope to match even that of war-scarred Europe.

These reforms will not be brought about, if ever they come, by organizations or by campaigns or by slogans, but by a stirring in each man's mind impelling him to seek freedom. This is a man's business. But the men seem to be all asleep.

DEAD MAN'S BROW

BY WILFRID GIBSON

As for the first time over Dead Man's Brow
That snell November day I drove the share,
The coulter struck a stone that checked the plough,
Tilting it upright with the hafts in air.

With arms well-nigh out of their sockets jerked
I tried to drag the handles down, in vain;
Then, stooping, long with breaking back I worked
To free the coulter, till with thews astrain

At length I lifted a huge slab that lay
Lid-fashion on a kist of up-edged stones,
Uncovering to the light and air of day
A huddled skeleton of ash-gray bones.

With knee-joints drawn up to its jowl, it clasped
Its bony arms about its ribs and seemed
To shudder from the icy East that rasped
My living cheek; and as the chill light gleamed

Upon its fleckless teeth of flawless white
The girning skull gaped at me with a groan —
'Why have you broken in upon the night?
Why can't you let a buried man alone?

'This thousand year I 've lain in dreamless rest,
Forgetful of the wind that flicked my blood
And roused the hunting hunger in my breast
To course the fells and ford the frothing flood

'Of burns that thundered in a Winter spate,
Questing a quarry that forever fled
Beyond the further fell-top, until fate
Tripped me and tumbled me among the dead:

'And I at last knew peace and slept secure
Within my quiet little house of stones.
Must I another doom of life endure?
Why have you waked the hunger in my bones?'

I dropped the slab, and took the hafts and turned
My team and made back homeward with my plough,
Leaving the hunter to the peace he 'd earned
Beneath the windy bent of Dead Man's Brow.

HISTORIC DETERMINISM AND THE INDIVIDUAL

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

In considering the life of man in history or in contemporary social relations there are two hypotheses open to us. We may postulate that, from the largest sweep of the historic process down to the most insignificant details of an individual's daily life, man's assumed control over his own action and destiny is an illusion, that he is in truth as powerless to alter his present or his future as the moat eddying in the sunbeam, troubled with no such illusory self-consciousness as mocks the highest of created beings. Or, on the other hand, we may postulate that man's personal destiny and that of society are to some extent, and within certain limits, subject to human control, consciously directed.

If the first of these hypotheses be true, then it is evident that it will make no difference whether man takes thought for himself or not. As well might a drop of water from the ocean, rising and falling in the waves, raised to the clouds by the sun, dropped as rain on the land, attempt to change that inevitable series. What shall be, shall be, and it is useless for man to try to alter a stream of tendency and action which is merely part of the inextricable, eternal, cosmic process. But if, on the contrary, there should be any sphere in which his independent, free will

may become effective for good or evil, then it becomes a matter of importance to him and to the human race whether he exerts that will or no and in what direction.

And this exertion becomes increasingly important to society in proportion to the share which the individual has in the formation and guidance of his own government and other institutions. It must be confessed that in many quarters there has been growing for the past generation a feeling of the impotence of the individual, a pessimistic fatalism as to the inevitability of the social and political drift, a relaxation of individual effort from the belief that, after all, it is of little or no avail. This may be due partly to an inevitable reaction from the too buoyant optimism of the humanitarian, social, and scientific philosophy of the Victorian era. It may also be attributed partially to the enormous increases in populations which have occurred since the industrial revolution. The depression of the effectiveness of the individual will, by the increase in the number of directing wills and minds in the great modern democracies, may also be considered a factor. Another may be found in the influence of the scientific concept of universal natural law, with its implied determinism, which has been carried over into the fields of history and social endeavor. But whatever the causes may be which tend to deaden the belief in the value of individual effort, it must be conceded that if there is any sphere for the effective and right willing of individuals in the historic and social processes, it is important that the wills of such individuals be energized rather than allowed to atrophy. It may be well, therefore, to consider whether we have as yet any valid reason to doubt the effectiveness of the individual, and in this article we shall do so from the standpoint of historic determinism.

One of the commonest, as well as the earliest, forms of determinism in history is the theological — the belief that the whole process is determined and controlled by a god, or supernatural power. However, in the Western world, at least, this doctrine has never prevented man from actively trying to control and modify his personal and social life. In our own history there were no stouter strugglers for a new order, no more determined opponents of the established one, than those who believed most strongly in predestination, infant damnation, and the constant interference of the Deity. As exerting any influence toward fatalistic inertia or political pacifism, this form of historic determinism may be discarded, certainly at the present time.

The historic process may also be considered as being determined by forces or conditions within nature but outside man, such as the geographic, climatic, and other elements of his environment, or, thirdly, by conditions partly within and partly without society and the individual. Among these are man's economic needs and urges, from which we have derived the doctrine of economic determinism, and his physical structure and functioning, from which other forms of determinism have been derived.

II

There has been no more fascinating subject developed in recent years than that of anthropogeography, or the influence of man's physical surroundings upon his development and that of his various types of civilization. That these factors modify both man's physical structure and temperament, and have exerted a vast influence upon his

settlements, migrations, industrial and other activities, no longer admits of doubt. The various climates of different sections of the earth's surface, as well as the great climatic changes in any one of them, have influenced man directly and notably. The abundance, paucity, and character of the natural resources, and the nature of the country as to coast lines, rivers, plains, mountain barriers, and other features have also greatly modified man's efforts.

In the sixty years since the publication of Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, a whole literature has grown up tracing these modifications in detail upon various types of peoples in relation to their environments. As usually happens, the opening of a new field for thought tended among some thinkers to overemphasize its exclusive importance, and among a certain school 'geographic determinism' overshadowed all other factors in human development. As an extreme example we may refer to Grant Allen, a disciple of Herbert Spencer, who wrote in 1878 that 'the differences between one nation and another, whether in intellect, commerce, art, morals, or general temperament, ultimately depend . . . simply and solely upon the physical circumstances to which they are exposed. . . . The differentiating agency must be sought in the great permanent geographical features of land and sea . . . these have necessarily and inevitably moulded the characters and histories of every nation upon the earth. . . . We cannot regard any nation as an active agent in differentiating itself. Only the surrounding circumstances can have any effect in such a direction.' Of the marvelous period of the highest Greek culture he says that 'it was absolutely and unreservedly the product of the geographical Hellas, acting upon the given factor of the undifferentiated Aryan brain.' Even at present and to minds with wider scientific training, the subject seems to be unusually tempting to dogmatic statement as to geographic influences in particular cases.

Thus, in a recent textbook we find such statements as that 'Germany has turned especially to chemistry because of the presence of rich deposits of unusual minerals,' and that the English have been the 'chief investigators of the science of oceanography' because of their use of the sea, with no qualifying conditions. The development of skyscrapers in New York City, according to this writer, would seem to be merely a 'response to the water barrier' of the city with the resultant high cost of land, ignoring all the other factors, physical and spiritual, which went to the development of that new type of architecture in the case of that particular bit of high-priced real estate. Indeed, so fascinating and absorbing is this game of studying the correlation between physical environment and type of civilization, so exclusive does it become in the minds of some of its less well-balanced professors, that in reading their unguarded statements one has the same feeling as, in a different metaphysical atmosphere, in reading Mather's *Special Providences* and learning that when a mouse in Congregational New England destroyed some books in an attic it was found that he had annihilated only Episcopalian Prayer Books. I do not mean at all to imply that the leading scientific geographers of America or Europe are to be classed with such extremists, but the extreme statements are naturally the sensational and arresting ones and those which make the most impression upon the lay mind of the public.

Buckle himself was far more conservative in his exposition of the doctrine of geographic influence than

many of his later disciples. This was also true in one point, as we shall note later, of Karl Marx who, writing a few years earlier than Buckle, may be considered as the founder of the doctrine of economic determinism, though not the first to point to the importance of economic factors in social evolution. For him, man was almost wholly a function of nature and, even when he had modified natural conditions by inventions, he yet remained merely 'the tool of the tool,' as one commentator has expressed it. The most succinct and fairest expression of the economic doctrine still remains that given by Professor Seligman in the introduction to his volume on *The Economic Interpretation of History*. 'The existence of man,' he says, 'depends upon his ability to sustain himself; the economic life is therefore the fundamental condition of all life. Since human life, however, is the life of man in society, individual existence moves within the framework of the social structure and is modified by it. What the conditions of maintenance are to the individual, the similar relations of production and consumption are to the community. To economic causes, therefore, must be traced in the last instance those transformations in the structure of society which themselves condition the relations of social classes and the various manifestations of social life.' As will be noted presently, Professor Seligman qualifies this statement to a very great degree later, but the economic interpretation, which has received somewhat scant application in America as yet, is rapidly growing in appeal and may be pushed by some here, as it has been by some of the wilder extremists in Europe, to the same degree of exclusive extravagance as the theory of geographic determinism. The few important studies based upon the economic doctrine which have appeared in recent years in the United States are of great value and suggestiveness. Professor Beard, for example, in his extremely interesting volume, *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*, attempts merely to trace, by legitimate methods and inference, the overshadowing economic influence with reference to that political question.

Certain European and American writers in the past, however, have been far more extravagant in their claims for the exclusive determinism of the economic factors. Indeed, the whole of Greek intellectual life and philosophy have been deduced as necessary resultants from economic determinants precisely, and as illogically, as the extremist geographer, Allen, deduced them from the environmental. Not only the whole of man's social and political institutions, but even the Christian religion, has been found by some to have been the inevitable outcome of human economic needs and their satisfactions without consideration of other elements.

Here, again, I wish to emphasize that such extremists do not represent the sounder historical and economic scholars, but their unbalanced pronouncements impress that part of the public which reacts more easily to startling generalities than to cautious investigation.

As Henry Adams once said, those who read Buckle's first volume in 1857 and, two years later, Darwin's *Origin of Species* could not then doubt that 'historians would follow until they had exhausted every possible hypothesis to create a science of history.' As new sciences or pseudo-sciences have developed, one or another historian, enamored of some one of them, has endeavored to make it the controlling or determining factor in the historic process as envisaged by himself. Even the Freudian psychology has seriously attempted to recast the American

Revolution in terms of an obscure neuroticism on the part of Samuel Adams, and the rending of an empire has been traced to the inferiority complex and 'dream world' of that astute if not always immaculate politician.

Of a different type of determinism has been the search for the general laws, rather than merely a determining cause, which may rule over the historic process. In his brilliant presidential address made at the last meeting of the American Historical Association, Professor Cheyney attempted, modestly and tentatively, to arrive at certain historical laws which, he said, he did not conceive of as 'principles which it would be well for us to accept, or as ideals which we may hope to attain, but as natural laws, which we must accept whether we want to or not . . . laws to be accepted and reckoned with as much as the laws of gravitation, or of chemical affinity, or of human evolution, or of human psychology.' He finds these to be the law of continuity — the impossibility of any sudden break with the past; the law of impermanence — the inevitable rise, growth, and decline of social groups or nations; the law of interdependence — that no part of the human race can progress by the injury of another; the law of democracy — the tendency for all government to come under the control of all the people; the law of necessity for free human consent; and the law of moral progress — the slow but measurable increase in the influence of morals upon human affairs. Quite different was Henry Adams's attempt to discover a mathematical law of progress and decline in his application of the physical concept of 'phase' to the domain of history.

III

It is evident from these brief notes on certain recent tendencies in historical work that we are drifting far from the idea of man as a thinking, self-conscious being, determining by his own thoughts and acts the destiny of himself and his fellows. It is true that man has ever felt that his acts are subject to the veto of a higher power, whether expressed in terms of theology or of science. As Professor Cheyney pointed out in the address to which we have referred, we find this thought in one of the earliest written documents of any section of the human race, the papyrus of Ptah Hotep. There it is written that 'never hath that which men have prepared for come to pass; for what the deity hath commanded, even that thing cometh to pass.' But it may be noted that the scribe thought of men as self-consciously and freely struggling for something, however their efforts might be brought to naught by a higher power. It is at least the stimulating conception of two wills clashing, even though man's might always prove the weaker. That conception is of a quite different order from those of the geographic, economic, and other determinists of the extremist groups, who find that man's thoughts, motives, and deceptive belief in his own will and self-direction are in reality all moulded and determined by the forces of nature.

Indeed, according to them, human society merges into nature and becomes as inevitably a part of the cosmic process as the gathering of star dust into nebulæ. If that is the case are we not theoretically justified in giving up all effort and allowing ourselves to become the mere sport of the forces concerned? If the theories are correct, have we any will in the matter at all? If Phidias or Aristotle or Pericles was merely the product of geographic Hellas may not a New Yorker shift all responsibility to Manhattan Island, content himself with murmuring 'God is great,' and cease from

troubling Mr. Hylan? It has been said, with a good deal of truth, that the problem of determinism in history is merely a new phase of the old problem of the freedom of man's will. However, the psychologic effect of the doctrine is rather different. This may be due to the fact that man's individual consciousness is far more highly developed than his social consciousness and spurs him on to action in spite of theory. The most determined fatalist will still struggle for his own good or strive to save his life. The urge to do so is so great as not to be affected by any inhibition in the realm of theory. But the urge to strive for the good of society, or to save its existence, is far weaker, and succumbs far more quickly to the doctrine that the individual is powerless in the matter. However, do the facts of history or science, as thus far developed, point inevitably to the conclusion that man is thus powerless? Is there any foundation for the position taken by the various extremist groups?

In examining the degrees and forms of determinism assumed in history we may note certain general and specific aspects of the theories. In so far as man has to work out his individual or racial destiny subject to general laws, such as those suggested by Professor Cheyney, there is nothing which should serve to depress individual effort. The only one of those deduced by him which might seem to have a pessimistic implication — the law of impermanence — merely places limits upon the life of nations similar to those which we have to recognize in the life of the individual. As individuals, we are born, grow, sicken, and die, but this physiological cycle has no bearing whatever upon the problem of the freedom of our wills.

In the same way, in the larger cycle of the life of organized societies, the fact that they may decline by natural law as inevitably as they arise has no bearing whatever upon the ability of the individuals who compose them to mould the destinies of their groups or nations during their existence. Individuals may or may not have that ability, but the law of impermanence is wholly irrelevant to the question at issue. Such a law belongs to what we may call the physiology of history.

We may similarly trace the development of the individual from the union of two germ cells, through all the stages of growth, disease, decay, and death. That is a legitimate standpoint from which to observe one aspect of that individual life, but if we had every detail in such an account should we have in any sense a biography of the man? The discovery of the laws relating to the physiological growth of the individual has been of enormous benefit to mankind. It may make no difference to the universe whether a man is a living, thinking, willing organism or has degenerated into his physical elements after death, but it makes all the difference to the man.

The laws of physiology thus far discovered have taught us that, if we are to maintain our health, we must do certain things and avoid others. It is precisely because we can and do avail ourselves of such known choices that the discovery of those laws has been of service. In the same way the discovery of the laws of the health or disease of nations would not mean that we were less capable of determining their development but that, on the other hand, by enabling us to foresee the results of certain choices of conduct it would enable us to extend and enrich the average national life, as we have been able to extend and enrich the average individual life.

IV

In a survey of the literature dealing with the relations between geography and man's history we are struck by certain aspects of the geographer's contribution to the historian. One of these is the vast span of time, compared with the life of the individual, required for the influence of certain geographic factors to be felt, and, in some cases, as that of the alterations in climate, for the factors themselves to become operative. We are, in these cases, dealing with what we may term the geology rather than the physiography of history. We cannot understand the physiography of any locality without knowing its geological history, the original formation of its rocks, the slow upheaval, perhaps, from below an original sea level, the crumpling of the earth into mountain ranges, their slow denudation, or the effects of glacial action. But here, as in the general laws of history, we are dealing with a different order of facts from those which we study in describing a landscape in its human terms of villages and the life of their inhabitants. Man's activities are influenced by the climate, by the nature of the soils and other resources, by the character of the portion of the earth in which he dwells; but this is merely the framework of an environment to which he reacts, and he reacts very differently at different times and under different conditions.

In fact, when we leave the broader generalizations and come down to tracing the influence as a determinant of any particular geographical factor upon any particular people at a particular time, we find that we have to make so many allowances for other factors in the way that such a people respond to their environment as to force us, by any canon of common sense, to consider geographic factors merely as modifiers and not as determinants at all. Consequently, the leading workers to-day in the field of anthropo-geography have adopted an extremely conservative attitude as compared with the extremists of a few years ago. In what is probably the ablest contribution to this growing science in America, Miss Semple's *Influence of Geographic Environment*, the author states in preface that she 'speaks of geographic factors and influences, shuns the word geographic determinant, and speaks with extreme caution of geographic control.' Many of the most scientific workers in the field to-day admit the decreasing importance of geographic factors as peoples progress in knowledge and control over their environment, although this is denied by some. Buckle himself stated that the influence of the physical environment decreased as civilization progressed, and that the advance in civilization had been 'characterized by a diminishing influence of physical laws and an increasing influence of mental laws.'

What we have just said of the theory of geographic determinism may also be said of economic determinism. In America the ablest exponent of the doctrine has been Professor Seligman, and in his final estimate he states that 'from a purely philosophical standpoint, it may be confessed that the theory, especially in its extreme form, is no longer tenable as the universal explanation of all human life,' and that 'as a philosophical doctrine of universal validity, the theory of "historical materialism" can no longer be successfully defended.' Although he believes it to have been substantially true of the past, he thinks it will become less and less true of the future. As Dr. Shotwell has pointed out, even Marx's extreme economic determinism ended in assuming the control of mind. When Marx turned from considering the past evolution of soci-

ety to forecasting the socialist state of the future, he predicated that the proletariat, hitherto ground down by blind economic forces, were finally to master economics for themselves and so to control the forces which had formerly mastered them. This same admission on the part of those most interested in proving geographic or economic control over man's history — the admission that in the end mind counts increasingly in the scale — receives added confirmation from Professor Cheyney in his sixth law of history, that of moral progress. 'Obscurely and slowly,' he says, 'yet visibly and measurably, moral influences in human affairs have become stronger and more widely extended than material influences.'

Of course, the extreme determinists claim that this is a mere begging of the question, and that mind and morals are themselves the products of the determining factor. Aside, however, from the unproven assumptions involved in this claim, it may be pointed out that we can never know the ultimate cause of the present universe, and that as we trace back successive proximate causes we are apt to find them multiplying as do the ancestors of any individual in his family tree. It may be that the derivation of a particular moral idea, for example, may be traced to economics, but to describe the derivation of a thing is not to describe its potential possibilities or developed nature.

If we approach the question of historic determinism from the standpoint of biologic necessity, we are involved in all the philosophical difficulties which are beginning to beset the biologist in his narrower field. The more the development, structure, and functioning of living beings are studied, the more difficult does it become to reject 'end as distinguished from mechanical cause.' In the functioning of the individual cells which make up the aggregate of a living body there is now recognized to be a quasi-purposiveness that cannot be philosophically ignored. The study of life requires the employment of conceptions which do not belong to the realm of mathematics, physics, chemistry, or the other sciences, though these are all required for the full understanding of the living organism. The sum total of all the data derived from them, however, is inadequate to complete knowledge of life itself.

V

The modern method of extending the bounds of knowledge is by considering reality in one aspect only at a time. The philologist is concerned only with the laws of language, the mathematician with the serial order, and so with the other scientists, each working in his particular field which he purposely isolates. But the actual universe has many aspects, innumerable points of approach, no one of which alone can give us an adequate idea of the underlying reality. The various sciences are, as it were, but varying points of view from which we scan nature. We can no more interpret its vast richness solely in terms of chemistry than in those of theology. In the last few generations, the natural sciences have made such enormous strides in adding to our knowledge of certain aspects of the universe that they have overshadowed all other methods of approach to its problems. It is too often forgotten, however, that these sciences rest on certain metaphysical assumptions which are ignored by the public and often held naïvely or unthinkingly by scientific workers themselves. By utilizing these assumptions we have been able to solve a vast number of problems, as the algebraist solves his by the use of x, y, and z. But it by no means follows that all the problems of the universe can be solved by making

the same assumptions and using the same rules. This fact, and it is a most important one, is largely lost to view because of the dazzling results of science in exploiting the universe from its particular standpoint. As a method of investigating one aspect of reality it has been an unqualified success, and the possibility that there are other aspects, for the interpretation of which it might not be fitted at all, has been lost to sight, ignored, or flatly denied. Every age unconsciously fashions its own philosophy, and this philosophy moulds the thoughts and outlook of the millions who never read a philosophical work. As Viscount Haldane has recently said of the scientists, 'it is only their clinging to an *a priori* metaphysical view, held most often unconsciously, that makes so many try to render the phenomena of life into physical and chemical conceptions.'

Geography, economics, biology, psychology, sociology, and the other sciences have enormously enriched the content and conception of history. History can never again be written as the record of the acts, desires, caprices of a few leading men and their effects. But it may well be asked whether the sudden opening of these vast new domains of knowledge has not tended to depress unduly the share taken in the historic process by thinking, willing man. Are we not in danger of making too much of the environment, understood in its broadest sense, and too little of the chief actor in our drama, the self-conscious individual man, whose reactions to that environment form the real theme of our story? No doctrine is held more in contempt at the present time than that of the 'great man in history.' It will probably never be held again in its old form; but have we not reacted too far? It is true that no individual, no matter how vast his apparent historic importance, can alter the historic process in *any* direction he might choose; but because he cannot make himself felt unless he is in harmony with the social forces of his time, are we to assume offhand that those forces accomplish everything and that the influence of the 'great man' is wholly negligible? May he not give just the deflection at any given time which may set those forces in a direction which they would not otherwise have taken, with incalculable results?

The view, for example, is becoming more and more widely held that the American Revolution was inevitable owing to many causes. I myself believe it to have been so. But to proceed from that to say that the life and character of Washington were not of determining importance I believe to be an unscientific assumption. Had it not been for Washington, I do not believe that the revolt would have succeeded *at that time* in achieving separation from England. Granted that the separation was inevitable *sometime*, is it scientific to assume that the course of all European and American history would have been unchanged at all from what it was? Or is it scientific to assert dogmatically that, if Washington had died or failed the cause, some other man with the same qualities would have of necessity arisen to replace him? Is not that a gratuitous assumption, not only not based upon any provable facts but opposed to the fact of the scarcity of great men in history? Is it not more scientific, as William James pointed out many years ago, to accept great men as part of our data and as, at least, one factor in effecting social change?

And as with the great man in the nation, so it is with the small man in his community. Is it any more scientific, though it may sound more learned, to invoke as sole causes of social change the 'great cyclical forces' rather

than the thoughts and wills of you and me and the rest of our hundred and ten millions who make up the present nation? It may be that our thoughts and wills are more or less dependent upon those of all the rest, and that these constitute a 'force' against which at times we seem powerless. But in so far as we ourselves think and act are we not modifying, infinitesimally it may be, that very force, and is it not incumbent upon us so to do? It would seem as though, within the limits set for us by our environment and subject to the as yet undiscovered laws of history, the future of the nation depended very much upon our doing so. Rather than rest in a fatalistic belief in the forces shaping our destiny it behooves us to attempt actively to mould that destiny for ourselves and our posterity, welcoming all knowledge of the conditions under which we exist and of the laws which may be utilized to shape our ends.

As we have seen, the extreme views held by certain determinists in geography, economics, and the other sciences are not sanctioned by the leading men in those various branches of knowledge, and the whole trend of recent thought is rather toward ascribing a wider and wider range to the spiritual factors. History can never be a mere science, in the narrow popular meaning of that word in America. It is not wholly determined by the laws postulated by the sciences. The metaphysical assumptions underlying the sciences probably underlie certain portions of the historic process as well and can be used for their interpretation, but there are others which require an entirely different method of approach. For the past three generations, the shadow of scientific determinism has been slowly obscuring in the popular mind the light from the spiritual side of the universe, as the shadow of the moon in an eclipse obscures the light from the sun. The attitude of the unphilosophical public was never warranted even by the facts of science and certainly not by a view of the universe which gives to science its proper place and function.

In history the delimiting of the field in which determinism plays its part, and the recognition of the potency of the spiritual factors, should restore tone to the slackened will of the citizen. If, in despair, man should refuse to believe in and to avail himself of his power to control his own destiny, then, and then only, would there be no hope.

> Yea, if no morning must behold
> Man, other than were they now cold,
> And other deeds than past deeds done,
> Nor any near or far-off sun
> Salute him risen and sunlike-souled,
> Free, boundless, fearless, perfect one,
> Let man's world die like worlds of old,
> And here in Heaven's sight only be
> The sole sun on the worldless sea.

THE HIDDEN ONE

BY L. ADAMS BECK

(THE Princess of this story was one of the great Moghul dynasty of Emperors in India and was born in 1639. She was granddaughter to the Emperor Shah Jahan and the lovely Lady who sleeps in the Taj Mahal, and daughter to the Emperor Aurungzib whose Moslem fanaticism was his ruin. The Princess's title was Zeb-un-Nissa — Glory of Women. She was beautiful and was, and is, a famous poet in India and Persia. She wrote under the pen name of Makhfi — the Hidden One. Her love adventures were such as I relate, though I have taken the liberty of transferring the fate of one lover to another.

For her quoted poems I use the charming translations by J. D. Westbrook, who has written a short memoir of this fascinating poet-Princess. She was a mystic of the Sufi order, and her verses, 'The Hunter of the Soul,' strangely anticipate the motif of Francis Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven.' The poems not specified as hers are a part of my story.)

I

The office of hakim (physician) to the Moghul Emperors being hereditary in my family from the days of Babar the Conquering Emperor, I was appointed physician to the Padshah known as Shah Jahan, and when His Majesty became a resident in Paradise (may his tomb be sanctified!) my office was continued by his Majesty Aurungzib, the Shahinshah, and rooms of nobility were bestowed on me in his palace, and by his abundant favor the health of the Begams (Queens) was placed in the hands of this suppliant and I came and went freely and was enlightened by the rays of his magnanimity. And my name is Abul Qasim.

But of all that Garden of Flowers, the Queens and Princesses, there was one whom my soul loved as a father his child, for she resembled that loveliest of all sweet ladies, the mother of her father — she who lies sleeping by Jumna River in the divine white glory of the Taj Mahal (may the lights of Allah be her testimony!). In the sisters of my Princess I have seen, as it were, a beam now and again of that lost beauty, but in her it abode as an unchanging moonlight and at her birth she received the name of Arjemand in honor of that beloved lady whose loss so clouded the universe that the day of her death is known only by its chronogram of 'grief.' And the child received also the title of 'Glory of Women' and such this Princess most truly was. Of her might it be said: 'For the mole upon thy cheek I would give the cities of Samarkhand and Bokhara.' And a poet of Persia, catching a glimpse of her in her garden, cried aloud in an ecstasy of verse: —

'O, golden zone that circles the Universe of Beauty,
It were little to give the Universe itself for what thou circlest.'

Yet this surprising loveliness was the least of her perfections. But how shall this suppliant, who is but mortal man,

describe her charm? Allah, when he made man and laid the world at his feet, decreed that one thing should be hidden from his understanding, so that still, for all his knowledge, he should own there is but one Searcher of Secrets, and this mystery is the heart and the enchantment of a woman. For if she be called the Other Half of man it is but as the Moon reflects the glory of her lord the Sun, and as a wise Hindu pundit told me for truth the Moon has a cold and dark side also where alone she revolves thoughts secret, silent, and perilous. Therefore to sift her in her secret spells is a foolhardy thing, and not in vain is it written by Aflatoun (Plato), the wise man of the Greeks, that the unhappy man who surprised a goddess bathing in the forest was rent in pieces by his own hounds.

Yet this feat must be attempted for, if there is a thing it behooves man to know, it is the soul of this fair Mystery who moves submissive beside him and surrenders Heaven to him in a first kiss and the bitterness of the Hells in a last.

Therefore I essay a tale of this Princess, the Glory of Women, who was an epitome of her sex in that she was beautiful, a dreamer, a poet, and at times sweet in gentleness as a summer river kissing its banks in flowing, and at others —

But I write.

II

Seeing her intelligence clear as a sword of Azerbaijan, her exalted father resolved that his jewel should not be dulled by lack of polishing and cutting, and he appointed the wise lady Miyabai to be her first teacher. And lo! at the age of seven she knew the Koran by heart, and in her honor a mighty feast was made for the army and for the poor. As she grew, aged and saintly teachers were given her, from whom she absorbed Arabic, mathematics, and astronomy as a rose drinks rain. No subject eluded her swift mind, no toil wearied her. Verses she wrote with careless ease in the foreign tongue of Arabia, but hearing from an Arab scholar that in a single line the exquisite skill betrayed an Indian idiom, she instantly discarded Arabic, because she would have perfection, and henceforward was a poet only in her mother tongue, Persian.

On this jewel no pains were spared, for the Emperor desired that her name might be splendid throughout Asia. And yet he drew her limit and sharply. For in her pride of learning she began a commentary on the holy Koran, and hearing this, he sternly forbade it. A woman might in her own sphere do much, he wrote, but such a creature of dust may not handle the Divine.

I, Abul Qasim, was with her when she received the Imperial order, and saw her take the fair manuscript and obediently tear it across, desiring that the rent leaves be offered to the Shadow of God in token of obedience. But those deep eyes of hers were not obedient beneath the veiling of silken lashes, and turning to me, to whom she told her royal heart, she said, 'What the hand may not write the heart may think, for in the heart is no Emperor. It is free.'

Yet the Emperor made amends and noble, so far as his light led him. Not for a woman the mysteries of the faith of Islam, which he held of all things the greatest, but, fired by the praises of her tutors, he sent throughout India, Persia, and Kashmir for poets worthy of his poet-Princess, bidding them come to Delhi and Agra and there dwell. A fitting company he made for her.

So, veiled like the moon in clouds, the Princess Arjemand was permitted to be present in the great hall of the palace at tournaments where the weapons were the wit and beauty of

words, when quotations and questions were flung about as it might be handfuls of stars, and a line given was capped with some perfect finishing of the moment's prompting and became a couplet unsurpassable; and so the poets and the wits broke their lances on each other, and often it was the golden voice from behind the veil that capped the wisest, and completed the most exquisite, and recited verses of her own which brought acclamation from the assembly.

'Not even Saadi (may Allah enlighten him!) nor Jalalu' din Rumi (may his eyes be gladdened in Paradise!) excelled this lady in the perfumed honey of words.' So with one voice they cried.

And this was not homage to the daughter of the Protector of the Universe. No indeed. For death has not washed out her name with the cold waters of oblivion; and now that she is no more beautiful, nor daughter to the Emperor, her verse is still repeated where wise men and lovers meet in their own concourses, and the soul of the Hidden One, still beautiful and veiled, is among them.

It will be seen that her life in the secret Palace must needs be solitary, for there was none among the ladies who shared her pleasures. But she had one friend, Imami, daughter of Arshad Beg Khan, and this creature of mortality who writes these words was also accounted a friend, though unworthy to be the ground whereon she set her little foot. Day after day did the Princess Arjemand, with Imami, write and study, and the librarians of the Emperor had little peace because of the demands for the glorious manuscripts and books collected by her ancestors from all the ends of the earth.

Great and wonderful was the new Palace of the Emperor, with tall rods of lilies inlaid in the pure marble in stones so precious that they might have been the bosom adornments of some lesser beauty, and there were palms in tall vases brought by the merchants of Cathay, which made a green shade and coolness for two fountains, the one of the pure waters of the canal, the other of rose water, and they plashed beside a miniature lake of fretted marble rocks sunk in the floor, where white lotuses slept in the twilight.

But of all the jewels my Princess was the chief. Surely with small pains may the Great Moghul's daughter be a beauty, but had she been sold naked in the market place this lady had brought a royal price. Toorki and Indian and Persian blood mingled in her and each gave of its best. The silken dark hair tasseled with pearls that fell to her knees was an imperial crown. From the well-beloved lady who sleeps in the Glory of Tombs she had received eyes whose glance of meditative sweetness not even the men of her own blood, excepting only her stern father, could resist, and of her rose-red lips, half sensuous, half childlike, might it be said: —

Their honey was set as a snare and my heart, a wandering bee,
Clung and could not be satisfied, tasted and returned home no more.

Of the soul within that delicious shrine her deeds must tell.

III

So she sat and frowned with a letter from the Emperor in her hand, for again she was thwarted. She had desired to read the Memoirs of her ancestor, the Emperor Babar, and, hearing this, her imperial father wrote thus: —

'Happy Daughter of Sovereignty, there is one manner of reading for men who are the rulers, and for women who are the slaves another. It seems you go too far. What has a daughter of our

House to do with our ancestor, Zahir-ud-din Muhammed Babar, the resident in Paradise? He writes as a man for men, and what profit for a woman? Plant not the herb of regret in the garden of affection lest I regret what is already given. The request is refused. Recall the verses: —

'Ride slowly and humbly and not in hurrying pride,
For o'er the dusty bones of men the creature of dust must ride.

'What an Emperor writes is not for the Princesses. His duty is rule. Theirs, obedience.'

Her eyes flashed, and calling for her pen she wrote: —

'Exalted Emperor, father of the body of this creature of mortality, be pleased to hear this ignorant one's supplication. I represent that you have fed my mind on the bee's bread of wisdom, and from your own royal lips have I heard that the words of our ancestor (upon whom be the Peace!) are full of flavor and laughter, generous and kind, shining with honor and the valor of our family. Now, true it is that I am your female slave; yet may this worthless one bear one day a son to transmit your likeness to the prostrate ages. And since we do not breed lions from lambs, his mother should carry the laughter and fire of her race like a jewel in her heart. I repeat my petition to the holiest of Emperors from his suppliant daughter.'

'It will be granted,' said the Princess, 'even for the sake of that last word — the "holiest." He values that title more than to be called the Shahinshah. And with all my heart I would it were otherwise.'

'And why, great Lady?' cried Imami. 'Surely the Padshah is a saint, having with his own hand written the Koran out in full, and his deeds and words will illumine Paradise.'

'I know little of Paradise, but I know, and my father might know, that to be so bitter a saint in our Moslem faith that he insults and persecutes all the others of the Empire is to break our dynasty to powder.'

The blood dropped from my face as I heard her because had these words been carried to the Padshah not even her rank, not even her daughterhood, could save the Princess, and in the Palace a bird of the air may carry the matter.

'Yes,' she went on, laughing coldly 'Akbar Padshah had in all ways the tastes of Solomon the Wise, and his Palace of Queens was a garden. But observe! These Queens were chosen from every faith and each had the right (like Solomon's — the Peace on him!) to worship as she would. There were Indian Princesses who adored Maheshwara, the Great God, and Krishna, the Beloved. There was a Fair Persian who worshiped the Fire. There was — But in the zenana of my imperial Father — '

She paused and Imami continued, 'The Queens recite the holy Koran all day as becomes the ladies of an Emperor who sighs for the life of a fakir.'

'And would he had it!' cried the Princess with passion, 'for every day discontent grows among the Hindus that are taxed, beaten, and despised because they hold their fathers' faith. Is there one of them employed about the court or in the great offices as in Akbar's day? Not one. Yet Akbar Padshah in his deep wisdom built up the empire which my father with holy hands destroys daily.'

'O, brilliant Lady, for the sake of the Prophet, be silent,' I said, for she terrified me by her insight. Better is it for a woman that she should not know, or knowing keep silence. 'If these words reached the Padshah — '

'I should at the least be imprisoned and nevermore see the light of day. But the end is sure.'

'What is the end?' whispered Imami.

'Misery for himself, though that matters little, for he will accept it as the robe of martyrdom, but ruin for the Moghul Empire in India, and that matters much, for the astrologers whisper of a great white race from the sunset who know all things but God and Beauty, and their heel shall be on our necks. Oh that I were a man!'

Her face lit up into such pride and valor that I also wished it, for I knew her words were true as truth. But in India a woman can do nothing, and I trembled for my Princess.

So I said, salaaming, 'Princess, when the happy day comes that you wed, you shall make your lord lord of the world with your wisdom.'

She laughed, but bitterly.

'I shall never marry, wise man of fidelity. I have had lovers, yes; for one, Suleiman, my cousin, son of the brother whom my father slew because he stood too near the throne. By report I knew what he was, but I saw him and spoke with him that —'

'My Princess, and how?' I asked in astonishment, knowing that his presence in the Queens' Palace was death.

She looked at me with large calm eyes.

'My faithful servant, have you been so long about the Palace and know not that all things are possible? Prince Suleiman was veiled like a woman, and I saw his face and we spoke together. Should not cousins meet?'

I trembled when I heard, for had the Padshah guessed, what hope for her? His own three brothers had he slaughtered and Prince Suleiman was doomed, if this were known.

'And he saw your face, O Brilliant Lady?'

'Not he! And not for fear's sake, but because I liked him not at all. He stood and sighed, and said: "O Envy of the Moon, lift up your veil that I may adore the hidden lips like the rubies of Badakhshan, the musk-dark tresses, the cypress form. O Waving Willow of Beauty, be pitiful to your slave!" But I caught up my lute and sang these verses of my own making: —

'I will not lift my veil,
For if I did, who knows —
The bulbul might forsake the rose
The Brahman worshiper,
Adoring Lakshmi's grace,
Might turn, forsaking her,
To see my face.

'My beauty might prevail.
Think how within the flower
Hidden as in a bower
Her fragrant soul must be,
And none can look on it.
So me the world shall see
Only within the verses I have writ.

'I will not lift the veil.

'And the fool caught me — *Me!* and would have torn it. And when I flung him off he swore a great oath that sooner or later he would have my face to see and my heart in his hand. A woman in fury as in dress! A contemptible creature, though beautiful as Yusuf, and my own cousin.'

'But, Lady of Beauty, what had you against him? He is brave as a sword of steel.'

'Do I not know all that goes on in this city? Do I not know that the Prince spends his nights and days in Shaitanpur (Devilsville), the quarter of pleasure, and was I to show my face to a man reeking from the embraces of the bazaar? No. I am Makhfi, the Hidden One; hidden I shall be until I am won by a deed unrivaled and a heart unfailing. I shall be no rival to Peri Mahal, the dancer, and such as she.'

And, even as she ended, a low voice at the curtain that veiled the doorway asked admittance; the heavy silk was drawn aside and a tall woman entered. The Princess scarcely looked up.

'Her slave prays for a word with the Marvel of the Age whose mind so lovely outshines even her fair face, and whose face so beautiful is the lamp that holds the light of her soul.'

'Warm for a woman!' said the Princess, and looked straight at the newcomer who stood salaaming with the utmost humility. She added impatiently: —

'There is no need of this ceremony. Remove your veil. The good physician, Abul Qasim, is privileged to see the faces of all in the Palace of Queens.'

In a flash the veil was torn off and a man's face appeared beneath it, young, bold, and beautiful, with the hawk features of the Imperial House. A splendid, dissolute young man with the down on his upper lip like the black astride the swan's bill. Prince Suleiman, son of Dara, the Padshah's brother.

'Ha, daughter of my uncle!' he cried. 'Did I not wager, did I not swear that I would see the Hidden One? And now I see her, face to face. Poets have sung you, cousin, and painters have praised you, and their words and colors were lies, for you are wholly a spark of Divinity. And having seen, I entreat for love's very sake that your beauty may be mine to worship until time is no more.'

He made toward her eagerly, disregarding Imami and me. I looked to see her confused or angry, but she spoke with a most misleading calm.

'Exalted cousin, you have won your wager and your bride. If her embrace is cold it is at least constant and —'

'Cold, with those burning lips of rose, those eyes filled with sleep? O loveliest, divinest, grant me one kiss for earnest if you would not have me die at your feet.'

I saw her sign with her hand to Imami, who glided away, flattening herself against the wall as if terrified. Then she spoke serenely.

'Exalted cousin, when were you last in Shaitanpur?'

It stopped him like a lightning flash. He stood arrested on the marble before her face. 'I know nothing of Shaitanpur,' he said breathlessly.

'No? Nor of Peri Mahal, the dancer, and her house with the courtyard of roses and the song she sings?'

Again she caught up her lute and sang in a low voice: —

'Black bee, strong bee, the honey-eater,
Plunder my perfume, seek my heart!
Cling to me, ravage me, make me sweeter!
Tear the leaves of the rose apart.'

He stared, his eyes slowly dilating. That the daughter of the Emperor should sing the song of the bazaar, the song of the light women! Then it emboldened him. He threw himself forward to seize her hand.

'Maker of verses, this is a rose of your own garden. Till now I never heard it, but it speaks your heart. You shall not ask me twice, my rose, my pearl, my star.' He caught the hem of her veil.

Now I knew well from her eyes that he rushed on his fate, but it was written in the book of his destiny and who can avert fate?

She drew back a little and looked at him with soft eyes, wells of delicious darkness. Her voice was gentle as moonbeams and caressing, so that a man might well believe she would give all to please him whom she exalted with the sight of her. Said I not that the Moon has a side, dark, cold, and perilous?

'Fortunate cousin, I am a weak woman. How dare I face the wrath of the Padshah? He does not love your father's son. But if he did —' She drooped her head as with a soft shame overwhelming her in the deeps of modesty. O very woman, divine, yet a child!

He, trembling, and with eyes fixed,

stammered out, 'Alas, I have dreamed of your sweetness, and what is the dream to the truth? Oh, make it mine that in life and death it may enfold me, and that I may never again behold a lesser light, having once seen the Ineffable.'

And very softly, like the breathing of a flute, she said, 'O my cousin, how should we face the wrath of the Padshah?' And he, kissing her hands with frenzy, said in broken words, 'Ah, Moon of my delight, that knows no wane, let me but watch with you through the starry hours of one night, and then, then, if the Padshah's will be to slay me, at least I shall have lived before I die.'

'And I also,' she said, looking down like the feminine incarnation of modesty, so that, enraptured, he kissed her on the mouth as a man in the desert grasps the cup nor can sever his lips from it. And when he would permit her to speak she leaned her head backward to gain space, and said, 'What is my lord's will; in what shall I obey him?'

Now I, standing half hidden in the marble recess, would have warned him if it had been possible, that not thus — oh, not thus, does the proudest and wisest of women abandon herself to such as he. For I had pity on his manhood and the Imperial blood that he shared with her. But who was this suppliant to obstruct the design of the Princess? And indeed I became at last uncertain that I guessed her meaning, with such submissive sweetness did she take his hand in hers and touch it to her lovely brows. And trembling like a man in an ague, he replied: —

'O darling little slave, since you give me the right to command what is wholly mine — I say this, let my slave, whose slave I am, expect me to-night when the moonlight touches the western corner of the Diwan-i-Am, and I shall come to the hidden chamber, and my life, my soul, are in the hand of my slave whose feet I kiss.'

And throwing himself on the marble like a worshiper, he kissed the flower-soft feet that showed like bare gold beneath the hem of her robe, and so, rising to his knee, looked up at her as an idolater at his goddess.

But she looked beyond him at the curtain which veiled the door. It lifted and Imami stood there, ash-pale, with a dish of gold in her hand and standing thereon a great goblet of jeweled glass with rose-red sherbet of pomegranate juice brimming in it and rose petals floating on the surface, and beside it two golden cups flashing with diamond sparks, and on her knee she offered it to the Princess, who took the goblet and a cup, smiling.

'Fortunate cousin, since this is so, and I, my father's best-beloved child, shall pray him to grant me my heart's desire, let us drink the cup of betrothal in the presence of the Hakim Abul Qasim and the lady Imami. But I warn you that long and doubtful will be my suit and if a word too soon reach him my life will be the price. Heart of my heart, I pledge you.'

And setting the blossom of her lips to the cup she drank, and filled the other cup for him. Even as he set his lips to it, suddenly Imami sprang to her feet.

'The Padshah comes!' she said, and fell again on her knees, hiding her face in her hands.

IV

I saw the dreadful terror that struck the color from the face of the lover. He knelt there with a glassy countenance like a man in the clutch of a nightmare. But Glory of Women, herself shuddering, caught him by the hand.

'There is but one way from these rooms and the Emperor closes it. To the room beyond my bedchamber, the room of the marble bath, and hide

until he departs! Bismillah — in the name of Allah — flee!'

She pushed him from her and he fled. Then, most singular to see, she composed her veil, glancing in the mirror set in silver that was a gift from the Portuguese priests to the Emperor. The curtain lifted and Aurungzib Padshah entered and Imami prostrated herself and I also, but the Princess knelt.

Now I know not how this should be, but in a room where great events have just taken place it is as if the winds of passion beat about the walls and waft the garments of those who have shared them, and to my guilty heart it seemed as though the very lilies inlaid on the marble cried aloud, 'Majesty — Majesty, there is a man, a man in hiding!'

And certainly the Padshah halted and looked from one to the other of us with suspicion. He was ever a man of suspicion, narrow-browed, dry-lipped, sharp-eyed. The face of a man who sees not life as it is, but either as he hates or would have it — whom truth mocks in escaping. Weak; but of all terrible things on earth, beware the strength of a weak man in the grip of his belief.

So, looking hard at the kneeling Glory of Women, he said coldly, 'In the name of the most Merciful and Beneficent, what is this disturbance? Speak, Princess, daughter of the family of chastity! It is revealed to this suppliant at the Throne of Allah that there is a hidden thing in these chambers. What is it?'

She answered, 'May joy attend my exalted father, the adorner of the gardens of happiness, the decorator of the rose-parterre of enjoyment. There is surely a hidden thing in these chambers: your unworthy daughter, who is known by your august favor as Makhfi, the Hidden One. And I have read aloud a poem newly completed which has moved the Hakim Abul Qasim to great delight since it dwells on the perfections of the Giver who gives unasked.'

'It is well, sincere daughter. Presently we shall hear it.'

I saw his eyes fix on the golden dish that lay on the table with one cup emptied and a stream of the sherbet like a bloodstain on the marble below. 'This was set down in haste,' he said through clipped lips.

'In haste, O Glory of Allah,' said the Princess with the cold sweat clamming the silken tendrils on her forehead. 'I drank, and was about to drink the second when your auspicious feet blessed the threshold.'

'You are thirsty, happy daughter of sovereignty? Then drink the remainder. Permission is granted.'

I saw the gleam in either black eye of him as he spoke, watching her sidelong. She lifted the cup to her lips with a hand that shook so that it rattled against her teeth, though she struggled to command herself.

'No, do not drink, royal daughter. It is stale,' he said, still smiling with his mouth but not his eyes.

And the Princess replied with terror scarcely to be hidden, 'Will not the Mirror of God be seated and partake of refreshments from the hand of his slave?'

'Willingly, but of that cup — no,' said the Padshah. And I knew his thought as if he had spoken it, and Imami crawled to the door like a thing released to fetch sherbet and fruits, and I to the latticed marble window, while the Emperor walked about the hall leaning on the shoulder of the Princess, and I marveled if Allah would support her lest she should fall and die at his feet.

He was later to attend the Am-Khas, the Hall of Audience, and was attired kingly. A chain of mighty pearls hung to his knees, and above all these jewels was his cold repelling dignity as of a King too great to be approached even

by the favored child of his pride. Very terrible are the Moghul Emperors and this most of all, remote and lonely as a moon at midnight. At length he spoke, as if in meditation.

'Glory of Women, you have grown into beauty like the virgins of Paradise. Your long lashes need no antimony, your eyes are wells of delight, and in that robe of gulnar (pomegranate red) you resemble that princess who bewildered the senses of the mighty Suleiman, King of Israel. (I saw her eyes quiver as she bowed her head under the weight of praise.) Does not the rose long for the nightingale? Does not your heart, happy daughter, turn to love?'

With her eyes on the ground, she answered.

'Exhibitor of Perfection, my heart is set elsewhere. If I be remembered as a poet I ask no more of destiny save that the rank of daughter of the greatest of Emperors be attached to my name forever.'

And he, 'It is well, yet marriage must be considered. Fortunate daughter, have you bathed to-day?'

And she, ash-pale, 'Benignity of the Creator, no.'

He called to Imami, kneeling again by the door. 'Hasten, lady, and light the fire beneath the great water-vessel in the bathing-room of the Begam and I shall hear her verses until it be ready.' And Imami, casting a dreadful glance on the Princess, moved slowly to the inner chamber and it is the truth that my soul all but died within me, for oh, most terrible was the doom of the Padshah, and who could tell that this young man, worthless and dissolute, would know how a prince should die to preserve the honor of a lady?

So the Emperor, laying aside his awful majesty, made his presence sweet as moonlight in the precious chamber, saying, 'Exalted daughter, it is but seldom we have leisure to relax, and yet the olfactory of my soul inhales with delight the ambergris-perfumed breezes of affection and concord. Yes, even when absent —

'I sit beside thee in thought and my heart is at ease,
For that is a union not followed by separation's pain.

'Read your verses to me that we may blend our souls in peace.'

She swayed as she knelt and leaned against the divan with closed eyes.

'Majesty, the perfume of the flowers and the rose-water fountain have given me faintness. May I retire with the Hakim to my inner chamber that he may give me a medicine. Then I return.'

He waved his hand and I came forward making the prescribed salutation, and helped the Princess to rise; she leaning on my ancient arm, and the lady Imami, kneeling, unrolled a Persian manuscript splendid with borders of illuminations in blue and crimson and gold while the Padshah composed himself with pleasure to listen, being, like all the Kings of his family, skilled in versifying.

As we moved forward, I supporting her, the Princess breathed in my ear, 'I meant his death for his insult, but Allah knows I am guiltless of this hideous thing. Oh, Abul Qasim, is there aid in earth or heaven?'

What could I say? Only the Great Physician of the Hidden Dispensary could avail to that unfortunate! 'Inshalla ta Allah — if the sublime God wills!' What more?

Now this inner chamber was all of pearl-pure marble, and in the midst a deeply sunk bath of marble, wide and long, its sides decorated with lotus flowers and their leaves; and a silver pipe led the water to this from a mighty reservoir six feet in height, raised on great claws of silver, and below it a

place for fire to heat the water, enclosed and fed with sweet-scented woods and balls of perfumed gums. And, O Allah, most merciful, there had the lady Imami set a light and within could be seen the brilliant blue flames crawling like snakes among the cedar wood. And releasing the Princess I stood like a graven image of terror, expecting that at any moment the Padshah would follow. She laid her hand on the silver, and amid the crackling of the flames she whispered like a dying woman, 'What is your duty, exalted cousin?'

And from within he answered in a voice — O most Compassionate, grant that never again may I hear the like! — 'Silence. Yet because my love has loved me and I die for her, give me one word to carry with me to doom.'

So she fell on her knees as if before the Emperor. 'Keep silence if you love me, for honor is more than death. Yet take this with you. I love you, and for your sake no man shall kiss my lips. Only you are behind my veil forever.'

And he answered, 'On my head and eyes.'

By her command I gave her water to drink and applied an essence to her nostrils, and she rose and once more laid her hand on the silver. Then we came away and, clinging to me, she whispered, 'God send he keep silence, for the Emperor has worse torment in store than even this.' And the Padshah called us and we returned to where he sat in calm content, and he motioned my Princess to a seat, saying, 'I would hear your verses of "The Lover." What is the fate of a lover? It is to be crucified for the world's pleasure.'

And taking the manuscript from the hand of Imami, she read aloud: —

'Dust falls within the cup of Kaikhobad
And King Jamshid.
Nor recks the world if they were sad or glad,
Or what they did.

How many hearts, O Love, thy sword has slain,
And yet shall slay.
They bless thee, nor to Allah they complain
At Judgment Day.'

But here her voice broke, and she paused. 'Happy Father and Lord, there is a sweeter verse. Listen.

'O Love, I am thy thrall.
As on the tulip's burning petal glows
A spot, yet more intense, of deeper dye,
So in my heart a flower of passion blows,
See the dark stain of its intensity,
Deeper than all.

'O blessed pain,
O precious grief I keep and sweet unrest,
Desire that dies not, longing past control.
My heart is torn to pieces in my breast,
And for the shining diamond of the soul
I pine in vain.

'This is my pride — '

But her voice died away and she sank fainting at the Padshah's feet.

'Lay the Princess on the divan, and let the lady Imami continue the reading,' he commanded, and so it was done. She lay there, for a time unconscious, death-white and still, and the trembling voice of Imami continued with words so sweet that they might have moved the heart of an image of stone, and the Padshah sat immovable, hearing and praising for how long I know not nor shall ever know.

And at last he rose and said graciously, 'May the tree of hereditary affection watered by this hour of converse grow in leaf and fruit and overshadow us with peace. Go, exalted daughter, bathe your angelic person and rest with a soul sunned in the favor of the Emperor.'

And he went, we attending him to the door and beyond, and returning, we carried the Princess like a dead woman from the dreadful place, and the fire beneath the great vessel was red and silent, and within was silence also.

Of the days that followed I do not write.

THE SETTING FOR JOHN W. DAVIS

WALTER LIPPMANN

I

No one, I think, can understand the deeper issues of this campaign who has not first understood how that passionately popular convention in New York turned against all its own preconceptions to nominate John W. Davis. For when it assembled very few delegates thought that he could be chosen. The jinxes of politics had apparently done their best to destroy him. He came from a small border state; he had been Ambassador to the Court of St. James; he was a Wall Street lawyer. Thus he violated all the tabus in the political ritual, and he was impossible. Yet two weeks later he was the inevitable choice of a convention which had displayed more unvarnished popular feeling than any important assembly of our time.

The delegates did this extraordinary thing because they had gone through an extraordinary experience. They had learned more at first hand about the really dangerous problems of America, they had learned more of the actual motives which move the great masses of men, than anyone of this generation had thought it possible to learn. In the face of what they saw, the standardized rules of the political game, reactionary, conservative, liberal, or radical, seemed remote and inconsequential.

For they saw the oldest American conflict renewed once more. There in Madison Square Garden was that same sectional division which arose over the adoption of the Constitution and the fiscal policy of Alexander Hamilton, took on the character of a social revolution in the victory of Andrew Jackson, played a determining part in the Civil War, and has since then inspired every important expression of political discontent from the Greenbackers through the Populists to Bryan, the Bull Moose, and La Follette's candidacy in 1924. It is the division first between town and country, generalized into a conflict between those sections where the towns are dominant and those where the rural counties are dominant. The distress of the agrarian West during the last few years would in any case have revived this old sectional conflict. But it had been embittered by the historic coincidence that the old economic, social, and cultural division corresponds roughly to a new racial and religious division. The ancient suspicions of the countryside against the bankers, the wholesalers, and the magnates of the towns fused with the dislike of the older Protestant villages for the Catholic, Jewish, and foreign-born populations of the great cities. It happened that Mr. McAdoo became the rallying point of the antipathies of the West and South, Governor Smith for those of the North and East. They brought an historic conflict to a dramatic issue.

This conflict was suppressed in the Republican and in the La Follette conventions for the simple reason that neither was a true sample of the nation. The Republican Party is a sectional

party. It does not exist in the South, and its Southern delegates are picked from rotten boroughs owned by absentee political landlords in the Northeast. There is no possibility, therefore, in a Republican Convention, of a coalition of South and West against the East. The West fights alone, and in such a contest it has no chance. It is easily overridden by the Eastern politicians whenever they are not engaged, as they were in 1912, in a factional quarrel which leads one faction to form a temporary alliance with the insurgent West. That is why the sectional conflict which prevails as truly in the Republican as in the Democratic Party came to nothing at Cleveland but an hour of jeering at the Wisconsin delegates. The Republican managers had no South to consider and, rather than debate with the West, they invited La Follette to leave the party. The President would have preferred not to appear as candidate of a purely sectional party, and at the eleventh hour attempted to cross the Mississippi in search of a Vice-President. But the sectional feeling of the Northeast, even in his own Massachusetts delegation, was too powerful to turn the convention toward any Western candidate who would accept its nomination. Thus the Republican Party avoided an open conflict in its convention by identifying itself entirely with one section of the country.

The La Follette Convention was in this respect the complement of the Republican. It, too, had no representation from the South; it had no significant connections with the East. The core, as distinguished from the fringe, was the most frankly sectional of all the conventions. Senator La Follette's managers refused to allow debate on any popular issue, much less on such burning issues as the Klan, Prohibition, and foreign policy, which would have revealed the actual emotional alignments within the convention. I am not criticizing them. They did what any politician would do if he could. I am simply trying to point out that Chairman Butler and Mr. La Follette could avoid the issue of sectionalism because the country was not truly represented in the conventions they had to deal with; and that it was not easy, probably it was impossible, for the Democrats to follow their example. For the Democratic Party is actually national in scope, and in its convention the main antagonisms within the nation were correctly represented.

II

The forces arrayed there were not two factions in the Democratic Party, but two cultures in America. They were divided by the suspicion that is engendered between divers communities, blind suspicion and misunderstanding and profound self-righteousness. They were not quarreling about the Mellon Plan, the Fordney-McCumber Tariff, the McNary-Haugen Bill, the League of Nations, Prohibition, or any other seizable, arguable, concrete thing. Should the Ku Klux Klan be denounced by name, or denounced not by name? A ridiculous issue to a cold observer, but a passionate one to those engaged, for on that triviality deep distrust was expended. The sheer emptiness of the ostensible issue made the passion engendered all the more significant to those who managed to look beyond the heat and noise, and the little personal destinies involved, to the meaning. For here, still within the bounds of a common patriotism and the narrower bounds of party loyalty, were the makings of exactly the sort of antagonism that lies between Ulster and the Irish Free State.

There were times when it seemed as

if the Democratic Party must split, as the Republican Party had split, under the strain of the conflict. It would, I think, have been a bad day for America had that happened. The breakdown of the only remaining national party would have left the government at the mercy of three or four sectional parties, no one of them responsible for accommodating the differences that must of necessity exist in a continental nation. It would have surrendered American politics to that most wretchedly corrupt of all systems, the coalition of log-rolling blocs. We may still arrive at that. But as long as one party remains national in scope, the other cannot long remain divided. By some kind of realignment and accommodation, perhaps within both parties, unity will be restored, and while that unity exists the sectional conflict will remain under control. The danger point would have arrived were each party wholly identified with a section, and if every ambitious politician's personal interest lay in outbidding his rival by sharpening sectional complaints and sectional demands. But as long as one party bids for votes in every part of the country, the other party must do the same. And in the need to make a diverse appeal, though it means much ambiguity and hypocrisy, lies also the necessity of tolerance and moderation. And on the will to live and let live depends the ultimate safety of a varied commonwealth.

In the Democratic leaders who finally assumed control after ten days of factional warfare, the principle motive, of course, was to save the party. They had very little time to formulate conscious judgments. They obeyed an intuition which told them that in an extreme crisis only the ablest man is good enough. They were shocked into an agreement on John W. Davis by the realization that in such a storm the thing which counted was not what somebody might say of him, but what intrinsically he was. And every man of them knew, and had known long before he was seriously considered, that in sheer equipment, breadth of experience, and dignity of utterance he was the outstanding Democrat of his time.

That is how a most disorderly convention came to select a man with a deep sense of order; how a convention boiling with passion selected a man of serene temper; how a convention charged with ignorance and prejudice selected a man of lucid and judicious intelligence; how a convention filled with crusaders selected a man who has no trace of fanaticism in him; how a convention in which two factions utterly distrusted each other united at last on a man who gives at once a sense of assurance. I am no believer in the doctrine of the mysterious rightness of the popular will, but in this case men who had looked into a witches' cauldron of hatred and disunion yielded to a half-conscious judgment which was far more reliable than their common sense. For they turned to the one candidate who embodied preëminently those very qualities for lack of which the party had almost destroyed itself.

III

His nomination was the result of confidence in his character rather than of studied agreement with his views. He was assumed to be in the orthodox sense a conservative, partly because of his professional associations in the last three years, and partly because of his personal bearing. He had made no active campaign for the nomination, and had nearly broken the hearts of his friends by a cavalier refusal even to make one gesture which would seem to reflect on his clients, or to betray the slightest distrust of the soundness of the

legal services he was engaged in. I have seen a good many men under the awful temptation of the Presidency. I have never seen another who had such absolute self-respect. The practice of hanging your soul out on the clothesline for an airing was not the fashion in West Virginia when John Davis's character was formed.

It was formed apparently in a society where itching ambition and the need to push did not prevail. He has retained that more old-fashioned tempo of soul. And this is, I think, the quality which causes people to call him distinguished. He is singularly distinct in a gathering of successful New Yorkers, for example, by the absence of that stress in his face and in his manner, which success under modern conditions costs most men. He seems more reserved, and gives a sense of having arrived without losing his breath. Yet he has made his own way in the world. Only he has made it somehow without wrenching himself, as a man might in a smaller community where outstanding ability and great personal charm advertise themselves. He has ambition, of course, for worldly things. But it does not torture him. Success has come to him in the ordinary course of events. He has little lust of power. He has exercised power in every community where he has lived from the time he was a country lawyer, and it seems to fascinate him far less than it does most men. He has a natural composure within him, which is a less tricky thing than self-control, in a man who sets out to deal dispassionately with the problems of the modern world.

The framework of his mind was formed in West Virginia. It is that of the traditional Democrat with the Jeffersonian distrust of centralization, a powerful dislike of bureaucracy, and a strong prejudice in favor of home rule. Ten years ago this was conservatism, for ten years ago progressivism was pledged to the aggrandizement of the federal power as the only quick and sure way of curing social evils. The war came, and the federal power was aggrandized with a vengeance. It 'took over' everything down to advising the cook how to cook. It told the farmer what to plant, and it told the workingman where to work. It managed credit, and imports and exports, and production and consumption, and wages, and hours and prices, and personal opinions, and school textbooks, and the hymns to be sung in church. It was all in a good cause and done, no doubt, with the noblest motives, but it concentrated upon the Federal Government a terrifying burden of expectations, ambitions, and complaints. You settled nothing at home after a while by agreement with your neighbor. You boarded a train for Washington and demanded a law compelling him to agree with you. And the more laws you had the more patriotic you were, and the more inspected you were the more moral you were, and the more laws you passed to 'curb' the other fellow the more progressive you were.

In the post-war world government has been the last thing to demobilize. It has remained inflated, pretentious, overnationalized, quarrelsome, and a perpetually tempting prize for quarrelsome people to seize. John Davis is a radical opponent of this whole tendency toward the aggrandizement of government. That makes him an opponent of some things that are no doubt in themselves desirable, and of many more things that are undesirable. Whether this is to be called progressive or conservative, I do not know, but that in the maladies of the modern world it is wise and liberal, I have little doubt.

And by the same token, Mr. Davis seems to me the only one of the three

candidates whose mind actually deals with the post-war world. He alone in the last ten years has had direct experience of it, first as Solicitor-General and then as Ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. La Follette had a deep experience of the vindictive intolerance of war; he had no first-hand experience of its great problems. Mr. Coolidge was removed throughout from the main experience so far as it involved the taking of the important decisions. Mr. Davis was in the thick of it from start to finish. It is not surprising, therefore, that his mind defies classification as conservative, like Mr. Coolidge's, or as progressive, like Mr. La Follette's. If that seems unsatisfactory to anyone, let him try to classify under pre-war categories a man like Lord Robert Cecil, or Lord Haldane, or even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He will find it difficult because the post-war world does not submit to the formulæ of orthodox progressivism and conservatism.

This is what makes Mr. Davis so bewildering to both camps of his opponents. American progressivism has not reconsidered its position for ten years, and American conservatism for about twenty-five. To both, the war was an interlude, and its conclusion a signal for the conservatives to return to Mark Hanna, and for the La Follette Progressives to return to the unfinished task of busting the unbustable trusts.

The real problems of government in the world after the war lie elsewhere. What government can do toward the actual 'solution' of post-war problems is, I believe, comparatively little. By means of high tariffs, armaments, adventures in security, and dishonest fiscal policies, it can do an enormous lot to prevent people from making the necessary post-war adjustments. It cannot direct them to make the right ones, because nobody in public office knows enough. The main task of government is, in the largest sense, so to police the world that individual and corporate arrangements can be made without resort to force. In that sense the Jeffersonian Doctrine is for the circumstances in which we find ourselves the most apt.

Mr. Coolidge's conservatism, involving economic concentration of power under a high tariff and political isolation through a refusal to share the burden of preserving order in the world, seems to be inspired by no sense of responsibility for any appreciable future. Mr. La Follette's progressivism is at least gallant, but from my point of view it is more the expression of pain than a cure for the malady. It is, of course, a movement of protest without a programme meant to be carried out, and it would not be fair to pick out this plank or that in the platform as the considered demand of all his followers. But if they have yet to draw up their programme, their tendency is evident. It is to increase the managing activity of government by entrusting it with a leading rôle in the solution of economic questions. That *was* the hopeful course ten years ago. Is it so to-day?

For to do that is to make the control of government a prize of such enormous consequence that men will contend for it fiercely. Is that desirable? Ten years ago we should have said that in such contention democracies are educated. To-day, with our experience of how the mind of the mass of men can be moved, with our enormously increased electorate and our greatly complicated life, we should be less certain that we wish to accentuate the fierceness of the struggle for power. For if it came, it would not come, I think, as a debate on the merits of economic issues. It would come, as it came in the Democratic Convention, in tidal waves of anger and

sectional distrust, and I do not think the self-discipline of this country, or of any other, is sure enough to stand the strain of a fiercely prolonged sectional struggle to control the government because there are the levers which fix wages and prices, and raise or lower the standards of living.

They do a poor service to the country who provoke that struggle. They are blind, I think, to the experience of ten years, and blind to a plain truth that we all easily forget. It is a truth as old as Aristotle: you must not complicate your government beyond the capacity of its electorate to understand it; if you do, it will escape all control, turn corrupt and tyrannical, lose the popular confidence, offer real security to no man, and in the end it will let loose all the submerged antagonisms within the state. We have ignored that truth in the last ten years, partly because the war forced us to do it, partly because, as in the Eighteenth Amendment, many people demanded it. We are paying the price in a more embittered sectionalism than we have ever known in this generation. Anyone who proposes to go further into the jungles of centralization, bureaucracy, government interference, with all that they mean in the accentuating of conflict, is a hopeful person, but he is no modern Progressive, whatever he may call himself. He is inviting on an increasing scale that ominous antagonism which was revealed at something like its real intensity in the Democratic Convention.

IV

It follows that John W. Davis offers no support to those who think that the inequalities of wealth can be reduced by an increasing economic activity of the Federal Government. He looks for relief in the opposite direction, to the reduction of governmental activity, both where it favors the specially privileged and where it attempts to regulate and moralize the population at large. He would reduce the tariff privilege. He would throw the burden of taxation where it will least interfere with the standard of living. He would remove legislative and judicial interference with voluntary adjustment, such as the abuse of the injunction in labor disputes. His whole philosophy is to place the emphasis on voluntary, coöperative, state, regional, and local settlement of disputes and treatment of social evils.

He would expect by this political deflation to make government less intricate and much purer, less heady at the centre and more alive in the parts. To such a government, he would say, people might look again with sufficient confidence to keep their antagonisms within bounds and to face at last the almost unconsidered problem of their place in a new world.

LA FOLLETTE AND LA FOLLETTISM

BY F. E. HAYNES

I

ANY study of Robert M. La Follette must include the consideration of three features in the development of contemporary American political and social thought. These features are: (*a*) the sectional differences between the East and the West due to the influences growing out of the settlement of the West; (*b*) the results of the period of economic and industrial development which followed the Civil War; and (*c*) the succession of third parties, which culminated in the Progressive Movement and the Progressive Party of 1912. All three of these factors, closely interwoven, made the United States of 1912, upon which the European War and its after-effects have reacted. La Follette is a representative of the combination of these influences, modified by a personality of great force and ability and of unusually pronounced individuality.

Sectional differences between the East and the West developed naturally and have persisted to the present time. The newer regions of the West have had different problems and experiences. Their need of more capital has led to paper-money agitations and to wildcat banking. More democratic suffrage and the spoils system had their origin in the West. The result has been antagonism between the sections, which appears in Western hostility to Wall Street and in Eastern criticism of Western demands for modifications of the national banking system. The West has been and still is the great source of democratic impulse in the United States. It is different from the East because it is nearer to the frontier and farther away from the Atlantic and Europe. Its centre of interest is 'the day after to-morrow' instead of 'the day before yesterday.'

After the Civil War industrial development became the dominant feature of American life. Industrial combinations replaced the small industries of earlier years. Big business assumed leadership while individual workers shrank into relative insignificance. Autocracy in industry appeared and reacted upon government and law. Great individual fortunes, the trust, and the material development of the West absorbed attention.

Under modern capitalistic conditions the settlement of the West was completed. The building of the transcontinental railroads resulted in an orgy of political corruption. The public lands and the natural resources of coal, of iron, and of timber were lavishly wasted in the great scramble for wealth and material power. The carnival of waste and plunder reached its climax about 1890. Evidences were abundant that the great business interests of the country were controlling the government for their own private benefit. The capitalists who financed the railroads, mines, mills, packing houses, grain elevators, and other great enterprises, received from Congress favors

which destroyed competition and enormously increased private fortunes.

Such a condition produced reactions in the minds of the individuals and the communities which were directly affected by these activities. The succession of minor parties, beginning in the seventies, constituted the political phase of the gradual awakening to a realization of the situation. These parties were recurring protests against successive manifestations of the growing industrial power of the financiers and capitalists. The regulation of the railroads, the continued use of greenbacks, and the free coinage of silver were among the issues of the men who were waging war against special privilege.

A new social consciousness gradually emerged, resulting in the Progressive Movement in both the major parties, and culminating in the Progressive Party of 1912.

The influence of the succession of third parties, and their gradual conversion of the major parties to a serious estimation of social and economic issues, is one of the most significant phenomena in the United States of the first decades of the twentieth century. Apparently this accomplishment has reached a stage of relative completion, since no new minor or third parties have been formed since 1912.

Senator La Follette was one of the pioneer Progressives. He has lived through the developments that have just been summarized. The democratic influence of the frontier, the reaction against the effects of the material exploitations of Western resources, and the new social consciousness that grew out of it, have all formed a part of his intellectual make-up. He is a product of all these influences, and the La Follette ideas and ideals can only be understood by constant reference to the background out of which they have grown.

II

La Follette's career has had two distinct phases, breaking at the year 1912. These two periods subdivide again into: his Wisconsin activity up to 1906, and his service in the Senate before 1912; his position during the European War, and his return to influence since 1922.

During the period before 1912 his ideas were those of other Progressive leaders in the different states. His political experience in Wisconsin led him to emphasize the direct primary and the regulation and taxation of railroads. After his election to the Senate in 1906 he took a prominent part in the debates upon the Railroad Rate Bill and he was one of the small group of Republican Senators who refused to vote for the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act of 1909.

Senator La Follette's programme and his accomplishments in his own state came to be known as the Wisconsin Idea, and the state was regarded as the ideal type of a progressive democratic commonwealth. It was thought of as embodying in a peculiarly successful way the purposes of the Progressive Movement.

The Wisconsin Idea maintained the doctrine 'that business and human welfare can increase side by side' and 'that laws can be so constructed as to lead to progress and at the same time preserve to the fullest all human betterment.' The life of the community was brought into the closest relations with education. The University of Wisconsin, of which La Follette was himself a graduate, became the model for such state institutions in the United States. Railroad regulation, sanitation, and social legislation were placed in the hands of experts. The policy was to make use of the results of the work of scholars connected with

the University in connection with the administrative routine of the state. Expert knowledge tempered by democracy was the objective. The ultimate success of democratic government depends upon the general application of similar methods, both in our national affairs and in the activities of local divisions. Somehow we must get away from the prevalent idea of public office as a reward for political service and base it upon competency to perform the work required of the official. The development of a body of expert officials would result from the application of the Wisconsin Idea.

Before 1912 La Follette was one of the group of leaders of the Progressive wing of the Republican Party; since 1912 he has followed in the main a solitary career of opposition. Only recently has he emerged from his isolation and become the leader of a group of Progressives and radicals in Congress and in the country.

The occasion for the momentous change in his career is to be found in the division which arose among the Progressive Republicans in 1911 and 1912 as to the candidate most likely to defeat President Taft for renomination. Senator La Follette was first encouraged to announce himself, but later he was urged to withdraw in favor of ex-President Roosevelt as a leader with a better chance of defeating the President. A bitter personal feud between La Follette and Roosevelt resulted. The former felt that he had been used to test the situation so that, when it had been found promising, Roosevelt might announce his candidacy as he had always intended to do. On the other hand, it was maintained that La Follette had been supported until his physical breakdown, in his Philadelphia speech in February 1912, made it plain that another candidate must be found. La Follette took no part in the formation of the Progressive Party and during the campaign he repeatedly made bitter personal attacks upon Mr. Roosevelt. He was understood to be throwing his influence privately for Mr. Wilson.

Personal egotism seems to have dominated this phase of his career. He could not adjust himself to the judgments of his fellow Progressives and take his place in the ranks. His resentment blinded him to everything except his own sense of unfair treatment. Admitting that he may have had some reason for his attitude, it remains true that he could not subordinate his own feelings and interests to those of the movement for which he had accomplished so much. This attitude was chiefly responsible for the course he has followed since 1912, which may be described as the playing of a lone hand in the political and legislative game. He cannot follow, but only lead. A friend who declines to follow his leadership can no longer be recognized by him as a friend. These are the characteristics, undoubtedly, of a man of great force and individuality. They are elements of strength as well as of weakness in the fashioning of a career.

From 1912 to 1922 La Follette continued to give expression to the ideas which he had developed as one of the leaders of the Progressive Movement. During these years his isolation undoubtedly accentuated his opposition to many of the prevailing policies. Personal bitterness unconsciously colored the opinions that he held. Even his more extreme views in regard to the war, and our relation to it as a nation, were not entirely unrepresentative of the people and the communities with which he was identified.

In the West popular opinion moved slowly away from the first reactions to the outbreak of the war in Europe.

The campaign of 1916 was won largely upon the slogan that President Wilson had kept us out of the war. Only Germany's reckless disregard of American rights on the sea in the submarine warfare finally brought the United States into the European contest.

La Follette represented the Western viewpoint, remote from Europe and inclined to look with suspicion upon everything European and especially anything British. He blamed 'the money power and the subjugated press' for instigating and sustaining the 'clamor for war.' He urged that 'we should make it possible for the people to give voice to their deep convictions. Let us have an advisory vote upon this matter of war, that will serve as a dictaphone within the Chambers of Congress, through which the voice of the people — the people who pay and who suffer — shall indeed reach the ears of those who represent them and who have, under the Constitution, the sole power to declare war.'

Under the stress of war conditions he went far beyond the mere proposal of a popular referendum upon war. He advocated policies that would have made the United States an accomplice of German militarism. His course inevitably led to the charges of disloyalty which were brought against him on account of certain statements made in a speech delivered in St. Paul in September 1917. These charges were investigated by a Senate Committee, and were dismissed, upon recommendation of the Committee, by a vote of 50 to 21.

From April 7, 1917, to January 12, 1918, sixty different war measures were passed by Congress. La Follette supported and voted for fifty-five of these laws. He opposed only such measures as he regarded as undemocratic and un-American. At the same time, he acted throughout the war as if it were a matter of indifference to Americans whether or not the war ended with a victory for Germany. The local conditions in Wisconsin curiously fitted in with the attitudes he assumed. His practical pro-Germanism and his general opposition to war received widespread support in his own state because of its large German population and the strength of the local Socialist movement.

In spite of his sincerity and fearlessness, his ability as a political leader is so great that it is hardly conceivable that he failed to take account of these circumstances.

His return to influence and power in 1922 came as a result of the situation which developed in the West after the fall of the prices of agricultural products, which occurred in 1920. The lack of leadership and the policy of drift left the initiative to Congress. Dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and the failure of remedial action in Congress, brought Republican defeat in the Congressional elections of 1922. A combination of organized farmers and union labor elected Progressive or radical candidates in a number of Western states. These radicals or Progressives held the balance of power in both houses of Congress. They formed the so-called Progressive bloc, and under La Follette's leadership they dominated the last session of Congress. His survival as one of the early Progressives and his identification during the war with labor and radical movements made him the natural leader of the new opposition group. His own reëlection to the Senate at the same time confirmed his recognition as 'the leader of the opposition.' The accession to power in England of the Labor Party, under the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald, suggests a comparison between La Follette and MacDonald. A general

similarity between the two men as to their attitude toward war and their rehabilitation as leaders, adds to the natural tendency to compare them. His emergence as a leader after ten years of isolation is the more remarkable since it has happened without any change in his official status as a Senator and without the formation of a new party.

III

In his new period of leadership La Follette represents the progressivism of 1912 brought down to date in the personality of one man and modified by the war experience. He seems now to appeal to the class interests of farmers and workers rather than to the general public welfare of the country as a whole. He is attempting to organize the forces of discontent for the accomplishment of immediate results. His programme is one of strategy rather than of statesmanship. He is the organizer of a bloc system intended to destroy the two-party system as it now exists, leaving to the future the problem of the formation of new parties to replace the old.

Fortunately we have his views fully expressed in the statement presented to the Cleveland Convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. Over and over again in that document he reiterates his belief that 'the paramount issue' of 1924 is 'to break the combined power of the private-monopoly system over the political and economic life of the American people.' He declares that this 'system has grown up only through long-continued violation of the law of the land and could not have attained its present proportions had either the Democratic or Republican parties faithfully and honestly enforced the law.' He refers to John Sherman as 'the clearest-visioned Republican statesman of his time,' and describes the Anti-Trust Act of 1890 as 'the most effective weapon that the ingenuity of man could devise against the power of monopoly while it was yet in its infancy.'

The statement then proceeds to review the history of the growth of monopoly and the failure of succeeding administrations to enforce the Sherman Act. He notes that in 1908 the Republicans promised to revise 'the prohibitive tariff duties from which the monopolies derive much of their power, but the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill was written in 1909 in admitted violation of the solemn pledges of the Republican Party.' Again, in 1912, he points out that the people voted that the power of monopoly must be destroyed and that President Wilson forcibly expressed himself in opposition to the power of the trusts and corporations. In spite of the vote of the people in 1912 and Wilson's recognition of the pledge in his campaign, La Follette declares that from 1912 to the present time 'no honest or continuous effort has been made by a single administration, either Republican or Democratic, to protect the American people from the exactions of private monopoly by enforcement of the anti-trust laws.'

In his opinion, in 1920 'the people expressed their resentment at their betrayal at the hands of the Democratic Party by defeating it with the greatest popular majority ever cast against a political party in the history of this country.' Since 1921 the American people have learned that monopoly can be as 'bold and ruthless in time of peace as in time of war.' He then refers to the oil monopoly, its resort to 'the outright corruption of a member of the President's Cabinet to attain its ends,' and its enlistment of the services of former members of the

Cabinet of the preceding Democratic administration. 'Corruption,' he declares, 'is the inevitable result of monopoly control over government.'

Senator La Follette concludes his indictment of monopoly with the following statement: —

'Peace, liberty, and economic freedom are the great principles to which the American people are devoted. Progressives must champion these principles until they are firmly re-established in the life of this country.

'The organized banking interests which own the railroads, control credit, and dominate the industrial life of the nation, will further oppress labor, rob the consumer, and, by extortionate railroad rates and dictation of terms of credit, reduce agriculture to the level of European peasantry, if longer permitted to control this government.

'The ill-gotten surplus capital acquired by exploiting the resources and the people of our country begets the imperialism which hunts down and exploits the natural resources and the people of foreign countries, erects huge armaments for the protection of its investments, breeds international strife in the markets of the world, and inevitably leads to war.'

After certain applications of his paramount principle to European and domestic affairs, he declares that 'the Progressive Movement is the only political medium in our country to-day which can provide government in the interests of all classes of the people. We are unalterably opposed to any class government, whether it be the existing dictatorship of the plutocracy or the dictatorship of the proletariat. Both are essentially undemocratic and un-American. Both are destructive of private initiative liberty.'

Senator La Follette's attitude toward what he describes as the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' was also brought out in his letter in regard to the Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention held at St. Paul in June. In this letter he called attention to the fact that he had devoted many years of his life to an 'effort to solve the problems which confront the American people by the ballot and not by force. I believe that the people through the ballot can completely control their government in every branch and compel it to serve them effectively. I have fought steadfastly to achieve this end, and I shall not abandon this fight as long as I may live. I believe, therefore, that all Progressives should refuse to participate in any movement which makes common cause with any communist organization.'

La Follette's paramount issue of 1924 looks back to the Sherman Act of 1890. His references to economic freedom suggest that he has still in mind the struggles before 1912 when his political ideas first took definite shape. He seems unconscious that the present situation has gone far beyond the imprisonment of the heads of big business and the dissolution of combinations. One misses the social emphasis that should characterize any forward-looking, constructive dealing with current economic and industrial problems.

A comparison of La Follette's platform of 1924 and the programme of the British Labor Party, adopted in 1918, drives home this lack of a constructive character in his work. No group of scholars and investigators like the English Fabians has been studying the situation in America for a generation and working out tentative solutions. Instead, one man, in the heat of the controversies in which he has been engaged, has merely adapted certain ideas to the changing demands of the time.

The succession of third parties and

the Progressive Movement form together the source from which the platform of 1924 is fashioned. Great skill and ability in the arrangement of materials is shown, but the underlying idea remains the same. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people is a supreme principle, but it is not of itself and by itself sufficient to solve all the complex social and economic problems of the day. Just here is where La Follette fails to meet the test of constructive statesmanship. He is an individualist, a progressive, and a liberal democrat in a period in which the socialization of our politics is the great issue before the country.

Undoubtedly Senator La Follette's stand for a new alignment in American politics is the next step in any constructive approach to our problems. The need of readjustment has been recognized for many years by thoughtful observers. The inherent difficulty in our rigid two-party system of expressing intelligent and consistent judgments has been made hopeless by the divisions within the parties themselves. Somehow conservatives and progressives and radicals must be organized separately before there can be even an approximation to satisfactory results in our quadrennial electoral contests.

The hope of a new adjustment has been strengthened by the nominations of the two major parties. They have selected excellent representatives of conservative policies. La Follette sees the opportunity and will use all his remarkable talents for leadership to take advantage of it. In his statement he declares that 'permanent political parties have been born in this country after, and not before, national campaigns, and they have come from the people, not from the proclamations of individual leaders . . . If the hour is at hand for the birth of a new political party, the American people next November will register their will and their united purpose by a vote of such magnitude that a new political party will be inevitable.'

IV

An analysis of La Follette's experience and ideas brings out clearly the fact that he represents the point of view of the West as contrasted with that of the East. The conviction that the government is controlled by monopoly grows out of Western life and traditions. The opposition to the Esch-Cummins Act of 1920, and the demand for its repeal, is the present-day aspect of the Granger agitation for the regulation of the railroads of the seventies. The currency proposals of the Greenback and Populist Parties find their counterpart in the denunciations of 'deflation' and the insistence upon the reconstruction of the Federal Reserve System. Agricultural credit is the contemporary objective of those who in earlier years were condemning the money power and the gold standard. Monopoly must be destroyed in order to restore the government to the people. In reality, the warfare against monopoly is an indication of the persistence of Western democracy.

The hostility to the Federal courts is a manifestation of the same democratic impulse. A proposed amendment to the Constitution favors the election of all judges for fixed terms not exceeding ten years, by direct vote of the people. The judicial veto of laws enacted by the legislative branch of the government is described as 'usurpation' and as 'a plain violation of the Constitution.' The claim is made that all legislative power is vested in Congress because that body is given authority to override the veto of the President. To do away with the judi-

cial veto an amendment is suggested specifically giving Congress the right to override nullification of laws by the Federal Courts. Western opposition to the appointive Federal Judiciary finds its explanation in the uniform custom of electing judges in that part of the country. Western democracy depends upon popular election as the best method by which the people can secure control of their representatives.

In recent years the condition of Western agriculture has given rise to a new farmers' movement. The centre of the disturbance seems to be in the trans-Missouri region rather than in the Mississippi Valley, where the unrest of the seventies, eighties, and nineties was most pronounced. The last American frontier section is true to the traditions established in the settlement of the West.

Since 1920 discussion of the condition of Western agriculture emphasizes the contrast between the increase in the dividends paid by the great corporations and the virtual bankruptcy of twenty-six per cent of all farmers in the fifteen principal wheat-growing states. Unlimited prosperity for the great corporations and ruin for the farmer is described as the direct result of the policy which deflated the farmer while extending credit to organized wealth. Manufactures and industry are protected by high tariffs, but the prices of farmers' products are depressed by financial manipulation. Excessive freight rates put a premium upon wasteful management and saddle an intolerable burden upon the farmer. Gambling in farm products results in loss to agriculture and gives great profit to the middleman. The growth of farm tenancy is explained solely as the outcome of the economic and political power of monopoly. To cure these evils, it is declared, the American people must resume and exercise their sovereign control over their government. Again the belief in democracy as the panacea for all ills is plainly evident. The Western farmer has a naïve faith in government by the people which the older East has lost.

The debate on the McNary-Haugen bill, to which so much attention was attracted during the last session of Congress, shows clearly that the attitude of the Western farmer is widely held by the people of the West. The bill was inspired by farm-implement manufacturers, bankers, and business men; much of the propaganda for it comes from the same sources. They are embarrassed by the inability of the farmers to pay their debts and they see no natural developments which are likely to improve the situation. They declare quite frankly that the bill undertakes to do for the farmer what the protective policy has been doing for the Eastern manufacturer and business man. The farmer, they assert, sells in the world market and buys in a protected domestic market. The prices of his products are competitive, while those of the goods for which he pays are artificially fixed by law as a result of the protective tariff.

One of the chief advocates of the proposed legislation is the present Secretary of Agriculture. A map, published in the farm paper which he owns, presents the vote graphically on what is described sarcastically as 'farm equality.' Tennessee, Arkansas, and Wisconsin joined with the seacoast states and a few of the larger inland cities to defeat the measure. Such a vote is suggestive of the continued sectional differences which underlie the complex economic and social conditions of the United States of 1924. They form the solid substratum on which the La Follette movement is founded. Any attempt to judge of the meaning and importance of the movement without

taking these factors into consideration is bound to fail. Lack of comprehension of Western feeling, and indifference to local issues, which Western people thought paramount, lost the elections for the Republicans in 1912 and 1916.

V

What is the prospect of La Follette's programme being adopted? There is an immense amount of unrest, especially in the trans-Mississippi and trans-Missouri portions of the West. We are not fully readjusted after the disturbances of the war. The European situation is still an unsolved problem. How will these conditions express themselves politically? Will the percentage of non-voters remain as large as it has been in recent elections? Will they vote for La Follette or will they divide along traditional party lines and will only extremists and radicals vote for him?

Any estimate that dismisses lightly the possible strength of La Follette as an opposition candidate is likely to have a rude awakening in November. He is a remarkable leader. He represents the West in many of its fundamental ideas. He has been campaigning, lecturing before Chautauquas, and fighting the railroads and monopolies for thirty years. No one could listen for two days to the proceedings at Cleveland and not realize how correctly he understood the ideas and aspirations of the representatives of the people assembled there. The repeated applause that greeted the reading of his message by his son was spontaneous, without need for the mechanical devices used in ordinary political conventions. He knows the rank and file of laborers and farmers and voices their ideas and their wishes. Some of the ideas have a sinister sound to conservative and middle-class ears, but they cannot and must not be ignored.

The mistake of the East, when it dismisses La Follette as a demagogue, is the mistake of ignorance. It does not understand the West. It neglects to visualize the sources from which he gets his power. It denounces where it should try to understand. It should undertake to offer reasonable solutions to take the place of the crude projects often proposed to meet urgent needs. It should help the Western farmer readjust and not preach to him about the law of demand and supply when its own interests are fostered by the Tariff.

Furthermore, the East should remember that many present-day policies have come out of the West. The regulation of railroads, a more flexible currency and banking system, primary elections, and the initiative and referendum are a few examples. The Populist 'sub-treasury' of the nineties was the first crude suggestion for the later work of the War Finance Corporation and the Intermediate Credit Banks of 1923. The East has first ridiculed, then carefully examined, and at last adopted many Western proposals.

Finally, the strength of La Follette's hold and its firmness are based on the soundness of his interpretation of the ideas and the ideals of the West. In so far as La Follette is representative of the West as a whole, his power rests upon a solid foundation. As a leader of a class movement of laborers and farmers, no definite estimate can be made. It is an unknown quantity, not measurable by any established standards. We can only await the verdict of the voters at the coming general election.

WHO'S WHO IN SOVIET RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THERE is something very conservative about the composition of the Russian revolutionary government. Under the Communist dictatorship there are no cabinet crises. The same Commissars hold their posts year in and year out; the same men are to be seen presiding at Party and Soviet Congresses. One can undertake to sketch the leading personalities of the Soviet régime without fearing that the outcome of an unfavorable election will banish them to private life and bring a new set of figures on the political stage. There may be minor changes and reshufflings now and then; but on the whole one can foresee pretty accurately who will be directing the various Russian governmental departments for years to come. For only old revolutionists are eligible for the highest administrative posts in Russia; and the strenuous experiences of the last seven years have pretty well sifted out the old revolutionists with practical ability from those who are only capable of agitation and propaganda.

Leon Trotzky is unquestionably the outstanding individual figure in Russian public life to-day. No one can rival him in personal magnetism, in widespread popular reputation, in capacity for inspiring prolonged ovations. That Trotzky to-day is not a member of the inmost Communist ruling group is only a sign that personal distinction does not necessarily involve political success. Trotzky owes his fame chiefly to his achievements in the civil war. Organizer of the Red Army that successfully defended the Soviet power against the attacks of the Allies and the Whites, Trotzky's part in the military victory of the Revolution can scarcely be overestimated. Almost legendary anecdotes have grown up about his reckless personal bravery and superhuman energy, about his spectacular trips in special trains from one front to another, often under fire.

As the civil war came to an end and the Soviet Government turned to the work of peace-time reconstruction, it became more and more clear that the War Commissariat scarcely afforded a sufficient outlet for Trotzky's abounding energy. Dzerzhinsky, the other outstanding man of action among the revolutionary leaders, delegated much of his work as head of the secret police to subordinates and threw himself into reconstruction activity, first as head of the transportation system, later as chief of the state industries. But Trotzky remained in glittering isolation in his post as War Commissar in a country where economic hardships made war, except in elementary self-defense, an almost impossible contingency. In the spring of 1923 rumors were circulated to the effect that Trotzky was destined for an extremely important post in the field of economic administration. But time passed; the rumors were not realized in fact.

Last winter, in December and January, Trotzky for the first time came openly into sharp conflict with the other leading members of the Communist Party Central Committee, such as Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and

Bukharin. The Party had just passed through a period of intense internal discussion about the problem of making the Party organization more democratic. The Central Committee unanimously adopted a resolution prescribing certain democratic reforms in the constitution and management of the Party. Almost immediately after the publication of this resolution Trotzky published an open letter to the Moscow Party organizations expressing doubt whether the present personnel of the Party officialdom would carry out the resolution which had been adopted. This was the signal for a bitter struggle between Trotzky's partisans and those of the Central Committee majority. The issue of this struggle showed that in Russia, as elsewhere, personal ovations do not necessarily connote the ability to secure votes at the decisive time and place. Trotzky's point of view was solemnly condemned both at the Communist Party Conference in January and at the recent Party Congress late in May.

The defeat of Trotzky in the Party controversy can largely be explained by his failure to win over the ten or fifteen thousand prerevolutionary Communist Party members who control the machinery and dominate the conventions and conferences of the Party. There were several reasons for this failure. Perhaps because he had occupied such a commanding position in the early years of the Revolution, Trotzky has never troubled to build up any kind of personal political machine within the Party. He can go to a factory and carry thousands of workers off their feet with a fiery oration. But he would not be as likely as his Party opponents to know personally the little group of leading Communists in the factory who wield a decisive voice when it comes to electing delegates to a Party Congress or Conference. Then Trotzky labors under the disadvantage of having joined the Communist Party only in 1917, while his leading opponents can all boast themselves 'old Bolsheviki' of at least twenty years' standing. Then, deservedly or not, Trotzky has the reputation of being somewhat mercurial and quick to fly off at a tangent on any new idea. The seasoned old Communists generally prefer to follow leaders whom they regard as possessing more solid, if less brilliant attainments.

At the same time, despite his setback last winter, Trotzky is distinctly a figure to be reckoned with in Russian political life. He has accepted his temporary defeat gracefully, professing entire loyalty to the Party and thereby depriving his opponents of an excuse for accusing him of factionalism or breach of Party discipline. At the same time, in the course of his recent speech before the Party Congress, he nowhere conceded that he had been wrong in the controversy last winter. For the time being the leadership of the Communist Party seems securely lodged in the hands of his opponents. But a political or economic crisis sufficiently significant to change the mood of the Party might conceivably bring Trotzky to the fore as a successor to Lenin.

In a room in the huge building of the Communist Party Tseka, or Central Committee, a tall dark man paces up and down incessantly, like a caged lion, occasionally pausing to jot down a note or send off a message. This man is the Georgian Djugashvili, more generally known by his appropriate Russian revolutionary pseudonym of Stalin — steel. Stalin is Secretary of the Russian Communist Party and, although he occupies no official position, he holds in his hands more of the threads of the Russian revolutionary government than any other individual.

Stalin has always been a power be-

hind the throne in the Russian Communist Party. In prerevolutionary days, when most of the Party leaders were abroad in exile, Stalin superintended the work of the Party in Russia. Following the Revolution he held the relatively inconspicuous post of Commissar for Nationalities until the adoption of the federal constitution brought about the abolition of this Commissariat as superfluous. But as Party Secretary — the secretary in Russian political organizations has wide executive powers — he was in a position to know the most intimate secrets of the Russian state organism and to exert a powerful influence upon the currents of political power.

'Lenin trusts Stalin; Stalin trusts no one,' was a current saying two years ago, and it adequately expressed the impression created by this silent and potent Caucasian, who has exploited his personality most effectively by consistently suppressing all visible manifestations of it. It was inevitable that Stalin, staunchest upholder of Party orthodoxy and the principles of 'Leninism,' should have come into conflict with Trotzky when the latter published his open letter with its spirit of criticism and innovation; and the conflict derived added piquancy because of the strikingly contrasted personalities of the two opponents.

Trotzky is a man of fire; Stalin is a man of ice. Trotzky is a frequent speaker and prolific writer; Stalin constantly holds himself behind a veil of reserve, only expressing himself on occasions of the first importance. Trotzky, himself a former journalist, has often chosen the press, even the foreign 'bourgeois' press, as a medium for declarations; Stalin has the reputation of never having granted an interview to anyone on any subject. If Trotzky is a figure who might fit into any great revolution, Stalin is a symbol and product of the Russian Bolshevist Revolution, with its emphasis on iron discipline and strict subordination of the individual to the Party organization. Just for this reason he will be a power in the Russian Communist Party as long as it retains anything like its present form.

One of the cleverest cartoons recently published in the Moscow newspapers showed a thickset man making an impassioned oration, while in the background Foreign Commissar Chicherin appeared in an attitude of extreme anxiety, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead. The caption under the cartoon read: 'Comrade Zinoviev Makes a Speech.' Because of his propensity for breathing fire and slaughter against the capitalist world in his speeches Zinoviev is something of an enfant terrible in the eyes of the Soviet diplomacy. Perhaps with a view to quieting the apprehensions of the Foreign Office, Zinoviev has recently made a point of emphasizing in his speeches that he is speaking only on behalf of the Communist International, of which he is President, and not of the Soviet Government.

That Zinoviev is a powerful figure in the councils of the Communist Party can scarcely be doubted. He delivered the leading reports at the two most important Congresses that have taken place in Russia recently, the Communist Party Congress late in May and the Congress of the Communist International in June and July. His control of the deliberations of the latter body has developed almost to perfection; and anyone with an eye for the technique of political steam-rollering must have admired the skill with which Zinoviev prepared and steered the proceedings of the Congress, isolating and suppressing, with an unerring eye, every deviation, either to the 'right' or to the 'left' of the programme which he advocated.

At first sight Zinoviev's eminence in the Party is a little difficult to understand. He has neither the personal magnetism of Trotzky nor the stubborn strength of Stalin. His name is not associated with any of the great military achievements of the Revolution, and he has taken little part in the adminstrative work of the reconstruction period. But he possesses a certain faculty for appealing to the Communist rank-and-file, for exciting and exploiting to the utmost degree the mass emotions of class consciousness, fanaticism, hatred of the bourgeoisie, of the Mensheviki, of the intelligentsia, of any group that he denounces as hostile or lukewarm to the Party and the Revolution. Add to this a considerable skill in Communist political manipulation and the prestige which he derives from his years of prerevolutionary close association with Lenin, and one gets an idea of the secret of Zinoviev's steady rise to his present position of commanding leadership of the Party.

Leo Kamenev, third member of the Communist Party triumvirate of leaders that also includes Stalin and Zinoviev, is a brother-in-law of Trotzky. This circumstance, however, has not the slightest political significance, and Kamenev was quite as active as his two associates in rebutting Trotzky's arguments during the period of the Party controversy.

A stout man of medium height, with spectacles and a pointed professorial beard of moderate dimensions, Kamenev suggests a savant, rather than a revolutionary leader, when one sees him presiding over a formal meeting of the Moscow Soviet, of which he is President. Kamenev now has little to do with the local affairs of the Moscow municipality. In his capacity as one of Russia's three Vice-Premiers — the other two were Rykov and Tsurupa — Kamenev has taken on his shoulders an increasing share of the general administrative work of the Soviet Government. Following Lenin's death he became chairman of the Sto, or Council of Labor and Defense, a sort of inner cabinet which occupies itself with the consideration of economic affairs. During Rykov's absence last spring, due to ill health, Kamenev acted as Premier.

Kamenev conveys the impression of being a conciliatory, cautious, discreet personality. He showed conspicuous success in handling the relations between the Soviet Government and the American Relief Administration during the period of the famine, when the tense situation and the psychology produced in Russia by years of blockade and isolation made coöperation between the Soviet Government and representatives of a foreign relief organization, that was regarded as distinctly conservative in its political tendencies, more difficult than it might have been under more normal conditions. He probably owes his rise to power in large measure to the reputation which he enjoys as a level-headed man who can be relied on to look the facts of Russian reconstruction squarely in the face and not fly off on any eccentric economic tangents.

In the stormy early days of the Revolution a foreigner had business of a sufficiently pressing nature to warrant an interview with the head of the Chekha, or secret police. Ushered into a room he found himself face to face with a tall fair man, with furrowed countenance and deep-set blue eyes, sitting on a chair, his feet thrust into slippers. Within easy reach stood a machine-gun. After the effect of this somewhat startling introduction had worn off Dzerzhinsky explained the reason for his attire, remarking with a half-apologetic smile: 'You see, I never stir out of the office. I sleep here.'

Felix Dzerzhinsky suffered perhaps more than any other prominent Bolshevist leader for his activities in the days before the Revolution. He went through the horrors of penal servitude in Siberia. Liberated by the overthrow of the Tsarist régime, this Polish revolutionist returned to become one of the great active figures of the Soviet régime. By organizing the Chekha, or Extraordinary Commission, the famous espionage organ of the Revolution, he made a contribution to the victory of the Communists in the civil war scarcely second to that of Trotzky. The Chekha discovered and broke up plot after plot organized by the Allied Powers and the Whites; it preserved order mercilessly in the large centres and safeguarded the rear and the lines of communication while the Red Army was defeating Kolchak and Denikin, Yudenitch and Wrangel.

After the civil war was over Russia was faced with another great crisis in the winter of 1921–1922. A huge famine was raging in the Volga region; American Relief Administration food-supplies were arriving at the ports; but the Russian railroad system, crippled beyond imagination as a result of years of war and blockade, was broken down and almost hopelessly clogged up. It seemed as if millions of lives might be lost because of defective transport. In this emergency Dzerzhinsky was thrown into the breach and nominated as Commissar for Transport. He immediately made a trip to the most congested traffic points, living in a box car and studying the situation on the ground. He introduced the principle of strictest accountability for all railroad officials. Any branch manager who promised more cars for food transportation than he actually delivered was to be handed over to a revolutionary tribunal, and, if the offense involved flagrant neglect of duty, was to be shot. As a result of Dzerzhinsky's merciless, devoted, driving leadership the worst of the transportation difficulties were surmounted and a regular flow of food from the ports to the famine area was assured.

Since Lenin's death Dzerzhinsky has occupied another difficult and responsible post as head of the Supreme Economic Council, the body which manages the Russian state industries. Here he has been at work for the last few months, hacking away at graft and bureaucracy on the part of management and at low productivity on the part of labor, shouldering the Herculean task of putting the Russian industries on their feet without the help of foreign capital.

Dzerzhinsky never takes any part in Party controversies. He is absolutely absorbed in his work and has no time for politics. No one is more universally respected by his Party associates; and even the non-Communists, who look on him with horror as head of the dreaded Chekha, concede his dauntless, fanatical singleness of character and purpose.

Shortly after Lenin's death, before the name of his successor had been announced, the writer was discussing the requisite qualifications of the future Premier with a member of the Communist Party Central Committee.

'A Russian Premier first of all has to be a Christian,' said this Communist with a smile. Of course this statement should not be taken literally, for no Communist Party member is permitted to profess any form of religion. But religion and race in Eastern Europe are carelessly interchangeable terms, and what the Communist meant was that the head of the Soviet State, out of deference to the susceptibilities of the vast masses of illiterate peasants, must be of Slavic Russian origin.

It is to his origin, perhaps, that Alexei Ivanovitch Rykov owes his eleva-

tion to the post of Premier in preference to several other men who played more prominent parts in the revolutionary drama. To be sure Rykov was a well-known figure among the Soviet leaders. As head of the Supreme Economic Council and chairman of the Sto he worked in close coöperation with Lenin on problems of economic reconstruction. But he has figured as an economic expert rather than as a popular leader. Subject to fits of stammering, he has never been able to sway the masses like several of the other Communist leaders who are notable orators. His health has suffered from the strain of the Revolution; and immediately after his election as Premier he was compelled to go abroad, traveling under a strict incognito, for the purpose of receiving expert medical treatment in Germany.

Rykov has the reputation of being a moderate among the Communist leaders; his mind works along analytical rather than emotional lines, and his practical experience as an economic administrator has doubtless exerted a sobering effect upon his revolutionary theories. His election as Premier is something of a guaranty that there will be no serious tamperings with the New Economic Policy which was adopted by the Soviet Government in the spring of 1921 as a sort of compromise between revolutionary principles and Russian realities.

A popular speaker at Soviet and Party meetings is a slightly built man with a pointed beard, a resonant voice, and a splendid command of the Russian language. This is Nikolai Bukharin, editor of the official Communist organ, *Pravda*, leading Party theoretician and joint author with Evgeny Preobrazhensky of *The A B C of Communism*, the outstanding popular textbook on the subject. Bukharin is a favorite among the workers and the Communist youth, both for his fiery eloquence and for his austere life. He has never lived in the Kremlin, the residence of most of the leading Communists, but occupies simple quarters in the Hotel Metropole. The condition of this hotel, until it shared in the general renovation brought about by the New Economic Policy, made residence there a genuine test of asceticism.

There was a time when Bukharin was regarded as an untamed rebel in the Communist ranks. He led the fight against the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty and bitterly opposed Lenin's policy of paying high salaries to specialists in the interest of industrial efficiency. But Bukharin's outbursts of insurgency now seem to be over. He was not associated with any of the sporadic revolts against the New Economic Policy and its application which were headed by Shliapnikov, Kollontai, Lutovinov, and others. He was on the orthodox side in the Party controversy last winter, and the thunders of *Pravda* were directed exclusively against the opposition. Bukharin may still be a left-winger in temperament and theory; but he is a tame left-winger, well broken to the traces of Party discipline.

Besides being editor of *Pravda*, Bukharin is an outstanding figure in the councils of the Third International and a member of the powerful Political Bureau, the inner steering committee of seven members which leads and shapes the deliberations of the large Party Central Committee, which includes fifty-three members. The other members of the Political Bureau are Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Trotzky, Rykov, and Tomsky. The last-named is President of the All-Russian Trades-Union Council.

The only outstanding Communist leader who possesses previous experience as an economic administrator is

Leonid Borisovitch Krassin, the Commissar for Foreign Trade. Krassin can claim to be an old revolutionist; his association with the Bolshevist Party antedates the unsuccessful 1905 Revolution. After 1905, however, instead of going into underground work as a professional revolutionist, he became a skilled engineer in the service of the well-known German firm, Siemens-Schueckert. After the November Revolution Krassin joined the Communists, and ever since he has been furnishing a certain amount of practical ballast for the more doctrinaire revolutionary theories of his associates in the government.

A witty Communist journalist once remarked: 'In Russia we regard Krassin as a good business-man but a poor Bolshevik; in England they look on him as a good Bolshevik but a poor business-man.'

There is a sting of unfairness about this remark; the journalist in question was not on good terms personally with Krassin. But it is true that Krassin has had to play a rather difficult and anomalous rôle in serving as a medium of connection between his own revolutionary government and the capitalist world. What sounds like stark radicalism to a London banker may often impress a Russian Communist Congress as Menshevist heresy. Krassin deserves most of the credit for the gradual resumption of commercial relations with most of the European countries. If his advice had been consistently followed Russia might have had more success in attracting foreign capital into the economic reconstruction of the country. But of course the Communist revolutionary psychology is a formidable obstacle in this connection.

Krassin gives the impression of being an anchor to windward for the Soviet Government. Should Russia's internal necessities demand a fundamental revision of the New Economic Policy in the direction of further concessions to capitalism, Krassin would seem ideally fitted to direct the necessary transitional steps. In such a contingency his political influence and prestige would be enormously increased. But until and unless some such situation arises Krassin is likely to go on occupying his present position — that of a specialist of proved loyalty who enjoys wide powers in his own field, but who wields comparatively little influence in the general councils of the Party. Not until the last Party Congress was Krassin elected a member of the Central Committee. He has never been a member of the Political Bureau.

George Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, is a striking example of the aristocrat turned revolutionary. Born of a noble family and trained in the school of Tsarist diplomacy, Chicherin is probably the most cultured Foreign Minister in Europe to-day. He speaks a multitude of languages with absolute fluency; the writer has heard him pass from Russian to English, French, or German with the utmost ease. His knowledge of English is a scholar's knowledge, as one may recognize from the meticulous wording of his notes and communiqués.

Chicherin is a formidable controversialist. Along with his exhaustive knowledge of history, politics, and international law goes a keen, logical mind, quick to seize on every point of casuistry and make the most of it. His habits of work are unique. His favorite reception-hour is any time after midnight. This is due to his practice of beginning work about two or three in the afternoon and staying in his office until five or six the following morning. His secretaries work in two or three shifts, and even so they are worn out by Chicherin's insatiable thirst for work.

Chicherin never seems to rest. His office is working even on Sundays and big holidays when every other government institution in Moscow is tightly closed. The only time he is known to have been lured away from his desk was on the occasion of a series of Scriabin concerts given last year in the State Opera House. Chicherin is an excellent amateur pianist himself and he stayed away from his masses of diplomatic papers, documents, and protocols long enough to lend an appreciative ear to the Scriabin concerts.

And interview with Chicherin is a notable experience. One is solemnly ushered by a Red Army soldier into a sumptuously furnished anteroom and left to meditate for a time in surroundings of solitary and rather oppressive splendor. What impresses one in talking with Chicherin, next to his remarkable courtesy and self-possession of manner, is a certain curious impersonality, which seems to connote absorption in some problem far away from the immediate present. He follows every question with the closest attention, carefully thinking out every detail of the answers. But one always has the impression that at least part of his mind is elsewhere, perhaps subconsciously absorbed in some of the complicated problems of Soviet diplomacy.

Quite unknown, probably, outside of Russia, but a formidable power in the Communist Party, is Jaroslavsky, secretary of the Party Control Committee. It is the business of this Committee to see that every Communist toes the line in observing Party ethics, and Jaroslavsky, as a result of his post, has sweeping disciplinary powers. To be summoned for an interview with Jaroslavsky is as ominous for the holder of a Communist Party card as for a college sophomore to be called up for a talk with the dean. Jaroslavsky is just the kind of man one would expect to find in such a responsible inquisitorial position. He is an old revolutionist, austere in his personal life, rooted in his convictions, and quite relentless in ferreting out offenses against Party discipline, whether these offenses take the form of extravagant living or of deviation from the straight line of orthodox Communist theory. Lenin himself is reported to have picked out Jaroslavsky for his post.

Authority is notably concentrated in Soviet Russia. The ten men I have just described hold in their hands the threads of leadership both of the Party and of the State apparatus. They control Russia's economic development, together with its relations, political and commercial, with other countries. Their removal would leave a huge vacuum in the place of the existing Soviet régime. But along with these foremost leaders there are other outstanding personalities in Russia, men who are already occupying important posts or who may occupy them in the future.

There is Mikhail Kalinin, President of the Union Soviet Executive Committee, a figure very typical of the hundred million Russian peasants, somewhat bent and worn from toil, with clear blue eyes, stubbly yellowish beard, and wrinkled face. Kalinin, who is himself of peasant origin, spends much of his time traveling in the peasant districts; and the anteroom of his simply furnished office in Moscow is always crowded with peasants from all over the Union waiting to lay their grievances and problems before him. In the Soviet State machinery he serves in the very useful capacity of a link between the government, with its preponderance of city-bred officials, and the masses of peasantry.

There was a time when Karl Radek might have claimed a place in the top-

most tier of the Soviet hierarchy. But to-day this brilliant revolutionary Austrian pamphleteer is out of favor, having been made the scapegoat for the failure of the German revolutionary movement last autumn. It is scarcely probable that Radek's eclipse will be permanent; his mordant wit, facile pen, and vast store of political and historical knowledge are weapons with which the Communist International can ill afford to dispense.

As a member of the inner Party ruling group known as the Political Bureau, Tomsky is entitled to consideration in any enumeration of the Soviet leaders. A quiet and reserved man, his personality seems to afford little opportunity for extended comment. But he has held for some time the strategic post of President of the All-Russian Trades-Unions, and he has played an important part in the London Conference.

The Russian Revolution has been less dominated by military leaders than most similar upheavals; but among the Communists who rose to prominence through their army work may be mentioned Mikhail Vassilevich Frunze and the cavalry-general Budenny. Frunze is a veteran Bolshevik, who is said to have gained his first military experience by taking a pot shot at a Tsarist police chief. During the civil war he showed marked ability as a general on the southern front and became War Commissar for the Ukraine. He sided strongly with the Central Committee in the controversy last winter, and during Trotzky's absence he was transferred from his post in the Ukraine and made first assistant in the War Commissariat, where he undertook a sweeping programme of reorganization. Budenny, a huge Ukrainian peasant with drooping black moustaches, makes a striking impression when he appears at a Soviet Congress or in a box at the State Opera House. Budenny was a sergeant-major in the Tsar's cavalry. He came to the front in spectacular fashion during the civil war, when his hastily organized cavalry-corps broke through the ranks of the White General Denikin and harried the Polish army from Kiev almost to the gates of Warsaw.

Chicherin's two chief diplomatic lieutenants are Litvinov for the West and Karakhan for the East. Litvinov, who seems to be a red rag to the British Tory press, has a reputation as a shrewd and hard bargainer and has represented Russia at many conferences since the end of the period of civil war and blockade. He was at one time expelled from England by Lloyd George on the charge of circulating Bolshevist propaganda; he must have experienced a certain feeling of satisfaction on returning to England recently as a prominent member of the Russian delegation. Karakhan, an Armenian, is a typical oriental figure, tall, stout, dark. He has been carrying on the somewhat tortuous negotiations between Russia and China and Japan and deserves a reputation as a diplomat, if only because of the formula which he devised in order to be able to press the claim of the Soviet Government to control of the Chinese Eastern Railroad without appearing to revive the imperialistic claims of the Tsarist régime. The railroad, according to Karakhan, belonged to 'the toiling of Russia,' and starting from this base he has finally been able apparently to reach a satisfactory agreement with the Chinese Government on the question.

Another outstanding Soviet diplomat is Christian Rakovsky, the cultured and charming Bulgarian physician and Socialist leader who is now the Russian representative in England. Rakovsky, like Radek, is a foreigner who completely identified himself with the Russian Communist Party. For

some time he was Premier of the Ukraine, a post which he left to succeed Krassin as Russian representative in London.

It is natural that the arduous work of economic reconstruction should have claimed some of the strongest and most prominent figures in the revolutionary ranks. One man who seems likely to go far in the future is Pyatakov, head of the committee that passes on concessions to foreigners. Pyatakov has had an exceptionally varied and picturesque career. Coming of an aristocratic Ukrainian family he, with his brother, threw himself into the Bolshevist movement. His brother was killed under revolting conditions by the Whites. Pyatakov was first President of the State Bank after the November Revolution, but soon laid down this post for the more congenial work of leading a Red Guard invasion of the Ukraine. During the civil war he filled various important administrative positions, restoring order in the Donetz Basin at one time with an iron hand. One need only take one look at Pyatakov's tense, set, fanatical countenance to be certain that no Teapot Dome concessions will be granted in Russia so long as he is at the head of the concessions committee.

Sokolnikov, Commissar for Finance, deserves much of the credit for giving Russia a stable currency in place of the uncounted trillions of worthless paper rubles that were circulating in 1921 and 1922. An old revolutionary theoretician, experience has taught him to be as ruthless as any capitalist banker in demanding that every state department cut its expenses to the bone in order to permit the balancing of the budget.

Tsurupa, an Ukrainian and a former agronome, Food Commissar during the years of greatest shortage, has the reputation of a capable administrator. He is head of the Gosplan, or State Planning Commission, a body which works out projects for the future development of Russia's industry, agriculture, and general economic life. His chief assistant is the Polish engineer Krzhizhanovsky, author of the famous scheme for the electrification of Russia that serves as the theoretical basis for the Communist reconstruction programme.

The manipulation of the Communist Party machinery has developed several leaders who may be considered understudies to Stalin and Zinoviev. Among these are Molotov, a relative of the composer Scriabin, an excellent organizer, who does much of the practical detail work of appointing and transferring Party officials from one post to another, and Andreev, one of the several assistant Party secretaries, who has devoted a good deal of attention to the problems of trades-union and coöperative organization.

The old saying that a prophet is without honor in his own country has some application to Anatole Lunacharsky, Commissar for Education. Lunacharsky's cultivated and attractive personality, his discriminating appreciation of music and the drama, his eloquent writings on educational subjects have won him many admirers among the foreigners who have visited Russia and spread his reputation as a great educator. But in Russia he is blamed, perhaps unjustly, for much of the poverty and disorder of the Russian educational system. Critical observers declare that things would go better if the Commissar for Education devoted less time to studying new forms of the ballet and delivering lectures on abstract philosophical subjects and more attention to improving the condition of the country teachers and schools.

Much of the difficult, thankless spade-work in the field of education is quietly and unostentatiously done by Lenin's widow, Nadyezhda Konstanti-

novna Krupskaya. In quiet unspectacular submergence of her personality in the cause Krupskaya is a classical figure among the Communist leaders. Clad in sandals and old unfashionable clothes, stout in form, her large face lined with the marks of physical pain, Krupskaya can often be found addressing obscure conferences of teachers and librarians, throwing all her strength into the arduous task of bringing a little order into the Russian educational system and a little light into the dark, backward peasant villages. Indeed, nothing could have been truly finer than her appeal shortly after Lenin's death, when grief had added its strength to her persuasion.

'Don't waste money on pompous monuments which Lenin himself would have despised,' she said in substance. 'Let your sorrow for Lenin go into the building of a new life for our country. Let it find expression in the creation of schools and homes for orphaned children and hospitals for our war sufferers.'

It may be disputed whether Stalin or Zinoviev or Kamenev is Lenin's oldest disciple; but there can be little doubt that Krupskaya represents the true embodiment of the selfless Communist spirit.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH LIBERALISM

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

Political prophets, as Mr. Chesterton once remarked, owe a good deal of their reputation to their habit of predicting as likely to happen in a dozen years or so something that indubitably did happen a dozen years or so ago. Were they to turn their attention to matters with which the ordinary person is familiar, their methods would soon expose them to ridicule. If after some weeks of summer rain they were to hint that wet wickets would shortly be the rule, or that the trade in muslin frocks might before long be affected, they would call forth the smile of derision. But in politics they are free to be wise after the event, because, with nine people out of ten, political knowledge is merely verbal. The public has by rote a number of words that are frequently repeated on the platform and in the press but it has forgotten, if it ever knew, their meaning.

So it is that when one or another rises to tell us of the approaching demise of Liberalism in England, interested multitudes scan the heavens above and the earth beneath for confirmatory portents. And when a Liberal candidate runs third at a by-election, and forfeits his deposit money for polling no more than a trivial number of voters, great honor immediately accrues to the company of prophets. What the public does not notice is that the prophets are, in fact, simply prophesying the past. Liberalism, the creed of Bright and Cobden, the dogma of laissez faire, laissez aller, is dead already. As to the precise date of its death there may be

argument, but certainly it did not survive the guardianship of Lord Rosebery in the nineties of the last century. Even earlier it had shown signs of internal decay. Gladstone's intervention in Egypt, as well as his alternating policies of boons and coercion in Ireland, had been serious departures from the golden rule of 'least done, soonest mended'; yet it had been possible to overlook them. Pure Liberalism, it could be urged, was the fine flower of English civilization and not an article of export suitable for men of color and Popish peasants; and the Home-Rule scheme was a return to the letter of the law, needing no sophistry for its justification. Home Rule split the Party, but it kept the true doctrine alive; for no idea could be more thoroughly Liberal than that of ending England's Irish difficulty by allowing the Irish to go their own way — although it might be a rather bad way.

Quite un-Liberal, on the other hand, were the concurrent plans for making the public sober by Act of Parliament. That the precisians came to accept them without question is a standing proof that in this world political philosophies will always yield to personal prejudices. If so disposed, a Liberal could, without violating his orthodoxy, proclaim that ale was the Devil in solution, and that sensible people would, therefore, eschew this Hell-brewed liquor, while the foolish died to the benefit of the body politic; but it was sheer heresy for such a Liberal to control by legislation the public taste in taps. All the same, it would be true to say that if the late Gladstonian Liberalism was in this direction obviously corrupt, it was, taking a wide view, recognizably Liberal. It stood for the theory that men were free and equal; must be allowed to make their way in the world on their own feet, and occasionally on the shoulders of others if they could mount so high unaided; go to Heaven by their own chosen roads, or, if they chose, to the Devil, provided it was not the Devil which publicans dispersed on Sunday afternoons. When all is said and done, the creed was less brutal than it sounds. It rested on the assumption that humanity was, in the lump, good.

The advent of Lord Rosebery wrought a change. It meant that the exception in regard to alcohol was to become the rule in regard to all human existence. The new leader called himself a Liberal mainly because he came of Whig stock, resented having to sit in the House of Lords, and had a personal affection for Gladstone. He was, in fact, a cross between a modern Conservative and a Fabian Socialist. In all directions he was activist, while the very essence of true Liberalism is, first to clear away all obstruction to the free play of forces, and then to give those forces the freest play. Lord Rosebery was Imperialist, and, despite all that ingenuous writers have said, there is a profound incompatibility between Imperialism and Liberalism. He was Socialist, in the sense that he desired to make the State, not merely the defender against foreign enemies, the keeper of domestic order, and the enforcer of contracts, but also the creator of happiness and prosperity. The dream was, and is, attractive, and perhaps it is wrong to call it a dream. But it was not Liberal. 'Social Reform,' whatever can be said for it, — and nobody nowadays dares to say a word against it, — does mean forcing some people to do what they dislike, and also forcing them to abstain from doing what they do like. And it is mostly based on the assumption that humanity is, in the lump, bad, and the very poor, rather worse.

When the Liberal Party came to power in 1906 with its sweeping victories, although there had been a consid-

erable resurrection of Liberalism in the country, there was less in the Cabinet. The vote for Free Trade and against denominational education, as well as the condemnation of the Unionist policies in South Africa, seemed to show that the average man was anxious for a return to old ways. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself would have been quite agreeable. 'Trust the people' was the foundation of his statesmanship, and he probably would have given it as his opinion that the English had as much right to freedom as the Boers. But few of his Ministers shared his views. Among them were men such as Mr. John Burns and Mr. Lloyd George, whose desideratum was bureaucracy; others, such as Sir Edward Grey, in whose programme the needs of Empire stood first; and there was Mr. Haldane who, being at once Fabian and Imperialist, could be Liberal neither at home nor abroad. Mr. Asquith was by temperament a Simon-pure, but in practice ever ready to be swayed by whoever made the most noise. Lord Crewe and the other peers were Whigs. Lord Morley, indeed, had been Liberalism incarnate, if the expression may be employed in regard to one who himself seemed somehow incorporeal; but he was sent to the Indian Office where, after a spell of dealing with seditious Hindus, he wrote down the chief clauses of his former credo as a series of 'abstract catchwords.'

Nor did Mr. Asquith's attainment of the premiership change the character of the Government. True, he preached laissez faire in Parliament and on the platform, but he practised it mainly in the Cabinet, and when Mr. Lloyd George in the plentitude of his vigor suggested measures for turning the country upside down, and then regimenting it on German lines, the Prime Minister, while doing lip service to the Radical philosophers, remained true to his private principles by taking the line of least resistance.

In justice to the leader and all concerned it must be admitted that to an extent, at least, they were the slaves of circumstances. The great Liberals of the nineteenth century had seen very clearly as far as the tips of their noses — and not one inch farther. When they proposed that Government should confine itself to keeping the peace and coining money, they did not mean that things and people required no further regulation whatsoever. On the contrary, they believed that there was in the world, independent of Kings, Ministers, and assemblies, a great regulating force as constant as the sun and tides, and they called it 'Competition.' There was, they said, no need to legislate on such problems as prices, wages, hours, and conditions of labor, because competition would duly and satisfactorily settle these matters. The idea that a merchant could be what is now known as a profiteer did not occur to them. Other merchants, as far as they could see, would always bring him to order by selling at a more reasonable price. Still less did they imagine certain workmen bringing an industry to ruin by demanding more for their labor than the industry could produce. Other workers, they held, would always be ready to take their places on more reasonable terms.

In brief, the old Liberals did not foresee how competition was in almost every sphere to give way to combination. To-day it is obvious that their philosophy is in practical politics no longer tenable. The Government which acted on it, professing to leave the people free, would in fact be conferring freedom on sundry powerful corporations only, and delivering ordinary men, women, and children to a tyranny the like of which has never yet been known. A few, a very few

Conservatives are now the sole upholders of the individualism that was the essence of Liberalism in the Victorian age.

II

From all this, two salient facts emerge. In the first place, Liberalism as understood in the nineteenth century is a thing of the past. Secondly, the Party which retains the name of Liberal is out of favor with the country, because, having lost its principles, it has nothing in particular to offer. 'Politics,' said an American divine of last century, 'is the science of exigencies'; but though this view may be taken by the spiritually minded man who contemplates mundane affairs, as well as by the complete cynic, it does not commend itself to the multitude. Tadpole and Taper, eternal types of the wirepuller, may be very disrespectful behind the scenes when principles are mentioned, but they know better than anybody else that a principle at the time of a general election is a sine qua non. It is the plank on which your party man stands; without it, he will be for a moment in mid-air, and the next sprawling in the mud. He who does not profess belief in some perfectly definite, comprehensible principle is naturally suspected like the candidate in the 'Bigelow Papers.' Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition fell because it could not be recognized as fish, flesh, or fowl. The Liberal Party is moving toward collapse for the same reason.

Of the three Parties in the State, it shows, as a Party, the least character, and to-day is generally regarded as nothing but a halfway house between the Conservative and Labor camps. Its members, instead of attempting to dissipate that notion, encourage it by demanding a change in the electoral system which will, or may, bring them every voter's second vote. Such a change would, no doubt, alter the present face of politics; among other things it would make a Centre party permanent in Parliament. But it would do nothing toward a Liberal resurrection. For the genuine Liberal is neither a timorous wobbler nor a respectable trimmer; neither a moderate Tory nor a mild Socialist; but one who is bound to take strong views on all subjects, and on some to be an extremist.

Even at the present period of the Liberal Party's degeneracy, its members show by an occasional kick that they do not hold their duty fulfilled in maintaining the middle way. Thus, in their opposition to Protection or Preference, with few exceptions they are absolutely firm; whereas in the Labor ranks there is schism, doubt, and hesitation. Those Laborites who were graduated in the Liberal schools, and read from the primer of Mill before embarking on an advanced course in Marx, may still be Free-Traders. They hang to their thin relic of a childish faith as Vautrin clasped his soiled rags of virtue; but the genuine Socialist, commonly a Scot, has none of this weakness. Thus Mr. Johnston, editor of the Clydeside *Forward*, declared the other day in the House of Commons for a prohibitive tariff against the goods of countries which did not adopt a forty-eight hours' working week, and for 'the finest possible preference' to Australia, where a high minimum wage has been enforced in all skilled trades. Pledged to international solidarity of the proletariat, his associates must either support him or avow a derisory inconsistency. The logic of Socialism, as of Conservatism, leads inevitably to fiscal discrimination, just as surely as the logic of Liberalism means an open market.

Again, at several stages of the recent debate on the London Traffic Bill, Laborites and Tories have been seen

working hand in hand. This measure for the control of the shockingly congested streets of the British capital appeared wise and necessary to both. It had been drafted under Mr. Baldwin's Government, and with some minor alterations it was accepted by Mr. MacDonald's Government. The Liberals, on the contrary, fought the bill on the ground that it would rivet a traffic monopoly on the metropolis, and deprive the 'pirate' — otherwise the owner of one or a dozen omnibuses — of his liberty to ply a trade. And, whatever the merits of the problem, there can be no question that they were fighting for elementary Liberalism when they pleaded the cause of green, blue, and chocolate omnibuses in competition with the red vehicles of Lord Ashfield's dominant combination.

On the increasingly rare occasions when the Liberal stands by his guns the taunt of pedantry is often raised against him. The taunt would lose its sting did he stand by them less seldom. Advocacy of freedom is certainly not pedantic, but there is a touch of buckram sentimentality about the politician who continues to insist on free imports while agreeing to every other sort of interference with the laws of supply and demand. Equally, it is absurd to demand freedom of the streets while voting for laws which will enchain a man under the roof he may not call his own, worry him in bed or at board, weigh upon him at business or at play. Apart from merely partisan attacks, the charge of pedantry is not made against the modern Liberal because he wears a calico shirt of the pattern of the fifties, but because he takes such inordinate pride in a garment so scanty and worn so thin that it cannot cover his nakedness. If he had maintained the full Cobdenic wardrobe — adapted sufficiently to the new time — all would have been well with him.

III

Yet chances of the Liberals regaining the ground lost of late to the Socialists ought by no means to be ignored. In the main, the appeal of the newer party has always been religious or emotional. 'Socialism,' wrote Mr. Wells, 'lights up certain once hopeless evils in human affairs and shows the path by which escape is possible. . . . Socialism is hope.' But with Labor in office Socialism has become hope deferred and is rapidly making the general heart sick. Should Labor attain to real power the hope may be destroyed. The Party, it would seem, is in the fairly near future bound to evolve in one of three directions. It may settle into the jog trot of solid Trades-Unionism, concentrating on the problem of raising the condition of the workers, and far too intent on bread and jam even to dream of the millennium. Or it may become revolutionary — in which case the bread and jam will probably be sacrificed to a dream ending in blood and hunger. Or, again, it may come to be directed by the coterie of intellectuals, which would mean a kind of lay theocracy and, consequently, a very horrid tyranny.

Should the Trades-Unionists prevail, there would certainly be a split in the party. The eager visionaries, the seekers after earthly paradises, could never accommodate their mental pace to the speed limit which a Henderson or a Walsh would impose in practical affairs. Should the revolutionaries take the lead it is equally sure that the English workingman would, after a few steps, refuse to follow. Whether unity could be preserved under 'intellectual' direction would depend almost entirely on the personal abilities of the directors, and at the moment the prospects are scarcely bright. Mr. MacDonald has a good presence, fluent command of commonplace, self-satisfaction, Parlia-

mentary adroitness, the art of being all things to all men, but no streak of genius. His ingrained conventionality of mind has made him the ideal man to be first Labor Premier, but as the second he would strain the patience of his friends, and he would, I think, never be allowed a third term. Mr. Snowden, despite a popular Budget, has already shrunk to insignificance. Mr. Webb, with a library of Fabian tracts behind him, is rapidly qualifying for a seat in the Lords, where he will do nothing in particular and do it very well — superlatively well if only his chief will be so super-venturesome as at the same time to award another peerage to Mrs. Webb. With one exception, the other personages are even less impressive. Messrs. Trevelyan, Buxton, and Ponsonby have their Ministerial places only to remind us that Labor's occupation of the Treasury Bench has not so much as broken the line of succession of our ruling families. The solitary member of the Government who stands half a head above the rest is Mr. Wheatley; but Mr. Wheatley is hardly likely to go much further than he has gone already. He is what the late Lord Fisher would have called 'a great conceptionist,' and to Trades-Union secretaries and such as they he appears a dangerous visionary. On the other hand, the 'advanced' thinkers know perfectly well that, because he is a believing and practising Roman Catholic, there are a great many points beyond which he will not advance with them.

If the positions gained are to be held and improved, Labor in the next few years must discover to the world a new leader capable of translating into practical politics those high hopes raised by the evangelists of yesterday. He will have to be a statesman, but much more than an ordinary statesman; for he must at once satisfy the men and women whose thoughts of life are as humdrum as the toil by which they earn a living, and keep at the right pitch of exaltation the spirits of those who are yearning for Utopia. The first are the voting strength of the party; the second its sole spiritual driving force. Without the two together, Labor must relapse into impotence as a political body, though the idea that this can happen is now generally derided.

The Conservative Party has its ups and downs, but in comparison with the others is fixed and solid. Even under the ludicrously bad management of Mr. Baldwin it holds its place as the largest single Party in Great Britain, and there is no likelihood that it will be further reduced in the near future. The struggle of to-morrow and the day after will be between the 'Progressives' for second place.

In this combat two considerations must be taken into account. It is frequently stated as axiomatic that Labor will keep and improve its lead; but a merchant of bulls might be excused for saying that the odds are even. Until the last general election Mr. MacDonald's party had glamour as its prime asset. It was the unknown quantity — therefore magnificent. But the glamour is already going, and before long it will be gone, unless there should appear above the political horizon some inspired and inspiring leader as yet unknown. But when we come to consider the prospects for the Liberals, something more than a mere decline in Socialist prestige must be premised before a Liberal revival can be expected. As long as the Liberals choose to be no more than a right wing to the Socialists or a left wing to the Tories, there will be no improvement in their fortunes, and there may well be a declension. People who want Socialism will deal at Mr. MacDonald's store, where, if the goods do not come up to expectation, they are at all events the

best available. People who want Toryism will still go to the old shop where, despite the outrageous blunders of the managing director, a fine tradition lingers. While Mr. Lloyd George continues to advertise something 'just as good as Socialism,' the public may gape about his stall as about a cheap-jack's, but they will not buy. The conservatively minded may secretly sigh for the wares which Mr. Asquith could give them if he were really in business. But he is like the superannuated tradesman who, while he cannot leave the shop altogether, does not trouble about selling anything. Like Dr. Johnson's reformed tallow-chandler, he loves to attend on 'melting days,' in order to sniff the familiar odors; but he is vastly more interested in the art and machinery of politics than in anything politics might produce. Further, he does not advertise at all.

IV

The Liberal Party, in fine, can, if it likes, recover much of its old power. But the condition of such revival is that Liberalism shall again mean something, if not precisely what the old Liberalism meant. And while adapting itself to the times, it must not belie its whole tradition; it must remain fundamentally Liberal. Every Liberal candidate must be able to go to his constituency with the words, 'I am a Liberal because I believe in Liberty,' and successful candidates will subsequently have to back their words by their votes. Mr. Lloyd George struck the right note the other day when he told his Welsh supporters that the traditional task of his party was 'defending and extending the boundaries of freedom.' Unfortunately, everybody knows that the tradition is no longer followed, and that few British statesmen have done more to curtail the boundaries than Mr. Lloyd George himself. In the ballad of the American flag, freedom is depicted as descending 'from her mountain height'; in Mr. George's opinion some uninhabitable crag of his native land is her proper abiding-place. On the lower planes, where we must live and work and die, he has no use for her save as a rhetorical figure. During the war he was but one of the many Ministers in all the Allied countries who were responsible for restrictive legislation; but with him it could never be felt, as with some others, that the laws he fathered or sanctioned were devised to meet an exceptional emergency. With him the country is always in danger, in peace as in war, and his invariable plan to meet the danger is some kind of interference with the right of ordinary men to order their lives as they please. His ideal seems to be a beneficent and energetic bureaucracy, with a general election every five years or so to confirm its decrees. Should confirmation not be forthcoming, one suspects that he would sacrifice the ballot box rather than the beneficence and the energy. Now and then, of course, he does almost persuade us that he is in earnest about freeing the land from 'the rusty chains of feudalism,' or, at least, he almost persuades those of us who live in towns. But in rural England they are more skeptical. The modern squire, as a squire, does not after all suggest feudalism to personal acquaintances. Either he is an impoverished person who can be pronounced harmless, or a wealthy townsman who spends in the village a little of the money he has made in the city. So long as this money lasts, he is a not unwelcome, though probably a derided, object of the countryside.

Under Mr. Lloyd George, no revival of Liberalism is, I imagine, possible. Nor is it much more likely should Mr. Asquith succeed in holding a position always threatened. Though without any burning faith in democracy, and

even with a certain lawyerlike distrust of mankind in the mass, he is orthodox enough. With hand on heart he could repeat his predecessor's dictum that 'good government is no substitute for self-government.' But all the while he would be making the mental reservation that good government is a mere figment of the imagination. The real trouble about Mr. Asquith, however, is that he is an economist, and of late years has become an economist of energy. Were he Prime Minister again, with a number of faithful second lieutenants to drudge for him, and a substantial majority on the benches behind him, he would do respectably well; but he is not of those who 'face a hopeless hill with sparking and delight,' and he has got into the habit of regarding as hopeless every hill to be climbed. He could keep together an army (mostly marking time) that had never known rout or serious discomfiture. He is not the man to inspire courage in a Party that once, twice, and thrice has endured dire defeat.

But, whereas the Labor leader of tomorrow will require to be gifted with something very like supermanhood to satisfy the hopes set on him, the Liberal leadership could be successfully filled by one of abilities but a degree above mediocrity. The task before him is not particularly hard. It will not be his business to persuade the public to accompany him through several wildernesses into a promised but unglimpsed land of milk and honey. On the contrary, his main concern will be to urge them to follow their own noses. True, the advice will seem novel to them, and it will, therefore, have to be repeated several times, and with energy, before they grasp its implication. But it is impossible to think that liberty, either as word or fact, has lost all the lure it has exercised over humanity since the beginning of recorded time. Judged at its lowest, simply as a slogan, there is magic in it. 'The people have a right to make their own mistakes' — the essence of Liberalism is in that spell-binding phrase. It ought to be popular, and it is very hard to understand why none of our ambitious young politicians is shouting it from the housetops.

All this, of course, is not to hint that Liberals can go back to unmitigated laissez-faire, which modern conditions have made impossible. Young Manchester has killed the anarchical ideals of Old Manchester. 'Angels alone, that soar above, enjoy such liberty' as the early Cobdenites postulated for all and sundry; but there is no obvious reason why the Liberal Party should not again announce its championship of the individual both as regards his person and his property. Lest there should be any mistake as to their meaning, the word 'individual' would have to be emphasized.

As things are, control, and even increased control, may be necessary for the great Capitalist corporations, and checks against the tyranny of Labor combinations may have to be devised. But the right of the individual to go his own way as long as he remains an individual is quite another matter. A reformed Liberal Party might, in opposition, do worse than concentrate on safeguarding such personal liberties as the individual still possesses, and in office might set itself to the restoration of many that have been lost. The Party would thus regain its character, and, having once more a raison d'être, could no longer be treated by its adversaries with contempt. No special harm would be done to the community, and, it may be, much good. The ordinary swing of the political pendulum would be a guaranty against exaggerated licence, and, as periods of freedom would alternate with periods of paternal rule, the fear of paternalism harden-

ing into oppressive Prussianism, which at present is very real, would be removed.

V

That Labor is making the way easy for such a Liberal revival, and may end by making it inevitable, leaps to the eyes. As yet the average Englishman only grumbles at the trammels put upon him by Government after Government, and is not actively in revolt against them. If he is not allowed to buy tobacco after eight o'clock in the evening, he calls the law an ass, and perhaps bribes the barmaid at the nearest public house to supply him with a packet of cigarettes; but his annoyance does not affect his vote at the next election. For one thing, none of the candidates offers to take up the question for him. If, again, he hears that the police now have the right to search private dwellings for improper books and pictures, his resentment against this potential invasion of his home is wholly abstract. The principle involved does not really stir him.

Principles, indeed, do not bulk largely in the English mind until and unless they are made matter for a political agitation. Then, they will often fill it to the exclusion of every material consideration. What happened when the Lords threw out Mr. George's Budget in 1909 is worth remembering. In advance, the man in the street did not seem to care much, one way or the other; but when the whole eloquence of the Liberal Party was employed in telling him that the Chamber in which he was represented had been flouted by the Chamber that represented a class only, his ire was aroused. That he would stand for defense of the House of Commons and not for the house in which he lives, is incredible. So far, however, no politician has thought it worth while to tell him that his house is seriously threatened. The middle-class elector still tries to fancy that, whatever else is taken from him, his house is his castle. The proletarian knows that it is nothing of the sort, and is sore about it; but nobody — least of all the Labor Party — offers him redress. Governments come and go, but, as far as he can see, he is going to be inspected and spied and pried on until the earth covers his coffin.

It is, however, clear that we are but at the beginning of the assault on the Englishman's status as a free man. Unless he happens to belong to the comparatively small section of the income-tax payers, in which case he is painfully aware of his obligation to work for the State during several months of the year, he is as yet far from accounting himself a serf. The assailing forces have been careful to advance little by little, with a law here and a by-law there, a restriction one year and a perquisition the next. Often the individual is unaware of the barriers erected about him until the inevitable moment arrives when he knocks his head against one of them. But an important fact has to be borne in mind. Labor cannot afford to advance quite as slowly and cautiously as the parties which have hitherto held office. Either it must put into operation some of its plans for the regeneration of Britain — or perish; and every intelligent Socialist agrees that without a number of new and drastic restraints on ordinary men and women these plans cannot be sensibly advanced. When, therefore, Labor starts its big push, the threat will be, not to our minor liberties, but to some or all of those rights which have ever been treated as inherent in each human being born outside servitude.

First and foremost, perhaps, is the whole question of a man's right to own property. The merely sentimental Laborite sometimes says he has no ob-

jection to an individual owning a property provided it is a little one, and that if he favors confiscation at all it is only in the case of those of great possessions. As talk, this is pretty — but it is not practical politics. Tarquin struck down his largest adversaries first, and was deposed for his temerity. In these days his mistake is never repeated. The Socialist Minister, at war with property, will strike first at the small owners; and, though even at them he will strike indirectly, there is no reason why he should not strike hard. When he has disposed of them, he may turn his attention to the big men, who will then be friendless. No British Parliament will from start to finish be asked to pass a law for transferring lands or houses to the State, or even mines and railways; but the position of the existing owners can be made untenable within a short space of time. Mr. Wheatley's Housing Bill illustrates the point. Whether it will fulfill its ostensible purpose of obtaining houses in which people can live, remains to be seen; but it will certainly multiply the great present difficulties of every person to whom a house belongs and will break the poorer of them. As an act it will serve to prevent any individual of modest means from building or buying a house of his own. And so the attack on private ownership will continue.

Other Socialists, again, are fond of telling the public that it is only real property at which they aim, and that the acquisition of personal property has their warm approval. The distinction is unpractical. A house, a field, a garden, are real property, but they are also among the most personal things a man can have and hold, and, were they as widely distributed among the population in England as in France and Ireland, their transfer to municipalities or the State could not be contemplated. In existing conditions it would appear that the protection and restoration of small property might be made a prominent item in any programme of genuine Liberalism as a counter to the Socialist proposals. Something of the kind is occasionally mentioned in inconspicuous corners of Liberal addresses, but its vote-winning value has not been exploited since the days of three acres and a cow. That cry, or its topical equivalent — a four-roomed dwelling and a wireless installation, in some neighborhoods — is the obvious reply to such as Mr. Wheatley.

Intimately connected with the problem of nationalization is that of the right to work or to withhold work. During a recent railway strike a Labor Minister told the House of Commons that the Government could not be expected to carry on the services of a public-utility company run by private capital. Had the line belonged to and been managed by the State, what would he have said and done? Another Minister has lately refused reinstatement to certain police strikers, and, from the point of view of a logical Socialist, he was unquestionably right. Nationalization of an industry must mean that all employed in it are brought to the police level. The miner, for instance, is just as necessary to the community as the constable; but, although his immediate employer is, or can be envisaged as, a private person, he can 'down tools' at will. As an official, he would lose that privilege. That the rest of us might be more comfortable under those conditions may be granted or disputed, but it does not affect the issue. The Liberal, because presumably he values liberty as more precious than efficiency, must stand for the right to strike even though it involves many hardships. Equally, by the way, he must stand for the right to work. Just as he must oppose dragooning by the employer, public or private, so must

he defend the individual who is ready to labor when a Trades-Union has ordered a stoppage. Socialism, of course, implies industrial conscription, and all Socialists must, on pain of stultification, approve Trotzky's dictum that those who will not work shall not eat. Choice of employment must evidently be restricted, if not abolished, under any system of bona fide Socialism.

But here, perhaps, we are looking rather far ahead. For the present Liberals can confine themselves to resisting nationalization, and can do so on two grounds. First, because it is the denial of a man's right to own property, and secondly, because it is the end of a man's right to own even himself.

It may be, however, that the greatest of all the struggles between the Socialist ideal of good government and the Liberal ideal of self-government will be waged over the question of marriage and the family. Nothing is more certain than that permanence can be given to the paradises of Labor only in a country where a perfect balance is struck between national wealth and national population. This is fully realized already by all save the most shallow thinkers in the Socialist Party. The Socialist who is not utterly befuddled by his visions is, of necessity, a Malthusian. So far he is only a propagandist, but, if he is sincere, he will be no more content to stop at propaganda than anybody else who sees a chance of imposing a sincerely held opinion. Gradually he is moving to the point where compulsory birth-control can be made a rule with no more than the usual number of exceptions. A people kept or employed by the State could quite easily be prohibited from having more than a certain number of children, and, in some cases, from having any children at all. A people increasingly dependent on the State could be regulated in the same way with only a little more difficulty. And here again Liberalism dictates unflinching opposition. Whatever else has been taken from individuals, this at least, Liberals would say, must be left to them. To have children or not — that is emphatically their affair. A thorough Liberal would of course add, 'But they must not expect others thereafter to maintain them.'

How England will decide between these two ideals, between Socialist and Liberal, cannot be foreseen; yet enough has been said to suggest that the Liberal still has good cards to play. One more thing is to be added. Liberalism, the defense of liberty, has the advantage of being unfamiliar in contemporary politics. Whenever its standard is raised, it will be mistaken for a brand-new standard. The English people will see over it the halo which till yesterday hung above the red flag of Labor. It will appeal as a novelty even if it does not at once convince as a philosophy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHERE THERE ARE PIPES, THERE MAY BE SMOKE

'WHY don't you smoke a pipe? It 's so masculine, so homey.' If you are married, you have almost certainly heard this. And I, for one, will admit that the idea is not without appeal. There is something undeniably homey, and settled, and carpet-slippery, about the picture of one's self comfortably bogged in a deep chair, legs asprawl, and clouds of fragrant smoke drifting ceilingward through the mellow glow of the reading-lamp. And the Little Woman at hand, playing with the Mah Jongg tiles, or smiling at one over the *Home Companion*, ever and anon ecstatically sniffing the domestic incense — from a safe distance. So, straining for masculinity, I bought a pipe.

It cost more than I had expected to pay, but then, it was 'genuine briar-root from the sun-baked plains of Algeria, seasoned for fifteen years, beautifully grained,' as the crafty tobacconeer pointed out. It was a fine, rich, winey shade, one had to admit. And more wonders! With a deft twist he snitched out the stem and exposed a veritable maze of sanitary plumbing. Aluminum traps, odd cup-shaped catchalls, U joints to ensnare the insidious nicotine. My mechanical talents running solely to the withdrawal of balky nails or the pounding in of same, fingers and all, I contemplated the intricate piping with misgiving. 'How about a man to run the thing?' I inquired with a sickly attempt at humor. 'Ridiculous,' said the piper, 'it runs itself. Look!' A few twists, and inside of five minutes everything was back in place — and without the aid of a blueprint.

Tobacco presented the next difficulty. Something mild and fragrant, I decided. Something with the scent of new-mown hay, and the strength of a cubeb cigarette. There were some forty mixtures to choose from; it should have been easy. But unexpected difficulties arose — I should have one mixture for dry weather, another for damp, yet another for winter. When I finally shut the door behind me, I bulged with no less than five small tins, and had rushed forth in desperation lest he produce a special tobacco designed for use only on election days and school holidays.

The first filling and lighting was a momentous event, despite my effort to make it a casual one. After the last plate had been wiped and the checkered tea-towel pitched up over the stove-pipe to dry, we sauntered into the living-room, arm in arm. Assuming as nonchalant an air as possible, I sank into the large chair, and after the proper interval drew forth the new pipe and one of the mixtures. My wife's eyes widened, her mouth flew open, hands clasped in ecstasy. 'A pipe, a *real* pipe!' she crowed, quite as if she were agreeably surprised not to discover it made of celluloid or rosin. 'Where *did* you get it?'

'Thought I 'd try it,' said I, in an offhand manner, quite as though the idea had been my own from the start. 'It 's a man's smoke — ought to help cutting down on the cigarettes too. Let 's have it, before you drop it.' She finally relinquished the prize, perching on the arm of the chair like

an inquisitive wren, bursting with suggestions and admiring comment. Clutching the bowl in my left hand, I sought to pour the tobacco into it from the round tin. I had seen this done in a most workmanlike fashion by a friend named Farrier — his long, bony forefinger went tap, tap, tap, like a methodical woodpecker on a dead limb, and just the proper amount of the fragrant granules popped out and into the bowl as though measured to fit. It looked simple. But with my first tap, nothing came out at all, and with the second tap half the contents of the tin cascaded forth. It filled the bowl, however, to say nothing of my lap and the cuffs of my trousers, and drew a peal of laughter from my wife.

'These new tins are slippery as the devil,' said I, assuming what I imagined to be an experienced air. She laughed again. Louder, I thought, than such a trivial incident warranted.

Next the packing down. My friend Farrier always used the index finger of the right hand, I recalled. This operation, while attended with a certain delicacy and precision, had never appeared difficult. The question was, just how much pressure to apply. Enough to hold the tobacco firmly in place, surely — I tamped it down with lusty pokes. A typhoon could scarcely have rippled the topmost layer when I finished. I drew forth the packet of matches.

'No, no! Me — let me light it! Me,' pleaded the wren, snatching the matches from my hands. 'All right,' I granted, 'but light the blame thing evenly, back and forth, and don't burn the er — er briar. It 's from Bulgaria.'

Never was temple fire attended with more rapt or devout ceremony. Never did two human beings approach a religious rite with more veneration. And never, I venture to state, were more surprising results returned. The steady yellow flame moved slowly across the tiny altar, the incense awaited its caress, and I leaned back and drew in a vast and tremendous pull on the stem. But no balmy cloud of soothing smoke rewarded; in fact, nothing came out. I pulled until my eyes crossed briskly, the veins in my forehead swelled ominously. I recalled the doctor's words, 'Your blood pressure is higher than I like to see it.' I stopped suddenly, slowly deflating to normal dimensions.

'Try once more; one more 'll do it,' urged the wren, too absorbed in the mechanics of the business to note my apoplectic hue. Again the flame swept the bowl; again I inflated and sucked in mightily. This time, things happened. From the depths of the pipe came first a subdued squeaking, a noise such as you hear on unearthing a newborn family of field mice. Then a low moan, and finally, a shrill, reedy peep, culminating in a veritable blast of tobacco into my mouth and throat. But no smoke. Subsequent examination revealed that I had not, as I feared, inhaled the sanitary plumbing system along with half of the bowl's contents. But it felt like it.

Nothing less than a woman's scorn could have brought me up to the starting-line again. Under alternate waves of pity and poorly concealed merriment, I packed the bowl for the second attempt — packed it loosely, and with misgiving. Corkscrewing my feet tightly around the chair legs, I shut my eyes and pulled gingerly, ready to hurl the entire works through the open window at the first sign of treachery. But lo, a mellow warmth filled my mouth; a cautious sniff revealed smoke in the air. Taking heart from the encouraging signs, I sucked strongly, and was rewarded by a rich billow which eddied into my throat. A live, breathing

coal pulsated in that pipe, attuned to my very spirit.

'Wonderful,' cried my wife. 'Now, you look like a man!' Overlooking the obvious inference of the remark, I swelled with pride at the tone in which it was uttered, and blew forth a great gust which curled and writhed in a quiet atmosphere.

This was more like it, I thought. One bold puff succeeded another, the wren marveling at the blue clouds which issued from my mouth like the exhaust from a motor boat. The plumbing worked well, only an occasional cinder or a drop of some peculiarly pungent and biting liquid sifting through to dampen my enthusiasm momentarily.

Sitting far down in the deep upholstery, I endeavored to assume the beneficent, far-away expression which every right-thinking pipe-smoker seems to acquire. A new difficulty arose, however. After ten minutes of steady puffing, I became aware that my expectoratory powers had suddenly developed to an amazing degree. The hundred tiny unseen glands — which the tooth paste advertisements tell us must function twenty-four hours a day if we would avoid dental damnation — all began to work at once. Swallowing fiercely, I did my best to retain my dignity. Somehow, this exercise did not go with the calm, benign composure which a true lover of the pipe should exhibit. I recalled that my friend Farrier seldom expectorated, and that when he did, it was not from pressure within, but rather to confirm his skillful and deadly aim on a knot in the flooring, or on the person of some luckless beetle which happened to cross his path. Yet there it was. And with it came a faint but disturbing hint of light-headedness — a vague feeling that all within was not exactly as it should be — a slight unsteadiness upon arising suddenly —

'You know,' my wife's voice broke in on me as I was making a conscious effort to focus on a landscape which waggled oddly on the farther wall, 'every real home-man I know of smokes a pipe. You have no idea how kind of contented you look now — almost a part of the chair. A pipe 's so much more manly-looking than a cigarette, somehow. Why, what 's the matter — ' as I rose, wild-eyed, and floundered from the room.

That was eight months ago. Since that fateful day, my pipe and I have become nodding acquaintances, if not warm friends. He sits enshrined on a holder of hammered brass, on top of a fumed-oak cabinet, such as all regular homey smokers are presented with, if they live long enough. And I sit in my armchair across the room; I nod brightly at him, and sometimes, if the light catches him just right and he 's in the proper humor, he winks back — a brief, understanding wink from his silver band. Which leads me to conclude that there are pipes and pipes, and that he, apparently, is not a homey sort of pipe at all!

FIFTY–SEVEN OLD WOMEN WHO NEVER USED SOAP

When Thoreau immortalized the anonymous old woman who lived under a hill (and if she 's not dead, she 's living there still) he opened a vista into universal history that has many whimsical aspects. The comparative hygienic habits of this old woman and her predecessors are an aspect that can be treated with delicacy perhaps and still make the inquiry piquant.

If this old woman were a hundred years old and touched hands with another who lived a century before her, and so on back to Mother Eve, there

would be only sixty, all in a row. Your great-grandmother, were she a hundred, back to Eve is a respectable party of only sixty old women. Not an unusual tea party, Thoreau says, but their gossip would be universal history, their customs a most enlightening insight into evolution, and their costumes a study in vogue such as no museum has ever attempted.

It is shocking to think that of these sixty old ladies only three of them could ever have used soap. The old woman who nursed Columbus was the fourth. She took a bath in the summer without a detergent and rubbed her skin with a coarse flaxen towel. The twentieth was Cleopatra, whose bath is no mystery in technique or detail. There is a popular impression that the essence of her bath was soap. Essential oils were used in the rite, but the cleansing agent was fine white sand applied by her maids. She came clean by erasure. The makers of abrasives have more right to Cleopatra than the makers of soap. Helen of Troy was the thirtieth, but neither history, legend, nor art has revealed the secret of her perfection, beauty, or hygienic ceremony. Susanna's bath was composed of the elements of surprise and delight.

But to return to your great-grandmother. Allow that she could procure and did use soap, and maybe so her great-grandmother. Further back than that, though they indexed themselves in the Modern Age, they were hygienic barbarians. Gradually the use of soap has become general, or nearly so, and Liebig says that a nation's degree of civilization may be judged by the amount of soap it consumes. Our present generation in America consumes more soap than any people in the world. Our use of cosmetics is increasing at almost the same rate, and it is interesting to relate soap to cosmetics in their historical origins.

Soap was made crudely centuries ago by the Gauls, but used as a cosmetic and not as a cleanser. This is recorded by the elder Pliny and we have no reason to doubt it. This cosmetic was made from tallow and ashes and it turned the hair a bright red. Goat suet and beechwood ashes produced the most popular and fashionable results. It is perplexing to evaluate the discovery of soap properly, for its origin is so confused in vanity. Another historian credits the invention of soap, or a mixture that perhaps was the genesis of soap, to a colony of Phœnician settlers in Gaul, who used it as a salve for eruptions on the body. The lye was made from water and ashes and olive oil was used for the fat. This source is of greater spiritual comfort, because the healing of diseases, while never a proper function of soap, is a more ennobling impulse than the false adornment of the person by discolored hair. Credit the forbears of the French *parfumeurs*, ironical as it may seem, with the discovery of soda ash made from common salt, and the exact constitution of the fatty acids and of processes for their separation. These two discoveries made possible the manufacture of soap as it is known to us in modern days. And this was at the end of the eighteenth century.

We of the twentieth century are apt to think of soap as a necessity. We feel that the Great Unwashed is a reducible minimum which is gradually being soaped and sudsed and made whiter than snow. Think back eighteen centuries, and then on back to the founding of Rome, to Romulus and Remus, whose mother did not use soap for her babies' skins but licked them with her tongue. Imagine the millions and millions of people in these ages without soap and then fancy with what pride Thoreau's old woman under the hill must have exhibited her

inexpensive little concoction that gave her both health and social advantage. Poor but clean, she was. Next to her in line was a lady of great refinement, no doubt, but her hygienic habits had been formed in an environment that to us would seem heroic and discouraging. Next to her, was a lady of unascertainable nationality but of undisguised arrogance, for she, third from last in this formidable array of historical characters, was the first to taste the joy and display the benefits of chemically scientific cleanliness. She had reared many children, none of whom had ever discovered a continent or laid the foundation of a Columbian age, yet her nose tilted just a little when she was discussing the proper way to bring up a baby, and she said frankly that the Discoverer of this Continent might have established a more godly land, had he himself had the advantage of higher standards of personal cleanliness!

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION

It was a raw, damp, April Saturday; the chill of the lower New York air was doing its best to freeze up good intentions — a fine day for morbid souls to feed upon. Anything disagreeable might happen, unless you had a name that sounded Irish or knew you were born lucky.

I had been told that if I wanted a chance to get into Europe before the war business was entirely cleaned up (there was almost nothing left then but the S.O.S.) I was to get myself down to the French liner which was sailing for Marseilles the next afternoon. Try buying a complete outfit for nobody-knows-how-long a stay in Europe on twenty-four hours' notice and your last month's pay check!

Someone had told me that I could get first-class — though used — army blankets at the Red Cross shop down town. I boarded a Lexington Avenue surface car at Thirty-first Street and crawled down to Sixteenth Street, got off and turned east. I had walked about fifteen hurried paces when I became aware that my right hand felt queer. I did n't have my pocketbook — a medium-sized, rather flat (as I mentioned before) brown-leather affair. Surely I had paid my car fare on that Lexington Avenue car? True, my mind was distracted, but the conductor would n't have permitted such an omission. I must have left it on the car.

Here I was: not a cent of money, time as precious as platinum, and I miles from the few friends I had uptown. I retraced my steps to the corner, looking without faith along the sidewalk, and then gazing hopelessly down town after a car which must have been at Whitehall Street by that time.

On the corner was one of those red-gold-trimmed Meccas — a United Cigar Store. On its hospitable threshold stood a bluecoat, twirling his stick and gazing complacently at a seemingly peaceful world. He was built liberally — just as he should have been.

I crossed the street and stepped up in front of him. The stick stopped twirling and his eyes dropped — well, about six feet, I should say, judging from the size I felt as I began my story. As I remember, I omitted the date of the sailing of the liner and the reputed cheapness of the blankets. The omissions were probably due more to nervousness than to good judgment.

You know how some folks can make you seem to be lying when you are being so truthful that you feel almost naked. Looking at me, appraising me from my steady-going flat heels to my plain-band-around-straw hat and then down again, he said with a strong Donegal accent, 'Will, loidy, why don't ye tilephone your frinds?'

That remark did much to give me poise. He was n't wholly logical, and anybody who is n't wholly logical may be weak and sympathetic at times. Had n't I told him I did n't have a cent of money?

Timidly I reminded him of the unresponsive ways of public telephones. Once again his gray eyes traveled up and down my ultra-respectable, uninteresting raiment. Then his stick slipped to his side and his right hand to his pocket.

'Here 's tin cents. Go over to the nixt block — take your subway up to One-sixty-eight. There 's the Lexington Avenue car bairns. Wait there and maybe whin the car comes up ye went down on ye can spot the conductor — and maybe ye can't. If ye can't, tell 'em at the bairns to tilephone the lost-and-found department. If ye can't git any satisfaction, ye can use the nickel ye 've lift to git back to your frinds.'

Did I thank him properly? Could he see the lump in my throat which was so rapidly closing my windpipe? Just before I turned away I made sure of the figures on the silver plate on that blue coat — 961.

It did n't take me long to make the subway. All the way up I was planning how to get along without the blanket — and then, as one always does, I enumerated dozens of things which I could have bought with that lost money. The way lost money bears interest and doubles its purchasing value is marvelous.

Heavens! the next thing I knew the train was pulling into One-hundred-eighty-first Street! And the policeman had told me to get off at One-sixty-eight. Wildly I rushed out and down the steps and into the down-town entrance. And wildly I squandered the remaining nickel to ride back to One-sixty-eight. Time passed like mad!

Just as No. 961 had said, the Lexington Avenue surface-car barns were right across the street. For the first hour and fifteen minutes I stood and watched and waited. Whenever a car from down-town pulled in, I stepped up close to the steps, making it necessary for each man to walk around me or over me if he got off his car. They all looked at me with open curiosity. Women are scarce around car barns, I gather.

One motorman said as he stepped off the front, 'Wonder if that 's Jim's wife, waiting for his pay envelope again?'

You 'd be surprised to see how conductors and motormen seem to resemble one another. By the end of an hour and a half I don't believe I 'd have recognized my own father in one of those uniforms. Despair settled thickly all over me.

Along came another car. This time I did n't step forward — just kept on leaning heavily against the brick wall of the entrance. Off stepped the conductor, slim, young, Danish-looking. He looked at me, dived into his coat pocket and held up *my purse*, grinned, and said, 'I got it, lady!'

Detaching myself abruptly from the brick wall, I rushed forward, expecting to clasp my treasure. He shook his head. According to the rules of the company he must turn in all articles found on cars at the desk upstairs. But, he said, I had better go upstairs with him and identify my property.

Nothing could have been more to my liking. As we climbed the stairs he remarked, 'Now you want to be sure you know just what is in it. I 'll tip you off. You have so many bills, so many pieces, and a little piece of pink stuff.' This last was really a sample of lavender voile.

Behind the grating in front of an office-window upstairs, sat a lean Uriah

Heep model. Clearly, definitely, reassuringly, did that young Dane explain the situation, with the pocketbook still clutched in his hand. Eagerly I corroborated each statement. All the time the man inside kept shaking his head and I suffered a relapse in my spirits. Then in a bored, final tone, without apparently taking the least interest in either the conductor or myself, he said, 'I 'll have to have this purse and send it down to Ninety-sixth Street to our Lost and Found Department, and Monday you can go down and redeem it, madam, if it is yours.'

Monday! In vain we pleaded. That office clerk stretched long, thin, ink-stained fingers under the grating and I saw my wallet carried back to a desk on the other side of the room. I looked at the conductor. He looked at me. Then, with a sudden rush of masculine chivalry, he said, 'Can't you ride back on my car and get near where you live?'

I assured him I could. So we started out. If I had been president of the whole I. R. T. I could n't have ridden any cheaper than I did on that trip, and there was n't anybody in the whole world I liked any better at that moment than the honest, big-hearted boy at the back of the car. We had gone about ten blocks when he came down the aisle with a two-dollar bill in his hand. 'Would n't this help you out for a little while, ma'am?'

I want to tell you that the lump in my throat which I had swallowed earlier in the morning rose up bigger and harder; with blurry eyes I refused the two-dollar bill. But if ever I sit on a Board which is dividing up and apportioning Europe to different nations, I 'll use my influence to see that Denmark stretches well down toward the Mediterranean.

I got off at One-hundred-forty-fifth Street with this time a number on a brass plate stamped on what little mind I had left — Conductor 1078.

It did n't take me long to rush over to my room and friends, get the rest of my money, board a subway down to Fourteenth, walk back to Sixteenth, praying all the way that officer No. 961 might still be on duty during the noonday rush. Luck again! There in the middle of the street stood that bulwark of comfort. Adroitly I stepped up behind him, tapped him on the arm, and held out an open palm with a dime in it. He turned quickly, started to look as his job demanded, and then suddenly his face broke into folds of real pleasure. He grabbed my whole hand, saying, 'Will, will, loidy, did ye git it?'

In spite of three hours shot to the wind, I took time to tell him of the car-barn experience and the trip back (I wish now I had told him how I squandered the other nickel).

The last thing he said was, 'Here 's good luck to ye!'

Yes, I got the blanket. It was cheap. It was warm. With hurried directions left with my friends as to a reward to be sent to Conductor No. 1078, and a letter to the Chief commending Officer 961, and their promise to go for my purse on Monday, I started that afternoon for the steamer. I did n't miss it.

It 's a good old world and

> Ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
> It gives a lovely light.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

PURSUING the theme of Lord Moulton's now famous essay in which he sought to define the domain of Positive Law, the domain of Free Choice, and that larger territory which lies between them, where we are obedient to the 'unenforceable,' **William P. Gest** declares that no such willful boundaries exist in this country; rather we are fenced within a high-barred reform and saddled with 'a liberty created by law' — for the most part a galling harness. Students as well as lawyers will recognize the authority of Mr. Gest's quotations, though for convenience's sake we have eliminated the references from the text. **Samuel Taylor Moore,** formerly of the Publicity Department of the American Legion, has written extensively on aviation and other subjects in which veterans are particularly interested. During the war Mr. Moore was an officer in the Balloon Corps. ¶The Jew who defends his race against that national blackball, so often the mark of pride and prejudice, is an important member of a large institution where Jew and Gentile work together in business harmony. ¶**A. Cecil Edwards** has just resumed his London residence after thirteen years in Persia. His other miniature, 'Omar's Grave,' appeared in the September *Atlantic*.

* * *

When **James R. Nichols** was a boy, his grandmother told him stories of a revolutionary soldier whom she had known in her childhood. Some of these stories were taken from the soldier's diary, a hallowed heirloom. This in time descended to Mr. Nichols. From his transcription, we have selected the most characteristic entries. ¶It requires the even-tempered geniality of **Edward W. Bok** to consider the most offensive subject in the world — age — whether it be middle, ripe, or old. **George Villiers,** an English poet recently familiar to the *Atlantic*, here writes in happy accord with childhood and the season. **Simeon Strunsky,** whose *Post-Impressions* were formerly a part of a New York evening's entertainment, is now on the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. ¶As a practising member of the Philadelphia bar, **Walter Gilkyson** knows the way of the legal brotherhood from the inside. Mr. Gilkyson's first novel, *Oil*, has recently been published by Scribners.

* * *

That the Berkshire horizon once bounded the ideal of home and peace is the whimsical memory of **Carroll Perry.** ¶As editor of the *American Lawn Tennis Magazine*, **Stephen Wallis Merrihew** is particularly qualified to discuss tennis writers and tennis-players. Mr. Merrihew is one of the Committee of Seven which is to decide the Tilden case. **Ramsay Traquair** expresses the hearty wish that the scientist, the artist, and the mystic should untie the apron strings that bind them to the feminine and practical civilization of the United States. Why this civilization is both feminine and practical, Mr. Traquair explained in the *Atlantic* of last November. ¶With strong and fine old words has the English poet, **Wilfrid Gibson,** raised a spirit from the dead. **James Truslow Adams** is an American historian and the author of *The Founding of New England* and *Revolutionary New England* (1691–1776), both published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Mr. Adams is at present engaged on a third volume of Colonial history. ¶From Eastern lore, **L. Adams Beck** has chosen this story of a lover who suffered a sanitary, although none the less dramatic, sacrifice.

* * *

Walter Lippmann, as successor to Frank I. Cobb, is in charge of the editorial page of the *New York World*. **F. E. Haynes,** professor of sociology at the University of Iowa, and the author of *Social Politics in the United States*, here describes the political ideas and ideals suggested by a single name. **William Henry Chamberlin**

is now in his third year of residence at Moscow as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. During this time Mr. Chamberlin has seen at close hand the ten men who are steering the Russian State. **E. T. Raymond** is editor of the *London Evening Standard* and a student of political forces and personalities.

* * *

The gentleness of Friends.

West New Brighton.

Dear Atlantic, —

It was with the greatest pleasure that I read Miss Thompson's article on the Friendly days of her youth. My mother was also a Philadelphia Quaker and some of the tales of her youth are like Miss Thompson's.

My grandfather was a man who followed his own convictions and was very liberal for his day. Yet later when he found a flute on which his young son was learning to play, and which for safe-keeping the lad had hidden among the tablecloths, grandfather confiscated the little instrument and destroyed it. Music of course of any sort was forbidden, as having a pernicious influence on the young.

Once grandfather had burned a borrowed book, some harmless novel of the day, and great was my mother's fear that he would find *Pickwick* hidden under the sewing work in her basket. *Pickwick* had just come out and she was enjoying it greatly. He did find it, and opened it, as was inevitable, at the spot where the greatest freedom of language was set forth, the daughter holding her breath at the possible outcome. He closed the book and laid it down observing, 'I do not see, daughter, how thee can get pleasure or profit from such a book.'

He was an ardent Abolitionist and of course had many trials and provocations of spirit, but he never showed his perfectly justifiable irritation beyond a hand clenched tight and a fiery flush on head and face. His Quaker training had taught absolute control. Even when, on a visit of 'religious concern' to Delaware, he was tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail by the pro-slavery men of Salem, he offered no resistance to the insult, but spoke to them gently, and courteously invited them to visit him in Philadelphia.

The Yearly Meeting was truly a fearful time for the housekeepers. They stocked the larder with all sorts of food which could be prepared beforehand and could be counted on to keep, as well as with toothsome and more perishable viands. They set long tables in the dining-room never knowing whether there would be two guests or two dozen. Everybody kept open house and the out-of-town friends ate when they pleased. Every available bed in the house was made up fresh, and mother used to tell how she slept on the covered bathtub, and how John G. Whittier, coming upstairs to the room provided for him, met his young hostess bringing down a mattress on her head to spread on this improvised bedstead.

Speaking of Yearly Meeting reminds one of the tale of Lucretia Mott and a rather bashful stranger from the countryside. Dear Mrs. Mott trying to make him feel at ease asked in her gentle fashion, 'Thee has never been married, Friend Thomas?' 'Oh! frequently, Lucretia,' he hastened to reply.

In her article Miss Thompson criticizes the grammar of the American Quakers. We do not say 'thee' for 'thou,' and our English Friends do not, and I protest in memory of similar protests made by my mother that we American Quakers do not say 'thee' for 'thy.' That we elide the word and drop the *y*, saying 'th' hat' for 'thy hat' I agree to, just as we all say 'm' hat' instead of 'my hat.'

If Miss Thompson still uses the 'plain language' and will watch herself she will find she does it that way. We all do.

Mary Otis Willcox.

* * *

A distinguished appreciation in the domain of good manners.

Bismarck, N. D.

Dear Mr. Editor, —

Lord Moulton's discourse on 'Law and Manners' in the July *Atlantic*, is a classical presentation of the case against the vice of overprescribing by legislative fiat what one shall or shall not do. We live in a welter of regulatory law. Though it voice the will of the majority it is often a prohibition from without against which we inwardly rebel. If civilization is a growing thing, if human betterment is a reality, if the individual will, and hence the social will, can be educated, then the trend must be toward a narrowing of this domain and an expansion of the domain of good manners. If human progress is a fact there will be an ever increasing obedience to the unenforceable. This progress will voice itself in a common desire to perform duty as earnestly as it demands rights. And when men recognize their duties as they do their rights a social balance is struck which ends the need for defining the boundaries of conduct by positive law. When one sees what he ought to do he has at least made a fair start toward obedience, and having had so much of insight it may be reasonably expected that he will have

the accompanying taste to dictate the manner of the doing. Where one's conduct is a response to the promptings of his knowledge and moral sense and good taste, all the faculties of the mind and all the resources of the spirit must be called in solemn conclave to determine the course. He who obeys the unenforceable is wholly a man if he would be.

In the field of positive law he has no responsibility beyond obedience. But there is a sense in which there is law even in the domain of manners. Take Lord Moulton's illustration as to the exhibition of gallantry upon the sinking of the Titanic. Did not the exigencies of that moment make a law as definite and positive and inviolable as any ever dictated in imperial Rome? He who would have dared to exercise his freedom against the rule of that moment could not have lived in peace either with himself or with his fellows. In the truest sense good manners are instinctive, yet to lessen our burdens as social beings the conventions have been established, and though each is free to defy them, they are scarcely less positive than are the laws of state. Their penalties are as certain and little less severe. Yet it is in the domain of good manners that the intellectual and spiritual development of man will assert itself. Where men are free to act there is incentive to shape their conduct in the light of duty. This discourse is a distinct contribution to the philosophy of government, and its thought needs to be widely disseminated.

CLYDE L. YOUNG.

* * *

FOR MATHEMATICIANS ONLY! We assume no responsibility for spectators who handle these figures.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Years ago I was a land surveyor in Northern Michigan and I then knew that there were 43,560 square feet in an acre, just as I now know that π is 3.14159 and that there are 29,166⅔ ounces troy in a ton of 2000 pounds avoirdupois.

But last night when I turned the pages of the *Atlantic* to Mr. McAdie's article on 'How Big Is an Acre?' I couldn't remember the answer. I did remember that a 40-acre tract was a quarter of a mile square and that a quarter of a mile was 1320 feet, from which easily followed that a 660-foot square would contain 10 acres. So with a pencil I multiplied 660 by 66 on the margin of page 78 and got the answer 43,560.

Why all this talk of links that are 7.92 inches? Who ever thinks of them? A chain is 66 feet long and is divided, to suit Mr. McAdie's metric-loving-soul, into 100 links so as to save him from having to think of 7.92. Eighty chains equal a mile and a square mile contains 6400 square chains or 640 acres, so that 10 square chains equal one acre.

Mr. McAdie must have been stargazing so much that he thinks in light-years and does not realize that our Anglo-Saxon system of weights and measures is quite simple and workable and is so woven into our land system, our railways, our machines, and our machines for making machines, that it would cost us hundreds of millions of dollars and years of work to change over to a metric system.

I wonder if Mr. McAdie knows that all the standard bolts and nuts in German and French machinery, though given metric values, are in reality made to English inches and fractions thereof.

J. PARKE CHANNING.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'How many square feet to the acre?' It is a query that has faintly stirred within me the memory of early ordeals that, like mumps and measles, have long since yielded to health and happiness.

The mensuration tables cited by Mr. McAdie have left no rancor in my heart. There were indeed perches and roods and rods and poles (immeasurably suggestive of fishing paraphernalia); but links and chains — here the curtains of my memory refold, or I would appear to be no longer coping with mathematics but with the moralities and Samson Agonistes at the hands of Mr. Jackson of the S. M. E. afternoon Sunday school.

Nevertheless, from another recess of my mind, there comes the saying of my father before me; if I had (presumably in driving the cows home from pasture) traversed the perimeter of a 'forty' (a quadrilateral comprising forty acres, be it known) I should have walked a mile. This, if true, appears to bear a relation to the problem before me! Can it be that I shall circumvent the links and shackles of Mr. McAdie? Another voice whispers to me that there are still, presumably, 5280 feet to the mile. This, too, I shall coördinate!

If, in the pleasant language of all the geometries, a fourth of a mile is a round and even 1320 feet, then it follows that this number squared and divided by forty, should (and in fact fortunately does) give the same answer, 43,560 square feet, as the one at which Mr. McAdie so ingeniously arrives.

Yet what matter to the mind of the usual gentle reader? This will be the first disturbance that his el Flemish and el English, his tierces and butts and hogsheads and scruples have suffered since his own early miseries. Should we

not even tenderly cover once again their uncouth proportions, their frowning yet impotent brows?

Requiescant in pace!

C. P. Crumb.

* * *

Of the many scores of grateful letters which we have forwarded to Glenn Clark, none rings more true than this.

August 11, 1924.

Dear Editor, —

I want to thank somebody for Glenn Clark's article on prayer in the August *Atlantic*. I had that magazine, and that only, by me a week ago last Saturday, both before and after our baby girl was born. Those two articles were the first I read after she came. When I had finished the second one, the thought came so strongly to me that there was no message in Kirsopp Lake's article on that day for me, while 'The Soul's Sincere Desire' was as comforting and reassuring as the promise that had sung in my heart since morning, 'For lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.'

I don't know why I bother you with such confidences, unless it be that when an author shares his most intimate experiences with his readers, it inspires an answering desire to do likewise on the part of those readers.

G. A.

* * *

The jury sitting on Burnham Hall's case numbers apparently some hundreds of thousands. Judging from a multitude of letters their verdict will not be unanimous.

Wolcott, N. Y.

Dear Editor, —

I have just read Burnham Hall's 'Shall I Divorce My Wife?' Your footnote — 'This paper is, of course, an absolutely true record' — I assume, is to be accepted at its face value. Without this concise editorial statement, I should have regarded the article as fiction — really clever fiction and worthy of publication in the *Atlantic*, even though overdrawn. But it is fact, you state; and fact, of course, submits to no artistic restraints.

Here we have an anæmic, introspective, hair-splitting old maid in trousers, with whom no normal, red-blooded woman could live a year and retain her self-respect. He is devoid of whole-souled indignation and incapable of self-forgetting generosity; he hems, and haws, and hesitates; he is neither hot nor cold, and, like the Laodiceans, should be spued out.

Were the article a creation of fiction, we should say the author showed bad taste in representing a character as shying at pillorying his wife as an adultress in court, while, for a stipend, pillorying her to the extent of seven and one-half pages, in a magazine of international circulation. Of course, he pillories himself; but of that he is, no doubt, supremely unconscious.

In that case it would be merely bad taste (on the author's part); but for a human being — to do this thing —

Faugh! You say, 'We believe that Burnham Hall's question will unlock a store of understanding and sympathy.'

For his wife? Yes.

Roe L. Hendrick.

Grand Island, Neb.

Dear Atlantic, —

After reading the article by Burnham Hall, 'Shall I Divorce My Wife?' I had a distinct feeling of regret that the wife does not desire to be his wife 'until death do us part,' and of a certain admiration for a man who remains so loyal under conditions that take from him his wife and child. Would there be any comfort for him in the belief that the child will suffer far less because of his attitude than many children of divorced parents?

I speak from experience. I was just graduating from high school when my father and mother were divorced. The shock of knowing that the father whom I had run blocks to greet as a child had been unfaithful to mother hurt most intensely. But torment followed in the next few years when some queer twist in mother's mind, perhaps some likeness of myself to father, more than any other child possessed, caused her to continually reproach me with having a good mind but no morals, of being like my father. This continued until I sometimes felt that I could laugh at a God who tortured one with high ideals and yet made them forever unattainable. If the Great Potter made the pottery so imperfect, with no possibility of improvement, had He the right to reject and condemn?

If the things mother said were true, then I would be robbed of all hope. It seemed to burn in my brain. Yet at last there came some understanding of why and how the marriage had failed. To-day I would rather take some of father's ideas of a happy home than mother's. He would be, with all his faults, more charitable and no less appreciative of fidelity and goodness.

The author of the article may some day receive his recompense in the faith of his daughter, for preserving her faith in her mother, and in their lack of bitterness toward each other. As she grows into womanhood, that may mean more than I can say.

A. S.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1924

'THINGS ARE IN THE SADDLE'

BY SAMUEL STRAUSS

SOMETHING new has come to confront American democracy. The Fathers of the Nation did not foresee it. History had opened to their foresight most of the obstacles which might be expected to get in the way of the Republic: political corruption, extreme wealth, foreign domination, faction, class rule; what history did not advise them of, their truly extraordinary understanding of human nature and of political science supplied. That which has stolen across the path of American democracy and is already altering Americanism was not in their calculations. History gave them no hint of it; what is happening to-day is without precedent, at least so far as historical research has discovered. And surely nothing approaching what has taken recognizable shape in the twentieth century ever entered the mind of any philosopher of the eighteenth century, of any economist, any forward-looking statesman. No reformer, no utopian, no physiocrat, no poet, no writer of fantastic romances saw in his dreams the particular development which is with us here and now.

I

This is our proudest boast: 'The American citizen has more comforts and conveniences than kings had two hundred years ago.' It is a fact, and this fact is the outward evidence of the new force which has crossed the path of American democracy. This increasing stream of automobiles and radios, buildings and bathrooms, furs and furniture, liners, hotels, bridges, vacuum cleaners, cameras, bus lines, electric toasters, moving-pictures, railway cars, package foods, telephones, pianos, novels, comic supplements — these are the signs. And it is just these which we accept naturally. We think of them as particularly American, as the logical growth from that particular beginning which was ours; these we think of as America's second chapter. The first chapter was concerned with the Fathers and their struggle, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. The second chapter is the present — the chapter in which we use the opportunity secured for us, the chapter in which every American comes into his own, the chapter in which every American lives better than once a king lived. This America to-day, this vast magazine of things, is regarded as the successful development of the Fathers' work, the natural fruit of that democratic seed which they planted in the fertile American soil.

But, although to us this development may seem natural, be sure it would not

have seemed natural to the Fathers; be sure it would have seemed abnormal to them. Is this to say that the Founders of the Republic never looked forward to the time when every citizen would have his own conveyance, his own house with abundant furniture, when every wife and daughter would have silk garments and a piano to play upon like a princess? No; it might be said that this was precisely that to which they did look forward; this was an essential part of their expectation. Surely they saw a nation of free citizens in a land flowing with milk and honey, gradually lifting themselves to a new economic level; they saw that citizens would be educated to more and more comforts; that men's tastes would improve; that women would want better surroundings. But they could not foresee what has happened. They could not foresee at what a rate the machine would multiply things; they could not foresee how the prosperity — indeed, the very existence — of the nation would come to depend upon people being forced to use what the machine pours out.

What is the first condition of our civilization? In the final reason, is it not concerned with the production of *things?* It is not that we must turn out large quantities of things; it is that we must turn out ever larger quantities of things, more this year than last year, more next year than this; the flow from mill and mine must steadily increase. There are a thousand programmes cooking throughout the country, there are a thousand isms and causes and parties, each with its own notion of what *must* be done for the national good and the human good. Some of them are at war with each other, but at one point they are allies; some of them are worlds apart, speaking languages strange to each other — yet one word they have in common. The minister in the pulpit cries out upon materialism, commercialization, science, politics, rum, divorce, the young folks. He offers this or that or the other as the cure. But no minister in any pulpit offers any cure which requires that what is called the nation's 'standard of living' sag back. The Capitalist and the Socialist are at each other's throats, but the issue between them is, Which can ensure the distribution of the most goods to the people? No statesman, no pacifist, no League-of-Nations enthusiast, would entertain his pet scheme for a moment longer if he believed it would mean that ten years later people would buy half of what they buy to-day. For the standard of living to sag back, for the people to buy but half of what they used to buy — everybody knows that that means ruin, and not the ruin of business alone. The national prosperity gone, the national safety is in danger. This is not a fear; it is a fact. If anything were to happen to industry, there would be first confusion and then decline in all our institutions; our great system of free education for the nation would wither, our organized charities would dry up, the thorn and the nettle would spring up in our parks, our slums would become fever spots, our roads would fall into decay; more than all, our ideals of political authority would be a heap of jackstraws; we should hold the kind of government the Fathers gave us to be a broken reed.

Production has played many parts in history; it has taken various forms. The form which it takes in this, the Machine Age, is strange and new. Consumptionism is a new necessity. Consumptionism is a new science. Through the centuries, the problem has been how to produce enough of the things men wanted; the problem now is how to make men want and use more than enough things — 'the science of plenty,' it has been called. Formerly the task was to supply the things men

wanted; the new necessity is to make men want the things which machinery must turn out if this civilization is not to perish. To-day we dare not wait until men in their own good time get around to wanting the things; do we permit this, the machine flies to pieces. The wind blew and so the windmill went around. Under the new order, the windmill goes around and so the wind must blow. It is becoming a matter of general remark that the economic emphasis is changing; it is shifting from how to make things to how to dispose of the things that are made so that the machine can be kept in constant operation. The problem before us to-day is not how to produce the goods, but how to produce the customers. Consumptionism is the science of compelling men to use more and more things. Consumptionism is bringing it about that the American citizen's first importance to his country is no longer that of citizen but that of consumer.

The purpose of this paper is to point out how the new factor in our national life has already wrought recognizable changes in American democracy. There are some who believe that representative government has served America's purposes, and that in the new stage of her progress another form will serve her better; a few even say that democracy is not a good form for any good purpose. This paper does not attempt to argue such questions; it seeks only to show that already Consumptionism is making important changes in the American use of law, in the American Press, in the political freedom of the American citizen.

II

No great changes are ever the result of temporary conditions; they must have been long on their way; as Lord Halifax remarked, they are half made before it is plainly visible that men go about them. Prohibition is the expression of a change which has been a century in forming. It is reasonable to explain why Prohibition happened to come in the year it did come rather than in some later or earlier year; but it is unreasonable to believe that but for this or that particular circumstance there would have been no Prohibition. It is unreasonable to believe that Prohibition is here because the church people and the fanatics caught the nation off its feet in war time, or because the young men were in France, or because the women had come to have an influence in public affairs.

The movement which now reveals itself in the form of Prohibition has been stretching its massive might through more than a hundred years. Men first saw the Temperance movement as something sentimental, as springing from religious and ethical convictions, as being a loving, spiritual force which moved against disease and poverty, against drunken husbands who beat their wives in hovels, against liquor dealers who prospered when their customers lay drunk in the gutter. Looking back upon it now from our vantage point, it is not difficult to see how this was but the superficial aspect of the Temperance movement; the deeper meaning can be seen showing through even in this initial stage. The demand, for example, that no child be robbed of its chance in life by parents who drank — did not this already suggest the movement's real character?

But it is in the shape which the Temperance movement next took that retrospection obtains a plainer view of its essential nature. For in the second half of the century the denunciation of drink for the cruelty and suffering it causes has dropped down to second place in the Temperance platform; now the first plank is the plank which describes the liquor traffic 'to be a nuisance and a

crime' because it is bad for the factory. Now the crime of drink is that it retards the worker's reactions, wastes his energies, endangers the costly machines he operates; drink, in short, keeps down the national output, and so deprives the nation of its full measure of prosperity. The voice of Temperance still sounds in church and in tabernacle, but it sounds louder now in the mill and on the railroad; it is still moral in guise, yet morality has now ceased to predominate. Temperance now presents itself as the agent of efficiency, as the friend of machinery.

This movement has been from the beginning a purposefully broadening stream. Narrow at first, only wide enough to take in the drunkards and wasters, the stream next broadened to include the workers, particularly those who worked with machinery. Finally with a great rush it swept out and reached everyone; no longer a stream, it became a sea. The twentieth century has seen it spread to include more than the nation's workers; the twentieth century has seen it reach out and take in the entire people.

What was it brought this latest extension of the Temperance movement? Was it still the needs of efficiency, and was Temperance but following the development of machinery, following the machine from the factory out upon the city streets and country roads? None but workmen used to run machines; today everybody runs machines: workmen, clerks, merchants, doctors, schoolteachers, men, women — everybody.

The automobile can be made to account for Prohibition plausibly enough. The argument runs easily along the line of the facts. So long as machinery was in the mill and on the railroads only, so long as the question of drink lay between employers and workmen, there was authority enough in the pay envelope to command abstinence where abstinence was needed. But machinery on the streets and on the roads, machinery tended not by workers but by citizens, creates altogether another problem. The authority of the pay envelope does not reach to the citizens on the streets; only the authority of Government can reach to them. The factories turn out four million motor cars in a year. With this amazing development a saloon on each corner and a drinking-place at every crossroads do not quite fit. A man refuses to contemplate the prospect of his wife and child in daily danger of being run into by the driver whose eyes are blurred and whose hands are unsteadied by drink. Machinery becomes more and more necessary to existence; if existence is to be safe, the use of machinery must be attended with safety. Was, then, the attainment of safety the ultimate purpose of the Temperance movement? Had it no further goal than this? Is the Eighteenth Amendment thus to be accounted for? The argument does not go far enough.

The deep purpose of the Temperance movement was no more to provide safety for citizens than it was to provide efficiency for workers or morals for drunkards. These were incidentals. Had the only need been to do away with drunkenness and immorality and the brewers' white horses, private philanthropy and public opinion had amply sufficed without going so far as an Eighteenth Amendment. The factories and the railroads took care of their drink problem; they needed none of Government's thunderbolts. And as for the safety of citizens upon streets and roads swarming with automobiles, would not the police and the people between them have managed without invading the Constitution? Between Government's power to punish drunken drivers and the people's fear of being hurt by drunken drivers, would not the streets and roads eventually have be-

come reasonably safe? To be sure, this corrective fear of the people would have meant a less great consumption of automobiles; accidents would have considerably restrained the passion of the people for this new convenience; the increase in the number of cars on the streets would have been not stupendous but gradual. True, this would have meant that four million cars could not have been sold in 1923. But Prohibition was not merely the response to the need for disposing of four million automobiles in 1923.

The Eighteenth Amendment was the response to closer pressing Consumptionism. Prohibition is not here for the sake of the automobile industry; the automobile is but one member among many. When Mr. Henry Ford, who is a man born into his time, says we must give up either drink or industrialism, he is not moved to say so merely because drink would make people buy fewer automobiles. Instinctively he understands that drink makes people buy less of everything, and so less of automobiles. When Mr. Gary says that drink and prosperity are incompatible, he is not moved to his conclusion by mere questions of efficiency in the steel mills.

Consumptionism is the science of intensifying consumption. It is not enough that the desire for this or that particular thing be made to increase; desire must not run into any blind alleys; every thing of any kind in the great variety of our output must be able to stimulate the appetite for more things of every kind; consumption is all interrelated, feeding upon itself and stupendously growing by that it feeds upon. Under the old order, the products of brewery and distillery added up in the prosperity columns just as steel did, and ploughs, and corn; beer and liquor were equal with all the others. Under the new order, drink subtracts from the total. Drink cuts down general consumptive power. Drink takes from the nation's ability to use up goods; drink takes from a man's efficiency to consume; drink lessens the desire for things. Drink, to be sure, limits its own consumption; when it has its man under the table, that is the end; there is a limit to the amount a man can drink. But what is intolerable is that drink makes inroads into the consumption of all else. Consumptionism cannot suffer drink because in drink men find a substitute for that satisfaction which is in the acquiring of luxuries; the pleasure in drink takes the place of the pleasure in things. The more things men have, the more they need — this is the working philosophy of Consumptionism. The more drink men have, the less things they need. Consequently we have the Eighteenth Amendment.

There is a righteous resentment of Prohibition. Lawyers, for example, cry out that 'something must be done about Prohibition'; politicians, men in office, publicists, political philosophers, are genuinely alarmed by what they call the Prohibition mess. Prohibition is seen by this sort of men to be a failure; the country has tried Prohibition and found it cannot be enforced; to keep it longer in the basic law of the land is to incur gravest risk; something must be done, they reiterate — what they mean is that something must be done to preserve the integrity of Government.

In other quarters, however, there are a great many people, not inevitably Prohibitionists, who are for Prohibition to-day, a large class who never had any moral convictions or any sentimental notions about drinking. These do not see Prohibition as a failure or a menace. Perhaps they once believed that wines and beers must be restored, but they are doubtful now if they would lend their votes to even

a wine-and-beer modification. These citizens see how the liquor laws go widely disregarded; some of them do themselves disregard the laws; they know all about the bootleggers and the stills; they see the struggles of Government. And they are satisfied; they are complacent. According to the rules, Prohibition has proved not enforceable. But they find it well enough enforced for all that; they may not be able to put their finding into words but instinctively they feel it.

'Enforced' — what do they mean by 'enforced'? The Eighteenth Amendment makes liquor dear; a man's circumstances do the rest; his circumstances enforce Prohibition so far as it needs to be enforced for the purposes of Consumptionism. Those who break the law — what do they amount to in the view of Consumptionism? For mostly those who can afford bootleggers and roadhouses are already provided to the point of saturation with furs and motor cars and entertainments; it is the millions with the hankering for these things still hot within them who matter just now to Consumptionism. From this point of view, Prohibition has proved a success, not a failure at all. If it were not for Prohibition, less money would today be going to the department stores, the garages, the movies, the bookshops. There are more lawbreakers in the nation because of Prohibition. But because of Prohibition there are both more consumers and better consumers. A great number of America's citizens, and the number does not decrease, feel that it is the consumers who count first to America.

Those who go through the land crying out that 'something must be done about Prohibition' imply that Prohibition was a mistake, a slip, a misadventure. They imply that the difficulty of getting rid of Prohibition is not very much more than a legal difficulty.

Prohibition was not made by a mistake; it was made by a movement. It was not American democracy that needed Prohibition. The purpose of Prohibition was not to make more valuable citizens. The purpose was to make more valuable consumers. If more valuable consumers could be made only at an expense to citizenship, at an expense to democracy, at an expense to Americanism, it could not be helped; Consumptionism had to be considered first; all else has come to depend upon Consumptionism.

Prohibition is the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. But it is not of the same stuff as the other amendments. Prohibition is the first Consumptionist amendment.

III

Turn now to the Press. 'The Press is the chief democratic instrument of freedom,' wrote De Tocqueville. Americans have truly believed it.

Something has happened to the Press. All have remarked it. What is it? Radicals have no difficulty in putting their finger on it; they can tell you that the advertisers and the 'Interests' control the newspapers, that is what the trouble is. The Radicals are a generation behind their time. The conservative citizens have their own way of saying it; they say the whole trouble is that the Press has become commercialized, and by 'commercialized' they mean that greedy men have used the newspapers to make great fortunes for themselves. And this explanation is, on the whole, no more accurate than the explanations from the soap-boxes. It is obvious to anybody who turns over the forty pages of his morning newspaper, nearly every page half advertising, that the newspapers do make a great deal of money. In scores of communities the newspaper is now as profitable as the

department store, while in former days one could count on the fingers of the hands the number which made more than a decent livelihood for the publisher. But this change has not come about because men with itching palms saw the newspapers as their opportunity. It has come about because the movement of the time, the movement of the industrial forces, has had need to make use of the Press, and is adapting the Press to its own necessities.

Advertising is part of the circulatory system of twentieth-century industry; without it the system chokes up. Industry's need to make use of advertising is forcing certain changes in the newspapers, certain developments, additions, improvements, a certain new kind of progress by which the newspaper is rapidly tending to become another sort of institution. It is because this has not yet begun to be generally recognized, because they would describe to-day's newspapers in terms of yesterday's newspapers, that those who criticize the Press make irrelevant criticisms. They see that something is not as it should be, but they give only the old, old reasons.

'The palladium of our liberties' was the way of describing interchangeably the Constitution and the newspapers. And the people meant just that. So long as Americans might publish without first having obtained the permission of somebody in authority, and so long as there were no unlighted corners in the nation, Government was safe. It would seem, then, as if the newspapers should be doing the work of freedom better now than ever before. Certainly few corners of the nation are left unlighted, and never have so many readers read so many newspapers. To say nothing of the news of events which was never before gathered with such completeness, the views and prejudices of the community have never been given such generous publicity. Whatever is spoken at meetings that has any news value at all, whatever is said in pulpits, put forward in statements, embellished in interviews, is printed for millions to read. By all the rules, the newspapers should be more than ever capable to lead the citizens; compared to those pitiful, biased, limited, amateurish sheets of 1850, of 1830, how magnificent seems the newspaper of the twentieth century, how fit to inform and incline, to direct and guide!

Yet what is the fact? Many and many have observed how little of late the people are influenced in their political decisions by what they read in newspapers, how often a candidate or a policy succeeds in face of opposition from substantially all the largest and most important newspapers; or just the other way about — how often a measure or a nominee supported by all the newspapers fails utterly. The most striking instance was the League-of-Nations affair; here the voice of the people on the editorial page and the voice of the people at the polls were two flatly different matters; the preponderating newspaper influence of the country was thrown for the League and the preponderating will of the country was registered dead against it.

The newspapers are losing the ability to lead citizens. They are exchanging it, more of it each year, for the ability to lead buyers. To business, a newspaper strike has come to be of grave consequence. A week's interruption of a city's newspapers, and business is damaged. Without the facilities for daily advertising, the custom of stores, of places of amusement, falls off dangerously. The power of the Press is not growing less; the power is being shifted; the Press is powerful still, but not so much to direct men how to think, how to feel, how to vote, as to direct them how to buy.

America's newspapers used to be, before all else, the expression of the tempers and beliefs which set small groups of citizens apart from one another. Newspapers are coming to be, before all else, instruments for those needs and desires men have most in common. Large communities which formerly had a dozen newspapers are being reduced to two or three newspapers; what logical reason eventually to have even so many as two or three?

Industry did not set out to deprive the nation's thousand opinions and prejudices of their means of expression. Industry set out to reduce overhead. Industry set out to substitute for the many financially uncertain newspapers a few financially certain newspapers. Small groups of readers, those who happened to feel alike in regard to the tariff or immigration or vivisection, did not efficiently serve the advertiser. The advertiser needed readers to be centralized; he needed the largest possible number of readers divided into the smallest possible number of groups — divided, that is to say, not according to what readers believe, but according to what readers are likely to buy. The advertiser has small interest to know whether the circulation of a newspaper is composed of Republicans or Democrats; but to pursue his advertising efficiently he must know whether the newspaper's readers buy on the main floor or in the basement.

A half-dozen newspapers, one for each stripe of belief in the community, was good democracy. It was bad business. Why a separate building and machinery for each newspaper? Why not a single plant for the half-dozen? Why not one newspaper to include all opinions, instead of several newspapers, each excluding all beliefs save its own?

The newspaper to-day is a mammoth institution. It requires prodigious capital. No newspaper publisher with little means can possibly get his head above water now. Where formerly it needed thousands of dollars to run a newspaper, it takes hundreds of thousands, even millions now. Rich men? Of course the publishers are rich men. They have to be.

And the public is not in the least disturbed that this is so. Recently a publisher in New York City, announcing another merger, stated that now at last all the metropolitan newspapers are owned by very rich men — which, he said, is a most desirable consummation. And the public acquiesces. Once such a condition would have seemed impossible in America, or, if it had secretly developed, any publisher would have been thought demented who openly boasted of it. The public would have been in a panic of fear and indignation. To-day no one is even perturbed; the people see what the publisher means, and they are willing it should be so. They see it *must* be so. Formerly men would have demanded to know what was to become of the freedom of the Press, the safety of democracy, in such a circumstance; they would have cried out against having all measured to them by a millionaire's bushel. But now they make no demur. They see it must be; if it were not, how could there be the comics, the rotogravure supplements, the folded-in pictures for framing, the songs and puzzles, the magazine sections, the cut-outs, the 'features,' the extravagant rations of news, all the great variety which gives every sort of reader something to his particular taste, all the great quantity which 'carries' the ever mounting volume of the advertising that must lead buyers to buy. The readers understand very well that it takes wealth to provide such a wealth.

Consumptionism is steadily substituting rich newspapers for poor newspapers, inclusive newspapers for clannish newspapers, forty-page newspapers for eight-page sheets. And what of it?

Is not this all advantage? Is not all that was of value still here? Fourteen editors in one place instead of fourteen editors in fourteen places: what has gone save waste, and inefficiency, and instability, and poverty? Has nothing gone then? Is the freedom of the Press nothing? For it is no less than the freedom of the Press that is going.

Why the freedom of the Press? In order to have a free Press, must we have a financially unstable, inefficient Press? How should it take from the freedom of the Press to have one strong newspaper with room for all prejudices and all preferences, rather than to have many weak ones with room for only one pet abomination and one passionate predilection? Should this make the difference between a newspaper Press with political influence and a newspaper Press with a rapidly diminishing political influence? Perhaps it should not: perhaps there is no logical reason why it should. But that is what it does just the same.

Liberals talk of consolidating the churches. Well, suppose the churches were to be really consolidated, not only all the Baptist churches merged with the Methodist, but the synagogues, the Friends' meetings, the Roman Catholic churches, the Greek Catholic churches, and all the variety of Protestant churches reduced to one or two very large, strong, centrally located churches fitted with plenty of amplifiers. The Sunday-morning service would not be the meagre, narrow, intense service of the old churches; there would be something to every taste; there would be a sermon by the rabbi and one by the Quaker, a reading by the Christian Science leader together with an exhortation by the priest, a discourse by the Naturalist and one by the Supernaturalist. The churchgoer, sitting there among his twenty or thirty thousand fellows, would not exactly 'hear both sides'; he would hear only what could give offense to none; real differences would change automatically to merely formal differences. These consolidated churches would be financially better based, more efficient. And religion would be free, very free indeed, broad, so broad it would eventually be pretty nearly flat.

IV

One more consideration; it relates to the manner in which leaders elicit opinion, obtain the public will. A change is taking place here. So far in our actual experience there is but little more than a hint of what may come. It is difficult to think that it will ever come, that free Americans will go through with this. But meanwhile there can be no doubt of what it is and whither it tends.

The new terminology in this field of our activity is itself significant of what is taking place. When heretofore it was a matter of shaping public opinion, when it came to eliciting the public will, America's leaders said they sought the approval of the people, they talked of 'going out to the people' with their plan for a tariff, of 'educating the people' to the gold standard, or 'winning the people's consent' to a centralized banking-system. These are the phrases which have been usual. Now the proposal is to 'sell' the people a plan for a merchant marine, now the job is to 'sell' them a taxing programme. Yesterday the candidate, the Senator, the Cabinet member, put his scheme before the American people; to-morrow he will put it over. These are not merely new words for old ways; they are new words for different ways.

They are honest words too. They say what they mean and they mean exactly what they say. To seek the approval of the citizens meant to persuade them, it meant to use the human arts of eloquence, argument, rhetoric, advice, personal influence, and often a good

deal of expedient deception. To sell citizens a scheme, to put a programme over, means something else than this; it means to use the power of suggestion, of association, to use 'stereotypes,' mechanical repetition, 'dramatization,' 'interrupted ideas,' to use the new and complicated science of Publicity — Publicity, which is not meant to deceive the people as did the old-fashioned propaganda, but which is meant only to overpower them.

Where does the idea of Publicity come from? Publicity comes from business; it is an adaptation of a method which business developed for its own purposes and which has become indispensable in the business world.

The office of business is to supply men's material wants. Men have several kinds of needs; for their educational needs, for their religious needs, for their need of freedom, they look to other institutions; for their physical needs, the need of shelter and clothing and transportation and food, they look to the industrial institution. How does it come about that the particular instrument of industry is adopted by those agencies which supply us, not with our physical needs, but with these other needs; is adopted by the university and the church; by the charity organization and the reform association; by Causes and Movements — above all, how does it come about that it is adopted by Government?

The manufacturer who has something to sell to a man appeals to what he should appeal to — he appeals to the man's love of comfort, to his interest in health and personal safety, to his appetites, to his love of novelty, to his acquisitive instincts; he does not appeal to his reason, his prejudices, his judgment, his moral sense. So-and-so's milk — cleanest; So-and-so's powder — finest; this make wall paper — different; that brand flour — satisfaction. With these devices it is sought to fix in the reader's consciousness the association of the article to be sold with the quality of desirability. This is done through the eye, not through the mind. This result is brought about by reiteration. The suggestion of the perfume, of the package food, and desirability must confront the consumer over and over again. The consumer will not stop to read the poster on the billboard, the card in the car; he will scarcely glance at them; almost it could be said they do not gain his attention. But the posters and cards are doing their work just the same; the association which is to be established is silently deepening in that part of the consumer's psyche which the psychologists call the subconscious; slowly, steadily it is bringing about the desired result.

But now when it is a matter of organizing for a tax programme? Or, let us say, organizing for a peace programme. The publicity expert suggests some brief device be chosen — 'Let there be Peace,' for instance. These four words are to do the work, these four words are to elicit the public 'will.' These four words are printed in black capitals across the white fronts of pamphlets, on wrapping papers, on stickers; they are displayed in colors on the billboards, on the fences; shown at the movies, placarded on the motor buses. The programme itself is printed at length in millions of folders with which the entire nation is flooded; it is discussed by this leader and that society; an interview here, a statement there; the newspapers are full of it. The people do not read all that is printed; they are contented to know that the details are public, are available, and have been examined by 'authorities.' The four-thousand word arguments and expositions and analyses come to the same result in the public consciousness as do the four words; they result in the association of

this peace programme with the notion of desirability.

The specific merits of the peace programme? What are its defects? Does it fit in with American policies? Is it practicable? 'Why, the programme must be all right or there would not be so much said in favor of it by so many people; it must be a good plan or you would not hear of it everywhere you go.' The impression, you see, has been made, the reiteration, not of facts, not of reasons, the reiteration of sheer words has done its work; the people have been overwhelmed; 'public opinion' on this particular programme is formed. If on Election Day the man at the polls should be asked to vote yes or no on this peace programme, he would vote as a man in a trance; up from the subconscious, up from the region where reason, where patriotism, where morals never operate, comes the command to vote yes on the peace programme.

Is it because many of the men who are leading the nation in the matter of its tax programmes, its peace programmes, its agricultural programmes and all the rest, are men ignorant of the science of government, are men who can use only the methods to which they are accustomed, the methods of business? No, nor do political leaders use Publicity in the feeling that this new complicated science can better elicit the will of the people than could the old natural method. The leaders have no choice. They must act less and less through men's reason and men's enthusiasms and men's faith, and more and more through men's subconscious abilities, through their irrational powers.

Is it that the American to-day has not the time to compare and weigh and estimate for himself? Partly this, to be sure. How can the citizen have time to form a judgment who must crowd forty pages of newspaper into the twenty minutes before work in the morning, or thirty pages into the fifteen minutes after work in the evening; or who, as often as not, tries to do both? How much reflection can a man indulge in who must turn on the radio when dinner is done, and who falls asleep reading the latest best-seller? How can the man have time to feel who runs to catch the seven-thirty to the office and runs to catch the five-eighteen back again, so as to be in time for a motor ride before dinner? Feeling takes time, patriotism involves leisure, indignation does not thrive in the five minutes between the evening meal and the hour the movies begin.

But it is not really a question of the time which men have at their disposal; it is not really a question of their being 'too busy.' It is not that they are too busy to read through a considered argument on taxes or a foreign policy; no other people at any time have ever read so much as do to-day's Americans. It is a question of a new habit of mind. In a world which is dominated by things, men are gradually becoming accustomed to act in all the relations of life as they act in relation to things. The processes by which they obtain good things are coming to them to seem the processes by which they obtain good government. That an obsession with things makes a difference in the fibre of citizenship, in the stuff of character, must be true. But this leads down into subtle moral considerations; it is enough for the purpose here to consider just the difference in the purely psychological processes, the difference in the point of attack, the difference in the 'reaction,' as the psychologists seem to call almost any kind of action.

The consumer can take on trust the suggestion that the new yellow soap is a good soap; he need ask no questions; there is that in the nature of industry now which justifies his trust. He knows

that the soap-manufacturers would not spend the handsome sums needed to bring him to buy unless they had a good article to sell. The day is long past when industry will misrepresent its wares to the public. Industry's interest lies all the other way now; the first thing the expert will tell the manufacturer is that no amount of promotion can make a success of a bad article.

That is the check and balance in industry. But what sort of government would this be? What kind of government is it in which the people ask no questions, ponder nothing, use no judgment? What kind of government is it in which the people take on trust the assurances of those with political projects to sell? What kind of government is it in which the citizens accept without demur what their leaders prepare, acknowledging that the leaders could not afford to offer a poor article, confident that it is to the interest of the leaders to bring about what is best for the people, secure that the leaders always know just what is best for the people? It is not a new form of government, by any means, neither is it the government Americans set out to live under.

No one will pretend that the history of public opinion in America has been all a pleasant democratic revelation, that all which glittered in it was gold. But even if it might be shown that the public will has been more of an involuntary than a voluntary result, more a will extracted from the people than a conviction of the people, this at least must be conceded: it was the whole presupposition of democracy that the people have judgments, judgments from which they can be swayed undoubtedly, but judgments which can help correct the mistakes they endorsed when so swayed. It was the whole presupposition of democracy that the reason of the people, the judgment, the spiritual sensibilities of the people, would improve with exercise. This growth through exercise was what was meant by democratic progress.

V

Men subscribe to-day to what they call 'the economic interpretation of history.' They mean by this that history is the record of Nature's forces, of extra-human forces; they mean that this human will which we brag about, this power of choice with which we fancy ourselves invested, is nonexistent; men do not move, but are moved only; they are only cogs in the great machine. This may be the truth as it lies under the aspect of eternity. But the fact as it shows itself in the workaday world seems to be that a man can choose most of his courses but none of the results of them. A century and a half since, men came to want more things. Men became enthusiastic over things. Men preached a new creed — the faith in things. Men set to work to make and to get things; men devoted the best of human energies to things, men pinned their progress, their civilization to things. To-day the force of things which they developed, the industrial force, may indeed be regarded as having the dominion over men. To-day men may be regarded as cogs in the great machine. But this machine they themselves chose to build.

'DRY HOLE' JIM AND THE MALADY

BY JOHN H. THACHER

THE real trouble with our town is that we lack an Infirmity. We are painfully conscious of our failing in this respect. Not to suffer from a Great American Ailment — preferably a Psychic Ailment — puts us beyond the pale of diagnosis in the current American literary clinics. To find no semblance of 'Main Street' in our Main Street; to find ourselves unable to detect in our magic glass 'the mournful baffled face of a soul which does not know how to live'; to find in our hours of rest no 'arid leisure' of the contemporary essayist; to discover in ourselves no palsy and withering of the soul; — these be grave matters for the confessional. Fortunate indeed are we if we avoid social quarantine; at best we are a total loss as a literary theme; and all, as you will see, because of our friend 'Dry Hole' Jim.

If the truth must be told, we do not seem to fit into any of the divers moulds fashioned by the contemporary analyst of American life. For ours, you must know, is an 'oil town.' We are all interested, directly or indirectly, in the production of petroleum.

In fiction and film, on the stage and in story, this crude oil has held the imagination as the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Yet we, who produce it, find here no 'electric' atmosphere of rapt romanticism. It is no more to us than a raw organic product of the earth, like corn or cotton. We do not call it 'liquid gold.' More prone are we to call it 'grease.' It is a business; as matter of fact as making soap or pickles. Stockjobbing, fake oil promotions, and glowing prospectuses have little part in our workaday cosmos. Yet we find each day, presented in newspaper or magazine, a certain terrifying apparition, big-jowled and dollar-marked, a briber of legislators, a corrupter of courts, an incarnation of greed and avarice. As there leers from the pages this impressive ogre, it is borne in upon our intelligence that we, who had serenely thought our consciences void of offense against our fellows, are, as it were, the very flesh and blood of this Gargantuan monster! We, who are oil folk, meet the public concept of the Oil Man. We strive with some perplexity to fit this unlovely image into our daily environment. Whether because of our moral astigmatism, or because we are so deeply steeped in what the editorial writer would term our 'miasma of corruption,' we find that our only reaction to this Ogreish Semblance is that it greatly tickles our sense of humor.

We look about us, and find a town of some 20,000 people, a Carnegie Library, a palatial high school, a University Women's Club. We have the same thirty miles of paved streets, fronted by comfortable homes, well-kept lawns, and blooming flower-gardens, that are to be found in other prosperous Mid-Western cities of our class. On the hills east of our town the usual country-club spreads its broad verandahs under the oak trees, and looks out over an eighteen-hole course that is different from other links only in that it is hemmed in on two sides by gaunt oil-derricks. In our schools 'education moves ahead'

under the progressive methods approved by Eugene Randolph Smith and President Eliot. From year to year, in June, our public park lends its green slopes as a background to an alfresco Shakespearean pageant. A women's musical club brings us symphony concerts and our share of the great artists of their profession. We are a law-abiding community. There is nothing here of Bret Harte or California Gulch, and but the faintest echo of the old Dodge City days.

Moreover, we are a churchgoing folk in our town — fundamentalists, we confess, yet from our pulpits we carry into our lives a kindly philosophy that enables us to rejoice sincerely in our neighbor's news, from the field, in black headlines, '200 barrels after the shot,' or sympathize with him when, in fine print, we learn that his well is 'dry and abandoned at 3000 feet.'

But these things are out of drawing in a picture of a dehumanized community; a community of 'damaged souls.' Surely, somehow, with deep introspection, we shall find sign or symbol of our own peculiar dæmon. We do not care to be set apart and isolated from our fellow countrymen, writhing under their malady. An inspiration comes to us.

Our 'Nomadic Habit'!

To this failing we cheerfully confess. But on second thought, our confession avails us little. For if we find ourselves touched with a trace of the nomadic impulse, we know that it is but the wanderlust of the pioneer and the explorers, whose lives are at least supposed to be free from the 'moral effluvium of vulgarization.' So also, if there be an unkindly Trollope or a Dickens to make us out as crass and raw in our artless leisure, we only smile as we turn our faces to the purple-clad hills and the broad, rolling, flower-carpeted prairies of our spring and summer, or tune our ears to the call of the bobwhite or the swish of the mallard's wings in the crisp days of our autumn, and reflect that these things also are in a measure crude and raw to unseeing eyes and ears falsely attuned. If we do, perhaps, share the dyspepsia which is a concomitant of the national malady, we accept the burden, or so much of it as shall survive the jolting over atrocious roads to the distant wildcat well — provided, always, that the sacrifice be made on the Altar of Southern Cooking.

In our town, we do not tremble at the fulminations of Teapot Dome, although transgressions of men in high places are not condoned by us, and we know, of course, that certain inner circles of Dante's *Inferno* were originally located down there near the mouth of the Potomac; yet these be matters for casual rumination about the derrick floor, or as one smokes a pipe behind the boiler on the midnight 'tower.' Even then, such comment holds in it a languid irrelevance, as one would speak of earthquakes in Chile.

We remember, perhaps, the educational film made by the Bureau of Mines, showing the processes of oil production. In this is portrayed through the eye of a powerful microscope the surface of the axle and its bearings. Those surfaces, so smooth and polished to our unaided vision, are shown, in actual fact, to be rough and jagged like the contour of a mountain range. Such surfaces pressing against one another in rapid revolution would generate a destructive heat, were it not for the smooth film of lubricant that separates them. How small a matter on which to rest the fate of empires! England, and all the nations of the world, came to a point of frantic hysteria in the World War, when they realized how closely related were the issues of the conflict to that tenuous film of oil, and the significance of the Foch epigram: 'The Allies floated to victory on a sea of oil.' In our town, we take pride in the knowl-

edge that we control one of the rivulets that fed this mighty sea. I think it is this pride that gives a certain hopeful urge in our lives. It gives impulse to our daily work and enables us to enjoy a sound leisure that is neither one long Rondo-Allegro nor yet a melancholy Lento movement in minor mode.

> Wherefore waste our elocution
> On impossible solution.
> Life 's a pleasant institution —
> Let us take it as it comes.

Closely related to the soundness of a man's leisure are his reactions to success. These reactions in our town are three: to secure a good home; to travel; and to drill just one more wildcat well. Education of the best for our children is a resultant also and — this, whispered to the incredulous ear — ask your art dealer what percentage of fine American paintings are sold in Oklahoma!

For music and poetry and the affairs of the 'higher psychic plane,' we have none of the harsh contempt so deplored by the contemporary Intellectual Brahmins of to-day. We know that these frigid altitudes exist, and if we do not seek to scale them, we are full of admiration and tolerance for those who do. With true Gilbertian forbearance we accept the fact that their

> . . . capacity for innocent enjoyment
> Is just as great as any honest man's!

To make deep holes in the earth's rebellious crust; to find the oil-bearing sand; to rend it and tap its fluid content; to guide that fluid into tanks; to ship it in long pipe-lines across the continent; to refine it and blend it; and above all, to hurry, to hurry, to speed our efforts lest all the wheels in Christendom should stop and mankind should revert to the state of the blanket Indian — that is the 'good life' of our town!

You need waste no time in searching the spirit and soul of our town for a 'complex.' The first person you meet on the street corner will let it slip in ten minutes' conversation: —

'. . . It has first-class geology, and they had a good show of oil, with a million feet of gas, in the dry hole to the east, but they did n't drill deep enough. Dry Hole Jim has a bunch of leases right on top of the structure and he 'll sell a sixty-fourth interest in the well for . . .'

And if you feel no subtle quickening of the pulse, no quivering flame of imagination, no impulse to 'pass flyingly over all the stumblingblocks of prudence' and take a whirl on Jim's venture, then are you fashioned of material too dull and cloddish to understand our complex — the Lure of the Wildcat Gamble. On it rests the whole Freemasonry of our brotherhood; and since you cannot hope to feel the spirit of our fraternity unless you know the product of that complex, why should you not meet our friend Dry Hole Jim and hear his story, knowing that in it we shall find revealed at last the true secret of our escape from the Malady.

Dry Hole Jim is a wildcatter. He drills for oil at remote and inaccessible spots where it is exceedingly unlikely that he will find it. He is first cousin to the old grubstake prospector. His mission is to play against the odds of an almost unbeatable game. Cold statistics of 78,500 wells drilled east of the Rocky Mountains in three years show that 83.78 per cent are of problematic value; that the capital prizes — the 'great gushers,' the market-breakers, the 2000-barrel wells one reads of in fiction or roseate prospectus — are less than one per cent. It takes a deep faith in what Jules Payot, the French philosopher, terms 'the inexhaustible generosity of primordial laws' to enable a man to face such hazards. A kindly old Scotchman, of forty years' experience, had Jim's case in mind when he said: 'In other lines of trade, bankruptcy carries

a tinge of odium and disgrace. In the oil business we regard it as only an intermission between gushers.'

Let us take Dry Hole Jim as we find him now, out on his lease on Deep Fork Creek, standing, no doubt, on top of the flow tank, watching the oil bubbling in from the 'lead' lines. He waves a friendly greeting, then turns his rapt gaze back to the mouths of those crooked-neck pipes, and watches the spurt of golden fluid foaming into the tank. The pipes lead off in different directions to where the iron jacks are nodding rhythmically over the wells. From the little power-house near by comes the steady chug of the gas engine. Thin snaky rod-lines crawl stealthily back and forth through the prairie grass as they carry the impulse from the power-house to the jacks. A sharp wind from the tail of a norther is blowing across the Oklahoma prairies; we shiver and draw our coats closer about us; but Jim, in shirt sleeves, with gaze fixed on those spurting mouths, is oblivious to wind or weather. He is telling us, absently, that Number Three is n't making her oil as she ought to — 'cup' trouble — and needs 'pulling'; that Number One is n't real well and strong, either — with a leak at the 'stuffing-box' — and Number Six! Well, anyone can see from Jim's smile and shrug that Number Six, the youngest of the family, is wayward, fickle, and lovable — always the prerogatives of the youngest; came in at a hundred barrels flush, quit flowing, jolted her with a hundred quarts of glycerine, shot off two joints of casing, and had a four months' fishing job. 'She 's noways steady, and never was. Seems to pick odd days in the month for her workdays, like those Greasers down to Tampico. Takes holidays and feast-days to lay off work, five times a week.'

A burst of foaming oil drops from the mouth of Number Six, and is followed by a steady flow that lasts some minutes, and stops suddenly with a final roar of gas and foam.

'That 's her! Chews it over like a bonehead stuttering out a smart comeback! Maybe she 'll take a day to make up her mind again and then flow for an hour straight!'

Oil wells, we learn, have personalities; complexities of character; dispositions; moods — like folks, or horses, or dogs. 'Take Number Two there — as steady as an elder in the Presbyterian Church — just two barrels a day, whether it 's Fourth of July, Christmas, or Thanksgiving. But that there Number Five!' Jim shakes his head sadly. 'New rods, new tubing, new cups, newfangled working-barrels — squibbing — steaming — tried 'em all. A fine well, when she came in, but past helpin' now.' And from Jim's tone, we draw the inference that Number Five is irretrievably launched upon a life of sin.

A guarded question or two, a little casual prodding, and we have from Jim the story of the lease. In our town it is an old story — so old, in fact, that it has almost passed into formula.

Of course, it was in the beginning a 'rank wildcat'; there had been a bit of eastern dip in the strata exposed down along the creek bed, with a few outcroppings on a neighboring hill; an old dry hole a mile away had a 'show' of oil. He persuaded a farmer to give him a lease on three hundred and twenty acres for a well.

Jim peddles his leases from office to office in Tulsa, until he finds a company that will buy an 'offset' eighty acres, advancing a part of the purchase price when the well is commenced. He borrows a derrick for an interest in his well; rents his casing for another forty acres; his slim credit is stretched to the utmost for teaming and supplies; he chops wood for fuel; his tools are rusty; his boiler leaks, and his water pump disap-

pears in a cloud of its own steam; his rickety derrick is a spider web of guy ropes and bailing wire. With the first stroke of his bit begins a fight against all the manifold perversities of inanimate things: a caving hole, unexpected water and gas strata, mechanical breakdowns; and finally, of course, his wireline snaps at the rope socket and leaves the tools in the hole just a few feet from the oil sand. Sixty feet of shale caves in on the drilling tools, and in time other tools used to fish for them are also lost in the hole. In the phrase of the oil fields, he has 'everything in the hole but the boiler.' The strain of 'fishing' is too much for the aged derrick and it pulls in; his men are unpaid, his credit exhausted. Without a thought of quitting, Jim trudges to town and trades another forty-acre lease for a second-hand automobile, sells the car for enough to pay the repairs on the derrick and a part payment to his drillers, and the hole is finally cleaned. Then, one day there comes a puff of gas at the casing-head, a 'rainbow' on the bit and stem; the hole fills up rapidly with oil; 1000 feet, then 1500 feet, then a rich golden-green fountain — flashing in the sunlight, flowing over the derrick!

A great day, you say — a rich reward for all his trouble. He has made a well of it! A two-hundred or three-hundred barrel well — a little miracle, one chance in five! Wealth, flowing from the stored-up treasure of the Devonian age. 'Clean money,' as Jim says; that adds something to the world's store and helps man in his painful upward struggle from chaos to order. Drilling an oil well is your true creative gesture. It enriches the world and robs no man. Jim's brief hour of prosperity sees no one the poorer for it. Who, more than Dry Hole Jim, shall serve to deliver mankind from a world that is 'heartless, furtive, narrow, bleak, mournful, mean, and inhuman?'

I do not know what Heaven is reserved beyond the Great Divide for the wildcatter. It must, at best, be a tame affair, a matter of mere Celestial Harmonies, with no musical splash and roar of the oil in the flow tank.

But Jim's Paradise is still far off. The very next day, one of the buzzards of the law, ever hovering near the new wildcat well, swoops down with a fake Indian heir, brings suit, and paralyzes Jim's oil sales by garnishment of the pipe-line company. Choosing reluctantly between blackmail and a charge of manslaughter, Jim borrows enough to settle the claim out of court. Then follows the supreme disaster. Some field in Mexico or California comes in with a new flood of oil, and the crude market breaks. With tanks full and overflowing, he cannot sell a drop of his oil. His wells would suffer if he closed down, and yet he has no market for his product. By selling another interest in the well, by staving off lawsuits and liens, by selling a little oil for fuel, by twist and turn, Jim survives the long depression, and now after five years he has battled through to ten barrels of 'settled production,' a sacred symbol; Jim has attained to the dignity of an 'Oil Producer,' with us an elevation to the ranks of the Elect — a commercial Croix de Guerre. And remember, you of the Brotherhood of the Internal Combustion Engine, that were it not for the Dry Hole Jims, who have discovered over fifty per cent of the mid-continent pools, you would find a posted price of gasoline at your filling stations that would afford you all the vivid sensations of a paralytic shock. All the 'World Struggle for Petroleum,' all the ponderous interlocking mechanism of great corporate agencies could not accomplish the commercial miracle of selling 5300 British Thermal Units of power for one cent were it not for the individual initiative and enterprise of Dry Hole Jim and his fraternity.

It is not for his importance to the community and economic laws that we hold Dry Hole Jim in such high esteem in our town. Economic laws we never think of, except when the big companies use them as an excuse for cutting the price they pay us for our oil. Let us say it is rather because we dimly sense the kinship between Jim and certain hardy forbears of his who broke the trails into western forests; felled their trees; built their cabins; defended them at the loophole; fared then even farther out across the mountains with pick and gold-rocker and transit. It is not because of Jim's relation to the mechanism of modern civilized life that we value him in our town, but rather because we reverence the fast vanishing spirit of the pioneer, the adventurer, and the explorer.

If by some miracle we are, as we claim, preserved from the American Malady, if there be found in our town no symptoms of spiritual malaria, we know that we shall be assaulted with demands for an explanation — a formula. We are prepared to furnish it. It is because our glass, ours and Jim's, is constantly filmed over by the magic of that last thrice-blessed sprite of Pandora's box. We live in an atmosphere of eternal, unquenchable hope! If there be a trace of ingrained pessimism here, it is only that which Mr. James describes as born of long compulsory association with the optimist. No one can be an 'Oil Producer' who is not possessed of such fundamental, fixed, and inborn optimism as will be unshaken and undimmed by the longest succession of dry holes, or the lowest, most desperate of markets for 'crude.' This is not the thin Pollyanna vacuity of spirit that 'glows with the happiness of mere being,' but a certain contentment with a simple philosophy of everyday life which is based on creative effort in our hours of labor and a cheerful sane preoccupation in our moments of leisure.

We have our faults. We know them. We do not have the rich cultural atmosphere of the Acropolis. But then, we banish no Solons. On the contrary we make geologists of them and drill dry holes on their judgment. We lack the ideals, the noble behavior, the intellectual enjoyments of the Italian Renaissance, yet we do not burn our Savonarolas. Our Chamber of Commerce organizes 'drives' for them or includes their activities in the budget of our 'Charity Chest.' And, if you think to shame and abash us, to humiliate us, to puncture our conceit by asking where is our 'thrice-hammered hardihood of Rome,' then with a clear, ringing chorus we respond, 'We have Dry Hole Jim, God bless him!'

It would appear, therefore, that we are hopelessly resigned to our lot as one that has fallen to us in the Industrial Era, or, if you will humor us, in the Oil Age. We are even reconciled to the fact that we have moved out 'into the void' beyond the rich popular culture of violin and clavichord, a culture tempered perhaps by rack and thumbscrew. We have even torn ourselves away from 'the gayeties of the heart,' dance, ballad, glee, and all those other rare diversions, including bear-baiting, the stocks, and the public gibbet, created of our forefathers as a means of happiness and for the 'wonder and wealth of their souls.' With all deference to what has been deftly termed the 'æsthetic appeal of conservatism,' our town finds in the hoydenish radicalism of our age an abundant life in which we thus wickedly flourish in health of body, mind, and spirit. And if such life be not in consonance with the voice of the Almighty it is at least in harmony with the Psalmist's wholesome spirit of youth: —

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

THE WORLD AND THE BLIND MAN

BY CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

I

THIS whole attitude of mind we call civilization or culture depends peculiarly on a delicate balance between the contrasting mental activities, thought and emotion; and it proves exceedingly difficult to approach any subject touching blindness without disturbing this balance, for the reason that emotion has always been the preponderant reaction to blindness.

People can laugh at what happens to a deaf man, discuss the loss of an arm or paralysis with complete calm, yet the moment blindness is mentioned there is an instant and involuntary flux of emotions, such as pity and sympathy, that distorts the entire perspective. These emotions, although brought about by reasons somewhat obscure, are, nevertheless, universal, and color every concept of the blind held by the seeing. During this discussion it may therefore prove necessary to swing to the other extreme in order to restore the balance.

There has always been a particularly keen interest in the psychology of blindness, even before the general interest in psychology now so marked. The seeing are constantly asking questions covering every phase of it — and quite normally. Sight is such a universally used and useful sense that the loss of it would seem to bring about a psychological condition difficult to conceive. But two facts pertinent to an analysis of the subject are revealed by these questions: first, that in general the seeing believe (anyone who has read Dr. James H. Robinson's *The Mind in the Making* will grasp the significance I am giving this word) that the psychology of the blind is something fundamentally different from that of the seeing; and second, they believe that the lack of sight is all but compensated for by an added keenness of remaining senses, new senses, and an increased richness of experience. These beliefs are not confined to people easily deluded on usual matters, moreover. They can be found in the most amazing quarters. In spite of this, the facts (having been blind nineteen years I feel fairly familiar with the facts) show that the psychology of the blind differs from that of the seeing only in that the blind do not see.

This is not intended as a paradox or an attempt to turn an epigram. It is a proposition of basic importance, and the only starting-point from which the subject can be properly approached. The psychology of the blind is neither irrevocably removed from that of the seeing nor all but identical with it through some compensating means. It is simply the full psychology of normality with such changes and deficiencies as are brought about by the lack of sight. The blind have no power or sense not possessed by the seeing, not even an increased keenness of the remaining senses; merely a subtraction of sight with a somewhat better utilization and development of the four other senses to meet conditions.

A peculiar fact in connection with

this last has been responsible for much of the confusion, apparently. The chief reason the blind display a marked superiority over the seeing in the other senses, particularly hearing and touch, is that the seeing persist in concentrating on sight regardless of conditions. If a man is awakened in the night he tries to see what has awakened him, no matter if the room be inky dark. Sight is always the most important sense and the one called on first. So, even when he is blindfolded for comparative tests, the seeing man finds it extremely difficult to shift the focus of attention from sight to these other senses. Paradoxically enough, therefore, the reason a blind man utilizes these senses to a greater extent is because he has given up this natural attempt to see, which in many cases requires a long time, particularly if sight fails gradually, since it is for the most part an unconscious process linked up with how completely blindness is accepted as a fact.

It must not be forgotten too that there are only four remaining senses, for this has some widely ramified consequences. First, it means that the blind are confronted with a constant twenty per cent deficiency in received impressions, the significance of which I hope to make clear; and secondly, it precipitates an entire new sense-coördination. Normally we do not realize our senses are coördinated until possibly a cold reminds us how heavily taste depends on smell. Taking a sense as important as sight out of circuit necessarily forces some vastly more far-reaching readjustments. But perhaps the best way to make this as well as these other basic considerations clear is to begin with hearing.

II

Hearing is the first sense the blind turn to in the course of reorientation; the one that responds most easily to development; the one which proves, ultimately, the most useful. The seeing call on it for a wide range of uses in normal intercourse and therefore not so many additional mechanics need be provided as in the case of touch. But the blind merely develop the possibilities of hearing to their logical limits instead of being endowed with any increased sensitiveness.

I can best demonstrate this by two seeing friends of mine. One, an electrical engineer, can pick out and interpret in the hum of a turbogenerator a whole series of sounds of which I am not even aware; the other, an automotive engineer, can do the same with the engine of a passing car. They have merely developed their hearing to be of particular service to them in their professions, in the same way in which the blind develop their hearing to be of particular service to them in meeting the conditions imposed by lack of sight.

Sound reflection is a typical example. Whenever a sound impinges on a flat vertical surface of any appreciable area it is reflected much the same as light — not echoed. An echo is also a reflection, but of a pronounced type; but the sort of reflection to which I refer takes place at distances shorter than necessary for an echo, and results in merely the addition to the original sound of a characteristic quality that could probably be classified as an overtone. Poles, trees, walls, buildings, cars, any fairly flat, fairly vertical, good-sized surface, will produce this effect. The seeing rarely, if ever, are aware of it, of course. They do not need to be. But the blind not only are aware of it but make thoroughly practical use of it for such everyday purposes as locating objects, or finding, for example, the gaps in a long line of parked cars. When a blind man taps his walking-stick on the pavement or shuffles his feet he is more often causing sounds which can be reflected

than trying to determine his location by touch.

This utilization of one of hearing's possibilities generally wasted is alone responsible for the sixth-sense myth, and only one of the several ways in which this sense when developed serves the blind. But hearing also has two decided limitations particularly significant. In the first place it is a far less selective sense than sight.

Sight impressions are received from only one general direction and any object in this direction can be brought into focus so sharply that practically nothing else can be seen, merely by the expenditure of what is for the most part a muscular effort. But the case of hearing is quite different. Sound impressions from every point within audible range are received without any considerable variation due to direction, and each is heard. The slam of a door, voices in the street, a train whistle, a motor horn, register as vividly and definitely as piano music, and the only reason the music is heard and these other sounds apparently are not is that a more or less unconscious effort of attention has 'tuned' them out and let through the music.

I doubt if the seeing grasp what this means to the blind, because they depend on sight as an aid to hearing far more heavily than they realize. Lip-reading, for example, bears much of the burden of conversational reception, as the simple experiment of holding the lips motionless will prove. But to the blind hearing is like a radio set which permits all stations to be heard simultaneously and leaves it to the listener to concentrate on the one he wants, which means a tremendous demand on attention. In the city streets with their roar and rattle of traffic, or even at small social gatherings, the 'tuning in' of a particular voice and the 'tuning out' of all other sounds require a constant effort that is by no means small and which makes for a high rate of fatigue.

This is further aggravated by hearing's second limitation. The auditory nerves are considerably smaller than the optical — the fact behind the frequently encountered statement that things seen are more vivid than things heard. To the blind this of course has a special significance. It means that the sense which must handle the great bulk of received impressions can transmit less of them to the brain than the sense which handles the bulk for the seeing, or, in engineering terms, that the input-output efficiency of hearing is less than that of sight. So the result is that if an event can be translated equally well into terms of sight and sound the blind will not receive as vivid an impression of it as the seeing, and also that the rate of fatigue is increased.

This has not been generally recognized. A seeing person who has been reading or drawing or doing other work requiring high visual concentration for a long time finds not so much his eyes themselves as his whole optical mechanism is tired; and when a blind man has been listening intently for a long time he experiences much the same sort of fatigue. Not that his ears are tired, but his entire auditory mechanism is, even more so than the other's optical mechanism, because of the lower efficiency and the added work thrown on it. Any familiar sound like the purr of a car's motor, music, or a voice reading, will produce this result if continued too long and, if carried further, it will bring on a nervous exhaustion that can be corrected only by quiet or sleep. The fact that the seeing have another major sense they can turn to also goes far toward relieving them of this experience. After a concert, for example, when fatigue might normally appear, they can shift the bulk of attention to seeing, giving the auditory mechanism an op-

portunity to recuperate, while the blind obviously cannot.

The whole situation is further aggravated by the auditory mechanism's lack of protection. The pupils protect the eyes, contracting when the intensity becomes too great for comfort, and the lids close when extreme intensities are reached. But no matter how terrific a sound is, the ears must receive it with the same delicate end organs that receive the faintest murmur; often this brings a result like that of glare.

It must not be concluded from all this, however, that the sound conditions most agreeable to the blind are quietness or absolute silence. On the contrary, I find that any unusual quietness produces a depression strikingly like that which gloom produces on the seeing. The dead of night or isolated spots make me strangely dull and uneasy. There is apparently a minimum of received stimuli necessary for mental alertness, which hearing must supply in the case of the blind.

The determination of distance and direction — a major service hearing performs for the blind — is not a matter of increased sensitiveness but for the most part the elimination of more or less inherent errors. At a certain point on a certain street in my home town, for example, the music of a piano appears to come from a building a door or two ahead and on the far side, while a few steps' progress shows that in reality it is coming from a building a little farther along on the near side, the illusion being caused by a peculiar reflection of the sound. This is only one of the errors that must be guarded against constantly. A line of shrubbery or a drapery may damp a sound so that an entirely mistaken estimate results. At two points, one directly in front and the other directly behind, I find it next to impossible to be certain whether a sound comes from one or the other. In proportion to its importance, however, it seems to me we know less about hearing psychologically than any other sense.

III

Touch, the second sense the blind turn to, has been perhaps most in the spotlight but at the same time easily the most overrated of all the senses they utilize. First of all it has a fatigue factor second only to smell, as tactile reading, its most conspicuous application, demonstrates. Apparently, it should be as easy to read lines of embossed characters with the fingertip as it is lines of printed characters with the eye, once the alphabet is mastered. But it is not. Touch simply tires out. In my own case (and I have been reading by touch eighteen years) two hours is the extreme limit for continuous reading and long before that the end organs are so irritated and there is such a general restlessness that it is most difficult to proceed.

The general usefulness of touch is also limited by the fact that it is a motor sense; by which I mean that the fingers must be moved over the surface of an object, instead of merely brought in contact with it, if an impression is to result. Many of the seeing show they are not aware of this when they simply place the hand of a blind person on an object. Reach, too, sets sharply defined bounds to touch's perspective, often resulting in a warped or fragmentary concept of an object, as Kipling's story of the six blind men and the elephant aptly illustrates. It is quite impracticable to touch many objects such as moving machinery, hot metal, or live wires, at all — which restricts the usefulness of the sense still further.

But even more important are the factors that affect the sensitiveness of touch. It is generally believed that the thickness of the skin decides that, pri-

marily — a thick skin resulting in a dull touch and a thin skin in a delicate touch; but it has been my experience that this is of much less consequence than cold, for example, which makes touch all but useless, or excessive heat, which results in an irritation and speeding of fatigue just as disastrous. Long fingernails too, and not long in the accepted sense at all, reduce sensitiveness many per cent, as does also a film of foreign matter like dust or oil on the finger ends, so thin that it can scarcely be noticed otherwise.

But as in the case of hearing, the blind are more proficient in touch than the seeing, not by reason of any peculiar endowment but simply because they have developed its normal possibilities. I know seeing mechanics and surgeons who can perform feats of touch no blind man can surpass, merely by taking advantage of the same sort of development to make it of use to them.

Memory is similarly developed. The blind have long been reputed to have memories superior to the seeing, but this is simply a development and utilization of wholly normal possibilities as a result of necessity. Remembering telephone numbers, for example, or the order of phonograph records in an album would be quite worth while, if it were difficult, because it is such an effective lubricant to the otherwise squeaky mechanics of living — but it is not difficult. Memory is an unconscious function, doing its work without the slightest conscious effort if only it is given an opportunity, and again, as with hearing and touch, the seeing, taking advantage of this, often develop it to an even more remarkable extent than the blind. I know a man who can recite the entire Brown-and-Sharp wire table, a mass of unappealing and dissociated figures. But the greatest service memory performs for the blind, particularly on the human side, is the recognition of voices.

This ability obviously is the only practicable means at the disposal of the blind for indentifying people, and, being involuntary, it proves, as is not usually appreciated, most effective when the conscious mind stands aside and gives it the right of way. I find myself repeatedly calling people by name in response to their greetings without being consciously aware who they are till I hear my own voice. But an even more significant fact the seeing overlook is that a characteristic speech is most easily recognizable.

My friends, I know, think themselves slighted when I sometimes call them by name and at other times do not, but the difficulty is that they sometimes use a conventional greeting in a conventional way, leaving only the voice distinctive, while a characteristic greeting or manner affords infinitely more material for associations.

The similarity of voices is not confusing as a rule. Many are similar, to be sure, but I have never encountered absolute doubles, and in general voices are as sharply differentiated as faces — in fact, often far more. The only difficulty I have experienced, strangely enough, is caused by one person's having several voices. All of us have; we change tone and quality more or less unconsciously according to our mood and condition. But in some the change is dismayingly marked. One woman, for example, has as many as five voices, each quite distinct.

The physical condition is also revealed by the voice in a striking degree, both as to change and normal characteristics. Fat people, for example, have a voice quality which is all but invariably detectable. Character, too, is easily read. In fact it seems that character is revealed in the voice even more fully and accurately than in the face,

no doubt because the seeing, failing to recognize this, make less of an attempt to mask the voice.

Perhaps the one thing the blind do, however, which has afforded more opportunity for the sixth-sense and special-endowment myths than any other, is to get about unassisted. When it has been comparatively easy for the seeing to understand other things there has always been some peculiar difficulty about this, and after what has been said about hearing and touch the difficulty may be aggravated by the assumption that this ability is merely a combination of these two senses, which it is not. Hearing and touch are material aids in getting about, to be sure, hearing being of particular value through its utilization of sound reflection. But they are only aids; the faculty which is the essence of this ability is equilibrium.

Blindfolding a seeing person and letting him walk the length of a room, as in the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey games of childhood, will demonstrate this. Even though traversing a familiar floor his course will prove uncertain and he will in all probability bring up wide of the mark, while a blind person under similar conditions will steer a straight course. The explanation is that in walking what appears to be a straight line is in reality a series of curves, corrected by sight in the case of the seeing to give an approximate straight result, and in the case of the blind by hearing and touch, to some extent, but even more by direct dependence on equilibrium, the sense serving much the same purpose as a gyroscope.

With hearing and touch functioning properly, for example, I find myself deviating from a straight course whenever I carry a heavy parcel in one hand or in any way impede the natural swing of either arm, the deviation being to the left or to the right according to which side is affected. Equilibrium is also effective in horizontal as well as vertical planes, making a trifling dip or rise in floors or streets instantly detectable. To the blind getting about is, therefore, merely a matter of letting equilibrium do its work, plus knowing the ground as well as a seeing person knows his own house, which is not as difficult as it seems.

Traversing a spot only a few times makes it as familiar as it does visually to the seeing, and even if it were difficult it would be vastly preferable to step-counting. This has no practical value whatever, in spite of popular assumptions to the contrary. It throws an undue burden on memory and attention and in addition has enormous possibilities for error because the length of a given person's steps varies so widely under different conditions that a difference of as much as ten or twenty yards can develop in as few as a hundred steps.

One interesting detail I have come upon in connection with getting about is that time and not distance is the factor that determines knowledge of location. Apparently the opposite should be true. In traversing familiar ground an unconscious measuring of distance should give the clue to location; but when walking more rapidly than usual I find I reach given points before I think I should, and when walking more slowly than usual think I should reach them before I actually do. This shows that time and not distance is unconsciously measured.

Snow and ice form peculiar handicaps to the blind in getting about, not because of added risks but because they radically alter familiar conditions. Even an inch or two of snow muffles normal sound reflections so effectually that the entire audible aspect of a place is changed, and a very thin coating of snow or ice is enough to blot out landmarks under foot as important to the

blind as houses and hills are to the seeing, thus necessitating the learning of new directions and reactions.

IV

However, of all the varied phases of the psychology of blindness the one that has in my experience been the subject of more questions than any other is that of imaging. People ask what sort of impression the blind have of such things as a city or a sunset, if they cannot see them mentally, and if they cannot see in their dreams. All this is natural. The impressions we carry away from an event or form of something not directly experienced exert a powerful influence on our whole manner of thinking, and the seeing have been so accustomed to confining these impressions largely to sight that they find it difficult to conceive of the blind's doing otherwise. The result is that there is a surprisingly widespread belief (Dr. Robinson's connotation again) that the blind retain mental pictures of things seen before blindness and construct similar pictures of things experienced through other senses or described to them. But this is not true.

Visualization, like all imaging, is nothing more than a memory process. Even a mental picture of something not actually seen is an assembly of parts of things which have been seen. Things remembered and hence imaged therefore tend to be things most vividly or recently experienced, and also tend to be remembered and imaged in terms of the sense through which they were experienced. So, to the blind this means that things seen are crowded farther and farther into the background by things heard and felt, until for all practical purposes the power of visualization is lost not long after sight.

In my own case the power to visualize faded out in less than two years. Not that it has been entirely lost. I can still reconstruct scenes and events I saw, clearly and accurately, and piece them together into tolerable pictures of other things experienced since. But these early impresssions are obviously inadequate for this. A modern automobile cannot be built up on one of the first single-cylinder models, or a bombing plane on a Wright glider; and I can hold these pictures for only a moment at the expenditure of an effort wholly out of proportion with the result. So, in spite of a psychologist's suggestion to the contrary, I have let my imaging slip naturally into terms of everything but sight.

My impression of a particular National League game, for example (not of the plays themselves, because they reach me secondhand and are therefore merely known), is one of crowds squirming and shuffling down runways, sticky humidity, confused wisps of perfume and cigar smoke, the rattle of applause and boom of cheering, insistent gum-venders, and a loud nasal-voiced man who persisted even during the tensest moments in telling over and over how he had been hurt in an automobile accident — all simply heard or felt but thoroughly definite, and things that make up much of the seeing's impression total also.

In the same way I have a clear impression of a quiet spot just outside of town, a store that is attractive and one that is not, a house I like and another I do not, and my dreams also are always in terms of sensations other than sight. In all cases to a greater or less extent, however, I find my impressions are made up more of what may be termed sensation overtones than sensations themselves.

By this I mean that what we remember is not facts as much as our reaction to and interpretation of facts, just as what we refer to as a singer's tone is not

only the note actually struck but the color and quality given it by the added overtones. I have a satisfying impression of a certain living-room, for example. I always think of it as something warm, comfortable, and hospitable. But this impression is based simply on the fact that there was a snapping open fire in it and that I chanced to be given an easy-chair after a long cold ride. However, practically all our sensations are unconsciously summarized and translated in this way.

In the case of impressions coming through others, reactions play an all but exclusive part. Indirect lighting is something I have never experienced, but I have a clear impression of it based on my memory of and reaction to descriptions. Of other things like the phenomenon of electron emission my impression fades out into a concept, something merely known, while the seeing no doubt visualize it in the terms of a diagram.

In the case of people, I find that what I have termed these sensation overtones predominate to such an extent and are so infinitely higher and more numerous that they practically displace sensations themselves. When I think of, for instance, a particular friend I think of his strengths, his weaknesses, what he has done and might have done, his reactions to various situations and my reactions to him; not singly or in groups picked out for analysis but as a sharply defined composite that colors my entire feeling toward him, all without being more than aware of any physical points of contact. Indeed, and this often confuses the seeing, I find a description of a person's appearance does not help me to image him at all and, on the contrary, requires a conscious effort for me to associate it with him. At this moment, for example, I cannot tell the color of eyes or hair of more than half a dozen of my friends, not because I have not been told but because I have a clear impression of them without such facts. They are lugged in and therefore soon forgotten.

Of the remaining details of the general psychology of blindness, one that seems worth mentioning is the peculiar effect of temperature. An extreme in either direction generally affects the seeing, bringing about mental depression and bodily debility, and in the case of the blind I find this result is considerably more marked. Even a comparatively slight variation from normal claims attention so insistently that it disturbs concentration, the explanation apparently lying in the fact that, with sight subtracted, temperature occupies proportionally more of the sense total and its reactions are therefore more preponderant.

Another fact is that a pain or purely physical disturbance of the eyes dims the mental vision (not to be confused with visualization) and mental grasp in general. But this is probably due to a simple nervous reaction.

Concluding, I cannot refrain from repeating that in spite of what may be inferred from all that has been said, the psychology of the blind differs from that of the seeing only in that the blind do not see; and, further, I want to point out that the psychology of the blind, like all psychology, is simply the means, the stimulus and reaction mechanism, through which certain ends are attained. For the blind these ends are the same in every essential particular as for the seeing; the same needs, the same desires, the same aspirations, the same pleasures; and when the seeing, by exercising the faculty of thought referred to at the outset, grasp this and all its significance there will not be, as there is now, a distinct psychology of the blind among the seeing. But that, as has often been remarked, is another story.

THE CYPRIAN

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

An English woman, Mrs. Clomb, and her tall soldierly husband got on at Smyrna. I noticed them as our boat slipped out in the sparkling afternoon light; they were standing at the rail, eyes fixed on the flat-edged promenade of the water front. There was something politely acquiescent in his attitude as if he thought that, being an officer and a gentleman, he might be expected to enjoy the view. She was of less willing temper, and there was in her gaze a challenge to the tawdry buff and white plastered houses that made a pleasant mass of lightness on the tan slope of Mount Pagus. She could not easily be pleased. As we drew away, the greater mountains came up behind to frame Pagus and the shimmering town. The shadows were the dead-black clusters of cypress in the graveyards. One dark watching tree beside the crumbling wall of the citadel showed where the tomb of Polycarp hung in Christian martyr's blessing over the pagan crowds. As she surveyed this beauty, Mrs. Clomb's fine aquiline profile was tilted up, the coiled weight of her incongruously rich brown hair hung back, and her lips were parted in a half-disdainful smile.

She was seated opposite me in the dining-saloon, but she conversed only with her husband. I had a chance to study her handsome, clean-lined face, bitten with the acidity of Indian garrison personalities. Her husband served her and listened to her, giving me the impression that he did not understand all she said but would be gallantly dangerous to anyone who did not appreciate her. He made a gesture or two of friendliness toward me, but she would not follow.

It was difficult to find people worth talking to in that limping old boat, unless a man dared go down upon the after deck where the real Asian travelers were gathered in a flaunting mob. The Moslem families had partitioned off little spaces with their vivid curtains; within these improvised homes women sat with black-lace veils thrown up from their faces and smoked lazily, indifferent to me, an unbeliever, staring down at them from above. Syrians of every sort quarreled volubly, Jews, with stringy earlocks, argued and prayed; a little group of Arab pilgrims bound for Mecca sang in endless nasal whines. That would have been a place for making acquaintances, but I had not the equipment for descending into such a cockpit of tongues.

When I mentioned to a neighbor at lunch one day that I had been on Cyprus, Mrs. Clomb became suddenly aware of my existence. In the afternoon her husband came, slightly apologetic, and led me forward to her deck chair to be interrogated. Had I been on Cyprus recently? Was I informed as to the condition of the island since the war? This was in the year 1920; she seemed not quite sure that I, being an American, knew there had been a war. Unfortunately my visit had been brief

and unobservant; I could not answer many of her questions.

'My brother is there,' she explained, 'my younger brother, Captain Mortimer Ladd — in charge of the constabulary at Larnagusta. He was shipped home from the Somme and begged this post out here. Wanted to carry on, you know'—she thought it necessary to announce even the most obvious British virtues to me — 'although he could scarcely walk and they told him he 'd have to try to straighten the town out with no help from anybody. There was n't likely to be another British person in the place.'

I could imagine him, shattered but eager, a slender small chap probably, and, like her, thin-faced and handsome.

She continued her confidences. 'We are going there to persuade him to come home.' Her gray eyes were turned on me searchingly. 'Do you know any reason why a young man should want to stay in that place after his work was finished?'

I was amazed at this confession of anxiety; it showed how serious the problem was, how long the heroic prodigal must have stood out against the demand that he give up his task, no longer essential, and come back to his own people. Mrs. Clomb had spent her own two decades in India, but that, of course, was different. Having once admitted her difficulties to me she wanted to discuss them. I suggested that Captain Ladd might have got interested in the antiquities of the place, a wonderfully rich field for research.

'No, he 's not a student,' was her terse dismissal of that. 'My oldest brother, the one we lost at Loos, was a tutor at Cambridge, but Mortimer never went in for anything but English poetry — and very modern at that. Is the city itself so fascinating?'

I could not remember that it was. I remarked that Aphrodite emerged from the sea foam on the north side of the island; there was no vestige of her presence in the arid south. Colonel Clomb replied blandly that the goddess of love had frequented these waters a long time ago. I inquired if Captain Ladd might have made friends in the town.

'Natives?' There was more cool, amused surprise in her answer than contempt, but it silenced me. I looked out over the dazzling blue sparkle of the Mediterranean, studied a distant brown promontory across the rail, felt the hot silence of the air along the deck, and kept my peace.

Many such conversations were shared with them as we slid down the coast in painful sunshine, past Chios, Samos, and Rhodes, and finally around the low south end of Cyprus itself. The slopes in the distance, spotted with little groups of pines, without visible habitation, desert-like and bare, offered no answer to their question.

II

Next morning we woke early and found ourselves in the little harbor of Larnagusta. The bay was as smooth and oily as water in a tub, and without a sail except for one high, old-fashioned Greek hulk with a windmill on her after deck. I had never seen a boat with a windmill on her deck before and that trivial curiosity kept me from being introduced to Captain Ladd when, as port authority, he came up our ladder. All I got was the impression of a little fellow, as I had expected, with a small face under his great pith helmet, and one surprising characteristic — the strange, tottering swagger of his walk.

I gave my attention to the view of the forgotten town. Although they were blinding white as seen from the boat rail and lined along the quay in neat precision, I knew, although I could not remember them, that the houses of

Larnagusta were wretched and filthy, that the narrow streets were foul, that life was as hot as it looked from the harbor, but not in any way as clean. It was always so in such towns; I have never needed but one disillusionment to destroy my faith in the glittering white fronts which stand along the quays.

When I went ashore that afternoon I was amazed. There was neatness and cleanliness and order in the narrow lanes under the hanging balconies of the tinted houses. There was the same sprawling Eastern crowd, but it was being governed. That, of course, was Captain Ladd's work. It was inspiring, the force of one man's character, to bully his own shaky little body into effort and then to swing a whole town into the ways of decency and health.

I came upon a dispute in the bazaar, just as I was thinking of this, and he strode into it, with his cocky, thin-legged strut, like an invalid showing off his powers of locomotion, to give me proof of his control. A bearded Jew, in a striped bathrobe of a garment, was holding a squawky chicken in one crooked arm and with the other was pounding at his head in a symbolic gesture of tearing his hair, screaming meanwhile with the fury of the mortally attacked. A thick-chested Greek towered over him, about to strike and take the booty by right of strength. Between the two came the British captain, appearing suddenly around a corner in answer to somebody's summons, pushing his big pith helmet far back on his head, slapping nervously at his knee with his bamboo stick. He turned to the Jew, his back squarely in the face of the threatening Cypriote, and took the clawing chicken in his own hands. The old man surrendered it in a dazed way, without question, but immediately afterward broke out in shriller screams, directed now to the fount of justice. Ladd handed the chicken to a uniformed Greek who had come up behind him, a black-browed handsome fellow, whose elaborate gravity seemed to conceal a smile, and then spoke very sharply and briefly to the disputants. I expected a Solomon decision on the spot, but it was not his method to do justice without the proprieties. He told them to appear at the police station next morning; the chicken would remain, in the meantime, in his custody. The old man ceased his lamentations so suddenly that he seemed to have come to the end of a recitation and the other claimant shrugged his herculean shoulders and turned away. The crowd vanished.

Captain Ladd, seeing me then, an obvious stranger in his domain, smiled a shy, gratified little smile, and asked me if I was not a passenger on the boat lying in the harbor. 'Come and have tea with me,' he urged. 'My home is a sort of government building and jail and barracks, all rolled into one, but it 's all there is to visit.' He walked beside me. 'Too bad that boat of yours has to lie around here for several days. There is n't a thing to do in this place. Not a thing.'

I found that he had another characteristic even more surprising than the swagger; it was the warm, deep, passionate color of his eyes. His sister's were gray and pale and cold; his were blue and burning.

In the afternoon I went round to the police station. Inside the white-plaster gate was a blinding white courtyard where the sun seemed to have been storing up bright heat in unnatural concentration. Across the court, seated disconsolately on the dirt in the full glare, was a prisoner, a Greek boy with a bandage on his head. I climbed the dark stairway to Ladd's rooms and office, and was admitted by the grave sergeant whom I had last seen holding the disputed chicken in the bazaar. Ladd gave me his one comfortable chair and

seated himself jauntily on the corner of his desk, swinging his putteed leg briskly as he talked. I asked him about his prisoner.

'He 's been in a fight. Cut his brother with a knife and got his own head laid open. The brother got away. But he 'll come back. They always come back; their relatives make them. Great system, is n't it, to have the relatives working for the police instead of against them?'

There was not much time to get acquainted with this man and I was interested in him. I asked a rude question. 'Are relatives going to make you go back, too?'

He laughed without the least sign of offense. 'I suppose it is the same sort of affair.' A slow change came over his face. 'I can't say — really.' The self-assurance faded and his blue eyes and thin lips took on a look of uncertainty.

'Do you like it here so much?' I asked.

'Like it?' He seemed surprised at the question, but his ease was established again. 'Oh, yes, very much.'

'Not many of the Mediterranean islands are as interesting as Cyprus,' said I, struggling to get the conversation going. 'Since the day of Aphrodite herself — '

'Yes, yes, quite.' He picked up a piece of paper from the desk. 'It really inspires me to verse, you know. It 's a silly thing to sit here in the evening and look out at the stars and write feeble verses, but I do it — often. How 's this?'

He read from the paper: —

> 'And Venus never shines so bright
> As over Cyprus in the night,
> She gazes on her foamy source
> And blazes Heaven in her course —

'Pretty bad, eh?'

'Not at all,' I protested. 'Why don't you go on with it?'

He seemed pleased. 'Perhaps I will — if I don't go home. I 'm king here, you know. Absolute monarch. I work hard, and I like it, and they like me. My sergeant, the big fellow who opened the door for you, would die for me any day if necessary. But it would never be necessary. They all do what I tell them — now — absolutely.'

'It would be difficult to surrender an absolute monarchy,' I said.

'Yes — quite.' He laughed again.

When I left him, refusing to stay until his sister and her husband came, he urged me to come back as often as I could while the boat lay in the harbor. The big grave sergeant escorted me to the street gate. As he opened it for me and I stepped out into the street, a girl came toward us and spoke to the Greek. She waited there for me to pass and I could not help glancing at her face. I saw that she was blonde, unusual in an east-Mediterranean woman, and not the blonde of artificial coloring. Her gold hair rippled out from under her head scarf in shining small waves. It was living and glowing and yet it had a strange metallic look. It held my attention and I gave her a prolonged stare, a scrutiny from which she shrank.

And I saw that her forehead was low and broad and gently curved over her eyes — eyes so dark that I wondered if they could be really blue. Her nose sprang gently from under the just perceptible ridge of her married brows; and her mouth, even as her lips were drawn down and sad, had a faintly mocking curve.

As I walked on toward the harbor front the vivid image of her stayed in my mind's eye. In spite of her withdrawal from my barbarous staring the memory of her face gave me an impression of a being superior and aloof; she had an impersonal triumphantness — as if she could suffer only by her own consent.

III

After dinner that night, when the crowd on the after deck was chattering over tiny cups of coffee and cigarettes, I chose a boatman among those who clustered and fought at the foot of the ship's ladder, and went ashore again. The line of buildings along the edge of the oily black water was bright with lights and movement, but I turned, without considering the café tables and the talk, into the sullen interior of the town. For an hour I explored among its uneven, narrow streets, under the stucco balconies, and past the forbidding doors. There was scarcely anyone abroad except those down there on the water front, drinking, smoking, eating bad ice cream, and enjoying life. It occurred to me that those streets had probably been rather dangerous before the British came. The British? — one sick boy and the habit of empire.

Naturally I drifted toward the police station. There was some chance that I might intrude on a family argument, but I was sure Mrs. Clomb and the colonel had been on deck when I left; if by chance they were with Ladd I could excuse myself and withdraw. I knocked at the street gate. It swung slowly open; the Cypriote sergeant looked at me with some surprise. The wide courtyard was still white but with the moonlight now, instead of blazing sunshine. The one prisoner, his bandaged head glimmering in the moonlight, sat on the ground in the same place, in the same position.

In the black passage of the stairway I almost fell over someone sitting there on the steps, and as she turned to let me pass I was sure it was the blonde Greek girl. It did not match the impression I had of her from my other glimpse — to find her crouching in the dark outside a door; but even in this gesture of misery there was a suggestion that she was playing a part. She must have been, I felt, outside the quarrel that was being carried on over the little Englishman's fate — superior to it by reason of qualities which no outward circumstance could touch or change. There was some extraordinary force in her. One would have felt that, mysteriously, even if he had not chanced to see her only on this day when the existence of people around her was focused down to a very simple tragedy.

When I entered the room above, the Clombs were there. Ladd and his sister looked up with unconcealed impatience; the colonel was hovering, distressed and impotent, in the background. Mrs. Clomb's clear, strong face, with embittered mouth and pale eyes, was slightly flushed; and she sat forward in her chair, interrupted in the midst of a plea.

It was easy to imagine what she had been saying. There may have been strong personal reasons for the boy's going back home, of course, a failing mother, perhaps, or something like that, but — the Indian exile can tell why an Englishman should stay at home. She must have talked of an old house and country lanes in spring. I think she knew her brother's temperament well enough to recall to him the misty green of April so that he might compare it, in his homesick mind, with the glittering, hard brilliance of this alien East. It is possible she spoke of friends and ease and peace, but she must have talked of a loved garden and the nightingales.

In spite of my trying to retreat at once, I was caught, an intruding spectator in the midst of their crisis. There was a sharp exchange of words behind me on the stairs, an angry protest in Greek, and Ladd's handsome sergeant came into the room. His cap was in his hand, but his manner was not deferential; he was disturbed and angry.

'What do *you* want, Aghniades?' asked Ladd.

'I wish to speak to you, sir.'

'I 'm sorry, but I 'm very busy just now. You can put it off until to-morrow, or to-night a little later, perhaps.'

'It must be now.'

Ladd raised his eyebrows. 'Wait outside for a minute; then I 'll talk with you.' In spite of his annoyance Ladd's voice was affectionate.

The Greek's eyes flickered and a look of devotion passed over his dark face, interrupting his angry insistence, but he did not move. 'You are going to leave us,' he blurted out, caring for nothing but to get this greatest matter into the open.

'Not to-night, at least,' Ladd answered. 'Will you go, please?'

'But my sister is waiting to know. She did not ask me to come here — she forbid — no! no!' His stiff English was evidently difficult for him. 'She tell me I dare not speak to you about this very important question, but she is waiting. It is not dignified for her to wait.'

The effect of this bungling betrayal of the fact which these other people in the room, Captain Ladd and the Clombs, had uppermost in their minds was for a moment nothing at all. They had been ignoring it, of course, although Mrs. Clomb must have guessed the truth long before. Then the colonel swore under his breath as if somebody had made a bad slip in playing a game, and his wife looked dangerously at the miserable Aghniades. The Greek gave up trying to talk English and launched into his own cataracting tongue, pouring out entreaties on Ladd, who tried in vain to quiet him. Finally Ladd said something which made the Greek stop, wide-eyed and stricken. There was a dead silence and Aghniades's hand went slowly toward the holster at his belt. My glance followed and I felt my heart jump. Mrs. Clomb gave one sharp little scream. Ladd's face was absolutely stony. The Greek had the automatic in his hand and was talking again in a low hurried murmur.

Ladd held out a steady hand. 'I 'll take your gun, Aghniades,' he said.

The Greek backed away a step, still holding the weapon down. I had no exact idea of his threat. It was all rather tense bewilderment; I knew only that he was a mortally threatening man and that his desperation might take any form.

'Give me that pistol,' Ladd commanded, more sharply, 'and consider yourself under arrest.'

Aghniades reached up with his left hand and tore, with two fierce tugs, the insignia from his khaki collar and backed away another step. I have no idea what Colonel Clomb was doing. Ladd and his sergeant were facing each other in the middle of the room in a silent contest to see which could intimidate the other. The pistol came slowly upward; the poor Greek was still uncertain but impelled by a desperate force. The silence had a stealthy quality — ready to conceal events. Aghniades's big hand shook, but the pistol moved. I waited, helpless, fascinated, to see the muzzle come into line with Ladd's face. But it was not pointed at him. His faithful sergeant, who 'would die for him if necessary,' had another idea of unanswerable protest. He pointed the black barrel at his own temple. He would stop this desertion of his sister, this treason, by sacrificing himself. A bizarre, Oriental gesture; but we were all held in a silent agony as his slow arm moved.

Then the door opened quietly and the girl came in.

She spoke to her brother in Greek, acknowledging the presence of the rest of us only by the slightest inclination of her head. He did not answer her. She said something to Ladd, also in Greek; he only spread out his hands in an un-English sign of helplessness.

Since then I have wondered about the scene she played before us, wondered how conscious she was and how much she intended of the effect she created. At the time my heart was in my throat; no one could have questioned her tragic sincerity. It was very simple; there she was, the evident reason for Mortimer Ladd's love of Cyprus. Her presence in the room, crowded before she came, put all the rest of us into a dim background to give her beauty full play in the light. And it was breath-taking.

First she lifted from her head a thin, white-silk scarf, folded it carefully in her hands, and held it toward Ladd. He stood there, like a man upright in Hell, and did not move. She put it down on the desk beside him. She was returning his gifts. As the light shone on the gold waves of her hair and the incredible grace of her head, poised on her round white neck, she bared her arm and took off a little silver bracelet and put that down beside the scarf. I am sure her English lover, as long as he lived, never forgot the bending of her head over her arm as she took off the trinket slowly—the curve of her throat, and the gentle pulling of her fingers at the silver band. Her face was as calm as if she had been alone. She reached up to her hair, took out a shell comb that held it, and shook it free. It fell round her like a heavy cloud of spun metal, filled with light. She showed her beauty as simply and as confidently as a goddess. But she was not a goddess; her gesture as she stooped to put the comb on the desk beside the other gifts was too wistful and too sweet.

Her brother spoke to her, harshly, but she turned on her heel and, without looking at him or any of us, walked from the room. He followed her, his forgotten pistol still in his hand, and stumbled blindly at the threshold.

In the silence of the little room, which was suddenly emptied as if Mrs. Clomb and her husband and Ladd and I had never occupied it, I got to my feet and made a clumsy excuse to get free.

For an hour or two afterward I walked the black tortuous streets, not thinking, seeing only the Greek girl with her hair unbound and the little Englishman's stony, anguished face.

IV

Next day, just at sunset, we pulled anchor and slipped smoothly out toward the southeast. The ruined freighter, with the windmill on its deck and its rotting wooden sides, was still there. Out toward the red west was the brown sail of a coasting fisherman, riding the wine-dark seas.

The Syrians and Turks and Jews swarmed and buzzed and hung over the rail as we moved. Some of the Moslem women peered from behind their little partitions of gay blankets or pulled their veils down over their faces so that they too might come among the crowd at the ship's side and see the darkening town and the bare slopes dropping away behind us.

Mrs. Clomb and her husband stood in much the same attitude as when we had left Smyrna a week before, calmly surveying land and sea. She turned toward me. 'You will be interested, I 'm sure,' she said, her pale eyes challenging mine, 'to know that Captain Ladd has decided to stay in Cyprus — for a while longer.'

I murmured something about his work, his duty.

'The governing instinct was always very strong in Mortimer,' she said.

I looked away as the ship swung farther to the south. In the west blazed a star. It seemed to be shining of its own lambent life, casting over Cyprus and the foam of the sea behind us an eternal and unquenchable radiance.

NORTHUMBRIAN DUETS

BY WILFRID GIBSON

I. NED NIXON AND HIS MAGGIE

'WILL you come with me, Maggie, to Stagshaw Bank Fair?'
'Come with you where? Come with you where?
Do you fancy a lass has naught better to do
Than to go gallivanting, Ned Nixon, with you?'

'If you come with me, Maggie, I 'll buy you a ring.'
'You 'll do no such thing — you 'll do no such thing.
Do you fancy I 'd let my lad squander his pence
On tokens and trinkets and suchlike nonsense?'

'Come, Maggie, come, Maggie, we 're only once young!'
'Now hold your fool's tongue — now hold your fool's tongue!
If we 're only young once it behoves us to be
A common-sense couple and act cannily.'

'Time enough, Maggie, for sense when we 're old.'
'Does copper turn gold? Does copper turn gold?
Or a guff turn wiseacre at threescore-and-ten?
Anyhow I 'm for taking no chances with men.'

'Then must I go lonesome to Stagshaw Bank Fair?'
'What do I care? What do I care?
But if you go lonesome I 'd have you to know
It 's lonesome the rest of your life you will go.'

II. WATTY LEE AND YOUNG DICK

'Now where may you be gadding to with such a dandy buttonhole —
If my eyes do not deceive me, it 's a lovely picotee —
And in your Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and bowler hat and all?'
'*I 'm going to Saint Andrew's church as surely you might see,*
Watty Lee.'
'Ay, maybe!

'Though it 's well enough on Sundays for folk who 've got naught else to do,
The church on week-day mornings is no place for you or me
Who 've got our bread and cheese to earn — so what can you be after, Dick?'
'*I 'm going to be married there as surely you might see,*
Watty Lee.'
'Ay, maybe!

'Then you don't know where you 're going, Dick, for all your dandy buttonhole,
Any more than any other lad who sports a picotee
And dons his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and bowler hat and all.'
'*You 're surely hard of hearing or your wits are all at sea,*
Watty Lee.'
'Ay, maybe!'

III. MOTHER AND MAID

'And where be you stravaging to at such an hour of night?'
'*To look on Allen Water in the full moonlight.*'
'Go your wilful ways then, but you will learn too soon
That no good comes to any lass from looking on the moon.'

'And where be you stravaging to at this unearthly hour?

'*To hearken to the hoolet that hoots by Staward Tower.*'

'Round the Pele at midnight the brags and horneys prowl,

And no good comes to any lass from listening to the owl.

'So don't say I 've not warned you, whatever may betide.'

'*And what should I be fearing with Robert at my side?*'

'What should you be fearing? Since the world began

No good has come to any lass from walking with a man.'

WHAT IS PRISON FOR?

BY E. S. HITCHCOCK

I

It must be apparent to the most casual observer that the public is beginning to have grave misgivings as to the efficacy and real service performed by its penal institutions.

It is trying, more than ever before, to devise ways and means for keeping the misdemeanant outside the bars rather than behind them and, with this end in view, has greatly added to the number of persons on probation and parole.

That part of the public interested in civic reforms realizes that locking up a man or woman for thirty, sixty, or ninety days and then letting him loose on society again is an unscientific and futile performance, which tends to make more criminals rather than to reduce their number.

Although we admit that our hope lies in keeping our people within the law and even forgiving them as much as possible for overstepping the legal boundary (a line often as invisible as that which separates the colors in the spectrum), our legislators still spend a large part of their time in complicating our already complex civilization with more and more laws, many of them impossible to enforce.

Both men and women are still laboring under the superstition that making an abuse of liberty illegal solves the question and that henceforth we shall be secure from that particular abuse.

The Federated Women's Clubs of Detroit drew up an elaborate anti-vice bill, designed to do away with prostitution and its consequent evils. They were zealous in their efforts, lobbying in the State Capitol through many weeks. Asked for an opinion, there was only one answer which could be truth-

fully given — it was that, before this law could go into effect, there would have to be a jail and prison capacity in the city of Detroit three or four times greater than that which it possesses.

The Prohibition law has created a criminal class from formerly law-abiding citizens. Bootleggers abound and, in the majority of cases, go scot-free with their ill-gotten gains. The law is powerless to cope with the number of its infringers, while more and more of the taxpayers' money is spent to increase the strength of the police.

When one has been associated with a prison he cannot but realize that we are beginning at the wrong end in trying to diminish crime. We have never taken the trouble to determine the causes, our one thought being to catch the offender and lock him up where he can no longer harm society.

In the majority of cases he is set free again and if the same circumstances prevail which deprived him of his liberty, with the added handicap of a prison sentence to his discredit, there is little doubt but that he will offend again and frequently more seriously.

There is rarely a reform in a prison. Locking up a man and taking away everything in life that he desires is not conducive to a frame of mind which will bring about a reformation.

This being the case, is it not stupid on the part of society to deal with this subject so superficially?

We spend huge sums of money for the isolation of disease germs and for hygiene to ensure physical health, but we accept crime as an incomprehensible thing coming from no ascertainable cause, and show our helpless bewilderment by our inability to cope with it. Locking a man or a woman behind bars is merely an acknowledgment of our weakness and lack of intelligence.

I was invited recently to sit down at a long table in the Detroit prison in the women's department. One woman explained to me that this was the bootleggers' table and they would like to ask me a few questions. Looking around, one could see that here was a new type of criminal, manufactured by us with our Prohibition law. The huge gains to be made by selling liquor, and the strong probability of not being caught, were two elements beyond the power of certain kinds of people to withstand. The question was, 'Why are we here, when the judges on the bench, the police, the rich in their homes, the frequenters of high-priced restaurants and hotels, are at large while having and enjoying as much liquor as they see fit to buy?'

This is a time-old question, merely fitted to a new issue. There was only one answer, 'Because you are poor, without influence or power of any kind.' We may have gained in prohibition but we have lost in temperance. A very respectable class of persons who once regarded liquor as something to be avoided now consider a social gathering incomplete without its exhilarating accompaniment. Add to this the undermining of the public service and the demoralizing devices resorted to by the police to entrap makers of home-brew in their homes, and we have a miserable spectacle in which mothers are torn from their children and families completely disorganized.

A law, to be successful, should be in accordance with the instinctive sympathy of the mass of the people.

In our prison we have a population of entirely new criminals, bootleggers and other liquor violators, while our disorderly drunken charges are not diminished.

Add to this the tremendous expense incurred by the government in its efforts to enforce an unpopular law and the crimes of homicide and murder which have followed in the wake of the

bootlegger, and one is inclined to believe that the 'cure' is worse in its effects than the disease.

Often the criminal is insane or feeble-minded and should be put in an institution for such unfortunates, or he is the product of a social or economic condition existing in the country where he has been reared. Legislating against crime will never do away with it. Repressive measures only increase the trouble. A doctor who treated a deep-seated malady with outward applications alone would not stand well in his profession. But that is exactly what the legislators are doing when they pile up repressive laws for the cure of criminals.

We have made a beginning toward better things with the psychopathic clinic which examines the 'patient' as to his mentality. But this science is hardly a science as yet. It is too stereotyped and inflexible. The human brain is not a mere machine, and the so-called 'tests' are absurdly inadequate. Besides, if a criminal is reported as seven years of age, mentally, the law takes no note of that. He must still pay the penalty imposed upon a full-grown man. There will have to be radical changes in the law before the psychopathic examinations will be followed by scientific treatment of the patient.

II

It would seem that our only hope, until we have become more intelligent, is to keep from further entanglements through ever-increasing laws in an effort to solve our problem on the outside.

In other words, there is little hope of improving society by locking men in prison.

We should endeavor to arrest as few as possible; to parole and put on probation — a serious warning — as many as is at all compatible with public safety. We should then get about the business of why we have criminals and try to remove the causes. The criminologist, Ferri, in his book, *The Positive School of Crime*, declares that crime has its root in 'anthropological, telluric, and social causes.' We may not be able to change the first two, but the last is one which should engross the attention of all criminologists.

As a matter of fact, the Detroit prison might easily be called the poor-house. The man or woman with more than a few dollars to his credit is so scarce that he is a curiosity. There seems little doubt that poverty breeds crime. Housed in squalor, crowded in tenements, ignorant and often diseased, these victims of economic maladjustment live by their wits and in the majority of cases end in the clutches of the law.

The improvement of economic conditions, by which a man can be fairly certain of a livelihood and not be the football of fluctuating markets which throw him out of a job at a moment's notice, would be a big factor in stabilizing the character of men and keeping them from crimes against property.

In spite of ignorance and lack of advantages generally, the average person in prison realizes the terrible gulf of inequality which separates the rich and the poor. He knows that justice is not blindfolded, as the courts would have him believe, but fully awake to the individual with whom it is dealing. He knows that a great number of laws are made to protect the rich and that to him that hath shall be given. He knows that if he had been able to employ an expensive lawyer he would probably have been free, or that if he had had influential political friends many strings might have been pulled in his behalf. Knowing all this, he believes himself a victim, rather than a

culprit. He justifies his lawless act, whatever it may have been. If he is strong he determines to 'get even' when he is freed, if he is weak he descends to self-pity and becomes more and more demoralized. Any effort at reformation on the part of prison officials he secretly regards with contempt. Any form of punishment is merely adding fuel to his flaming grudge against society. There is no doubt but that the world has advanced in this last respect, though punishments and some forms of torture still exist.

At present we are reaping the aftermath of war in the crime wave of banditry which has swept the country. Training hundreds of thousands of young men to kill and applauding them as heroes in war would naturally lead to the lawlessness and disregard of human life which we are now obliged to endure. Having sown the wind we should not be aghast at the whirlwind which follows. Add to this the lawlessness resulting from the Prohibition amendment and we understand certain phases of our condition to-day.

What, then, can be done by way of betterment?

Why could not the government scientifically study this matter of crime with a view to ascertaining the causes underlying the particular varieties from which we are suffering?

Why could not a committee of psychologists, economists, and sociologists be appointed who would diagnose intelligently the reason for the increasing number of bandits, bootleggers, narcotic violators, and so forth?

Let an epidemic of any sort appear among the hogs of our nation, let an insect pest attack our grain — there is quick action on the part of Washington to safeguard our food supply and, incidentally, the profits of the packers and the grain dealers.

Why, then, should we be indifferent to the disease of crime and remain content with the antiquated methods of the classic school in its treatment?

Why should we continue to follow the line of least resistance — manufacturing laws galore, adding to police forces, employing more and more judges, building more and more jails and prisons, creating more and more criminals, spending the taxpayers' money for repressive rather than constructive measures, when we know that we are in a vicious and ever-widening circle which ends nowhere and, therefore, accomplishes nothing?

WILD HORSES

BY WILL C. BARNES

I

On the top of a small prairie mountain dotted with half a dozen wide-spreading cedar trees, a man armed with a pair of field glasses eagerly scanned the country below him. A short distance away his horse stood close to a tree as if to screen him from sight. For all the interest the animal took in his surroundings he might have been a graven image. His closed eyes, the pendulous lower lip lying loosely back from his teeth, the flopping ears, indicated very clearly that he was sound asleep.

Suddenly he raised his head in a startled way, looked off into the hazy distance, cocked first one ear, then the other, in the direction his eyes were taking, as horses always do when they discover some moving object coming suddenly into view. The change from complete indifference to an attitude of keen interest was remarkable. The rattling of the long chains on the heavy Spanish bit in the animal's mouth caught the man's ear. He glanced toward him.

'What you see, old fellow?' he queried. 'I have n't been able to get my eyes on a single movin' thing since we came up here exceptin' that skulkin' coyote down there on the flat watchin' for a dinner of fat prairie-dog. What you wigglin' them ears for?'

Taking a position before the horse, the man trained the field glasses in line with the pointing ears. 'H-m-m, shucks!' he said, beneath his breath. 'There 's what ole Blue Jay 's lookin' at. Beats all how quick a hoss will catch sight of anything a-movin'. That 's either a "dust-devil" or the smoke from a bunch of runnin' hosses.' A minute's close study of the distant bit of yellowish dust; then — 'No, 't ain't a dust-devil, for it strings along the tops of them trees 'stead of risin' straight up. Hosses all right, an' I reckon it 's Bill, hazin' old Baldy along after a bunch of broom-tails.'

He turned to the horse. 'Come alive, old skate, for if I 'm not mistaken you got a regular job cut out for you. If that there dust comes from a bunch of wild ones headed by that renegade gray hoss what got away from the schoolmarm last fall, it 'll take some ridin' to head 'em into a corral.'

Rapidly he loosened the cinches, reset his saddle, threw the long reins over the horse's neck, and swung on to his back. Still keeping close to the trees as if to hide his presence, he scanned the point in the distance where he expected the bunch of wild horses to emerge from the shelter of the trees into the open prairie. Soon the leaders broke into sight, swinging along on a smooth, sweeping run, dropping at intervals into a fast trot, with necks outstretched, manes and tails flying in the wind. Twenty-seven grown animals he counted, all dark colors except the leader, a gray which he knew to be the notorious escaped saddle-horse 'Steeldust,' the animal every cowboy

on that range would gladly give a month's wages to capture.

The man smiled as he recalled the dramatic incident of Steeldust's escape from civilization. Caught three years before from a band of wild horses, broken, and fairly domesticated, the gray had been a gift from his captor to a young woman who came to the little hamlet in the valley to teach the dozen or more sons and daughters of the local stockmen their three *R's*, plus a little respect for discipline. She was an adventurous girl and one day riding alone, far out on the range, she saw a band of wild horses coming down the trail to water at a little prairie lake, and gave chase for the pure love of a wild, reckless ride.

From that first jump, her horse strained every nerve to overtake his former companions of the open ranges. For a mile or so she tore after them like mad. Steeldust, named after a noted Texas race stallion, needed no touch of spur or quirt. Twice the girl kept the band from reaching the shelter of a deep 'cedar brake' in which they would have buried themselves safe from pursuit. Her mount was too fast for them, and as she swung out to one side and waved her hat, the leader changed his course and raced away in the opposite direction, only to dash again for the cedars when she fell back a little.

Suddenly one of the band stumbled, lost its footing, and went headlong to the ground, rolled clear over, lay still for a moment, then was up on its feet, and with wild neighings raced after the rest. Almost on the instant, the girl realized the cause of its fall, for she found herself in the midst of a prairie-dog village, the open holes dangerous pitfalls for a horse.

Her cowboy friends had always told her never to try to guide her mount through such a place — to 'give him his head and trust to luck.' But instinct prevailed. A huge hole, where some hungry badger had dug out a good dinner of prairie-dogs, yawned under the horse's feet. She gave a sharp pull on the reins. The next moment she went flying over his head to the bare ground of the dog town. When she recovered consciousness it was past midday, and there was absolutely nothing in sight but a saucy prairie-dog that sat atop of his family mound, scolding angrily at her for daring to intrude on his privacy.

Except for a cut on her forehead from a sharp rock, she was unhurt. Late that evening she was discovered by a cowboy who took her up in front of him on his saddle and carried her back to town, little the worse for her experience.

From that time on, every cowpuncher in the region wasted more than his share of perfectly good horseflesh in efforts to find her lost horse. Fortunately she was able to point out almost the exact spot where she had fallen. She recalled that as she went over the horse's head she had felt her saddle turn on his side and swing underneath his round belly. Not being used to carrying a saddle on that part of his anatomy, the horse had probably stampeded, incidentally kicking the saddle to bits. Half a mile from where she fell they began to pick up pieces of the wreck: here a broken stirrup-leather; there a pair of saddle pockets; her saddle rope; the quirt Sandy Bowers plaited for her that was hanging on the horn; her slicker that was tied on the cantle; and finally the saddletree itself, a mere wreck of its former beauty, the broken *latigo* showing how the horse had finally rid himself of it. Minus this embarrassment, Steeldust, to quote one of the boys, 'surely quit the flats and went yonderly, headed for his old wild bunch.'

One of the girl's last gifts from an

admiring puncher had been a handsome plaited bridle, made of the finest of leather strings, decorated with fancy horsehair knots and tassels, with long, slender, plaited-horsehair reins, far better suited for use on some Wild West day in town than for common range-riding. Not far from the saddle they found the reins, broken at the bit-chains when the horse had stepped upon them as they dragged under his forefeet. To rid himself of the fancy bridle, which had no throat-latch, would be comparatively easy.

'Once a wild one, always a wild one' is a well-known saying on the Western ranges, and a horse captured from a band of wild horses can never be trusted to stay on a strange range. Foot-loose, no matter how weary, he at once orients himself and with almost unerring directness makes his way straight back to the range where he knows he will find his former companions. Once with them, he seems inspired with a far keener sense of danger, and with far greater ability to escape from those hated riders who would again enslave him, than he had before he knew the feeling of a hackamore about his nose or the pressure of cinches on his ribs.

II

There were at that time on the range probably ten thousand practically worthless range-horses — 'broomtails' they were called. Many were branded, many not, mavericks for anyone who could capture and brand them.

The range was a 'cedar-brake' country with numerous large areas of close-growing cedars, interspersed with open grassy spots. Whenever a band of wild horses grazed on these openings one of them kept watch and ward for mounted men. At the first glimpse of a man on horseback the alarm was given in some mysterious way, and at once the whole band was on the keen run, headed for the shelter of the cedars. Into these they dived deep, breaking up into single units like hunted deer, but with far more skill and cunning than any other wild animal known to man. The only possible way to find them was by trailing — a slow and generally unsuccessful process; for long before their pursuers came in sight the keen ears of the horses heard them and the band was off, slipping silently through the thickets, dodging like coyotes chased by hounds. When water was to be found in the cedars their capture was almost out of the question, for then they never left the sheltering trees. When watering places became scarce and the horses were obliged to go to the tanks, reservoirs, springs, and streams where the range cattle drank, their capture became more possible. Here again the wild horses showed their almost uncanny ability to remain free, for when forced to come out into the open to drink they for the most part watered at night.

It was not unusual for the cowboys to watch such watering-places on bright moonlight nights. And when the horses had drunk their fill it was great sport to follow up the band and try to rope one or two selected animals as they made their way up the trail, fairly water-logged. With this handicap a good lively horse had rather the best of the chase and occasionally the pursuer was able to lie alongside of a horse after a five- or six-mile chase and rope him.

Then the rider's troubles began, for handling a wild horse at night is no easy matter. The saddle horse is nearly always tired and winded from the long chase, and with the rope tied to the saddle horn he is quite as likely to be thrown, if caught with his feet

off the ground, as the wild horse is; for of all lively things at the end of a forty-foot rope an unbroken range-horse is about the liveliest. If the rider is in luck, he finally wears the captive out and chokes him down. But the instant the wild horse hits the ground the rider, trusting his mount to hold the advantage by a rope tied hard and fast to the horn, must leap like a flash from the saddle. The hogging-string in his mouth, he pulls the long tail of the horse through between the animal's hind legs, and digs his knees deep in the backbone just in front of the hips, the long tail clenched taut in his hands. Man and horse fight it out in the moonlight. If the man's strength holds out, and the tail-hold does n't break, the horse cannot get on his feet, but he can do some very scientific struggling and fighting in his endeavors to get up. His forefeet fan the air like flails, and if the saddle horse lets up in the least on the rope, the captive's head swings back and forth, at times striking the man on the legs, hard enough, in one recorded instance, to break a bone. If the saddle horse does his bit and holds the rope taut as an iron rod, the matter is settled much sooner, for that choking slip-noose, biting deep into the captive's neck just behind the jawbones, cuts off his wind and he gives up and stretches out as if dead.

Then some lightning work must be done in 'hog-tying' the prostrate horse. On one end of the six-foot hogging-rope is a running noose. This is slipped over the two forefeet, the bight of the rope is thrown over the upper hind foot above the hoof, and the three feet are thus pulled together in a close bunch and fastened securely with the rest of the hogging-rope. Thus tied the animal is helpless. Some equally quick movements must follow to get slack from the saddle rope and keep the animal from choking to death. Not infrequently, when the rope is loosened he *is* dead, and the cowboy rides back to camp disgusted at his luck and at the 'waste of good horse-flesh' — meaning his own saddle horse.

Naturally all that can be done at night is to leave the wild horse where he lies; but the cowboy comes back at the first crack of day driving a burro, or sometimes several of these patient phlegmatic animals. Around the burro's neck there is a strong leather strap four inches wide, and attached to it a chain about two feet long with a swivel in the middle. At the other end is another strap. Leading the burro, trained for such work, alongside the prostrate horse, the cowboy pulls the head of the burro down until the strap can be worked around the neck of the captive and buckled closely behind his head. Then the hogging-rope is loosened and the captive is allowed to get on his feet.

Then follow some very exciting performances by the 'necked-up' couple. Naturally the horse tries his best to break loose and, failing that, to carry off with him his unwelcome friend. Here the stubborn nature of the donkey helps mightily, for he will sit back on that strap and dig his forefeet into the ground, and sooner or later the captive will give it up as a bad job and settle down to a 'watchful-waiting' game. If the burro moves an inch the horse is ready to accompany him, but always toward the open range where his band has long since been swallowed up in the cedars. Sometimes the two start off at a smart run. As long as they go toward the ranch where the burro is kept, and which he recognizes as home, things go nicely; but let the direction change, the burro spreads his forelegs wide, digs those small round feet deep into the soil, and though dragged fifty feet or more, leaving

great scars on the prairie as if from a breaking-plough, he stubbornly persists, and eventually the horse gives up and awaits further developments.

With a well-trained burro necked to his captive the cowboy may ride back to the ranch and leave the two to fight it out, feeling sure that the odd couple will make their way down the range to the watering-place some time or other, generally by sunset that day. By the time the burro has delivered his charge at the home ranch the horse is fairly tamed. His neck has been stretched and rasped and is sore with the pulling and hauling, and he is perfectly willing to follow meekly at the side of his partner, who steers him into the corral, where with a little manœuvring the boys slip a hackamore over his head and make it fast, unbuckle the strap from his neck, and leave him to think matters over during the long night.

Hungry and sore as he is from nose to tail, handling him the next morning is not a difficult job. An hour's work with a keen whip and some sharp jerks on the hackamore rope, and he is trained to lead like a dog, a trick he never forgets so long as he lives. The rest of his education comes slowly, but eventually he is turned over to the *remuda* sufficiently broken to stand for mounting with reasonable quiet, to be saddled, and bridled, and 'hobbled out' at night. His complete education as a cow pony comes gradually, taking generally two full seasons of hard round-up work.

The worst of this capturing process is that about three out of four horses so tied down and left overnight are dead the next morning, having worn themselves out thrashing the ground with their heads and fighting to get their feet loose. With horses worth only a dollar or two each, this plan is practical only in the case of animals of unusual size and beauty. The ordinary ones are not worth the horseflesh spent upon them.

III

It took Steeldust a comparatively short time to find his way back to his old band. Shy and untrammeled as they are, wild horses invariably run on some particular part of the range and, knowing this, an animal separated from them soon finds them again.

The first time Steeldust was sighted on the range after his escape, four men, mounted on their best horses, took turns in running the band. Each rider, in turn, endeavored to work the bunch in a great circle, eventually swinging them back close to where another man sitting on a hill followed their progress by the dust arising from their hurrying feet, and fell in after the band, relieving his predecessor's tired horse. In the dusk of the evening, after twelve consecutive hours' hard running, the band, leg-weary and only able to strike a slow trot, were worked by two of the men up to the entrance to a large corral of cedar posts, the men's horses even more tired than the wild ones. Suspicious to the last degree, the leaders would not enter, although they could see that the corral was empty. Realizing that it was their last chance, the men crowded the animals, hoping to force one or two to enter and draw the others after them.

Suddenly a single mare at one side of the band, crowded too closely by one of the riders, broke back and started for the open range. Instantly she was followed by another and still another until inside of two minutes the whole band — about forty grown horses — was streaming past, outward bound. In three minutes the entire band was lost in the gloom and the men, tired, cross, and disgusted, reset their saddles on their worn-out horses and

slowly rode the ten miles to their camp.

For the next two years Steeldust led a lively and probably enjoyable life, for in spite of every trap set for his capture he was still free. Not a saddle horse on the range was able to 'lay alongside of him' in a fair chase.

All summer long the schoolmarm hoped for the return of her horse, and the one great ambition of every puncher on that range was to capture him and deliver him safely to his mistress.

'That there gray hoss has cost the cow men of this range more 'n a thousand dollars in hossflesh and punchers' time,' was the wrathful comment of one owner, whose 'top waddy' left his brag 'circle-horse' out on the range completely exhausted and unable to step one foot after the other. The rider walked ten miles or so into camp in a pair of new cowboy boots with three-inch heels, that skinned his feet so that he could n't walk for a week afterward.

That fall most of the range water dried up and many of the wild horses were watering at a rain-water tank in the midst of a cedar thicket where roping was an impossibility. Around this tank two of the men decided to build a corral and in it to capture the whole band. To carry out this programme it was necessary to build the corral fence in sections so that the horses, always scenting danger, would not stop coming to the water hole. At odd times the men cut posts and planted them stockade fashion in the ground, until the tank was completely enclosed. Whenever they could utilize trees they did so. Then they left the gate open for several days with some large lumps of rock salt inside as a bait. Finally the fateful day arrived when they decided to try to capture the whole bunch.

The heavy pole gate, swung 'upgrade' on rude wooden hinges, was held wide open by a small stick to which they fastened a long rope. This led to a secure hiding-place formed of cedar boughs, a rustic bower in which one of the men hid and waited patiently for the band to come to water.

Just at dusk the horses came trailing in, but Steeldust was not with them. The rest went into the corral with little hesitation; licked the salt eagerly; drank their fill; then slowly trailed off on the range into the darkness. The man rode back to the camp he had made, a mile or two away, hobbled his pony out to graze, cooked and ate his lone supper, and turned in, hoping for better luck next day. About noon he went back to his post in the cedar bower. Again the horses came to water, this time with the lost horse in the lead. With all the suspicion of the broken horse he scented danger from the first.

Most of the band went into the corral, but he with a few choice spirits remained outside, sniffing at the corral posts and the open gate, advancing, retreating, snorting, touching with that sensitive nose of his everything which to him seemed at all suspicious or which carried with it the scent of man. Head high in air, he noted the cedar bower under which the man lay with beating heart and trembling hands. He walked slowly toward it, smelling the ground at every step, punctuating his progress with snorts of fear. Eventually he reached the bower and stretched his nose cautiously toward it. Horselike, he pawed viciously at the dry ground with one forefoot. A little cloud of dust arose which found its way through the boughs to the man's nose. The man was seized with an awful urge to sneeze. He grabbed his nose to choke it back, but when a sneeze gets ready to operate no power on earth seems able to stop it. The very effort to suppress it simply increased its deadliness. And the result

almost blew the man's hiding-place to pieces. When he had crawled from beneath it, what he said about that gray horse, his ancestry, his breeding, his general characteristics, would fill a book that could n't be published and get through the United States mails.

A month later another fellow caught sight of the bunch with Steeldust at its head, drifting slowly through the cedars toward a watering-place. Just at sunset he saw them file slowly down the trail into a deep cañon. At the top of the cañon stood two good-sized pines. The man conceived the idea of hanging his rope across the trail between the two pines in such a way that with a slight jerk it would drop down over the horse's head and make him captive. Half an hour's careful work and he had the loop so hung. He climbed up into the depths of the branches with the loose end in his hand, tied it firmly to a limb, and with the slack in his hands waited patiently for the horses to make their appearance along the trail.

It was almost dark when the lead mare in the bunch walked calmly through beneath him. One after another the horses followed her slowly, for, full of water as they were, the climb up the trail winded them all. Finally Steeldust came demurely along. While he was under the overhanging loop a slight whistle to attract his attention caused the horse to throw up his head in alarm. At this instant the man jerked the rope; the loop dropped fairly over the animal's head, but unfortunately he jumped through it until it ran back against his shoulders.

The man had planned on the spring in the bough to save the rope from breaking, but he had not anticipated a catch so far back on the animal's neck; hence, when the startled horse reached the end of that three-eighths-inch rope and threw his whole weight against it, something was bound to happen. And it did. The rope broke at the loop, or hondoo, and Steeldust, neighing shrilly for his companions, raced away into the dusk of the evening, victor once more.

As for the man in the tree: in his excitement he entirely overlooked the effect of the jerk on the rope. Leaning eagerly over to watch the horse, he was flung from the springing tree like a stone from a catapult, landing twenty feet away in a pile of rocks, from which he crawled with cuts on his face and arms, and bruises all over his body.

IV

Ten days later a Mormon boy, hunting horses from a freighter's camp and riding a lively young pony bareback with but a rope around his nose to guide him, saw a band of wild horses cross the trail about a mile ahead of him. In the lead was a dappled gray with a short tail. Steeldust's reputation was known to everyone. The boy knew of the offer of fifty dollars to anyone who would bring the horse to the X Camp. The nearest cedars were three or four miles away. His pony had Steeldust blood in his veins and was unhindered by saddle or bridle, with only an eighty-five-pound rider on his back. The boy felt there was a fine chance to 'grab off' that fifty dollars and win everlasting glory. Cleverly he forced the band away from the sheltering cedars toward which they tore from the first jump. A five-mile heat across the sandy prairie and he had ranged fairly close to the tail-enders of the band. Half a mile ahead of him was a long narrow crack in the prairie. In most places its sides were almost perpendicular; it was seldom less then twenty feet wide and in some places it was a hundred deep. The boy knew the country well and forced the

horses toward this crack. The horses, quite as well acquainted with the range and the crack, swerved away from it, while the boy, riding well out at one side, forced them over toward it, for horses will invariably swing in the opposite direction from a rider on their flank; it seems to be an inborn trait.

Eventually the band reached the edge of the crack, hesitated a moment, then swung to the left with the boy on the outside. There was a great curve in the crack at this point and the boy realized that his one chance was to cut across this curve, crowd the horse he wanted as closely as he could, and take a chance of getting within roping distance. As he rode, he had slipped the rope from his horse's nose, leaving the end tied in a hard knot about the neck close to the horse's head. His pony, crazy with excitement, needed no guiding rein; he knew what was expected of him. Then, when he had crowded his quarry to the last inch his pony could gain, the boy launched his rope in the air. The loop dropped straight over Steeldust's outstretched head and with a quick jerk he pulled it tight before it slipped back to the animal's shoulders.

The boy knew that the instant the gray felt the pull of the rope about his neck, if he had not forgotten his early training, he would in all probability swing round, face his pursuer, and become once more a broken horse. But he was taking no chances, and as the rope pulled up he leaned forward, slapped his horse on the side of his head with his hat, thus forcing him to swing sharply to the left and away from the gray, and tightened the rope with a sudden jerk which rasped some hair from the pony's neck and jaws but brought the captured one up sharply.

Recalling that fateful day in the corral, with the keen-cutting whip making long welts on his satin sides, Steeldust swung quickly round and came straight up to the other horse with a look of inquiry on his face, as if to ask what on earth all this fuss was about. As the boy slipped from the back of his horse the gray went strong to the end of the rope again, but the other horse stood stock-still, receiving a fearful wrench on his neck. Carefully the boy worked his way along the rope to the now fairly docile animal, stroked him gently on the soft white nose, slipped his hand up along the side of his head and along his neck; meantime, in a voice that could be poured over a waffle, calling him all the flattering names in his boyish vocabulary.

Two hours later he rode into the freighter's camp, the proudest boy in northern Arizona, with Steeldust, the noted outlaw, at one end of his rope, his own saddle pony at the other, and fifty dollars in hard cash in plain sight.

THE EXPERIMENT OF A CHRISTIAN DAILY

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

I

At the close of the year 1899, the Twentieth Kansas Regiment, after its famous record in the Philippines during the Spanish War, was being reviewed on the Topeka State House grounds, and the whole city was out to see it. With a number of friends I happened to be watching the event from the home of the owner of the Topeka *Daily Capital*.

After the review was over and people had begun to go away, the conversation turned, I do not remember how or why, to that part of the story, *In His Steps*, in which there is a description of the attempt of a newspaper man to do everything as he believed Jesus would do it in the management of a daily paper.

It was the general opinion expressed by the friends who were discussing the subject that any such attempt was so visionary that it could not be carried out in actual practice. One or two thought it might be possible up to a certain point, but all believed that people were not ready for it, and that whoever tried it would not be able to make it pay financially.

As the discussion went on, everyone present grew more and more interested, until the proprietor of the *Capital* said to me, in jest, as I supposed, 'How would you like to try the experiment, for one week?'

I answered him in the same vein, saying that it would be interesting. And in reply he said that he was in earnest, and went on to state the terms under which the Topeka *Daily Capital* might be turned over to me for one week in order that I might carry out my idea of what a Christian daily ought to be.

These terms as finally discussed included the following general agreements, which were carried out almost without change: —

The entire paper for one week to be under my direction with the understanding that nothing would be done to jeopardize the property or the future of the paper.

The entire working force of the paper to remain intact, including the mechanical, editorial, reportorial, and office force.

Advertising rates to be on the basis of circulation, but weekly subscription-rates to be twenty-five cents instead of ten cents, which was the regular city and local rate, in order to cover outside expenses and foreign postage.

The editor's rulings to be accepted in every department, including advertising matter, all editorial and submitted articles; and also in matters of personal conduct which involved such practices as the use of tobacco, drink, and profanity.

'News' was defined as any event worth knowing or telling, always published in the right proportion to its real importance.

All prize fights, scandals, crime, vice,

or human depravity, if published at all, to be defined as evil, and an attempt made in each case to discover the cause, and, if possible, the remedy.

All editorials to be signed by the writers, and all reporters' items to be signed by the reporters in order to ensure reliability, to reward good reporting, and to fix responsibility.

The editor to receive no financial compensation.

The rule to govern all the management of the paper, including the political, social, and financial interests, was to be determined as nearly as possible by the standard of what Jesus would probably do if He were publishing the paper as the owner of it.

II

The time set for the beginning of the experiment was the second week in March, 1900. Before that time, and following the published announcement of the plan, clubs were formed all over the country by churches, young people's societies, and various religious and social organizations, and subscriptions were sent in by the thousand. One church in Ohio sent in a list of nine hundred and twenty names. Subscriptions came from all over Great Britain, from almost every South American republic, from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. A personal subscription came from Paul Kruger, President of the Boer Republic. The Boer War was going on at the time, but Oom Paul seemed interested in the plan, at least enough to send on twenty-five cents in stamps for the paper. In one day's mail I received subscriptions sent to me personally in over twelve hundred letters and I soon discovered that I needed secretarial help.

Before the month of January, 1900, was over, the force in the *Capital* office had been increased by more than forty persons, and the clerks at the general post office had been increased by the addition of six new carriers and office men. On Monday morning, one week before the experiment on the paper began, the *Capital* received, in the first mail delivered, 100,000 subscriptions which came from all over the United States and Canada. The total number of subscriptions was 367,000, and that number of copies of the paper was published every day for six days, in addition to a Saturday afternoon edition which took the place of the regular Sunday morning paper.

The size of the paper had to be determined by the mechanical conditions in the *Capital* office and also by the fact that one man could not possibly pass on every item, including advertising and articles, in a paper exceeding eight pages.

The normal circulation of the *Capital* up to that week had been 15,000 copies daily. The reserve capacity of the plant made it possible to handle 25,000 copies a day. As the subscriptions came pouring in, newspaper men all over the country were curious to know how the mechanical difficulties could be met in printing 367,000 copies on a press that had never turned out more than 25,000 a day. Innumerable inquiries came in asking about the plan.

The *Staats-Zeitung* of New York printed 120,000 copies from sets of matrices sent on each day from Topeka. A like number was printed by the Chicago *Journal*. The remainder of the issue was actually printed on the straight-line Goss press in the Topeka pressroom by running the machine day and night. It was kept swimming in oil and the press foreman, who was and still is one of the finest pressmen in America, overcame apparently insurmountable difficulties, including one

unexpected overflow of a sewer which backed up into the pressroom one night and submerged the press above the rollers.

The paper was sold on Broadway and Wall Street two days after it had appeared in Topeka, and in Chicago one day after. A fourth set of matrices was sent to London to the *Westminster Review* and there reproduced and issued as soon as received.

The presswork of the *Capital* that week was a problem, but it was child's play compared with the mailing out. Twenty-four years ago the mailing system of a daily newspaper was perhaps one of the least efficient of its activities. The only apparatus the *Capital* had for its 15,000 list of subscribers was the modest hand-machine known as a 'Dick' mailer. It was, of course, out of the question to use this machine for mailing over 360,000 personal subscriptions.

The only way out was the method that we used. A large force of typists, over thirty, made lists of the names in column form, six copies of each, one for each day's paper. These lists were all arranged by states and sections and were expressed to Chicago and New York for the use of the *Journal* and the *Staats-Zeitung* in mailing the papers which they printed in their respective plants. All the copies of the paper for subscribers east of Pittsburg in a line running north and south, and in foreign lands, were dispatched from New York. All copies for subscribers between the Alleghenies and the Missouri River were sent out from Chicago. Topeka took care of all local subscriptions west of the Missouri as far as the Pacific Coast. To facilitate the mailing out, the Santa Fe loaned a mailing car from which, as headquarters, the papers were dispatched with comparatively little delay or confusion.

III

In relating my experiences during this week of experiment I am going to mention some things which have never been reported, not even by the crowd of uninvited newspaper correspondents, about forty in all, who came on that week to get a story for their papers. So far as they themselves were concerned, they came largely out of curiosity, but of course they all felt obliged to get something startling and new for their papers. I may as well confess that I did not welcome them, and that I shall always consider that their presence was undesirable and unfair. I was constantly hampered in my attempts to carry out my original plans, since each correspondent wanted special interviews, and each one was sending on to his paper every day some story that contained more imagination and less fact than the most brilliant writer of fiction ever dreamed. For a period of six days, during which I averaged less than three hours' sleep in each twenty-four, there was not an hour of the day that the newspaper correspondents did not try to interfere with my engagements; I was not even allowed to eat and write uninterrupted.

Therefore I may as well say frankly that the Press, as represented by the men and women who were sent on to get a story, did not give me a fair chance to illustrate in my own way the thing I was trying to do; and in looking over the press reports which were made during that week I might be indignant, even after the lapse of a quarter of a century, if they were not so tremendously untrue as to be humorous. One of the commonest reports published by nearly every paper was to the effect that the whole affair was a piece of the most astounding hypocrisy, because I was receiving between $10,000 and $25,000 as my

share of the week's profits! This story and hundreds of others as preposterous were published, and I suppose thousands of readers believed them. 'It was in the paper,' they said. 'It must be true.'

It is true that toward the end of the week the proprietor of the *Capital* sent to my house by messenger a roll of bills amounting to $1000; but that same messenger took them back to the office at once.

Having spoken my mind concerning the embarrassment and handicap arising from the presence of the newspaper men, I now want to testify to the wonderful helpfulness and loyalty of every person connected with the *Capital*, from the business manager to the Negro janitors and the youngest cub in the pressroom. They were the most enthusiastic and responsive group of human beings I have ever seen. They were not individuals whom I had trained and taught to carry out my ideas, but they could not have been more eager to make them a success if they had been in training for years. They obeyed every rule posted up, to their own discomfort and even against their own judgment. Every smoker went without his pipe or cigarette while on duty. There were countless occasions for profanity as the men faced unusual and unknown problems, but I do not remember hearing a single swear-word during the entire week, even from the men in the composing and mailing rooms where the tasks were stupendous and involved. In the pressroom, where a press that had never turned off more than 25,000 copies a day was being driven day and night to print 127,000, the foreman and his assistants lived a life of continual anxiety and were under a strain that was nerve-stretching every moment, but if they swore, it was silently; and to some of them it must have been an experience in suppression that cost them much sweat and anguish of spirit.

The reporters and telegraph men, the city editor who sat up with me all night to see the thing through, the business manager who turned down thousands of dollars' worth of questionable advertisements without an audible murmur, all entered into the week's trial with a whole-hearted and unquestioning faith which was in marked contrast to the attitude of the press representatives, most of whom ridiculed and criticized and sent garbled reports of the week to their papers down East.

I do not wish to seem unfair to the Press as it was at that time, but I have not mentioned any of these things for more than twenty-four years, and I mention them now, not in any spirit of malice, but to state some facts which have never been published about that week. I could have carried out my plans with far greater freedom and happiness if the Press had let me alone. The reports sent out were so misleading that the public never had an opportunity to know what had really been done or what results were finally obtained.

IV

According to the definition of the word 'news' which we had made, the most important news item that came in on the night of March 12, 1900, was a brief notice of the India famine. No paper in the United States had given this great calamity any prominence. It seemed to me to be the most important world-news; therefore, supplementing the meagre Associated Press item with letters which I had received from missionaries, I featured the India famine in the first issue of the *Capital*, printing it on the first left-hand column on the front page, the

Capital's regular place for the most important news.

Along with this news item I printed a call for famine relief asking the readers of the news to send in contributions. This appeal followed the account of the famine on the front page. I may say that I still believe that news of this kind should be edited; that editorial comment on great world-events should be made directly on the page which prints the event. The first great daily in this country to print editorial comment directly under Associated Press news calling for such comment will have a reading that editorials printed on the editorial page do not now have. Very much of what is called news needs intelligent comment in order to be understood by the average reader of newspapers. In very many cases the newspaper reader does not know what the news item means. The editor ought to be able to tell him. If the editorial were written immediately under the news it would be read. It is a question whether the average editorial in the regular dailies of this country is read by more than two per cent of the readers. If it were written with the news everyone would read it. If editorials are written to be read, why not put them where the reader will read them?

As a direct result of the appeal for help in the case of the famine sufferers, a trainload of Kansas corn was sent by Kansas farmers to New York, and the *Christian Herald* of New York chartered a ship and sent the cargo to Bombay, where it was handled by the missionaries and distributed all over the famine district. In correspondence which came to me months afterward, the missionaries told me that this Kansas corn saved thousands of children from starving, and I have learned that some of them have since held responsible positions under the British government. Sometimes when people have asked me if the paper was not a failure, as the press reports for the most part said it was, I have replied that if it accomplished nothing more than saving several thousand children from starving to death I should always feel that the paper was a success.

Besides the shipload of corn that was contributed, I forwarded from the *Capital* office that week and for weeks afterward money contributions for the famine amounting to more than $40,000, which were disbursed by different church and missionary organizations. This money came from all over the world in response to an appeal that took up less than two inches of space in the paper.

During the remainder of the week the *Christian Herald* carried a half-page advertisement making an appeal for the people of India, and stating that the British Secretary of State for India would pay all transportation charges for food sent from America. The *Herald* received in response to that appeal over $100,000 in cash, besides the shipload of corn given by the Kansas farmers. It is within modest bounds to say that over $150,000 worth of food and relief was sent to a starving people from the first item of real news published in the Topeka *Daily Capital* of March 13, 1900. I hope the reader of this article will not think that I write in any spirit of cheap boastfulness. I am trying to tell the whole story of that week's experiment as if I stood outside of it. If anyone else knew all the facts, I should be more than glad to have him tell them.

It may be interesting to those who did not see the paper to know what subjects were discussed in the week's issues, which were being published as nearly as possible according to the standard of what I thought Jesus might do. Considering the fact that a

majority of the newspaper correspondents characterized the paper as deadly dull and a failure as a newspaper, it seems no more than fair to let the actual contents of the paper speak for themselves. Here are the titles of some of the articles published, and some of the news items discussed, either editorially or on a news page: —

Starving India; The War-Spirit Denounced (wars going on at the time were the war in the Philippines and the Boer War); Is the Boer War Just? (answer, no); New Books (with reviews by well-known authors); Federal Reforms; Against Cigarettes; Kindergarten Schools; The Philippines (a history of their internal affairs then published for the first time); Letters from Famous People; Sunday Observance (advocated); Market Reports (abbreviated on account of some questionable transactions on the stock market at the time); Prison Reform; Liquor Advertisements in Magazines (a protest against them — this protest was followed by letters written by prominent people in Kansas, and most of the advertisements were dropped by the magazines when their contracts ran out); Kansas Millers; Livestock Market; Mormonism (its menace); The Tax Dodger (with a cartoon by a well-known artist, M. A. Waterman); The Union of the Churches (advocated; a front page editorial); Woman Suffrage (advocated); Extracts from the National Brewers' Journal Conceding Progress of Prohibition in Kansas; Municipal Ownership (advocated); In Labor's Behalf (a plea for better housing-conditions); Appeal for Cleaner Humor; Tenement House Reform; League of Mothers (advocated); Police Department (a plea for decent wages); Women's Clubs; The Y. W. C. A. (appeal for endowment); Dairying in Kansas (a very remarkable series of articles by Mr. F. D. Coburn, at the time Secretary of Agriculture in Kansas; these articles went all over the world and were copied in scores of journals); Social Settlements; Against War (written by Dr. Parkhurst of New York); Sunday School Lessons; The Churches of Topeka; Letters from Ministers; The Armenian Massacres (a protest against them); Disease Prevention.

These were, of course, only a very few of the topics discussed in the six issues of the paper. All of the outside contributions were freely given, as all the writers agreed to the plan of no compensation. Among the many contributors were Bishop John H. Vincent, who wrote the prayer printed above the news on the first page; Dr. J. E. Abbott, Bombay Mission; C. N. Howard, Rochester, N. Y.; F. D. Coburn; Governor W. E. Stanley of Kansas; Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus; Whitelaw Reid; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court David J. Brewer; Leonard D. Abbott; Frank Beard, the cartoonist. Mr. Myron A. Waterman also contributed some very telling cartoons.

If the paper was characterized by most of the newspaper correspondents as dull, it is also true that the subscribers received their money's worth in contributed articles which would be able to stand comparison with any table of contents in any periodical of the present time.

One reason for the assumption that the Christian Daily was dull and uninteresting may be found in the fact that crime and scandal and sensational divorce cases were absent from its pages. When crime was reported it was reported briefly and the emphasis was placed on the cause, and if possible on the remedy. This is the only scientific way to report crime. It is the way the Bible always reports it, and the Bible is the most scientific world-news reporter

that was ever compiled. It is childish and useless to report human frailty simply for the sake of creating a morbid mental sensation in the reader; yet this is the regular and stupid fashion of reporting human sin adopted by those dailies which print elaborate stories of human lapses. The rule which the *Capital* observed during the week that it was a Christian Daily was the Bible rule, and in time that will be the rule observed by all the daily Press.

A signal opportunity to practise this method of dealing with sensational news occurred in the office of the *Capital* itself during the week I was in charge. Senator Peffer of Kansas, who was as highly respected and honored by his townspeople generally as he was caricatured and dishonored by the public that did not know him, had a son who happened to be an employee in the advertising department of our paper. During the week, this son of the Kansas senator went down to Kansas City, and in a fit of despondency committed suicide, leaving a note addressed to his father, saying, 'Father, I don't like to do what I am doing, but I am tired.'

The fact of the suicide was published briefly in the Thursday edition of the paper, together with the note he had left, and after the item I wrote, 'The *Capital* extends to Senator Peffer and his family profound sympathy in the time of their trouble. May the God of all comfort bless and strengthen all those who mourn.'

The news of the suicide reached one of the *Capital* reporters before we received it in the office, and I remember how he came running in with it to me, asking for instructions about going right up to Senator Peffer's home to interview the family so as to get inside facts about the affair. I not only refused to let any reporter go to the house, but I turned down a long account of the tragedy which came up from Kansas City, in which there was a detailed description of the room where the young man was found, and more than a hint at some motive for suicide other than that given in the note which he had left for his father. It seemed to me at the time, it does yet, and it always will, that such human tragedy should be reported, if at all, in the briefest and most sympathetic manner. I see nothing to be gained by relating the ghastly details of human sin. Even the tremendous story of the betrayal of Jesus by Judas is told in the Gospel narrative in a space less than one third the length of a newspaper column, and the stupendous event of the Crucifixion occupies what would be less than a single column in a modern metropolitan daily. Yet the great dailies will give whole pages to a robbery in which some silly woman's jewels have been taken from her hotel; and they will keep it up for weeks at a time.

The greatest examples we have of ideal reporting of wrongdoing are in the New Testament, and they are ideal because they do not attempt to report improper detail.

V

The *Capital*, being a morning paper, had a regular Sunday edition, and, owing to the fact that Sunday papers were then and are yet repugnant to me, it was at first something of a problem to know how we were going to give our subscribers a week's issues. But with the combined and willing coöperation of everyone on the paper, and with enormous loss of sleep and meals, we issued a Saturday afternoon edition in place of the Sunday paper. This edition was off the press at eleven-fifteen Saturday morning, in spite of the fact that the Saturday morning issue did

not come off the press until 2.30 A.M. One aid in the overcoming of what seemed superhuman difficulties for a newspaper which possessed every handicap in the way of imperfect equipment and ridiculously cramped physical quarters was the fact that most of the matter for the Saturday afternoon edition had been set up in advance, as the entire edition was made up of extracts from the Bible and articles about the Bible. There was not one line of local or national or world-news in the Saturday afternoon *Capital*.

The main heading of this edition was 'The Bible: The Basis of Our Christian Civilization.' The leading sentences at the head of the first column were from Daniel Webster's Epitaph, written by himself and copied from his tomb at Marshfield, Massachusetts: —

Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief. Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has assured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. The whole history of man proves it.

Immediately following this came the Sermon on the Mount, printed from the revised version, entire. It occupied less than two columns. The remainder of the paper, which was the regular eight-page form, was filled, outside the advertising space, with Bible quotations and Bible teaching. Some of the topics were: Usury; The Sabbath; Money and Riches; Marriage; Evil of Drink; War; The Future; The Love Chapter.

There was a history of the Bible contributed by the American Bible Society. The *Christian Herald's* advertisement in this Saturday afternoon issue was given up entirely to featuring a red-letter Bible. I think it may safely be said that after recovering from the shock caused by getting a paper without any news in it many of the subscribers read for the first time, perhaps, the whole of the Sermon on the Mount, and it may have been news to some of them.

In an editorial printed on the front page I took occasion to preach a little sermon on the value of Sunday as a day of rest and worship. I also said to the subscribers, 'There has been no Sunday work on this paper. The press and mailing work stopped before midnight. The carriers have been instructed to deliver their papers in time to reach home themselves before Sunday. There will be no papers sold or delivered on Sunday with the approval of the editor. May God bless the Press of the world to the glory of His kingdom on earth.'

VI

Years afterward, during the campaign of the Flying Squadron, — an organized body of Prohibitionists under the leadership of Governor Hanly of Indiana, touring the United States in the interests of national Prohibition, — it was my privilege as a member of the company to speak in every state, and in every capital of every state, of the Union. We were in 247 towns and cities in 243 days, and I think there was hardly a place in which someone did not come up after a meeting and say, 'We took the *Capital* the week you had charge of it.' On a few occasions, so few that I do not recall even the states in which they occurred, someone would say, 'I subscribed for your paper but never got it.' Then I would have to feel for a quarter of a dollar, and promise to send a copy when I got home if I could find one. But considering the fact that subscrip-

tions were sent in from all over the world, accompanied often with penmanship of the sort that makes editors feel around for the waste-paper basket, it is surprising that so few complaints came in to the *Capital* office after the week was over.

Payment of subscriptions was made in every conceivable shape, stamps, money orders, bills, silver coin. German marks and French francs probably made their first appearance in Topeka that week. Seven thousand dollars' worth of stamps was received, hundreds of dollars' worth from foreign countries, and it was months before these could be cashed, as the banks and business houses had to handle them through their correspondents.

People sent the silver quarters glued and fastened in various ways to paper. We had to soak the paper off by throwing the coins into tubs of water. One night one of these tubs, owing to the fact that every place for locking up money after banking hours had been used, was shoved under a counter in the office room. The Negro janitor stumbled upon it, and in dismay he ran in to the press foreman shouting, 'Bob, all the money in the world is in a washtub under the front counter!'

One hundred and thirty-five tons of paper and six barrels of ink were used to print the issues. The cost of these two items was $60,000. Ninety thousand dollars were received in subscriptions, and over a hundred persons were employed in the office and pressroom.

In the opening editorial of March 13, I said I would receive no financial compensation, but that a share of the profits, if there were any, would be given to some benevolent work. At the end of the week $5000 was deposited in the bank to my order. One thousand was sent to the India Famine Fund; one thousand was used to build a hospital room for the county jail; one thousand was given to Washburn College, and the balance to the Young Men's Christian Association and the Orphans' Home.

During the week I averaged about three hours' sleep a day. I had a room at a hotel and went home only once. If I had to do it again, I should not change in any radical way the main plan of the paper. It remains to be seen whether what was only an experiment may sometime become a fact. I think it is safe to say that in my correspondence for weeks after the *Capital* week I had hundreds of letters asking if a paper along the same line could not be established. No one, however, came forward with the millions necessary to establish it. And a Christian daily, like any other, would have to be endowed or financed with a large amount. But the kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

VII

In looking over the press notices which commented on the paper, I find that the most frequent criticism, made oftener by ministers than by anyone else, was the severe objection to the thought of Jesus' taking any part in such a prosaic and material thing as a daily paper. The terms 'blasphemous,' 'sacrilegious,' 'irreverent,' are used to describe what the critics called an irreligious attempt to think of Jesus as participating in any of the common everyday things that mere human beings have to do for a living.

This thought of Jesus in history is so strange to me that I cannot let this criticism of an attempt to imitate Him in the work of journalism pass without comment. The entire concept of Christianity, to my mind, is stripped of its tremendous meaning if we do not think of Jesus as more vitally interested in the common doings of men

than any other being who ever lived. If Jesus could not take part in the publishing of a daily paper, then He could not direct any other energy that we have to use in order to make a living.

Scores of ministers said in these criticisms that Jesus would never do anything but preach. They seem to forget that the greater part of His life was spent in a carpenter's shop, and that the tables and benches and common wooden things in many a home in Nazareth were no doubt made by His hands. To place the Redeemer of the world in a position which removes Him from the everyday life of mankind is a monstrous perversion of all our right ideas of Him. The vast majority of mankind are not preachers and teachers, but working men and women, toiling over some task that has to do with material things, with common earthly things, like the production of food and the preparation of it for the table. To say that it is sacrilege to think of Jesus as engaged in any form of honest work is so contrary to His own teaching and life that I cannot understand how any minister of the Gospel ever arrived at that conclusion.

I am inclined to think that the whole false definition of Jesus goes back to the whole false conception of a Divine Being. It takes centuries to clear the human mind of the false idea of a God who sits on a throne and does nothing but meditate on the awful sins of the human beings whom He has made. But the thought of a God who walks with men on the earth, who eats with them and goes out fishing with them in the little boat, and takes His turn with them at the oar, as no doubt Jesus often did, who even goes so far as to provide a meal for a number of tired fishermen with His own hands and to do it after He is a risen and eternal spirit — that thought is so great to me that the idea of Jesus publishing a necessary daily paper is not only not 'sacrilegious' or 'irreverent,' but any other thought of Him is absolutely contrary to His purpose in coming into the world.

We have no such thing as Christianity unless we have a definition of it in terms of abundant life, as wide as man's activity, and as sacred as the everyday toil of the hands of Him who was nailed on a cross because He angered the Pharisees by letting His disciples satisfy their hunger as they walked through the wheat fields of Palestine one Sabbath morning two thousand years ago.

THE TWIN WIVES

BY E. BARRINGTON

I

(BEING portions of letters from the Lady Emilia Boscawen in London to my Lady Armour in Scotland in the year 1788 and onward. The Walpole letters are authentic.)

Lord, child, you are as greedy for the news as if I had no business in life but to supply you! But let me tell you, you are very far in the wrong, for a woman of fashion in London, even if she be on the dark side of forty, has but little time for her pen. Were it the tongue now, and were you here, the little machine would vibrate at the rate of a thousand to the minute, but my hand was never so lively as my tongue. And why would you betake yourself to the savagery of Scotland if you must needs know the latest rattle of London? Or rather, if you must needs employ a newsmonger, why would you not engage the services of Mr Horry Walpole? *There* is the model of epistolary fidelity! When last your idle aunt spoke with him, says he, 'Mine has been a life of letter-writing.' 'T is his pride and recreation and my Lady Ossory tells me credibly that when he has rummaged up a choice scandal — and God knows we can't complain of their scarcity — he will not come near her, though but in the next street, that he may have the felicity to give it some exquisite quirk with his pen and so stuff out a budget of letters. Says I to him lately, 'You will go down to posterity, Mr Walpole, as the Polite Letter Writer of all time.'

'Lord, Madam, no,' says he. 'That estate is already freehold to my Lord Chesterfield. Mine are but an idle tissue of news and laughter and — yes, let me own it since I am pilloried for it — a touch of cynicism. But a touch — sufficient of cayenne to give the broiled bones a zest.'

'The bones, I fear, of many of your friends and you, the ogre, crunching them! Suppose these letters published fifty years hence — Lord, what a twitter will all the world be in for their grandmothers' reputations! Fortunate indeed are you that live in a Gothic castle and not a glass house, for the fusillade from Strawberry will certainly be returned with interest.'

'My life is open to the world, Madam,' says he with his fine smile, 'and has been for the last century, for I am now seventy-one. What took place in my cradle must be charged on my excellent father, Sir Robert Walpole (to call him by the name I love best). Since then I have been a circumspect bachelor. But I believe I was a bachelor in my cradle itself. I have always adored your charming sex, but at so safe a distance that I need not dread the answering volley of which your Ladyship speaks.'

'T is seldom indeed a man knows himself so well as this. A born old bachelor, full of cranks and little nicket-nackets, unlike any other man I ever knew. No, there I lie. He is as

like his father as two peas from the same pod.

'Lord,' says you, 'is my venerable aunt gone mad? Horace Walpole like the coarse, swearing, drinking, debauched Sir Robert?' No, my Caroline, betwixt Horry and Sir Robert is not as much likeness as between your Italian greyhound and a great baboon, could such be supposed with a brain. No sensible person could credit that he sprang from such a stock unless they believed all women's virtue impregnable. But I knew his father.

'Mercy, Madam!' says you, 'sure you dote!'

Irreverent chit! don't you remember how my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu once divided the world into men, women, and Herveys? That lady knew her world and was, like Cæsar's wife, all things to all men. And she knew Carr, Lord Hervey, and so did I. Let me draw his picture.

Quick-witted, fastidious, delicate in speech and person, despite the prevailing grossness, nice in his women as in eating and drinking, a past master in court diplomacy, though affecting to despise it. Nimble in retort, with the clean thrust of a rapier, faithful to a few friends, yet holding them ever under the enlarging glass of a wit that sees their weaknesses with the half contempt and half tolerance of the true cynic. Of whom is this the portrait, Caroline? Of Horry. And of Carr. No, he is neither man nor woman. My Lady Sharp-Tongue was perfectly in the right. He is Hervey.

Do I ever see him enter a room, hat under his arm, lavender suit, waistcoat worked sparingly but elegantly with silver, partridge-silk stockings, lean, almost diaphanous, mincing along as though walking in wet grass, but I see his father. Well, what 's the odds? He is much the better man for the admixture.

'But,' says you, 'Aunt Emilia, what 's all this the prelude to? Is there a new Walpole scandal afoot?' No, child, but a miracle. Horry is fallen in love. At the age of seventy-one. Lord preserve us! Who is safe? As to marriage — but yourself shall judge, and if you will put your money on the hazard with my Lord and Lady Ossory you may have your new birthday-suit for nothing. I have most of the story from her and from my dear Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

'T was at my Lady Herries's house he met the *charmers*. Note the plural, my Caroline. No money, passable good looks, mere nobodies from nowhere, but my Lord Herries's banking business makes him civil to all the odd-come-shorts that we don't hear of otherwise. A father and two daughters, name Berry. My Lady says the girls looked well enough on the occasion; the elder, Mary, in a plain rose-color silk fastened down the front with bows in the French taste, and paste clasps, ruffles, and good arms. A pleasing young madam enough, but no more. Agnes, the younger, in lilac satin. The rooms crowded, for our Walpole Duchess, her Royal Highness of Gloucester, was to be present, attended by her uncle, Mr Walpole. The Duke is nowhere seen with her now, all his attentions being given to her lady-in-waiting, my Lady Almeria Carpenter. My Lady says she looked uncommon well in a dress of deep damask brocade, her bosom, and even her fan, a-glitter with diamonds. If beauty could hold a man — but when did it ever? Novelty is the only wear with them and 't is her infrequent coquetries with earthly lovers and the certainty of rivals that gives Madam Venus her reputation.

Following our Duchess-niece comes Horry, with his cool glance which comprehends the whole party in a general indifference. The Berrys were in the

window, all eyes for the Duchess, and says my Lady Herries, 'Pray, Mr Walpole, may n't I have the pleasure to present you to the Miss Berrys?'

'Miss Berrys, Madam? Who are they?'

'Two young ladies, considered agreeable. The father, Lord knows who. Their uncle, Mr. Ferguson of Scotland, vastly rich but not on terms with them. The young women have attainments which have drawn some notice on them.'

'And what are their attainments?' asks he, delicately stifling a yawn.

'Travelers, I believe. I know no more. Will your Royal Highness sit?'

'Are they the two young persons in the window?' asks the Duchess, willing to be polite from royal heights. 'Pleasant faces, but surely not beauties.'

'O Madam, your Royal Highness judges exactly. Pleasant. Easy and well-mannered. The father — nothing.'

'Why, Madam, I won't trespass on your good nature,' says Mr Walpole. 'I grow too old for new acquaintance. — Madam, shall I fetch your Royal Highness a chair?'

'T is my Lady Herries's belief that Miss Berry overheard this byplay and took her measures accordingly, for the next time they met Mr Walpole 't was at my Lady Aylesbury's. The Duchess was at the end of the informally arranged chairs and settees, and Mr Walpole at hand, and the Miss Berrys placed themselves behind, modestly enough, but strategically, as Harry Conway describes it.

Horry looked up from his talk with my Lady Aylesbury and caught the eye of Miss Mary. His own glittered youthfully amid his wrinkles, and my dear Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who makes herself a sponsor for these young women, made the introduction, thus putting it out of his power to refuse. 'T was at that moment I myself entered and made my reverence. He bowed and resumed his talk with my Lady. It was of Italy, which he had honored with his youthful presence, and he spoke of Venice but could not for the life of him recall the name of some Byzantine church which he described as monstrous ugly and far inferior to the French Gothic.

'Pooh, pooh!' says he, 'my memory 's going. Forgive an old relique, Madam, for I 'm as Gothic and antique as the cathedrals themselves.'

'Could it be Torcello you refer to, sir?' says Miss Mary, putting in her modest word. 'We were there when in Venice.'

'Madam, I thank you vastly. Torcello it is. And I trust your taste was never misled into admiration of its cold rigidity.'

The lady was all warmth.

'O, sir, what person could admire? We, in particular, who have had the advantage to see Chartres and Amiens, could but view it with distaste.'

He made a remark in Italian, complimenting her discernment. You know, Caroline, how he prides himself on his faded old Italian; and the seductress responded, all smiles. He turned his chair about and regarded her quizzically.

'You are a very accomplished young woman, Madam. I might have spoken thus to every lady in the room and had but a blush in answer.'

'Sir, it can be no credit to me. My father took us to that lovely country and we must have been deaf and dumb had we not acquired the language. But I own a gentleman addressed me in it the other night, and I failed to understand him — his accent!'

'And mine? Sure I have forgot it all.'

'Yours, sir, time cannot change. 'T is the purest Florentine.'

She then made as though she would have delicately withdrawn from the

conversation, but Horry was in full sail by now. He discovered that they had met his old friend, Sir Horace Mann, in Florence. He drew me into the talk, he sparkled, he quoted Metastasio — whom I never could abide! — he related fusty old stories of bygone Italian celebrities, and Mary, who now introduced Agnes into the conversation, listened charmingly. Indeed, 't is no penance to listen to Mr Walpole. He has the happy turn, the light phrase, the apt quotation. I would not call his talk witty or laughable, but 't is of the highest breeding and sparkles like the foam on champagne which crisps a moment and is gone. He loves success also, and though he is forever alluding to his age, triumphs in making others forget it. 'T was as good as a play to watch the scene, which indeed resembled a duel between two skillful fencers, Miss Mary playing him off to perfection. He next adventured himself into French and there indeed he was at home, delighted with himself and his anecdotes of the delightful and wicked persons who had been his intimates in Paris. The two young women listened and, when my Lord Northam would have engaged their attention, repulsed him with a grace and decision which fanned Mr Walpole's flame to the highest.

'Mesdames, you flatter me beyond what human nature can bear unspoilt. For the moment I forget that I am six months older than Methuselah and consider myself the successful rival of an elegant like my Lord Northam,' says he, bowing to kill. Before the evening was over I heard the sisters invited to visit the beauties of Strawberry with their father, and Mr Walpole went so far as to hope the residence Mr Berry was seeking might be found in the neighborhood of Twickenham. 'T was then I admired Miss Berry's discretion.

'I fear, sir,' says she, very seriously, 'that rumor, which is generally malicious, has forborne on this occasion to inform you what very small persons we are in the world. A large fortune which was justly my father's has gone to another branch of the family and we have nothing but gratitude to offer those who distinguish us.' Was 't not clever, Caroline? He was amazingly eager in his reply.

'My dear young lady, innocence and charm do not need to pay their way with diamonds, which indeed are no brighter than your eyes, or clearer than the music which falls from your tongue. I prefer such gems to the quarried species. You overpay by your intellect and charm those who have the happiness to meet you.'

Lord, was ever such a thing known! Horry, to a chit in her twenties! She 's no ordinary woman for certain. She made a most agreeable curtsy, her dark eyes sparkling, and Mr Walpole, going up to her Royal Highness, spoke with her in a low voice, and returning, took Miss Berry by the hand and presented her, and afterward Miss Agnes, both being well received and a polite remark addressed to either.

Since the Duchess, whose royal marriage has produced more rank than riches, does not smile on any attractive acquaintances of her uncle, they had the more reason to be gratified, if it were not that she did not overhear the talk and could but judge them very ordinary young persons.

Lord, my dear! — he was caught, and in a very pretty net. But the post stays for me and I must withhold my pen. Of Horry, all I say is, *il n'a pas perdu l'ancienne habitude d'être jeune.* But does any of that sex where ours is concerned? The man's desire is always for the woman, but ours for the desire of the man, which means in this case — what does it mean, Caroline? A

prospective coronet, Strawberry, a comfortable jointure on the Orford estates, the best-bred man in Europe, and much more. Farewell. I have written the outside of enough, but you shall hear all. My compliments to your Lord.

II

Later.

The plot thickens, my Caroline. Were you here you would find the town a-tiptoe. I have been of a visit to my Lady Ossory at Farming Woods, and here you have the gleanings. Horry had been dumb for longer than usual, and in comes this letter as we sat together.

STRAWBERRY HILL, *October* 1788

Well, Madam, if I have picked up no recent anecdotes I have made a much more precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry who have accidentally taken a house here with their father for the season. Mr Berry has carried his daughters to France and Italy and they are returned the best-informed and most perfect creatures I have ever seen at their age. Nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation. The eldest understands Latin and is a perfect French-woman. The younger draws charmingly. They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale. Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary and seems, out of deference to her sister, to speak seldomer, for they dote on each other and Mary is always praising her sister's talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm their persons. In short, good sense, information, simplicity, and ease characterize the Berrys. The first night I met them I would n't be acquainted with them. The second time, in a very small company I sat next to Mary and found her an angel both inside and out. This delightful family comes to me every Sunday evening, as our region is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day. If your Ladyship insists on hearing the humors of my district you must for once indulge me with sending you two pearls I have found in my path.

'Heavens!' says Lady Ossory, receiving this letter where we sat in the library. 'Pearls! Angels! My word! This is pretty well for Mr Walpole whose company has not been seraphic hitherto. My Lord, do you hear this?'

Lord Ossory listened while it was read out and received it with all the astonishment his lady desired. Presently he philosophized, 'If a man is a cynic all his days and keeps the sentimentalities at arm's length, so much the greater is his fall in his later years. And Horry inherits romance from his father.'

'Not from the red-faced foul-mouthed Sir Robert,' interrupts her Ladyship.

'He inherits but his name from him, my Lady, as you know well. You 'll see now! I wager you fifty guineas that the old worldling puts his coronet, that 's coming, at the angel's feet within a year. Are you agreeable?'

'He had sooner face the Day of Judgment!' says I. He twinkled.

''T is the Day of No Judgment I dread for the gentleman,' says he. 'It overtakes most of us at seventy, whatever the other may do.'

'Well, I 'll take your wager,' cries my Lady, 'though, if I know women, especially the sort that travels with an accommodating father that 's seen and not heard, and knows the world from Venice to London via Paris, that house at Twickenham 's no accident nor Horry's sitting by her neither. But I have faith in his wits and think he 'll enjoy the company and escape the noose, as he has done all his life. I 'll risk fifty guineas on Horry.'

'Done!' My Lord rattled the guineas in his pocket. 'You rally him on his conquest of the twin beauties, my Lady. Tell him 't is most unbecoming his years to make a double attack, and then we shall hear all. Don't tease him immoderately, however.'

She rallied Mr Walpole. She penned the following verses with my help — sufficiently bad for two Muses of quality!

> When Mr Walpole deigns to praise
> And serenade a casement,
> Then we who know his loveless days
> Are smit with deep amazement.
> For if *his* icy heart grows warm,
> The nymphs to whom 't is given
> Must surely take the world by storm
> And later, conquer heaven.

He received this with the delight of a cat whose ears are tickled, and it produced the following — more cautious, observe!

It stands upon me, Madam, to hurry my answer when I have to thank you for your very pretty and flattering verses. Little did I think my two Straw Berries would prove Muses at Farming Woods. I sent your Ladyship an account of them from absolute dearth of subjects, and when I had done so I repented and thought you would laugh at me in your mind's mouth for troubling you with an idle description of two girls with whom I happened to get acquainted.

'My wager 's as good as won!' cried my Lord Ossory. 'Horry is frightened at himself. See the elegant reserve we now display! Madam, you shall dance at his wedding directly the coronet is on his brow, and you know the present Lord Orford weakens daily.'

'I confess that "idle description of two girls" alarms me,' Madam replies, unfolding the letter once more. 'There 's something to hide. I wish I could spy into Miss Mary's heart, however. She 's the one. The other 's but a little decoy duck for us all. 'T is the Elderberry I dread.'

They wanted me to join in the wager, but I knew better. I confess 't is my aim to behold the comedy from the wings and I knew how this could be done, though I did not tell my Lady, who is one of the most charming gossips who ever gathered and swelled the town talk. When I returned to town I went off to my Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who is a friend of the Berry bosom and of my own, and there expanded in praise of these charming young women.

'The town says they pursue Mr Walpole,' says I, virtuously indignant, 'but it little knows either Mr Walpole or the Miss Berrys. There is a something much beyond the common in them. I was sensible of it from the first.'

'Lord, Madam, who values the town talk!' says she, tossing her head. 'Pursue — indeed! Mr Walpole can't exist without their society. Strawberry Hill is their second home, so frequent are his invitations. Their coming is a favor most eagerly sought, and the days when they decline are struck out of his calendar.'

'But which is the attraction?' I asked gently. 'They are both such pretty-behaved young women.'

'Lord, my dear, who 's to tell? "How happy could I be with either," but in his case 't is *both*. Miss Berry sent me yesterday a letter of his. See if you can decipher anything from it. I declare, I could wish to know.'

She laid it in my hand. Here is a part, Caroline. What think you?

I am afraid of protesting how much I delight in your society, lest I should seem to affect being gallant. But if two negatives make an affirmative, why may not two ridicules compose one piece of sense? And therefore, as I am in love with you both, I trust it is a proof of the good sense of your devoted H. WALPOLE.

'The Grand Bashaw to perfection,' says I. She shook her head.

'I verily believe he *is* in love with them both. 'T is astonishing how foolish old men may be. Look at this other letter. I declare I know not how to advise Miss Berry. 'T would be a most desirable settlement for either. I love them excessively and hope with all my heart it may be so.'

The second ran in part as follows: —

I have received most kind letters from you both — too kind, for you talk of gratitude. Mercy on me! Which is the obliged and which is the gainer? Two charming beings whom everyone likes and approves, and who yet can be pleased with the conversation and old stories of a Methuselah, or I, who at the end of my days have fallen into more agreeable society than ever I knew at any period of my life? It is the extreme quality of my friendship for you both that makes me jealous if I do not receive equal tokens of friendship from both. Either of you shall write when she pleases, while my letters are inseparably meant for both.

Her Ladyship regarded me with an anxious eye while I read, trying my best for gravity.

'The word "both" occurs very often,' says I. 'If one could imagine that it were a precaution — ' I saw immediately this would not do with so ardent a partisan, and hastily added, 'But no, he is bewildered like the donkey between the bundles of hay, if your Ladyship will pardon a homely illustration. What think you of a little salutary absence, to give him time to consider?'

She jumped at this.

'Bless me, Lady Emilia — no one knows the world like you, and my dear Berrys are such innocents that they think of nothing. I 'll write without loss of time. Pray speak of this to no one. A breath would be fatal.'

She could not include Scotland in this prohibition, so I won't disappoint my Caroline. For my part, I think Mr Walpole shows as consummate cleverness as in his youngest days, for he finessed from the cradle. 'T will be a game worth watching. He shelters himself behind each when the other believes she has fixed him, and flirts from petticoat to petticoat with a most surprising agility, enjoying their company in perfect safety. Congreve never wrote a more brilliant comedy. You ask if he will not resent the gossip? Lord, child, when did Mr Walpole ever mind the world's opinion? He were no Hervey if that troubled him.

But I must betake me to my beauty sleep. You young things can afford to burn eyelight for nothing, but a Helen of fifty has to consider the feelings of her elderly Paris. The older they grow, the more critical! Why do women trouble about them? I know not, unless it be that they find no room for their qualities in an easy life. Good night.

III

Later.

Mr. Walpole's passion grows apace. He has christened the ladies his Twin Wives, and calls himself 'Fondlewife' from the husband in the old comedy. Indeed, plenty of others call him the same, and he knows it. My Lady Ossory permits me to transcribe this passage for my Caroline from his last effusion to her, received when I visited Farming Woods last week.

As to my wives; Miss Agnes has a finesse in her eyes and countenance which does not propose itself to you but is very engaging on observation, and has often made herself preferred to her sister, who has the most exactly fine features and only wants color to make her face as perfect as her graceful person. In short, they are extraordinary beings and I am proud of my partiality for them, and since the ridicule can only fall on me, I care not a straw for

its being said I am in love with them — people shall choose which; it is as much with both as either, and I am infinitely too old to regard the *qu'en dit on.*

'All very fine,' says I, 'but Mr Walpole knows perfectly well that the Strawberries are ridiculed and wagered on at all the clubs and colleges of scandal. Yet I forgive him for his skill, which is little short of dazzling.'

'For the first time I am alarmed for my wager,' says my Lord Ossory. 'O, the old Iniquity! See how he shelters himself behind a brace of petticoats. One had ruined him. Two are an impregnable defense.'

'Lord, don't I know Mr Walpole?' responds my Lady, beautiful in her negligee and floating blue ribbons. (She wears excellently well, Caroline.) 'He 's as safe as a Lord Abbot. The town is talking like the clapper of a bell, and I am told the Duchess of Gloucester is frantic at the siege laid to her uncle's heart and purse. You know her impetuosity.'

'Well, it must be allowed annoying for the family, who have never entertained a fear of losing their interest, to have the Hermit of Strawberry kicking up his heels after this fashion in his seventies. But I don't give up my wager, my Lady. Rat me, if I do.'

Poor man, 't is as good as lost! I saw Lady Charlotte a few days later, and a letter in her hand that I declare should be handed down to posterity for an example of how to look a difficulty boldly in the face — and pass on! Here is a passage: —

I passed so many evenings of last fortnight with you that I almost preferred it to our two honeymoons. If you both felt as I do, we might surpass any event in the annals of Dunmow. O, what a prodigy it would be if a husband and *two* wives should present themselves and demand the flitch of bacon, on swearing that not one of the three in a year and a day wished to be unmarried! Were there but one of you, I should be ashamed of being so strongly attached at my age; being in love with you both, I glory in my passion and think it a proof of my sense.

Bless my heart, did ever a man so claim the privileges of dotage with the astuteness of Machiavelli? 'Both.' Sure that word should for the future be written in letters of gold in every lover's maxims. Is it possible, my Caroline, for our sex to use it also? I ponder this question daily and find no answer.

No one is better aware than Miss Berry that the town is watching breathless — so I hear from Lady Charlotte. No doubt she feels some strong measure is necessary. For my part, were it me, I would flee to the ends of the earth and let the gentleman wear the willow. Sure neither Mr Walpole's dotage nor anecdotage can repay the Elderberry for the annoyance. I would take nothing short of the coronet in satisfaction, and that on his knees!

IV

Later.

I hear from my Lady Charlotte that Mr Berry, the silent, the invaluable, has been informed that his daughters' health requires another trip to Italy the beautiful. In vain did he plead his love of Twickenham, his happy jaunts to London. In vain did he point to the distracted state of the Continent, due to the frightful excesses committing in France in the name of Liberty. He could get no hearing. The Elderberry was calmly resolute, and Agnes seconded her, and then Mr Berry did as always — he surrendered.

I hear that Mr Walpole, happily engaged in writing his Memoirs for the instruction of his wives, laid down his pen, forgot the delicious scandals he was reviving, and plunged into frenzy.

Had they indeed been his wives, he could not feel himself more cruelly deserted. The sweet caressing intercourse which still convinced him of his power to please — all over! Lady Charlotte declares that he wrote with passion, yet a prudent passion, still on its guard, which shed its rays over both ladies, and naturally could not move them to mercy. He saw them depart, and then indeed his anger broke loose and he wrote thus (I could not copy all, but this will suffice you as a specimen): —

I am forced for my own peace of mind to beseech you not to continue a manœuvre that only tantalizes and wounds me. In your last you put together many friendly words to give me hope of your return, but can I be so blind as not to see that they are vague words? Did you mean to return in the autumn, would you not say so? Would the most artful arrangement of words be so kind as those few simple ones? In fact, I have for some time seen how little you mean it and for your sakes I cease to desire it. My dearest Madam, I allow all my folly and unreasonableness and give them up totally. I have most impertinently and absurdly tried for my own sake to exact from two young ladies, above forty years younger than myself, a promise of sacrificing their rooted inclinations to my whims and satisfactions. I have no right to inquire into your plans, views, or designs and never will question you more about them. But my eyes are opened, my reason is restored. I condemn myself. I implore you not to try to help me to delude myself any more. I am too weak to stand disappointment now. I cannot be disappointed. Derange none of your plans for me. Two posts ago I hinted that I was weaning myself from the anxiety of an attachment to two persons that must have been so uneasy to them and has ended so sorrowfully to myself.

Lord, Caroline, do we ever drop our toys from the cradle to the grave? Here 's an ado about what he might have for the taking, would he but pay the price, but he haggles as he might over a picture by Canaletto to add to his museum. Let me versify: —

> He that wants and will not pay,
> When he will he should have nay.

But I think not here, for I am told a merciful answer followed upon this outbreak, Mr Berry, the silent, giving it as his opinion that Mr Walpole was seriously annoyed and that unless they returned in the autumn they might save themselves the trouble of returning at all.

'But don't consult me in the matter. Don't consider me,' he added. 'I was torn away from the Cocoa-tree and am as well here as anywhere. Please yourselves.'

You have heard of course, child, that Lord Orford is dead, and much better so, and that Horry is now Earl in his stead. Also much better so, and it fastens the attention of the town still more on the drama. That he, the victor of a thousand battles, should, at seventy-odd, have fallen under the spell of two young women of no pretensions. He, who has coquetted with princesses and ladies of a wit more glittering than diamonds, whose epigrams are quoted over the civilized world, who has — but why enumerate?

The prodigal wives are returning, and the town is preparing with ardor to see my Lord Orford slay the fatted calf in their honor. The only question now is, which nymph will receive the cold shoulder. My Lady Ossory sent to bid me come to her to discuss the situation.

'The twin wives are on the return,' says she. 'Just as a chef flavors his sauce to the point of perfection, so the Miss Berrys whet the appetite by withdrawing and, when Horry can bear no more without a fatal resentment, relent. The Elderberry deserves to be a Countess. She has all the finesse to

make a distinguished figure at court.'

'My dear, are you not a little malicious?' says my Lord. 'It appears to me that all the pursuit is on Horry's side. He has fretted himself near into the grave since he lost his two ribs, as he calls them.'

My Lady surveyed him with pity and a gentle disdain.

'Lord bless the man! — he will still be talking. Don't I know how the Elderberry's mind worked? Thinks she: "He 's like a man balancing on a pole. He can't himself tell which side he 'll fall. Now, separation, a few letters, and he 'll soon know which handwriting makes his heart flutter. And when 't is known is the time for reunion."'

'Why, my Lady, to hear you one would say not only the Elderberry but all womankind was artifice and nothing else.'

'Not by any manner of means,' I put in my word. 'The Elderberry may be and no doubt is a good enough young woman. Why should n't any woman like Horry, and what is it against her if she likes a coronet too and a jointure? Is a woman brought up on beef not to like venison, or to be wicked because she sees on which side her bread is buttered?'

'Very true,' says my Lady, completing the petal of a rose in her embroidery and laughing to herself. 'Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper, and so must every portionless young woman. But these two have met their match. He 'll marry neither.'

'He will, I swear,' Lord Ossory cried with heat. 'Look at him arranging Little Strawberry Hill, or Cliveden, or whatever he calls it, for their residence, that he may have them by him when they return!'

'Now I 'll tell you exactly what he *will* do,' says my Lady. 'He 'll enjoy their company to the last moment, and he 'll leave them that house for a recompense. I own I shall be very much ashamed of my Lord Orford if he leaves them not also a few thousands in his will, though I wager it won't be many. Even that will set the Duchess of Gloucester fuming. She has marked every shilling for her own chickens by her first marriage.'

My Lord was too angry to answer. He tossed out of the room, leaving us laughing.

Sure the town should allow poor Horry a little peace now, that has played for it so cleverly!

V

Later.

Indeed, my Caroline, I fully share your view of the matter. If Horry wishes to make a zany of himself, what is it to any one else? But, my dear, give me leave to say that, just as you entreat me in every letter to omit no detail of the comedy, so it is with all here.

No one means any harm, but all wish to know, and not to know is to be out of the fashion. 'T is my usual luck when a scandal is afoot to hear from the fountainhead, and what with my Lady Charlotte and my Lady Ossory, I am well informed and will inform you, expecting in return the particulars of Miss Colquhoun's elopement with her brother's groom, which is much spoke of here though no one has authentic news as yet.

Well, my dear. The Twin Wives returned. Little Strawberry was prepared for them with anxious care, and all was well, when — the simmering talk boiled over into the newspaper, and some unknown scribbler permitted himself to comment on the arrangement. Miss Berry was indignant, and, as I think, justly. Lord Orford is a man of fashion, and what is to become of

society if our doings are to be at the mercy of these miserable hirelings? 'T is an outrage to be punished with the pillory. He was all but distracted with annoyance at her indignation, and replied thus: —

I see you are too proud to be obliged to me, though you see that my greatest and the only pleasure I have left is to make you and your sister a little happier if I can, and now, when it is a little more in my power, you cross me in trifles even. Will you punish me because a low anonymous scribbler takes a liberty with your name? I cannot help repeating that you have hurt me.

But the Wives were even more hurt, and there again I think with some reason, however they used it, for sure he could make all right by marriage, and what signifies it to him whether he dies married or a spinster, for the end must come soon.

I understand the Elderberry wrote, 'Would to God we had remained abroad, where we might still have enjoyed as much of your friendship as ignorance and impertinence seem likely to allow us here.'

Would you not think, Caroline, that this might have melted even a Hervey-hearted Earl? But no. This was a part of the reply. My Lady Charlotte wept over it: —

My dearest Angel, if my most pure affection has brought mortification and grief on you I shall be the most miserable of men. You know I scarce wish to live but to carry you to Cliveden. Is all your felicity to be in the power of a newspaper? For your own sake, for poor injured mine, combat such extravagant delicacy.

How could you say you wish you had not returned?

And so it was settled. Mark how Horry gets his own way in everything, as he ever has done and will. Would that he could bequeath me his methods! I had sooner possess them than ten thousand guineas, and they would be worth the double of it.

Still, even then he was not to enjoy the society of his wives in peace. I have every word of what follows from the fountainhead. Our Royal Duchess announced her Royal Highness's intention of honoring her uncle with a visit. It may be that he quaked a little in his gouty slippers on hearing this gracious motion, but Lord Orford's manner was Duchess-proof from the usage of a lifetime, whatever his inner reflections might be.

She arrived and was seated in the drawing-room and he could not augur well from the circumstance that she came entirely alone. The talk at first ranged over the family ill-healths and consumed a considerable time, for the Walpole tree had many branches and twiglets, but when Lord Orford was perfectly informed on these heads the Duchess passed to more immediate topics.

'I think it is your due and my duty, Sir, to inform you that talk is — I can only describe it as *raging* through the town on the subject of the Miss Berrys and your condescension to them.'

'Indeed, Madam,' says Horry, adjusting his frill and flicking a speck of dust from his knee with a faultless handkerchief. 'I am under many obligations to your Royal Highness and this will not be the least. What is said of my condescensions?'

'Much that is beneath your notice and mine. I have every wish to do the young persons justice and believe them to be in every respect well-conducted and sensible.'

'You do them no more than justice, Madam. They are eminently well-conducted.' The ghost of a smile seventy years old just brushed Lord Orford's lips.

'But,' pursued her Royal Highness with increasing warmth, 'when such

motives are attributed as — I really shrink from pronouncing the word — *marriage* — what am I to say? For wholly unfit and impossible as such a notion may be, are you not yourself a little unguarded, Sir, in alluding to these ladies as your Twin Wives, and in settling them at Little Strawberry Hill and —'

Again the ghost of a smile. 'You will at least allow, Madam, that it is impossible I can harbor the intention of marrying both the ladies. The town is always prone to exaggeration.'

The Duchess's very feathers shook like the plumes of a war horse.

'True, Sir. But though all your family rejoices in your extraordinary juvenility of mind —'

For the first time in his life Lord Orford interrupted a royal personage.

'Your Royal Highness fears that my juvenility extends so far as into second childhood. Alas, Madam, what have I ever done to deserve such a suspicion? What signifies the record of a lifetime if I am to be thus suspected of intended bigamy at the end of it? I, who have been as heedful as Cæsar's wife — the associate of Mrs Hannah More, the celibate, the —'

The Duchess interrupted in her turn.

'Sir, you are pleased to be humorous. But I must take leave to say that it would be only a degree less painful if a marriage so far beneath the family pretensions were to take place with either of these ladies. Were they as they may be —'

'And are!' interjects his Lordship, subsiding again into silence.

She gathered up the phrase and swept on.

'And are. Still, a difference of nearly fifty years, a want of fortune, of family, of — of *everything*, must be felt an objection, and it is but proper you should know, Sir, that this objection is strongly, deeply, painfully felt.'

'Madam, I flatter myself that my drafts either on the family opinion or its assistance have been of the slightest, and that the creditor's account stands rather the other way. But may we clear up this matter? Does your Royal Highness now forbid me any intercourse whatever with the Berry family?'

'Sir, I forbid you nothing,' says the Duchess, flushed very highly. 'I believe I know the duty of a niece, even in my situation, better than that. But it is well known to be advisable that persons in extreme age should be kept aware of the world's opinions on their doings.'

'And an affectionate supervision extended over their outgoings and incomings,' says my Lord, delicately accentuating the double meanings. 'I am aware how much I owe your Royal Highness and I will bear your counsel in mind. It is indeed time I should bid adieu to all vanities. Fear not, Madam, I will behave as handsomely to the end as I have done during the whole course of my existence.'

The Duchess rose, stiff with anger, and Lord Orford attended her to the door. There she turned, unable to control herself any longer.

'Sir, do you mean to marry Miss Berry, or do you not?'

'O, Madam, how is it possible for a mere man to answer such a question? It is your sex that makes happy or miserable in such cases. That is as Miss Berry pleases.'

If a royal Duchess can flounce out of a room, her Royal Highness did so now. My Lord did not attend her to her carriage, for he was no longer capable of doing so, but he smiled from the window as it moved off in its majesty, and ran over all the incidents in his mind that he might do them justice according to his wont in the letter I had the happiness to see.

But was it as Miss Berry pleased? That is what all the town asks and can get no answer. I am told His Majesty himself said at the last Court, 'What? My Lord Orford to be married in his seventies? What — what — what?' and so went whatting on until the Queen hushed him down with a touch of her fan. They do not love the Walpole family, and with good reason. The post waits, and I can but add that the details you give of the Colquhoun affair, though full of interest, do not define the mother's attitude, who is much to blame for her daughter's behaviour. Pray give us all; omit nothing.

VI

Later.

The wagers are won and lost, my Caroline. No doubt you will have heard as much and yet depend on me for particulars.

Time went by. Lord Orford became weaker, but his humor and resolution apparently strengthened as his body failed.

'He will be Horry to his last breath,' says my Lady Ossory to me, 'and like Queen Bess, will desire his virgin state recorded on his tomb.'

'There is such a thing as a deathbed marriage,' cries my Lord, 'and he is by no means on his deathbed yet.'

''T is said the Elderberry has herself given up hope and is privately engaged to Colonel O'Hara. A much more suitable match.'

'The Elderberry is much too sensible a woman to give up just as the weakness of the citadel obliges a surrender. I flatter myself she will yet win me my wager, and what I value more — an admission from your Ladyship that you are not *always* in the right!'

'Will you promise to own that I am always in the right, if Horry dies unmarried?' says she calmly.

'Certainly, Madam, certainly, and 't is a proof of my belief in the powers of your sex that I engage myself to make such an absurd admission, for I shall certainly write myself down an ass in so doing.'

So they wrangled. None of us could see into Miss Berry's mind nor guess her feelings. She wore her pallor like a charming mask. Her black eyes flashed scorn on inquisitors. Not even my Lady Charlotte could fathom her. Each day Lord Orford appeared to need them more tenderly, and if the tendrils of inclination wavered one day to Mary, the next 't would be to Agnes. A riddle of the Sphinx! Mr Berry grew more and more impatient of what was really a painful restraint upon his ease, for Lord Orford engrossed all his daughters' cares. And now, his mind declining, his Lordship returned to the flight of his wives to Italy, and, do what they would, they could not convince him that every time they left him, 't was not for a return to Florence.

Indeed, the Elderberry had been too severe in the days when 't was hard to distinguish whether justice or mercy best became her, and now the victim could no longer comprehend that mercy was intended.

Finally a rumor rushed round the town that a deathbed marriage had taken place between the Elderberry and my Lord. It would be disclosed when the will was read.

Lord Ossory was confident but was obliged to defer his triumph until after the second of March, on which date my Lord Orford died.

The will was read. No marriage. Nothing to decide the question of preference. Four thousand pounds to Mary, the same to Agnes. Little Strawberry Hill to them jointly for their lives. To both, his unpublished manuscripts and his copyrights. Not

a doit more to one than the other. Not a word.

Lord save us, what a man!

My Lady Ossory, triumphing, received her fifty guineas, and the admission that she was invariably in the right.

'But he intended marriage always, and failed too rapidly at the end to carry out his intention. You were wrong all the time, though chance has most abominably favored you,' says my Lord obstinately.

'My opinion of Horry's intelligence is greater than ever,' says she demurely. 'I knew how to value it. You did not.'

'T was not long before she met Miss Berry. I was present, and most deep and grave were her Ladyship's condolences.

'For indeed, 't is known, Madam, that my Lord Orford averred that the only value he could place on his coronet was to lay it at your feet. To think that death should so cruelly intervene!'

If the Elderberry's pale cheek colored, her voice was as cool as marble. 'I thank your Ladyship. It is true my Lord said this, but rather, as I thought, to alarm certain interested persons. He knew that, as the willing offering of a grateful heart, my time was at his service, but also knew that as a duty I should have found it irksome, and should have instantly declined such a notion.'

We retired with an excellent gravity. Well, he has left them more than the few thousand pounds, Caroline. They are effectually launched in society. They may yet shine. Can women ask more?

(It is known that the Miss Berrys certainly shone. They moved, with Lady Charlotte Lindsay, to the little house in Curzon Street, which in their hands became one of the most famous salons in London. It was a privilege to be asked there. To be intimate was distinction. My Lord Orford was no doubt a judge of character and capability. Certainly the Twin Wives justified his preference.

The secret of that strange friendship none can wholly decipher. He did not intend they should. I have presented the view of the gossips of the day. There was almost certainly another. What did he himself think? What were his intentions? We may guess, but never know.)

FROM A MISSIONARY JOURNAL

BY SAMUEL AND NANCY RUGGLES

[In the early part of the nineteenth century a number of Hawaiian boys were brought to this country by traders, and when the Foreign Mission school was founded at Cornwall, Connecticut, in 1816, they were placed in this school. One of their teachers, Samuel Ruggles, became much interested in them and in their reports of their native islands, then a pagan land. When the American Board of Missions decided to establish a Mission in Hawaii, then called the Sandwich Islands, Samuel Ruggles was one of the first to offer himself as a missionary teacher. In October 1819, a group of seven young men and their wives, most of whom had been married but a few weeks, left Boston on the Brig Thaddeus, expecting to spend the rest of their lives in an unknown land. Three native youths went with them, also George Tamoree, son of the chief of an island. This journal was written by Samuel and Nancy Wells Ruggles and sent home to their mother and friends by the first vessel leaving Hawaii after their landing. Since the death of Mr. Ruggles it has been in the possession of a granddaughter, Mrs. Frances S. Loomis, of Madison, Wisconsin. — Louise Loomis Christison]

On board the Brig Thaddeus. *Oct.* 23, 1819. The trying scene is now over, the parting hand given, the farewell past. We shall no more behold the face of that dear, ever dear mother whom we so ardently love, and who has shed so many tears on our account. We shall not again in the flesh greet those beloved brethren & sisters and our dear friends with whom we have often had such sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company. Their advice and instructions we shall no longer enjoy, but we shall have their prayers. Morning and evening their closets shall witness the fervency of their entreaties in behalf of a far distant brother and sister. Consoling thought, which will cheer us while we are crossing the tempestuous deep, cheer us when we are strangers in a pagan land, cheer us while we are endeavoring to lead the untutored heathen from nature up to nature's God. A thought that will soften the arrows of persecution, and comfort us when we are called to pass the furnace of affliction. Farewell honored mother, we hope ere long to meet you in the New Jerusalem; may you enjoy every temporal and spiritual blessing which shall be for your good, and when you close your earthly pilgrimage, may you go forth like a shock of corn fully ripe. A long farewell.

Dear heathen seminary at Cornwall, you are doubly dear to our hearts. We have prayed for you, we shall pray for you still. May the great head of the church ever preside over you. We hope to hear from time to time of your abundant prosperity, and we hope that in due time many of your children may come to the S. Islands and help us. Farewell, dear youths, we shall never forget you.

And now America; for the last time

we fix our eyes upon your dear shores. Your places which have known us will know us no more forever. We look upon you with hearts full of emotion as you recede from our view; we shed a tear or two, and cheerfully bid you a long, long farewell.

SAMUEL & NANCY RUGGLES.

Sabbath Jan. 2nd, 1820. A delightful morning indeed; to me peculiarly so, my health is comfortable and I feel more like enjoying the Sabbath than I have before since I left dear America. The weather is not excessively hot, tho' the air is faint; the sea calm and unruffled, no swelling waves dash against the sides of our floating habitation, threatening our destruction; no distressing gales beat upon us as if determined to overthrow us into the depths of the sea; all is peace and tranquillity while we proceed silently along the coast of Patagonia at the rate of one mile an hour. Perhaps if our A. friends could see us this morning, they would wish themselves with us. Though they cannot be with us they will remember us to-day with deep interest. May God hear your prayers for us, and make you so unspeakably happy, as hereafter to know that your desires have entered the ears of the Almighty and that those now degraded Islanders are become the true worshippers of God.

I am full of faith, that the time has nearly arrived, when O. Idols will be no more; when instead of Marai, will be erected houses dedicated to the service of Obookiah's God, and that land which is now grown over with thorns and nettles, become a fruitful field. — S. R.

Jan. 25th, 12 o'clock. After sailing ninety-five days without seeing land, we this morning at ten o'clock with joyful eyes and hearts discovered the Island of Terra del Fuego, about ten leagues ahead. Though it had more the appearance of a cloud than land yet the bare thought that it was land gave us pleasing sensations. Joy ran through my bosom, and for a moment I almost forgot that I was seasick. I have not enjoyed health for a single moment since I came on board the Thaddeus, nor do I expect to until I reach Owhyhee (Hawaii), but I would be far from complaining. The Lord lays his hand gently upon me and I will rejoice that I may suffer for his sake. I feel as I did before I left America, an increasing desire to spend my life in a remote corner of the globe, and wear out in the cause of my dear Redeemer. I am interrupted by the appearance of a large whale alongside. — S. R.

Feb. 24th. Crossed the tropic of Cancer this morning. We have again entered the torrid zone expecting to spend the remainder of our days in this unfavorable clime. Who would not be willing to endure the scorching heat of a sultry region a few fleeting days if thereby they may be instrumental of plucking immortal souls from the scorching of eternal burnings?

SAMUEL RUGGLES.

March 30th. Last night about one o'clock brother Hopoo came to my room almost in an ecstasy of joy and told me to get up and see Owhyhee (Hawaii); I went on deck and by the bright moonlight could just discover it sixty miles from us. At daylight we could see plainly the high mountain Mahoonah Kaah (Mauna Kea) clothed in a thick mantle of snow. I will leave it to my friends to imagine what our feelings are at the sight of land, that land which we have long wished to see, and in which we hope to plant the standard of the cross and labour for Christ. This afternoon we sent a boat

for the shore, but it was met by some canoes of natives, who gave us information that Tamahamaha (Kamehameha) the King[1] was dead; Oreoreo (Liholiho) his eldest son succeeded him to the throne. They also informed us that their Taboos were all broken, their Marais burnt to ashes and their idols destroyed. They had been at war, but now all was peace and prosperity; and the men and women ate together and enjoyed equal privileges. We could hardly credit all this, but were constrained to exclaim in the language of our hearts, 'What hath God wrought.' — SAML. RUGGLES.

April 1st. Had a visit from the chief, his two wives, and two widows of Tamahamaha, with a numerous train of attendants. The name of heathen has long been familiar to my ears, but half of their real wretchedness was never told me. O my dear Christian friends, you who enjoy the exalted privileges of the Gospel & civilization, I entreat you to think of the heathen and remember that you must shortly meet them at the bar of Jehovah; and answer for the feelings and conduct which you now exercise toward them. The Chief was dressed in English and appeared well. His wives and the Queens were clothed in China dresses on account of our being on board. They generally go almost naked. The queens are monstrous women, judged to weigh about four hundred pounds each. Their heads were both crowned with a wreath of yellow feathers. The sight of white females was a novelty to them. They expressed a desire to become acquainted with our customs, were much pleased with the idea of writing, tried themselves, and succeeded very well. The Chief dined with the mission family, but the Queens chose to eat by themselves. Their provision was raw fish and poi. They ate with all the simplicity of untaught barbarians, without any politeness or even decency.

NANCY R.

2nd. This has been a new Sabbath to us all. The Chief and his family came on board for the purpose of accompanying us to Kiarooah (Kialua), the place of the King's residence. One of the Queens brought a piece of cloth and requested us to make a gown like ours. Thomas told her it was the Lord's day and we would make it to-morrow. She answered, miti (that is good). How unlike to those peaceful Sabbaths I have enjoyed in America have been the scenes of this day. Instead of a little retired spot in my chamber, I am thronged with these degraded natives, whose continual chattering has become wearisome to me, yet I think this has been the most interesting Sabbath of my life. In the afternoon brother B. preached from Isa. 42. 4. — 'and the isles shall wait for his law.' The heathens paid a listening attention to the sound of the voice and the appearance of the audience. Oh may the time be hastened in its season, when these Chiefs & Queens who have now heard the words of life shall become nursing fathers and mothers to this little church. — N. R.

5th. The natives appear very kind, express their generosity by sending us hogs, potatoes, melons, and various kinds of fruits. Fresh provisions relish well after living almost half a year on salt food. We understand that the Kings and Chiefs are all pleased with our object in settling among them but some wicked white men are endeavoring to prejudice them against us, by telling them that our intention is to get possession of the Islands. We know not yet what God designs to do with us, but we trust that the enemy

[1] The King died May 8, 1819.

will not be suffered to triumph over us.
SAML. RUGGLES.

6*th*. Oreoreo (Liholiho) and his five young Queens came on board to-day and dined with us. He is a young man of about twenty, appears very good-natured, but extremely indolent in his habits. The wives appear pleasant, and say they wish to learn to read. Two of them are his half sisters, and one of them was formerly the wife of his father. — N. R.

7*th*. My dear Mother, were it in my power I would gladly paint to you in lively colors the interesting scenes of this morning, and the emotions of my heart in placing my feet on land for the first time after a confinement of about five months and a half on board the Thaddeus. It is impossible for one who never experienced the inconveniences and trials attending so long and tedious a voyage at sea, to realize the peculiar sensations of being set at liberty on their native element. As soon as we approached the beach we were discovered by the natives, who flocked about the boat in such swarms that it was with much difficulty we could land and force our way to the King's house, which was about twenty rods from the water. When we arrived at the door we found the King at breakfast on his mat; we took our seats and were soon treated with a glass of wine, and invited to stay and dine. Soon after the Queens made their appearance, each one attended by a servant holding a feather fly brush in their hands.

After the customary ceremonies were passed they sat down on the mat and amused themselves by looking at us & making their remarks. At dinner we were happily disappointed to see the order and decency of the table. It was set in the American style, furnished with a baked pig, roasted fish, potatoes, tarrow &c. &c. After dinner we took a walk but were thronged with such a multitude, that our walk was uncomfortable.

We are the first American females that ever visited these Islands; if an old man or woman could run before us and take a peek under our bonnets they appeared highly gratified. The King has not yet given us a decisive answer but says he will soon. It will be a severe trial to us if we should be sent away without being permitted to tell them the way of salvation. I think that notwithstanding our prospects look rather dark at present, the cloud will soon disappear and we shall see our way before us. Our God is all powerful, his arm will protect. — N. R.

10*th*. At length we have received a decisive answer from the King. He wishes two couple to stay with him, and also two of the natives; and the remainder to establish themselves at Woahoo (Oahu), an Island one hundred miles distant. This is just what we desired as Woahoo is much more fertile than Owhyhee (Hawaii) and much better calculated to be the place of our principal station. He requests that our physician be left with him, accordingly we have concluded to leave here brothers Thurston & Holman with their wives, and Thomas & William. He has provided a house for them, and promises to furnish them with a cooking stove, provisions, and water.

Kiarooah (Kialua) village is built on a bed of lava where nothing will grow but cocoanuts, tobacco, and a few shrubs. There is no fresh water but what is brought in Calabashes between four and five miles. The houses are covered with hay; the floor is of mats made of bulrushes, which answer also for their beds. — N. W. R.

22nd. We still experience the continual kindness of both white and tawny friends. The King has ordered the chiefs of this island to build three houses for our use, and enclose them in a yard of about five acres. He has also given us a tarro patch, and says when we have eaten out all the tarro he will give us another. Hanoore lives in our family, is a dear brother to us; he has had a piece of good land given him, with three houses upon it. We cannot help enjoying ourselves when the Lord is doing so much for us. — NANCY.

May *3rd.* Made Attooi at daylight this morning. Like all the other Islands its first appearance was rude and mountainous, but on approaching nearer, beautiful plains and fruitful vallies presented themselves to view, looking almost like the cultivated fields of America, while large groves of cocoanuts and bananas waved their tops as if to welcome us to their shores. Thought I while passing these pleasant fields, can this be one of the dark places of the earth which is filled with the habitation of cruelty? Has the sun of righteousness never yet shone upon it? Is it a fact that the immortal beings are shrouded in midnight darkness, without one minister of Christ to direct them to the city of refuge, the place of rest and glory? Alas! they are heathens. Their mean and scanty dwellings and the appearance of men, women, and children coming off to us naked, plainly bespeak that they are yet savages, ignorant of God and unacquainted with the precepts of the gospel.

They have indeed thrown away their idols as worthless things unable to save them, but they have not heard of Jesus, no Christian has yet said to them, there is a God in Heaven who made them and the world, nor pointed them to the Saviour, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. O thou God of nations, here make thyself known; here plant thy cross, and possess this land. — At 11 o'clock came to anchor at Wimai (Waimea), opposite the fort. A canoe came off to us with several of the King's men, one of whom could speak English. George had kept himself concealed in the cabin until we told him that one of his father's favorite men was on board, and we thought best that his arrival should be made known to him. We then introduced him to the young prince. He embraced him and kissed him without saying a word and turned around, immediately went on deck, and into his canoe telling his companions they must go on shore, for their young master had come. A salute of twenty-one guns was soon fired from the brig and returned from the fort. — Brother W., George, and myself, made preparations and came on shore. On account of the surf we were obliged to land half a mile west of the King's house. We were there met by a crowd of natives who would have obstructed our way entirely, had there not been men appointed to clear a passage for us, which they did by beating them off with clubs. When we arrived at the house, Tamoree and his Queen were reclining on a sofa; as soon as George entered the door, his father arose, clasped him in his arms and pressed his nose to his son's after the manner of the country; both were unable to speak for some time. The scene was truly affecting. I know not when I have wept more freely. When they had become a little composed, Tamoree spoke and said his heart was so joyful that he could not talk much till to-morrow, but discovering brother W. and myself, who had till then remained unnoticed, he enquired who we were. George then introduced us to him as his friends who had come from America to accompany

him home. The old gentleman then embraced us in the same manner as he had done his son, frequently putting his nose to ours and calling us his hicahne or friends.

A supper was soon provided for us consisting of a couple of hogs baked whole after the American manner, several fowls and a dog cooked after the style of the Island, together with potatoes, tarro, bananas, cocoanuts, and watermelons, brandy, gin, wines, &c. The table was set in good style; our supper was indeed excellent. A new house was assigned for brother W. and myself during our stay on the Island, a few rods from the King's and several men to attend upon us. We shall now retire to rest after looking up to God with thanksgiving for mercies already received and humbly praying that a blessing may attend our visit to these heathens. Perhaps it will be the first Christian prayer that was ever offered to God on this Island. — S. R.

4*th*. This morning early, I went to the King's house, was met at the door by himself & the Queen who took me by each arm, led me in and seated me between them upon the sopha; and after having several times put their noses to mine the king inquired if it was true that I had lived with Hoomehoome (the real name of George) in America, and eat with him and slept with him, saying his son had told him many things that he could not fully understand, and that I had been his friend a long time, and would stay here and instruct his people to read. I told him it was true, and that the good people of America who loved his son and loved him and his people, had sent several men and women to instruct his people to read and work as they do in America. When I told him this, he with his wife broke out in one voice, 'Miti, miti, nooe coah aloha America'; that is, good, good, very great love for America; and then burst into tears. After a short time he asked me how long I would be willing to stay and teach his Island. I told him I wished to spend my life here and die here. He then embraced me again and said, 'kacke o'ouoe Mahkooah oe oou, wihena o-ou Mahkooah oe'; that is you, my son, I you father, my wife you mother. I endeavored to tell him something about God, but the subject was entirely new to him and he could understand but little. — S. R.

8*th*. Spent the former part of the day in walking about six miles into the country. Visited many families which are indeed the abodes of ignorance, superstition, and wickedness. The inhabitants treated me with all the attention and hospitality which their limited circumstances would afford, and even carried their generosity to excess; but oh the darkness and ignorance in which they are shrouded! It is enough to draw tears from the eyes of any friend of humanity, to enter one of their dwellings and witness the vices to which they are abandoned. No sooner is the stranger seated upon the mat, than the husband as a token of respect and kindness offers him his wife and the father his daughter. I have frequently told them, that such conduct was not good, and that there was a great God who saw all their actions & was displeased with such things; but they will say all white men before say it is good, but you are not like other white men. — What would the missionary of the cross do if it were not for the consolations contained in the promises of God; these to him are sweet and refreshing. Without them before him, he would soon faint and die; but with them he may go to his work and cheerfully labor and toil through life amidst all the depravity

and degradation of heathen and savages, remembering that God has pledged his word, that the heathen shall be given to Christ and become lovers of righteousness. — S. R.

10*th.* This morning Tamoree sent for me, said his interpreter was going away to be gone several days and he wished to say a few things to me before he went. 'I want to know,' says he, 'if you love Hoomehoome, if you love me, if you like to stay here and learn my people.' I assured him, that I loved his son and him, wished to spend my life in doing them good, and not only I, but Mr. Whitney and all who came with us, wished the same. 'Hoomehoome tell me so,' says he; he then shed tears freely, and said, 'I love Hoomehoome, I love him very much, more than my other children. I thought he was dead; I cry many times because I think he was dead. Some Captains tell he live in A. but I not believe; I say no, he dead, he no more come back. But he live, he come again, my heart very glad. I want my son to help me, he speak English well and can do my business. But he is young, young men are sometimes wild, they want advice. I want you stay here and help Hoomehoome, and when vessels come, you & Hoomehoome go on board & trade, so I make you a Chief.' I told him I wished not to be a Chief, neither could I do any of his public business, but was willing to advise his son and assist him in every thing when it was consistent with the object for which we came to his Island. He expressed some surprise when I told him I wished not to be a Chief, but when I explained to him what we wished to do, he appeared satisfied and pleased. This afternoon the King sent to me and requested that I should come and read to him in his Bible. I read the first Chap. of Gen. and explained to him what I read as well as I could. He listened with strict attention frequently asking pertinent questions and said, 'I can't understand it all, I want to know it. You must learn my language fast, and then tell me all. No white man before ever read to me & talk like you.' — S. R.

14*th.* Extremely warm to-day. I feel languid and unfit for anything. We are greatly annoyed by fleas. Some nights we can sleep none, they are so numberous and troublesome. They are the most disagreeable insect found in these Islands, but the natives are fond of them, both chiefs and people will spend hours in picking them off the dogs and eating them, and there is generally a good supply. — S. R.

29*th.* Last night we were kept awake by the cries of some women, who by their excessive groans we supposed had lost a relative. In the morning brother W. and I determined to visit the place from whence the noise proceeded, and on entering the house, such a spectacle presented itself as I never before witnessed and as I cannot describe. A man, one of the Queens trusty favorites, had just expired. Several females were seated around the dead body which lay naked on a mat, rubbing and turning it about with their hands and uttering forth such horrid shrieks and groans, as must have shocked the most hardened heart; and as another expression of their grief and humility, covering their heads with old filthy mats and tappers. The King was not present but the Queen was inconsolable; stamping with her feet and crying with all the vehemence in her power. We tried to tell them that it was not good to behave thus, but they paid no attention to what we said. We then visited the King, who appeared rational and composed; said he loved that man very much. He asked me where the breath

went to when he died. I told him that God gave him breath and took it away when he pleased. I then endeavored to explain to him something about God, the soul, & Heaven and Hell, to which he listened attentively, & said this was all new to him. — S. R.

June 2nd. For several days past the King and Queen have manifested a great anxiety to learn to read; sent for frequently to instruct them, say they will spend ten years if they can learn to read well in that time. Wherever they go they carry their books with them. I have seen them while bathing in the water stand with their books in their hands repeating their lessons. They have expressed fears that we shall not return from Woahoo. I went into their house this morning and found the Queen bathed in tears; and enquiring the cause the interpreter said that Mr. Whitney had told her yesterday that we could not return, and neither she nor the King had rested any of the night. I told them they had misunderstood Mr. W. — we did intend to come as soon as possible. So earnest are they for us to settle with them and instruct them. — S. R.

Sat. 17th. The week past I have spent principally in visiting the different parts of Wimai; believe there is scarcely a house that I have not entered and my friendly aloha. The more I visit and become acquainted with this people, the more I feel interested in them, and the more I desire to spend my strength and life in endeavoring to secure to them the eternal welfare of their souls. I sometimes feel almost impatient to know the language that I may explain to them the way of life and salvation. What little I can say they will listen to with the greatest attention, but their answer will be, 'I want to know more, by and by I shall understand.' One said yesterday, 'The God of America is good but the Gods of Attooi are good for nothing; we throw them all away; by and by the American God will be the God of Attooi.' The King appears more & more desirous for instruction; complains that he cannot spend time enough with his book, but says it is a time of unusual hurry at present, and he is soon to give his mind more thoroughly to it. He with his Queen and several servants are able to read in words of four letters. Neither of them knew the alphabet when we arrived. Says the king at one time when I visited him, 'Hoomehoome says you no tell lie like some white men, now you must not tell lie when you go Woahoo, but you must come back and live with me.' The week past has been a busy time with the natives. The King's rent has been brought in from all parts of the Island and from Onehow (Niihau), a small island about fifteen miles to the westward. It consisted of hogs, dogs, mats, tappers, feathers, pearl fishhooks, calabashes and paddles. This rent is to go to Owhyhee (Hawaii), as a present to the young King. It was interesting to see the natives come, sometimes more than a hundred at a time, with their loads on their backs and lay down their offerings at the feet of their great and good Chief as they call him. When will the time arrive that they shall come and bow down to Jehovah, and give themselves living sacrifices to him who has purchased them with his blood. I trust the day is at hand. — S. R.

19th. Have been packing up my things in order to return to Woahoo expecting the King's schooner will sail in a day or two. The natives are busily engaged in loading her with mats, tappers, &c. Spent some time with the King to-day and received several presents from the Queen. I had an

Owhyhean (Hawaiian) name given me immediately after landing — have been called Neho-pahoo (that is, foreteeth lost) until to-day the King gave me the name Kaeke after himself before he became king, and said I must no more be called Neho-pahoo. — S. R.

July 25th. They have furnished us with two bedsteads in the native style, and mats and tappers in abundance. In the evening the King sent us thirteen Bunches of Bananas and ten Pine Apples. Never before were our obligations of gratitude so great as they now are. Surely the King's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth it whithersoever he will. After offering on the altar of praise our evening sacrifice we retired to rest relying on the arm of Jehovah for safety and protection. — N. W. R.

26th. The King is forty-six years of age, and his wife about twenty-five. He is very pleasant and discovers a good degree of civility in his manners. He enquired whether my parents were living and to whom I was writing. I told him I left a mother, and was writing to her to inform her of his kindness to us. He appeared much pleased, and asked me if I loved her very much. I informed him that I did, and that it would do her heart good to hear that the King and Queen had kindly offered to be a father and mother to us. They gave me the name of Matooah which is the name of the King's mother. They then requested us to sing a few tunes, while Hoomehoome played on the bass viol. We view the secret hand of our Heavenly Father with peculiar delight, and feel constrained to walk with cautious steps before him, in the sight of the heathen, lest we prove stumbling blocks, over which they shall fall into endless perdition. — N. W. R.

July 29th. This afternoon the King exhibited a scene of plays, gave us an invitation, to which we did not readily comply; sent the second time, accordingly we went. I don't know when I have had my mind more impressed with the vanities of the heathen than I had in witnessing this scene. O when will this untutored tribe sit down at our Immanuel's feet, and receive the benign influences of the Gospel.

NANCY R.

July 30th. Dearest of mothers, instead of worshipping the Lord with his people, in a temple consecrated to his service, your children have attempted to appear before him and call upon his name this day for the first time on this heathen Isle, in our little sanctuary made of cocoanut leaves. The royal family seated themselves on trunks and mats and apparently listened to the word of life; while the common people crouded around without our yard, and pulled away the grass of which the fence is made and presented their tawny countenances, anxious to see and know what new thing the white people were performing. But oh, how much more degraded their darkened minds, than ever their miserable appearance, how imperceptible to the truth as it is in Jesus! We made use of Mr. Clark's sermon, entitled the Church safe. The flock of Christ be scattered abroad in the earth, some of them as sheep without a shepard yet; consoling thought — in due season they will be gathered, and there shall be one Fold, and one Shepard. — N. R.

August 4th. We expect the Levant will sail this evening, consequently our communications must be carried on board this afternoon. I have the pleasure to inform our dear friends on this last page of our journal, of our continued prosperity and hopes of

usefulness, but we cannot, we dare not depend much upon present appearances. Fix we on this terrestrial ball? When most secure, the coming hour, if Thou see fit, may blast them all. But we do take pleasure in speaking of the wonderful dealings of God to this people, and to us, as unworthy instruments in his service. The King and Queen sent six gown patterns to be made, and present of pine apples. To-day the King has commenced a large building for a meeting, and schoolhouse, in his own yard. It is peculiarly pleasant to witness the interest this heathen king takes in preparing the way for the spread of the gospel amongst his people. He says he will protect all who come here for this purpose. Though the promise of man, especially of a heathen prince is not a sufficient warrant for me to engage in so great an enterprize; yet have not the children of God his promise also, that he will supply all their wants, and will withhold no real good thing from them. What more can the Christian need for his security while laboring for Christ? What more can he desire in life, or enjoy in the hour of death? This unconnected journal we present to our ever dear mother and hope she will thereby be comforted while thinking of her far distant and affectionate children.

SAMUEL and NANCY RUGGLES.

ONE CROWDED HOUR OF CLOWNING

BY FULLERTON WALDO

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.
> — SCOTT: *Old Mortality*

I

OF course when they burst in upon my placid life in the sanctum, and asked me to feed in the Cook Tent and go on as a clown in the Big Top afterward, I jumped at the chance as if it were a paper hoop.

We reached the clowns' quarters through an avenue fronded with the palm-like ears of elephants swishing and twiddling hay in picketed alignment, two tiny newcomers down at the end of the line doing their best to waggle their ears like the old stagers. Another baby elephant some time before, I was told, had joined the cast of *Polly of the Circus*, and between performances, homesick for 'Spangleland' and its own keeper, was found in a corner like the little 'Juggler of Notre Dame,' beguiling the time with its whole repertoire of tricks that began with standing on its head. Later, caught in a fire at Luna Park, it proved a Casabianca among elephants. The keeper was in New York, and it was deaf to alien blandishment. None else could cajole or drag it

away. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* It would not answer any command but that of the absent one — and so, faithful unto death, with one last trumpeted wail of pain and grief, it toppled and perished in the flames.

The horses pleased me greatly. They were so wise and kind, so gray and white and broad, so very strong and careful where they put their teeth and heels. Fat as country sausages, somebody was forever polishing them off like brasses at the entrance of a bank. The 'Blood-Sweating Hippopotamus' himself amiably permitted one, *en passant*, to put a shuddering finger through the bars and prod his slabby carcass where he lay heaving like a stranded whale.

It was the drowsing hour of vespertide before the crowd swarmed in. There was a tuneful chinking of handles on zinc pails about the cages: green eyes were bright and paws were out for anything they bore. There was an orderly, murmurous scurrying to and fro of soft-footed empresses, princesses, fairies, even angels iridescent. There was a going-about of riders, — those Brahmins of the Circus, — 'bull-men,' 'cat-men,' 'razorbacks,' 'canvas-men,' and 'joeys.' Nubians and swart Ethiops, 'Devils of the Desert,' Hottentots, and cannibals with a college education were champing hard-boiled ham, corn and beans, and pallid lemon-pie, strewn casually about the checkered oilcloth of the Cook Tent. I came upon a Cossack, marooned on the corner of a trunk shiny with tin, and his grand seigniorial manner would have graced a Peacock Throne as he ran his thumb-nail along the edge of a glistening Turkish yataghan. I asked him if he got it in Tiflis, and as he sprang to demonstrate you could imagine him swooping and whooping down the broad highway from Vladikavkaz by moonlight through the vale where hoary Kasbek overhangs; and the glint in his eye was steel-cold, like the blue light on the blade.

A postman was in the act of delivering a letter to 'Ali Abdullah, Care of the Desert Devils,' and it gave me a twinge of longing for the nomad tents of Ali Aga's tribe who cared for me so tenderly in the shadow of Ararat.

II

But to business! There was no time to waste in philandering with the performers. M'sieur Borrelly, already made up and tiptoe to go on, fell to work on me, and very soon mother would not have known me. He had been a clown for twenty-five years, and was 'just beginning to like it,' he averred with a delicate Gallic irony. The chief treasure in his brass-studded patent-leather suitcase was a letter, in faded purple ink, written him in 1887 by his father, French consul at Galveston, impressing Christian piety in a script as upright as the sentiments, and telling the prodigal about the linen shirts that the *petite grand'mère* was even then in the act of fashioning for him in far-off Brittany.

Something of the paternal heritage of tenderness was in the tips of M'sieur Borrelly's fleet pianistic fingers as he daubed cold cream, white grease-paint, rouge, and black crayon on my astonished countenance. The maker of a life-mask — or a child building a snow-man — could not have been more fastidious than he.

Even a society photographer does not achieve a more complete erasure of all the lines indicative of essential character. I got a sudden look at me in a mirror, and mistook myself for garrulous M'sieur. I was a moonrise of white-wash, pied and pranked and ring-straked, surmounted ridiculously by an Admiral's cockaded and beplumed chapeau and cinctured to suffocation

with the flowing scarlet of a cuirassier of *l'ancien régime*. But Charlie Chaplin's breeks are tight as a drum compared with the yards and yards of black stuff that billowed from my waist to my feet. My shoes were all that was left me of my own; but as I could not see my feet, I had become an utter stranger to myself. Even my voice came hollow and strange as from my ghost.

'Now,' said M'sieur Borrelly, in faultless French, as he sprang back like a painter from an easel to contemplate his handiwork, 'when I bring out my blunderbuss and begin to shoot, you run — and climb — and hide. Show every sign of fear. Run to all places you may think of, or your feet may take you. Let your feet have their way, more than your mind, and let your hands be eloquent beyond your tongue. Only — come not in collision with the band, especially the French horn and the saxophone, for there is but one of each. Avoid the horses, and the riders in the ring — they have their work to do, and children wait for them at home in England. Let nothing drop or fall on you from on high. Prenez garde, keep on the qui vive, and stray not in the path of others. Trust in le bon Dieu and it will yet be well. Above all, watch me, what I do. Allons!'

Like a plumed crusader marching as to war against the paynim, he strode before me to the choked and narrow entrance of the Big Top. At the threshold of the glaring blatant maze of heat and sound, he called a halt to await our whistled curtain-cue from the ringmaster. Lord of misrule and unreason, M'sieur Borrelly looked as imperious as Julius Cæsar on the night before a battle. His eyes glittered and danced through the white mask of grease-paint, and the carmine fissure of the lips, expanding in a grin, bred confidence in the motley crew that followed him — especially in me. I needed it. We were stalled in the thick of a group of monkey-jockeys, mounted on their dog-steeds. The monkeys looked anxious: their brows were wrinkled; they simpered and chattered, picking nervously at the reins and the spangled trappings. I felt they were my brothers-in-the-blood. But when I tried to tell them so, they paid no heed. They were too busy worrying. What mind they had was on the temerarious performance just ahead of them — to hang on and keep going, in a pell-mell canter round the ring, whoever lost, whoever won.

The dogs, bless them, flaunted each his panache of a bushy tail, 'larked and trit-trotted' as much as the little space and their running-gear permitted, gay and unconcerned, in the blithe humor of children at a birthday party.

At that bright expectant moment a clumsy fellow rammed the end of a plank into the polished shoulder of a white horse with pink ribbons in his mane.

The startled animal, delicately tuned for the awaited moment of the ringmaster's whistle, gave a snort of alarm, upreared and scattered sawdust with his heels, right and left into a group of fluffy silver-slippered equestriennes. They screamed in treble unison; the horse snorted in repartee, while a policeman joey grabbed his bridle and hauled him down from his high tantrums to sawdust level again.

III

Then the shrill blast of the ringmaster's whistle, a last gleam of M'sieur Borrelly's teeth over his shoulder, and into the arena I sallied with my nerves all pointing outward, and ten thousand people, I was sure, looking at nobody but me. Ridiculous to be so conscious of myself! Even more absurd than the garb I wore. There were the poor

monkeys, already cramped down to their wild, whirling career, their arms frantically clasping the dogs' necks. As the streaks of dog and simian went past, I had the blurred sense of them as a deep-sea diver might perceive fishes swimming by.

And now, instead of the fearful feeling that the gaze of the ten thousand was riveted on me, I had the contrary sensation. I began to be afraid they would not see me at all. The fun, to be noticed, must be laid on as thick as the cold cream and the grease-paint. For it must compete with magnificent distances across and above the arena — three dimensions filled with poles and wires, bipeds and quadrupeds in various pose or motion. On a stage so vast, one step, of necessity, is stretched for comedy effects into a dozen — every gesture has to be exorbitant and violent. There is no chance for humorous finesse, or filigree subtlety. Each smile must be a running broad grin; one must lift the gloom with both hands and feet, and always be spectacularly obvious.

Before I had a chance to think how I should be supremely silly, M'sieur Borrelly tossed me a battered but shiny French horn with no mouthpiece, to play in the clown band. It made little difference in which end I blew. The French horn at best is a fickle creature. But before I had time to pucker my mouth for a second sour note, it was time for another inanity.

This was a hair-cutting episode, beside which that of the *Barber of Seville* was ultra-refinement. We grabbed one of the clowns by the scruff of the neck and the ankles, threw him into a cabinet with his head sticking out, and brought up a washtub of lather and a razor as big as a scythe. Then, like devils leaping about a lost soul, we plied a broom with the choking, blinding suds, till the head was covered with them.

A running-jump, and the man with the razor was brandishing it across the throat of the victim. To our simulated horror the head of papier-mâché came off and rolled in the dust, and the grand finale was that we bore the victim to the tub and soused him in it, while, though he had lost his head, he kicked and howled in protest.

Before I could get my breath, up dashed a fake horse of khaki with two men inside. It was a runaway — and from M'sieur Borrelly came one clear call for me to stop it.

Out into the track where the monkeys raced I started. Presently the monkeys quit in a dead heat and Roman charioteers were lunging and careening in their places. Whenever a chariot rocked by, the clods of tanbark were flung into my smarting eyes, and the charioteers shouted an imprecation that was anything but Roman.

The trousered khaki horse wove in and out expertly among the real ones, and I sprinted after — aspiration and perspiration fifty-fifty. It was my chance, my solo opportunity at last. Perhaps someone would see me — and perhaps someone would laugh. For now I realized how hard the men about me — and two men ahead of me — must work to amuse the crowd. And if they were not amusing, then they failed and would get their walking-papers.

I must catch that absurd runaway. Out of the side of my eyes as I staggered after it I was dimly aware of the juggling Japanese who fanned themselves as they stood on one another's heads in flowered kimonos. With part of my ears I heard the venders in the stands howling pop corn and lemonade, and never was I thirstier. Full-tilt I rounded the corner of the hippodrome past a clown dressed as a girl. It was his business to ogle the arriving male spectators, single or married, pretending to

be in dire need of an escort. In an interval of leisure it had been fun to watch him at his blandishments, and to see the indignation of the women from whom he strove to detach a husband or a sweetheart.

But now I could not pause to admire his technique, for I had my own occupation, which was to overhaul the runaway.

Two heads are not better than one when enveloped in a stifling bag of khaki, and two fastened in a frame of barrel hoops cannot run as fast as one. I was gaining rapidly, though I had long ago reached a melting temperature under my own billowing yards of raiment.

I must be blind and deaf to the lady hanging by her teeth. I passed another twirling her parasol along the slack wire, and sped by the seals balancing balls on their noses. I even ignored the debonair silk-hatted ringmaster with his tail coat and gardenia.

As we made the circuit for the second time, something inside me was asking anxiously, 'Are they laughing now?' I knew the same heart was pounding at the ribs of the clowns inside the horse that I was chasing, the professionals whose bread and butter depended on their being funny.

So, near enough at last, I flung myself full length upon the tanbark, reached out and gripped those nearest boot-heels as if they were my sole hope of salvation and held on.

The fraudulent horse instantaneously came to a full stop. Nay, more — he was coming apart, and there were frantic, agonized cries from the interior: 'Say — quit! Leave go! Them barrel hoops is scrapin' our faces. Have a heart! Go easy!'

For the khaki horse, with a visible cleavage amid-ribs, was entangling its own motive power helplessly.

But what was that delicious music that I heard from the stand beside us? At last there was laughter — no uncertain sound, but the outright mirth, exuberant, unrestrained, of those who are genuinely diverted.

In this exultant moment I felt at last that I had qualified, and now belonged to the ancient and honorable fraternity of fun-makers whose password is spontaneous laughter. I stood there limp and melting, ankle-deep in tanbark, but professionally proud. Like the baby elephant and the monkey-jockeys, I had done the best I could.

It 's hard after a night under the Big Top tent to settle down in the shade of the roll-top desk once more, there to mould public opinion with the paste pot and the shears. But there is no known serum for the circus in the blood: nor is there any instantaneous process, I have found, for getting white grease-paint out of one's hair.

DOCTRINE OR THEORY—WHICH?

BY CLIFFORD H. FARR

I

DOCTRINES are beliefs regarding which no verifiable evidence is available. Some persons hold to the doctrine that there is a future life; others believe there is not. Some hold that there is a Supreme Being; and others feel just as firmly that such a Personage does not exist. Since there is no definite evidence one way or other, there is little that causes one to change one's way of thinking in regard to doctrines. We change our doctrines very rarely, usually holding to them as matters of faith throughout the greater portion of our lives. Doctrines are, in fact, our religious principles.

Theories are conclusions based upon a considerable body of accumulated evidence. Some hold to the theory that there is life on Mars; others have concluded that there is not. Some maintain that electricity stimulates plant growth; others present extensive data which seem to indicate the reverse. We change our theories frequently. Any day may witness the presentation to our consciousness of a new volume of information, which will cause us to alter completely certain of our theories. Theories are the principles of science.

Every man has his own doctrines and his own theories. There are some questions regarding which he has little or no information, and yet, if he is a thinking being at all, he formulates opinions regarding them. These are his religious principles. There are other matters upon which there is known to him a large body of facts. Some of these facts favor a certain interpretation, others oppose that interpretation. He weighs the evidence pro and con, and comes to some decision regarding the proposition. But this he regards as a conclusion and not as a belief. On the next day he may make a wholly different decision in the light of supplementary data previously unknown to him.

There is, then, at any given moment, no conflict within the individual between religion and science. It is impossible for a given person to have a theory and a doctrine regarding the same question simultaneously. As he passes from childhood to youth, or from youth to maturity, he may, it is true, find some of his doctrines becoming theories. In his younger years he may not have been mentally able to appreciate some of the evidences bearing on a certain question. Then he had to believe the one side or the other purely as a matter of faith. As he grows older, evidence accumulates and his belief becomes transformed into a conclusion. Usually his newly acquired conclusion agrees with his previous belief, in which instance he is often scarcely conscious of the change. Sometimes, however, his present theory is opposed to his past doctrine; whereupon there is likely to occur a considerable disturbance in his religious life. Because he is forced to abandon one doctrine to accept an opposing theory, there is danger that he may begin to

doubt all of his doctrines. It is this situation of which the educator must take especial cognizance. Every effort should be made to see that the doctrines of our youth shall conform to the theories which they are most likely later to accept, so that there may be as few of these internal upheavals of faith as possible.

But the chief friction between religion and science takes place when a given question is a matter of doctrine to one man and of theory to another. Historically considered, religious principles have come to be regarded as beliefs which are to be lived for, fought for, and even died for. Scientific principles, on the other hand, are not beliefs at all. They are not in any sense to be thought of as sacred and infallible. The true scientist takes no offense when another scientist presents evidence against his theory. He is, in fact, himself always looking in an open-minded manner for new data to support or alter his former conclusions. It matters little to him on which side the new evidence falls; the thing in which he is interested is progress. But people are inclined to be more militant regarding their doctrines. To the international banking expert, the number of shillings which are equivalent to a dollar to-day is a conclusion based upon a large body of evidence. He stands ready to alter his theory as to a just rate of exchange in the light of additional information. But to most of us his conclusions are taken as a matter of faith. We are much disturbed if the man with whom we are dealing adopts another belief regarding the rate of exchange on that particular day.

It is precisely this situation which has led to the recent discussion between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists regarding the question of evolution. The Fundamentalists regard evolution as a doctrine to which they are opposed; the scientists regard it as a theory which their present evidence supports. The latter would not say that they *believe* in evolution; on the contrary, they *conclude* that it has occurred, basing their conclusion upon a vast body of evidence which they have in hand. The Fundamentalists disbelieve in evolution as a matter of faith, having no evidence for or against it. We thus have the *doctrine* of non-evolution versus the *theory* of evolution: and neither side seems quite to appreciate the attitude of the other.

II

That the Fundamentalists have not carefully examined the evidence for and against the idea of evolution is indicated by several errors regarding it which they are in the habit of making. In the first place they seem not quite to appreciate what the scientist means by evolution. They have taken evolution to mean that man is the offspring of the monkey. To the scientist this is only one out of an almost infinite number of examples of evolution; and furthermore it is a deduction with which the scientist may or may not agree. To him evolution is the theory that the existing state of nature has arisen from the pre-existing state by a more or less gradual change. We know that rivers are to-day slowly changing their courses; we know that the rains are gradually wearing away the mountains; we know that new species of plants and animals have, within our own lifetime, appeared as the offspring of plants and animals that already existed on the earth. These and a multitude of other evidences force the scientist to conclude that in the past repeated changes have continued to take place, and that nature as we find it to-day is the result of such gradual changes.

The theory of evolution does not in

itself involve any conclusion at all as to the causative factors of these changes. It does not necessitate nor does it eliminate a guiding principle, or a Supreme Being directing these changes. The only thing which the theory of evolution maintains is that the universe is not fixed and unalterable, but that it is in a constant state of flux. Nor does the theory of evolution stipulate how gradual or how rapid the changes may be. Sometimes there are earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, which alter the surface of the earth in short periods of time. Sometimes distinct new species of living things arise suddenly.

Some Fundamentalists would accept the evolution of the nonliving universe, but deny the evolution of living things. The biologist, however, is convinced that he has just as strong evidence that living things have evolved as the topographer has that the surface of the earth is constantly changing, and much stronger evidence than the chemist has that the substances of the earth are evolving.

But biologists are not at all agreed as to the route which evolution has followed in either the plant or the animal kingdom. The main groups of green plants may be represented by the common names: pond scums and seaweeds; mosses and liverworts; ferns; cone-bearing evergreens; flowering plants. There is a general opinion on the part of most botanists that this sequence is the evolutionary one; that is, that each of these groups respectively originated from the group preceding it in this series. But specialists in these respective groups are by no means convinced that such is the case. Recent evidences indicate strongly that the flowering plants are probably not derived from any one of the groups of living cone-bearing evergreens, but that they have an independent descent from the ferns. Very recently Professor D. H. Scott, a prominent authority on the evolution of the higher plants, has concluded that ferns are not the ancestors of either the cone-bearing evergreens or the flowering plants. It might therefore be concluded that the flowering plants came from the mosses and liverworts. But while there are evidences of ferns in almost the oldest rocks of the earth, no fossil mosses have been found except in relatively recent formations. We are thus led to realize that there is at present no consensus of opinion among botanists as to the origin and evolution of the flowering plants. And yet no botanist thinks of abandoning, therefore, the theory of evolution; on the other hand, he concludes that the higher forms of plant life must have come about by gradual changes from the simplest forms during a long period of time, even though in so doing they have not left, as far as at present discovered, a perfect record of the path which they have traversed in so evolving.

The same situation exists with regard to the animal kingdom. The origin of the highest group of animals, the Primates, is quite as obscure as the origin of the flowering plants. Within this highest group, the ancestry of man is by no means completely established. Almost every year new evidence is brought forward modifying our concept of the path which evolution in this instance has followed. According to the present prevalent interpretation of anthropologists, the ancestor of the Caucasian and other closely related races was the Cro-Magnon, who lived about 20,000 years ago. About 75,000 years ago, according to some anthropologists, there lived on the earth a human being, whose offspring, during the successive generations in this long period of time, gave rise to the Cro-Magnon on the one hand, and to the ancestor of the present yellow race

on the other. In like manner, about 100,000 years ago, it is supposed that the ancestors of the modern black race became differentiated from the rest of the human stock. Remains have been found of the so-called Piltdown man, who is thought to have lived about 400,000 years ago, and to have been the common ancestor of all races of men. One hundred thousand years before that time takes us back to a half-million years ago, when there lived the Pithecanthropus, an apelike man, probably closely related to the ancestors of the Piltdown man. In the deposits of two million years ago are the remains of Sivapithecus, a manlike ape, perhaps the common ancestor of the gorilla, orang, chimpanzee, and Pithecanthropus. Five million years ago it seems that there lived Notharctus, thought to be the common ancestor of Sivapithecus and the monkeys. There is thus a great body of evidence bearing on the ancestry of man. While anthropologists and zoölogists may differ in their opinions as to the route followed, yet they are all in agreement on the conclusion that man is a descendant from lower forms of life.

Scientists are quite as little agreed upon the method by which evolution operates, as upon the course it has pursued. Some emphasize the importance of inheritance of acquired characters, and point to environment as an important determining factor. Others have clung to Darwin's idea that there is a persistent inherent tendency within organisms to vary beyond the limits of the range of variation of the parental generation, and that competition causes the destruction of the unsuccessful variants, while the adapted ones are preserved, as he said, by natural selection, propagating their kind and giving rise to more extreme variants, and so on. In this way, environment is seen to have a guiding function, though not a causal one.

De Vries, as a result of his study of the evening primroses, came to the conclusion that new forms of plants and animals arise suddenly and only occasionally, rather than by continued gradual transitions. The mechanism of these sudden alterations in the nature of the organism, which he called mutations, still remains undiscovered. However, once these new characters arise, it has been shown as a result of investigation based upon the discoveries and interpretations of the Austrian monk, Mendel, that new forms of plant and animal life may arise by crossing parents which differ in two or more characters, thus producing offspring which have combinations of characters which never existed before. Some Fundamentalists have supposed that the rejection of Darwin's ideas as to the modus operandi of evolution involves the abandonment of the entire theory of evolution. On the contrary it may here be stated that the inheritance of acquired characters as a prevalent potent force in evolution is now doubted by the majority of biologists. Darwin's theory of natural selection is in quite a similar position to-day. The value of the mutation theory as it now stands, as an explanation of evolution, has also been brought into question. Even Mendel's law is thought by some scientists not to be necessarily the correct interpretation. And yet none doubt the fact of evolution.

III

Most of the mistakes of the Fundamentalists regarding the theory of evolution are perhaps due largely to ignorance of its history. Too often Darwin is regarded as the father of the whole concept. Great as Darwin was as a scientist, he is certainly far from holding such an exalted position.

Darwin lived less than a century ago, while one of the greatest of all discussions on the question of evolution occurred about 400 A.D., when Saint Augustine defended the theory, then attacked by other churchmen of his time. These latter have long since been forgotten, while Augustine was canonized a saint, and has retained a conspicuous place in history ever since. Still earlier, in about 400 B.C., evolution was a prominent subject for discussion by Aristotle, Empedocles, and other Greek philosophers. In fact the idea of evolution has been held by almost all peoples at almost all periods in the history of the human race.

Certain primitive peoples seemed to have gained a glimpse of evolution from their close association with certain mammals. Indian tribes, isolated widely from each other, found that the only living creatures that resembled them were certain of the large animals living in their territory. And so the Osage Indians named themselves after the beaver and regarded that animal as their ancestor. The Omaha Indians treated the buffalo in the same way; the Choctaws, the crayfish. The various totem clans are so named from this sort of ancestor worship — the bear clan, crane clan, porcupine clan, and so forth.

A second way by which the idea of evolution probably originated in human minds was in connection with the moulding of objects from clay. Ancient primitive peoples early found that many useful articles, such as cooking utensils and dishes, could be made in this way. The practice of moulding seems then to have developed into an art, giving opportunity for expression of the latent æsthetic sense within. We can imagine how ornaments, trinkets, symbols, and finally models of human beings, were thus moulded from clay. And then as these ancient artificers and their friends looked upon these images, and as their thought-life developed, it seems quite natural that there should dawn upon their consciousness the idea that man himself in the beginning may have been moulded out of clay by a Supreme Being. It is thus that the concept of God and of evolution may have come into existence simultaneously.

The Babylonians called their god *Bel*, which means 'the potter.' The Egyptians gave their name for potter, *Khnoumou*, to their god. The same association originated apparently independently among the Australian blacks, the natives of New Zealand and of Tahiti, the peoples of Togoland in Africa, and the Natchez Indians of Louisiana. The Esquimaux of Point Barrow arrived at a similar conclusion, doubtless as a result of the making of a snow man. Among the Hebrews the idea was handed down for hundreds of generations in their folklore and literature. *Adam* is their word for man; *-ah* is their feminine suffix; and *adamah* means soil. It is thus seen that their language lends itself beautifully to the transmission in their folk songs and in their poetry of the concept that man is now born of woman, but that the first man came from the soil. It is this idea of God moulding man from clay that is so clearly expressed in the second chapter of Genesis.

But there is a third way in which the concept of evolution evidently originated among primitive peoples. This came with the development of the building-instinct. By a slow, steady progress certain peoples advanced from the stage of casting things about aimlessly to putting them together and constructing thereby useful objects. They came to building huts, crude dwellings, rough pieces of furniture. And then they looked about them and saw the rivers and the mountains, the

seas and the hills, the clouds, the stars, the sun. What more logical than to conclude that these also were builded by a Supreme Being gradually during a long period of time? Here again we have the first concept of God arising simultaneously and in direct association with the concept of evolution.

The oldest writings of India, about 2150 B.C., include a statement to the effect that the heavens and the earth were collected by the gods out of a primeval flood. The Samkhya philosophy of India, about 600 B.C., employed the world-building idea. In fact at this time we find a word, *samcara*, which meant development or evolution. Taoism in China, 600 to 500 B.C., presented similar ideas. It is thought that at about this time the first chapter of Genesis was written. It was evidently the product of a learned priesthood, basing their concept originally upon the idea of constructing a building.

IV

The idea of God moulding man out of the clay of the earth gave birth to an entirely anthropocentric conception of evolution. It might be extended to the thought of God moulding all of the objects and beings of nature from the same ground material; nevertheless the origin of man remains the centre of interest. At best it is strongly teleological, indicating that all evolution was brought about for the purpose of providing man with the necessities and comforts of life. The belief that the whole world was made for man's comfort has been handed down to the present time.

But the world-building idea gives us a cosmic concept of evolution. As presented in the first chapter of Genesis it is entirely free from the idea that man is necessarily the goal and the end of all evolutionary processes. It considers evolution as the development of the entire universe, with man as simply one of the more recent products. While man is without doubt the highest example of mental development and of intellectuality to be found among the organisms of the earth, yet it is another matter to consider him the aim and object of the Supreme Being — for whom every other object of nature was created.

It is highly interesting to find how closely this first chapter of Genesis conforms to our modern scientific conclusions, not only in its cosmical view of the relation of man to the rest of nature, but in the order of evolution there expressed. In modern terminology it may be taken as meaning that first there were atoms and then energy, or in other words that matter must have preceded motion. Our physicists might to-day invert this order. But third come molecules; certainly atoms ('without form and void') must have become associated into the various substances of the universe. Next we have states of matter arising, that is, solids, liquids, and gases, or, in Biblical terms, 'the firmament . . . divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above.' This, as the story in Genesis goes, was followed by the origin of the plant kingdom, which in turn was followed by the evolution of the solar system and the stellar universe. It is strange to think of plants as existing before there was a sun to furnish energy for them to manufacture their food. And yet we know that celestial changes have occurred since plants first appeared on the earth, and also that some microscopic plants can manufacture food from inorganic matter without the energy of sunlight. It furthermore does appear quite significant that these ancient theorizers on

the evolution of the earth should have left the appearance of the animal kingdom until after plant life had developed to supply the animals with food. It is also thought-provoking to notice that the order of animal evolution is given as aquatic, aerial, and then terrestrial; much as our zoölogists to-day say the probable sequence of the vertebrate series is: fishes, birds, and mammals. Finally, in the sixth period (for the Greek word, ἡμέρα, may be used either as meaning twenty-four hours, or a long era of time, as 'in this *day* and age of the world') comes the advent of man. Nothing is said about his origin, neither is it stated that the earth and air and plants and animals were created for him. It is this absence of the teleological point of view which makes it seem certain that this was a cosmical philosophy based upon the house-building analogy. The close approach, however, to the general sequence which modern science has outlined makes it seem certain that it is the product of much thought and that those who formulated it had definite reasons for each step they introduced. To them it too, perhaps, was a theory of evolution and not a doctrine.

And so in our modern life we shall perhaps avoid many a discomfort if we keep distinct our religion and our science, our doctrines and our theories, our beliefs and our conclusions. We must remember that science does not and cannot deal with primary sources. It was Sir Isaac Newton who said, 'He who looks for final causes is not a truly scientific worker.' Science must concern itself with existence, transformations, mechanisms, and consequences. Religion and philosophy deal with ultimate origins and final causes. Science and religion are different, but they are not fundamentally antagonistic to each other. Both have a place in all of our lives, for the universe is one and indivisible.

A DAY WITH MAHATMA GANDHI

BY C. F. ANDREWS

Perhaps the simple detailed account of a single day with Mahatma Gandhi during his convalescence will, more than anything else, bring the Western reader much nearer to the heart of things in India. It may possibly, at the same time, leave him somewhat bewildered at the subtle differences of mental temperament which are so fascinating, and yet so baffling to trace down to their ultimate source. Without any question, in the East the power of religion over life has marvelously persisted. The 'Ages of Faith' are still being lived; and India is, above all others, the country where spirit rules over matter in the modern world. This is the deepest difference of all between East and West, and it is seen in Mahatma Gandhi most distinctly.

The day begins very early. At 4 A.M. the household assembles. We remain seated on mats upon the floor of the verandah in perfect silence. Sometimes the moon is shining through the waving palm trees outside. On other

mornings all is dark. After the silence there follow Sanskrit verses, chanted in a monotone, and a hymn from some mediæval saint. Then silence once more for a short time while we remain seated and after that each retires. Our united worship is now over. Each one goes apart and strict silence will be observed until the sun rises in the east.

I would mention, in a parenthesis, that prolonged early morning meditation is no unusual habit in India. With the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, it has become a natural custom to begin the day with this inner silence a very long time before the dawn. Often he thus enters upon the day soon after two o'clock in the morning and sits in silence till seven. It is the only way, he has told me, that the spirit can be controlled in all its moods and be made ready for the trials of the day. Others, whom I know well, have given me similar accounts of the process of their daily lives, by which the mastery of the soul is reached in the early dawn through meditation and silence.

Among the Sanskrit verses, recited in our household prayers with Mahatma Gandhi, are the following from the *Bhagavad-Gita* (I am quoting from Sir Edwin Arnold's perfect translation, which is called *The Song Celestial* : —

That man alone is wise,
Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
Desire flames to fierce passion. . . .
But if one deals with objects of the sense,
Not loving and not hating, making them
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity.

And like the ocean, day by day receiving
Floods from all lands, which never overflows:
Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,
Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those,

So is the perfect one! To his soul's ocean,
The world of sense pours streams of witchery;
They leave him as they find, without commotion,
Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.

As I have read that passage over and over again, it has given me an insight into the true mind and character of the East. Mahatma Gandhi carries out its precepts to the fullest extent. It remains ever the highest ideal to be reached; the pearl of great price, for which a man will sell all that he has, if only he may obtain it.

About seven o'clock in the morning Mahatma Gandhi has some milk and fruit. This is his staple food throughout the day even when he is well. Very soon after this, Pandit Radhakanta Malaviya arrives with his two little children carrying some white blossoms. The blossoms are laid at the Mahatma's feet, and then the little ones run to his arms. They are not in the least afraid of the Hindu saint, who is very human where children are concerned. A portion of the Ramayana is read and studied on the roof. The sea murmurs on the beach and the palm trees wave their leaves backward and forward gently in the morning breeze. At eight o'clock this quiet time is broken. An endless tide of visitors begins to flow toward him. Each comes for advice; and it is strange to note how the political issues always take a philosophical turn before many minutes are over. This does not mean that the solution offered is any the less practical; but while the English mind quite naturally and instinctively looks to the immediate effect in politics, the Indian mind with equal naturalness of instinct looks to the remoter springs of action.

Let me give two examples from his 'Noncoöperation' programme which may help to reveal its true character as a deeply religious movement. In the south of India the pariahs have been treated in the past as less than human beings. In the whole of India there are nearly sixty million people of the lowest castes who are called 'Untouch-

ables' because it is still regarded as a pollution for an orthodox Hindu even to touch them. The Noncoöperation workers have ardently set themselves against this oppression. Trusted leaders have begun to 'noncoöperate' with orthodox Brahminism in its strongholds of reaction. The very same ethics are being applied that are used against the bureaucracy itself. Hindu noncoöperators, who are Brahmins, have taken with them outcaste Hindus and claimed an entrance to the Brahmin streets and quarters in Travancore State which hitherto have been strictly reserved against the so-called pollution of untouchables. They have offered themselves side by side with the untouchables who go with them, as ready to endure any assault, and even death itself, in order to break down this age-long tyranny. They will go on until the moral victory is achieved.

But the State Government could not permit disorder and breaches of the peace. So the police intervened. First of all, they arrested and imprisoned every one of these young adventurers in social freedom — both Brahmin noncoöperators and pariahs alike. Immediately others took their place. Then the leaders who were directing the movement were arrested and imprisoned. But as the number of arrests increased and it seemed likely that the prisons would be filled, the Travancore State authorities suddenly changed their programme. Those noncoöperating caste Hindus, who were offering to go through the Brahmin quarters in company with untouchables, were not arrested but were simply prevented from going forward. The police stood on guard night and day and blocked the road.

The moral tension grew more acute. Those who were seeking an entrance refused to take water or food till they were allowed to go through. Many of them fainted from exhaustion and were taken to the hospital where they continued their hunger strike.

By that time, the attention of Mahatma Gandhi had been directed to this new phase of the struggle against 'untouchability.' He called off the hunger strike immediately. Such a weapon, he said, might be used by a father against his son in purest love to bring his wayward son to repentance; but against an alien and impersonal system, such as a State, it surely became a weapon of anger. It did not connote the compulsion of pure love but the compulsion of dread and fear. I was present when two orthodox Brahmins came all the way from Travancore to see him on his verandah and to implore him to call off the struggle altogether. 'Is the road a private or a public road?' he asked. When they confessed to him that it was a public road and that only these poor outcastes of humanity were excluded, his face became drawn with pain. 'The struggle must go on,' he said. Many months have passed since then and this strange peaceful conflict, waged with the weapons of love, still goes on. The passive blockade still continues.

There is one problem, which perhaps has penetrated more deeply into the heart of Indian life at the present moment even than untouchability. It is called the 'Hindu-Muslim' problem. Forces of disruption have been at work and violent animosities have been excited which sometimes have tended to make even the mention of the word nonviolence a mockery in this connection. But the devotion of Musalmans to Mahatma Gandhi is entirely apart. His name among them is 'a thing enskied and sainted.' It has remained high above all this lower atmosphere of bitterness and party spirit. In spite of the storms that have been raging and the passions that have

been roused the Musalman leaders have remained as true to Mahatma Gandhi as he has remained true to them. Day after day I have watched them coming to him in his verandah to pour out their love at his feet. From the touching scenes I have witnessed, one might almost gather that the warmest corner of his heart has been kept for them and they have found this out. He, in his singular personality, is the one binding force. It is strange indeed how the personal spiritual element has to come in in order to produce, out of this sharp religious contrast, human fusion. Here in his spirit is a supreme gift to Indian unity. Behind it lie whole centuries of mystical religion; for it is the same spirit as that of Kabir and Nanak and countless other saints of mediæval India, who dared to proclaim that one God was being worshiped by Hindu and Musalman alike.

On two days in the week Mahatma Gandhi maintains complete silence. For he is the editor of two weekly papers, and he writes his editorials on these silent days. One of these papers is called *Young India*, and it is probably the most remarkable weekly newspaper in the world to-day. It contains no advertisements but only page after page from the editor's exhaustless spring of new ideas written in compact English sentences with not a superfluous word. The other paper, called *Nava Jivan* (New Life), printed in Gujarati and Hindi, has by far the larger circulation. It is his pet child and he lavishes his best energies upon it. Even without advertisements its net profits had come to fifty thousand rupees a short time ago, all of which were handed over to the National Congress.

At noon he usually takes a very short rest for half an hour, but this is often made impossible by visitors. A full hour is afterward given by him to his son in teaching him Gujarati literature. Then he sits down to the spinning wheel. For to him the economic salvation of his country through the spinning wheel has become more than a mere doctrine. This ideal of his, that India should thus win her salvation, is a pure and passionate faith wherewith his very life has become enriched and enlarged. He inspires with his own enthusiasm anyone who comes within the orbit of his attraction. In spite of the fact that the doctor had forbidden spinning so soon after his serious illness he found that he could not keep away from it any longer; and even though it may tire him physically it is certainly a great relief to the mental strain of the day.

That strain becomes the hardest to bear in the evening. For the crowd will insist on gathering in large numbers; and among them are always the poorest of the poor. For those poor people his sympathies are ever ready to be given to the fullest limit of his endurance. But when the time of sunset comes sheer physical weariness at last makes even his indomitable spirit yield before its urgent demand for rest. A short walk, very slowly, along the beach at sunset, the evening prayers, and again the silence of meditation — these bring the long day to a close. He sleeps well and thus recuperates his strength.

Since this was written, Mahatma Gandhi, all too soon, has left his home of convalescence by the seaside and has returned to his own Asram, or religious retreat, at Sabarmati, where his work is far more strenuous. From that place he is now directing the whole Indian national movement along the pathway of nonviolence.

THE DISMAL PROSPECT FOR LIMITING ARMAMENTS

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

[In engaging in this controversy with Japanese authorities, the *Atlantic* is far removed from any spirit of hostility or of immediate apprehension. We merely wish the important facts in the case to be completely understood and so bring to the realization of the American public the quite obvious fact that, while the Washington Conference saved expense, it did not banish danger. Rivalry on the seas continues and will continue until the world statesmanship can adopt more comprehensive and more radical measures. Furthermore, our Congress, in casting our exclusion act in a needlessly offensive form, has, through gross neglect of the navy, placed our country in the attitude of a bully whose manners are without even the brute justification of strength.
—The Editor.]

I

Rumors of a new Arms Conference are in the air. The British Labor Government is being urged, both by its supporters and prominent Liberal politicians, to respond to the gesture in this sense which the United States is supposed to have made. Great importance is attached in such circles to the resolutions which Congress added to the Navy Appropriation Acts for the previous and current years, empowering the President to approach foreign Governments with a view to further discussion on the restriction of naval combatant forces. So far, however, the MacDonald Cabinet has made no move, though it is composed largely of men who, until they took office, had always fought tooth and nail against warlike preparation. The truth is that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have been long enough in power to realize the difficulty of translating their pacifist theories into practice. Idealism has had to bow before the inexorable logic of circumstance. Already this Labor administration has appropriated for armaments a greater sum than its Coalition and Unionist predecessors spent in any one of the first five years of peace. Against its will, it has been compelled to sanction an increase in the national air-force and the laying-down of a naval programme, which includes five cruisers and two destroyers.

Replying some weeks since to a question concerning the Government's attitude toward further naval limitation, the Premier hinted his doubts as to whether the time was ripe for a definite move, and quoted a statement by President Coolidge to the effect that action would not be taken by the United States until the situation in Europe had become more settled. It may be, however, that the Labor Government's hands will be forced in this matter by pressure from the outside. Probably half the members of his own party, with several score of Liberals, are importuning Mr. MacDonald to take the initiative by convening a new assembly of the Powers to discuss the armaments problem. A statement made in the House of Commons on July 31 by Mr. Ammon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, suggests

that events are moving that way. Explaining that the attention of the Premier had been fully occupied during the last few months with international affairs, Mr. Ammon proceeded: 'But as soon as possible every step will be taken to call together something in the nature of an international conference to see whether we can arrive at an agreement on the reduction of armaments that might lead to eventual disarmament.' And later, in the same debate, when the question of developing Singapore cropped up again, Mr. Ammon added significantly: 'The Government would have something to bargain with in a conference if they were able to say that failing a satisfactory agreement being reached, however much they might regret it, they would have to go on with the naval base at Singapore.' So it is quite on the cards that the other four Powers affected by the original treaty of naval limitation may soon receive an invitation from the British Government to meet in conference again, for the purpose of amplifying that pact.

Most of those who have given careful study to politico-naval developments since the winter of 1921–22 feel dubious as to the prospects of a new Arms Conference. The conditions now prevailing are very different, they point out, from those which obtained three years ago. The Powers chiefly involved in naval competition at that time were the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. France and Italy stood by as more or less indifferent spectators. Dominating the whole position at sea was the formidable programme of battleship construction on which the United States was engaged. This scheme embraced sixteen capital ships of unique dimensions and battle power, the completion of which would have ensured American primacy in the strongest types of fighting craft. In process of execution, though much less advanced, was the Japanese 'eight-eight' programme. This also embodied sixteen capital ships, individually rather more powerful than the American vessels. In the meantime Great Britain watched with growing uneasiness the rapid expansion of these two navies, for her own resources were just as rapidly dwindling. Shortly after the war, in a perfect frenzy of retrenchment, she had begun scrapping battleships right and left, until by the spring of 1921 there remained only the skeleton of that mighty Grand Fleet which for five years had exercised complete mastery over the seas.

Many of the vessels discarded were, no doubt, of a type verging on obsolescence, and their retention would not of itself have guaranteed the future preëminence of the British Navy. A new class of capital ship, based on the experience gained at Jutland, and designated the 'post-Jutland' type, had been evolved since the war, and against thirty-two vessels of this class, building and projected for the navies of the United States and Japan, Great Britain had but one. To replace her aging dreadnoughts with battleships of the new type seemed to be out of the question. The cost of construction had risen enormously — from $15,000,000 per ship in 1914 to $35,000,000 in 1921 — and her finances were in no condition to stand a new burden of this magnitude. Still, the sentiment of the British people was altogether opposed to the surrender of that supremacy at sea which they had grown to regard as their inalienable heritage. Exhausted by the war and its sacrifices, and staggering under a colossal load of debt, they were as yet unprepared to see the trident pass out of their hands. It is the writer's belief that if naval limitation had failed to materialize Great Britain would have contrived sooner or

later to recover her former lead. It would have required a superhuman effort of many years; but that she would have accomplished it in the end, few who know her history will be inclined to doubt.

II

In the United States a perceptible reaction was setting in against prodigal expenditure on naval armament. By the beginning of 1921 popular enthusiasm for the great shipbuilding programme was on the wane. Owing to inadequate appropriations by Congress, most of the ships were in a backward state of construction, and it began to seem doubtful whether all of them would be completed. In the Navy itself influential voices were heard protesting against this lavish outlay on vessels which new methods of attack might soon render obsolete, if they had not already done so. Admiral W. S. Sims, U. S. N., whose wide experience naturally lent great weight to his views, publicly declared the battleship to have outlived its utility. This was the situation when President Harding went to the White House. But to cancel, or even to curtail, a naval programme on which large sums of money had already been spent, without gaining a *quid pro quo* of some sort or another, would have been unstatesmanlike and wasteful. The President and his Secretary of State saw in this half-built fleet of dreadnoughts a potent instrument of diplomacy. The original motive had been to secure for the United States, if not absolute supremacy in naval strength, at any rate equality with Great Britain; and the country at large, for all its declining interest in the matter, would not have approved the complete abandonment of this policy.

But could not the same goal be reached by other and less expensive means? President Harding and Mr. Hughes thought it could, nor did events belie their judgment. Fully apprised of the predicament in which Great Britain found herself, faced as she was with the alternative of taking secondary rank at sea or risking insolvency in an effort to build up a post-Jutland fleet, they had every reason to believe she would welcome with eagerness any rational proposals for stabilizing the balance of naval power as between herself and the United States. To this end the coöperation of Japan would be essential, but there again the outlook was decidedly promising. Thoughtful Japanese were aghast at the prodigious growth of their defense budget, which in 1921 was absorbing not far short of one half the entire revenue. Naval expenditure, in particular, was advancing by leaps and bounds, although the eight-eight programme was still in an early stage of development.[1] What it would ultimately cost to complete they trembled to think. Trade was depressed in consequence of the slump which had followed the great war-boom; popular discontent with the cost of living and heavy taxation was becoming articulate, and indispensable public services were being starved in order to release more money for battleships. To Japan, therefore, an arrangement which would have the effect of halving her naval budget without detriment to the relative standing of her fleet could not be other than highly agreeable.

No opposition was anticipated from France or Italy, though one is forced to admit that the authors of the limitation scheme did not make sufficient allowance for the former's maritime interests and proud traditions. On the whole, however, the international situation in

[1] Of the sixteen capital ships included in this programme, only six had been actually laid down by the summer of 1921.

1921 was such as to justify the most sanguine hopes respecting naval disarmament by mutual accord. None of the Great Powers wished to be drawn into a ruinous dreadnought competition; all were anxious to avoid fresh commitments after the orgy of spending provoked by the World War. In fine, the psychological moment had arrived, and American statesmen were prompt to seize it.

Now let us review as briefly as possible the very different situation which meets the eye to-day. While the building of capital ships has all but ceased, scores of other and smaller fighting craft are constructing in the world's shipyards. The United States, which three years since was leading the world in the production of combatant ships, has practically dropped out of the running. The great programme which constituted her trump card at the Washington parley is no more. Her place has been taken by Japan, who now has a larger quota of tonnage in hand than any other Power, though France is not far behind her. Great Britain has authorized the first batch of new cruisers designed to safeguard her sea routes, which must be kept open if she is to live. It may not be long before she is driven, by the steady expansion of the French submarine flotilla, to adopt a counter programme of the requisite dimensions. Italy, which claims parity of strength with France in the Mediterranean, has recently laid down her first fighting ships of post-war design. The way is thus prepared for a new era of competitive shipbuilding, less costly, perhaps, than when the dreadnought was the unit of power, but just as liable to engender international friction.

Japan is vigorously exploiting the opportunity with which a somewhat liberal interpretation of the Washington Treaty has provided her. The eight-eight programme is supposed to have gone by the board; actually, as we shall see anon, an integral and very considerable section of it remains, and is being proceeded with. In the last two and a half years she has laid down more vessels of war than the United States, Great Britain, and Italy combined. Thanks to the *status quo* agreement concerning Pacific naval bases, the political reaction of this Japanese activity is, so far, much less serious than it would otherwise have been. The American public, appreciating the vastness of the Pacific, does not as yet see cause for alarm in the imposing fleet of cruisers and submarines which Japan is building up. This process, however, is watched with less equanimity in Australia and New Zealand, where Japan is always regarded as a potential aggressor, and where a vigilant watch is kept on the growth of her navy. It was mainly in deference to the wishes of these Dominions that the late British Government undertook to develop Singapore as a major naval base. Already the repudiation of this scheme by the Labor Government has caused Australia to look to her own defense by ordering two big cruisers for the Commonwealth fleet. Nor is the new British cruiser programme unconnected with Japanese building activity. We seem, in fact, to be reverting to that pre-war condition of affairs in which the laying-down of a new warship by one Power automatically led to the building of another warship by a neighboring State. Compared with the old dreadnought rivalry, this new competition has begun on a modest scale; but the suggestive fact is that it *has* begun, and experience warns us to be prepared at any moment for a sudden acceleration of tempo. If, therefore, the movement is to be checked before it has gathered weight and momentum, now is the time to act.

But one looks in vain for any of the favoring circumstances which heralded the first Conference. Between most of the Powers concerned political differences of varying degrees of gravity have intervened. For example, it would be idle to pretend that Anglo-French relations have not deteriorated since 1921. At Washington, in that year, France definitely refused all such proposals for the limitation of submarines as were acceptable to Great Britain, though at that time there was a friendlier feeling between them than exists to-day. Since then France has embarked on a submarine programme of considerable dimensions; moreover, it was made clear by official statements during the debates in Chamber and Senate which preceded ratification of the Five-Power Treaty that France, in her present mood, would be averse even to discussing any further scheme of naval limitation. Yet without French coöperation it would be utterly futile to stage another conference.

And what of Japan? Until lately her newspapers were not unsympathetic toward the idea of extending the Treaty to include auxiliary ships, though they invariably stressed the 'special strategical requirements' which impelled Japan to maintain a powerful establishment of such craft; and with one accord they scouted the American suggestion that the 5-5-3 ratio be applied to vessels other than battleships. This indicates that Japan would not easily be persuaded into cutting down her auxiliary programme, though this would have to be done before naval strength in the Pacific could be regulated according to the Washington ratio. And, above all, in her present mood of bitter resentment at the exclusion of her nationals from the United States, she can hardly be expected to welcome proposals which would have the effect of still further reducing her naval armament. However desirable or expedient it may have been on other grounds, the brusque action of Congress has probably wrecked whatever chance there was of extending the principle of naval limitation, at least for the immediate future.

III

Finally, it is by no means certain that the United States and Great Britain are themselves in agreement with regard to the restriction of auxiliary tonnage. The original plan put forward by Mr. Hughes on November 12, 1921, aimed at reducing both navies to a common standard of strength. Absolute equality was demanded by the United States, in cruisers, submarines, and so forth, no less than in capital ships and airplane carriers. Would Great Britain have agreed to this if the matter had been pressed to a decision? She might have claimed, not without reason, that her unique dependence on sea communications entitled her to a higher ratio of cruiser tonnage than the United States, with its immense domestic resources, stood in need of. Unlike that country, Great Britain is not self-supporting in regard to foodstuffs and other essential commodities. If her seaborne trade were interrupted, even for a few weeks, her people would starve and her entire economic system break down. For her, therefore, the maintenance of open sea-routes is literally a question of life and death, and since the cruiser is the type of ship best adapted to the protection of those routes, it is more than doubtful whether she would, or could, accept a fifty-fifty ratio which would naturally be determined by the more limited requirements of the United States. At the same time we are assured by those in touch with official circles in Washington that the United States would agree to nothing less than parity with Great

Britain in cruisers as in all other types. If that be so it is difficult to see how a deadlock could be avoided at the very outset of a new conference. Nor should it be overlooked that serious differences of opinion on certain technical aspects of the existing Treaty are still outstanding. The proposal to renovate ships of the United States battle fleet has already led to representations by the British Government, which challenges America's right to increase the elevation of turret guns or convert coal-burning ships to oil-fuel, though American naval experts stoutly maintain that such changes would in no way contravene the letter or the spirit of the Treaty. This dispute, of which we are likely to hear more, is mentioned merely as a reminder that perfect unanimity between the two dominant Powers, which would be a condition precedent of success in a future Arms Conference, has yet to be achieved.

No doubt it is due to their appreciation of the considerations outlined above that President Coolidge and his advisers have not yet seen fit to act upon the suggestion of Congress with regard to the summoning of a new conference. On the previous occasion the chances of a successful outcome heavily outweighed the risks of miscarriage. Had it been otherwise the American Government, realizing as they must have done the serious consequences of failure, would hardly have taken the initiative. They could not have ignored the lesson of the abortive conferences at The Hague, each of which was followed by a substantial increase in the armaments of Europe. Just before the delegates assembled at Washington a leading London journal wrote: 'We have said all along, and we repeat now, that some definite agreement for the restriction of naval armaments must be arrived at before the assembly disperses. The very fact that it has been convened is an admission that international rivalry in these armaments does exist. Failure to reach an agreement would, in all likelihood, intensify that rivalry, which might then become a grave menace to peace. The world's statesmen have taken a momentous step, which can only be justified by a successful issue.'

In so far as it halted competitive building in the most powerful warship types, and incidentally relieved a situation in the Pacific which contained elements of real danger, the first Conference was a signal success. On the other hand, it did nothing to improve relations between Britain and France. The unfortunate submarine dispute left an aftermath of bitterness which has never since been allayed. It may be that the formidable submarine programme on which France embarked so soon afterward would have been adopted in any event, though there are many who regard it as a direct sequel to the controversy at Washington. It is therefore devoutly to be hoped that before Mr. Ramsay MacDonald makes up his mind to call a second conference on armaments he will satisfy himself that the moment is well chosen, the political atmosphere favorable, and the prospect of success more than reasonably good. In no other sphere of foreign politics is hasty or ill-considered action more to be deprecated. Not by any means does it follow that, because Great Britain and the United States both desire to regulate the construction of auxiliary warships, all the other Powers are bound to fall into line. At this juncture of affairs it is necessary at all costs to avoid any line of action calculated to generate ill will between Great Britain and France. The latter is convinced that her interests were prejudiced by the proceedings at Washington three years ago; her attitude toward the

Five-Power Treaty is that of one who decides to make the best of a bad job. Her leading statesmen have declared repeatedly that they will not suffer her hands to be tied again in the matter of naval defense. If the most serious differences between French and British policy could be adjusted, if the German Reparations problem could be solved to the satisfaction of both parties, and if France received those guaranties for her future security by which she sets so much store — if all this could be accomplished she might then be inclined to lend a more sympathetic ear to proposals for mutual disarmament. But until these conditions are fulfilled it seems worse than futile to approach her on the subject. The almost inevitable result would be a fresh outburst of rage from those influential publicists who professed to see in the Five-Power Treaty a shameful betrayal of French interests and who all but succeeded in having it thrown out by the Chamber. Then would follow an agitation for stronger defenses at sea, culminating, perhaps, in a new programme of submarines and aircraft, the two French weapons of which Great Britain is most apprehensive. In face of such developments the Entente could not survive. A period of open antagonism might ensue, and Europe's last hope of pacification would vanish. Again, therefore, one must register a fervent hope that the British Labor Government's zeal for disarmament will not blind them to the dangers of precipitate action.

IV

As between the United States and Japan the issue is rather more simple. Apart from the immigration controversy there is not, for the time being, any acute political difference of opinion between Washington and Tokyo. The fact remains, however, that the trend of Japanese naval policy in the post-Treaty period has aroused misgivings in the American mind. No one questions Japan's scrupulous observance of the letter of the compact. She undertook to scrap her battleship programme, and she has done so. She has also discarded the older ships which the Treaty required to be sacrificed, and she has discontinued the fortification of islands within the zone affected by Article 19 of the same agreement. What she has not done is to suspend the operation of her eight-eight programme so far as it relates to auxiliary naval craft. The result is that her force of such ships is expanding year by year, and the balance of power in the Pacific which the Treaty aimed to stabilize is thus turning steadily against the United States, whose fleet of auxiliary ships remains stationary.

The scope and significance of this Japanese auxiliary programme were discussed by the present writer in an article published in the *Atlantic* for February 1923. His purpose was not to disparage the fruits of the Washington Conference, but to show that Japanese action in continuing to build up a powerful fleet of secondary naval craft must eventually upset the ratios of international strength formulated by the Treaty. This article appears to have given offense in Japan, though the data it presented had been carefully checked, and the conclusions drawn therefrom were, in the writer's judgment, entirely justified by the premises. A detailed reply has since appeared in the *Far Eastern Review* from the pen of Rear-Admiral K. Nomura, a Japanese officer who was at one time attached to the Embassy in Washington and who served as personal aide to Admiral Baron Kato during the Conference. Describing the *Atlantic* article as 'the most potent because the most adroit of the several criticisms of the naval treaty

that have been offered,' he submits the following extract as a specimen of its supposedly tendentious character: 'To state the case in a sentence: Japan, by diverting to the construction of cruisers and submarines no small part of the energy she formerly expended on capital ships, will soon be in possession of a fleet of "auxiliary combatant" vessels superior in some respects to that of any other power. . . . Japan during the last five years has built or ordered no less than 23 light cruisers, as against a collective total of 16 for Great Britain and the United States.' Commenting on this, Admiral Nomura writes: 'The effect of this paragraph is to give a definitely erroneous impression. It is carefully worded, but seems deliberately designed to alarm where no alarm is necessary.'

That, of course, is no more than an expression of personal opinion by the Admiral. Since he does not attempt to dispute the figures mentioned in the statement, it is to be presumed that he accepts them as accurate. On his part he submits various tabular surveys of relative naval strength at given periods, one of which shows that Japan, by the end of 1927, will possess 28 cruisers of 171,055 tons, against 10 American cruisers of 75,000 tons, the ratios being 2.2 and 1 respectively. This position may be quite satisfactory to Japan, but the Admiral can hardly expect it to be viewed with equal complacence by the United States. He makes much of the circumstance that when the eight-eight programme of battleships was canceled, the complementary programme of light craft was also modified by deleting one cruiser, 13 destroyers, and 24 submarines, a total of 38 vessels. This seems at first sight a very drastic reduction, but what does it really amount to? We find that the canceling of these 38 vessels has involved a decrease of only 13,395 tons in the original programme, equivalent to the displacement of two small cruisers. Such is the limited extent to which Japan has reduced an auxiliary fleet that was designed, in the first instance, to serve all the needs of a great battleship force. Since fourteen of the projected battleships were afterward dropped in deference to the Treaty, the tactical necessity for so large a number of ancillary craft ceased to operate, yet Japan has nevertheless continued building them up to within 13,395 tons of the original standard of strength, which postulated an aggregate displacement of 130,000. The net reduction is therefore only about ten per cent.

This disparity between the number of ships canceled and the diminution of tonnage is explained by the fact that all the surviving craft, from cruisers to submarines, have been redesigned on the basis of larger dimensions and greater fighting power. With regard to cruisers and destroyers, though the total number was reduced by 14, the sum of displacement was actually increased by 144 tons. In other words 32 ships of 102,000 tons are now building or on order, in place of the 46 ships of 101,856 tons projected before the Conference. Admiral Nomura seems to have overlooked the damaging significance of his own figures! So far from disproving the case presented in the *Atlantic* article, they confirm and strengthen it. Only in respect of submarines has any positive reduction been made in Japanese naval shipbuilding since the Treaty. Here we find a substantial cut in the programme, from which 24 boats of 13,539 tons have disappeared. The surviving 22 will all be of large design, and their completion four years hence will bring the Japanese underwater flotilla up to 69 units — ocean-going boats without exception, and all less than ten years old from date of completion. Numeri-

cally, and still more in the size and power of individual boats, this Japanese fleet of submarines will have no rival. Moreover, about thirty of the boats comprising it will date from the post-Treaty period. In view of Admiral Nomura's contention that Japan has strictly adhered to the spirit of the Treaty — which was framed to promote limitation of naval armaments and, above all, to discourage the construction of new fighting ships — the following table is instructive. It shows the number of auxiliary vessels of each type which the three leading Powers have begun and authorized since the Treaty was signed in February 1922: —

	United States	British Empire	Japan
Cruisers	0[1]	8[2]	11
Destroyers	0	2	32
Submarines	3[3]	1	30
	3	11	73

Confronted with these arresting figures, the apologists for Japan will find it difficult to sustain their argument as to her loyal observance of the spirit of the Treaty.

In the *Atlantic* paper referred to, mention was made of the haste with which the fortification of the Bonin Islands was pushed on by Japan as soon as she knew the Washington Conference to be impending, her object being to put herself in a favorable position strategically before the negotiations began. Admiral Nomura denounces this statement as 'diametrically opposed to actual facts' and as 'a canard pure and simple.' But the information on which it was founded came from the Japanese press, which appears to have made no secret of the matter. Several of its newspapers published an account — reproduced in the *Japan Chronicle* — of festivities which were held at the Bonins in December 1921, to celebrate the completion of the fortifications there. Seeing that the Washington Conference was in session at this time, and that when the fortification plan was first adopted it was scheduled for completion by the end of 1922, it was a justifiable inference that the work had been expedited in order to strengthen Japan's hands at the Conference. Such, at least, was the conclusion reached by newspapers in that country. Admiral Nomura suggests that the writer's views 'are instrumental in provoking distrust of Japan, if not actually intended to do so.' The obvious retort is that nations, like individuals, are to be judged by their actions rather than by their words. The actions of Japan since the Washington Conference form a striking contrast to the lofty language in which her statesmen profess their devotion to peace and disarmament.

[1] Eight U. S. cruisers are projected but not yet authorized.

[2] Includes five ships authorized by the British Government, two ships by the Australian Government, and one cruiser-minelayer begun in 1922.

[3] One or more of these U. S. submarines may have been commenced previous to the Treaty.

THE CHIMERA OF MONOPOLY

BY AMBROSE PARÉ WINSTON

'THROUGH *control of government, monopoly has steadily extended its absolute dominion to every basic industry. In violation of law, monopoly has crushed competition, stifled private initiative and independent enterprise, and without fear of punishment now exacts extortionate profits upon every necessity of life consumed by the public.*' — ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

'WE *oppose the artificial supports of privilege and monopoly because they are both unjust and uneconomic.*' — CALVIN COOLIDGE

'WE *offer . . . a belief . . . in the suppression of private monopoly as a thing indefensible and intolerable.*' — JOHN W. DAVIS

I

IN the great sea-fight at Actium when the combined fleets of Mark Antony and Cleopatra contended for the empire with the forces of Octavian, Antony's ship, it is said, unaccountably slackened speed and then, in defiance of the wind in its spreading sails, in defiance of hundreds of slaves bending to their oars, stood still. A diver, examining the hull, brought up a little fish of a variety which, according to general belief at that time, by attaching itself to a hull could hold the largest ship motionless on the water. Even to this day, in fact, it is a well-known species with a remnant of its ancient fame still perpetuated in the dictionaries by the name of *remora* (delayer) and in the zoölogies by the specific name of *naucrates* or conqueror of ships. This belief was not confined to the ignorant populace; it was entertained by the best intellects of that time, by Lucan in his *Pharsalia* and by Pliny the Elder, himself commander of a fleet as well as the most noted observer of animal life in the whole history of ancient Rome: 'What is more violent than the sea and the winds? What greater work of art than a ship? Yet one little fish can hold back all their fury and can hold back all these when they all strain the same way. The winds may blow, the waves may rage, but this small creature controls their fury and stops a vessel when chains and anchors would not hold her, and that it does, not by hard labor, but merely by adhering to her.'

A fable, so out of keeping with modern thought that no one would now believe it, found at that time no one to deny it, because in that age there was a universal failure to understand that physical energy is quantitative and measurable — that the great force of a large body is not to be controlled by a little thing and feeble, 'merely by adhering to' it. In contemplating the physical universe we have made appreciable advance, but it is possible that after some centuries the record of our thinking on social phenomena will be treated by the historian of science in

the same chapter as Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*.

For a series of years ending in 1917 the powers of the American government — legislative, executive, and judicial — were exerted toward destroying a reputed agency of oppression, a plunderer of the people, which had its seat in the town of Elgin, Illinois, west of Chicago, and which was said to reach out its strangling tentacles to the extremities of the nation. That town had years before been the centre of trade in dairy products for the rich farming-country round about; an organized market in butter had grown up there and become widely famous and its quotation of prices was recognized in all the butter markets of the nation. In time it quite lost importance as a butter market but still continued to be, even more than most markets for farm products, an object of denunciation on the ground that its Butter Board 'fixed the price of butter.' Congressmen, farm papers, and miscellaneous editors thundered to right and to left of it. It gave occupation to Federal Grand Juries and, in April 27, 1914, a decree of the United States District Court in Chicago condemned the officers and members of the Elgin Board of Trade on the ground that they 'heretofore formed, and at the time of the filing of the petition were parties to, a combination and conspiracy to restrain interstate trade and commerce.' The officers and members of the Board were accordingly forbidden to engage in the said conspiracy by fixing and publishing prices, unless these prices grew out of bona fide sales of butter.

In 1917, at the request of the Food Administration, the Elgin Board ceased operations. If we explore the depths to find out what manner of organization this is that fixes the prices of a commodity so widely bought and sold, what do we find? An Assistant United States District Attorney, who went out from Chicago and recommended that it be closed, described its operations. From January 6 to June 16, 1917, it met once a week with average attendance of four traders and average sales of 51 tubs of butter. From the first of August to the first of November all the sales, with two exceptions, were made by a man named Moles and a man named Christian. For example, August 4, Christian sold Moles 25 tubs at $38\frac{1}{2}$ cents. August 11, Christian sold Moles 50 tubs at 40 cents. August 25, Christian bid 41 cents for 100 tubs, no offers and no sales. September 1, no sales. For years Elgin had ceased to be a butter market of importance; the meetings and the publication of prices seem to have been continued because some people in the neighboring territory, and also from Baltimore south, preferred the quotations from force of habit. The committee was substantially a statistical board to furnish information as to market conditions. As a source of information it was unsatisfactory and might have been misleading, but its suppression was explained and justified on other grounds. The Board was prosecuted, not for fraud, not, for example, on a charge of using the mails to defraud, but for exercising, or at least threatening, a dominant influence over prices to the injury of the consuming public.

The *New York Times* — an organ not inferior in intelligence to the average citizen — announced in a telegram from a Chicago correspondent that this formidable agency 'practically fixed the price of butter for the United States.' That is to say, the great currents of trade in that commodity, as it moved to the central markets and out again to the consumers, urged on by the imperious necessity of the producers to sell, drawn by the desire of

the consumer to buy — thousands of pounds, millions of pounds (more than 300,000,000 a year coming to the neighboring market of Chicago alone) — were set at defiance by this puny survival of an abandoned market, as the little fish baffled the struggles of Antony's rowers and the winds of the Ionian Sea. Like our forefathers in their thinking on physics, we in our sociology fail to understand that forces in society are quantitative and measurable — that the small forces do not prevail over the great. Pliny says that when a remora stopped the ship of the Emperor Caligula and was brought upon deck it was only a little fish, 'it had no great power.' (It was only Moles selling his weekly 50 tubs to Christian.) The pathetic Elgin Board case is, of course, extreme (the antitrust agitation is directed in many instances against groups not so clearly inferior to the great movements of commercial activity which surround them), but it is instructive precisely because it is extreme. The extreme case is needed to measure the present-day credulity as to combinations and their power over prices. Deep waters require a long plummet.

It is impossible to review here the whole subject of 'Trusts.' What follows is meant to apply only to the cases mentioned — namely, the 'Beef Trust,' the Standard Oil group, and the Railways of the United States. These have been the chief objects of attack in the antitrust agitation and legislation of the last few decades. It seems logical, therefore, to meet the prevailing public opinion on this matter on the ground which public opinion has chosen.

II

The opinion has come to prevail almost universally that the growth of large-scale industry within a half-century has marked the end of competition. Mr. and Mrs. Webb in their book on the *Decay of Capitalist Civilization* (dealing with the United States as well as England) have attributed the downfall of capitalism to a replacement of the competitive régime by monopoly. Mr. Eliot Jones in his *Trust Problem in the United States* concludes that it is impossible to 'restore competition.' This understanding of recent industrial history arises from a misinterpretation of one set of facts and an entire oversight of another group of processes which have given to the industrial activity of our day an intensity of competition unknown to any earlier generation.

First, it should be understood that increased size in manufacturing organization is not the same thing as monopoly. The increase in size has resulted chiefly from improvements in transportation. When, one hundred years ago, it cost $249 to send a ton of iron from Philadelphia to Erie, the market for iron from any producing centre was limited to a small radius. When a ton of iron can be sent from Pittsburgh to Vancouver for $18 the marketing radius is wide. The industrial unit was necessarily small when the market was narrow; it is large in an extensive marketing area. The change in size of factories and size of marketing areas does not mean a change in the number of producers within reach of the buyer. The twentieth-century consumer buys from a large factory selling across half a continent; his nineteenth-century ancestor bought from a little shop or mill which sent its products across half a county.

In the small gristmill a family had few mills to choose from and paid the same price (or toll) to everyone. The millers could readily agree on prices without interference by officers of the

law. In my Illinois village we were confronted when we bought meat, not by a beef trust, but by an entire consolidation of the beef industry in one person, namely, Joe C. We bought our beef from him or went without. Later Charley D. came in — we dealt not with a Big Five and two hundred independents described in the Federal Trade Commission report, but with a Big Two. The rich man of the region in a neighboring town had his meat sent in from a distance. This doubled the cost. With that one exception and occasional purchases in the winter of frozen beef from farmers by the 'quarter,' not one family in that region ever found relief from the power of our Beef Trust.

Not only has the substitution of large for small producing units resulted in no weakening of competition; more than that, it is an obvious deduction, from facts known to all observers, even from the hackneyed commonplaces of recent industrial history, that, with and because of the growth of capitalism, competition has in our day become intense and swift and sure beyond all previous human experience.

What do we mean by competition? We ought to mean the ready movement of the factors of production — labor or productive instruments — toward those employments in which prices are exceptionally high and profits large. That is, competition is substantially 'mobility.' Two things are necessary for this mobility: (*a*) knowledge, among persons outside of the high-priced employment, that it is profitable; (*b*) the possibility of increasing the use of capital and productive energy in employments whose superior attractiveness has become known. In both respects the tendency of recent industrial evolution has been toward making competition more prompt.

An even more striking factor in the situation before us is the fluidity, the mobility of productive forces, now that the craftsman has given way to the machine as the dominant factor in production. The skilled workman, having learned his trade, was immobile; he could not invade another craft and he had little fear of an invasion of his own field by unskilled men or by men of acquired ability unlike his own. Tasks like those which formerly required muscular strength and skill gained through long apprenticeship are now performed in a large and increasing percentage of cases by men of little strength and brief training.

In automobile-making 43 per cent of all jobs, we are told, can be learned in one day; 36 per cent more, in not more than a week; only one per cent require more than a year. The factory worker shifts frequently from one employment to another employment and back again. The replacement of the skilled workman by the unskilled laborer and the machine is shown strikingly in the steel industry. 'Steel is not made with hands. Man does little more than touch levers while the balance is done by steam and electricity.' 'In a mill rolling 3000 tons of rails a day not a dozen men are seen on the mill floor.' In these last years the steel mills have needed additional laborers; they have drawn on the Mexicans of the Southwest and the Negroes of the South. The cotton-field laborer may almost at once be set to work in a steel mill. The decline in power of unions in the steel industry is a result and an evidence of the waning importance of manual skill. 'For the past thirty years they have suffered an unbroken series of defeats.'

If labor is readily diverted from one employment to another by the allurement of profits, the other great factor in production is equally fluid. New capital — the current accumulation of

surplus income — is unspecialized industrial protoplasm quickly turning in any direction, attracted by the hope of profit, creating new competing products with a promptness and certainty unknown in the age of handicraft.

The owners of investment capital and their advisers are looking incessantly for the most profitable opportunities for its employment. The earnings from oil, from steel, from the packing industry, from automobiles, from sugar, from commerce and shipping, flow into steel or automobiles or oil, or whatever gives greatest promise of high earnings. In the production of the chief staples, every sort of productive agency — labor, no longer specialized as in the past but adaptable to any use, and material of every kind — is at the disposal of any group of persons possessing the requisite number of dollars.

The matter is comparative, and in comparison of past and present we can say only that in the more general knowledge to-day of the relative attractiveness of business opportunities, in the increasing readiness with which unspecialized labor and unspecialized material for plant and equipment can be turned with brief preparation, the consumer finds a tolerably secure defense against high prices due to restricted supply.

It must be understood that competitive influences or processes are many. There is competition of the obvious sort between rival companies; there is the influence of 'potential competition,' caution in raising prices for fear of calling new rivals into the field (thus Miss Tarbell showed how, when prices of oil increased, the production of oil from shale increased and new wells were opened so that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates found that 'making oil very dear does not pay'). There are other forms of competition, or processes having the same effect as competition, in both railway transportation and manufactures, which have generally been slighted or overlooked. One of these neglected forms of competition is what might be called the motive of the empty car. If all railway property in the United States were united under one owner, it would still be necessary for that magnate to place a limit on charges in order to attract business, and thus to employ more fully his trackage and his rolling stock, as more than half the expense of railway operation continues even when traffic and revenue are next to nothing. The same principle applies to manufactures: running at half capacity is ruinous.

Another sort of competition is competition between one commodity and another for the purchasing power of the public. The fact that unlike commodities compete has been recognized in the case of the liquor traffic; the grocer has been biased in favor of Prohibition by his own interest in destroying a rival. The same sort of competition is well known in other cases without being called competition. For example, an association of onion-raisers in the Rio Grande Valley some years ago developed a market for their products in Kansas City by inducing the grocers there to lower the price of onions at retail, causing an increased demand for onions by a process of competition with the whole range of foods known to Kansas City housekeepers.

The development of a market for any commodity by joint action of producers of that commodity (as in the case of California fruits) through distributing samples, advertising, demonstrations to teach the public its uses and advantages, is inter-commodity competition. It is quite reasonable to believe that, if production of each commodity came to be consolidated in one

company, the competition of the several groups for the patronage of the purchasing public would be as intense and as effective an influence toward moderate prices in every line as any imaginable competition between rival producers of the same kinds of articles.

The opinion has been generally accepted by writers, legislators, and judges that the railway business is singularly noncompetitive. With all deference, I believe that competition is in that field singularly powerful. All students of railways do indeed recognize the influence of railway competition, not merely in the simple and obvious effort of adjacent lines to take business from each other, but in the case of lines far apart. Whenever two railways, however remote, carry products from competing producers those lines of rail are competitors. Thus the railways of British India and the railways from the wheat fields of Dakota to the port of New York are competitors in carrying wheat for the Liverpool market. The same process is more evident within the country; for example, the shoe manufacturers in St. Louis and the railways which serve them compete for the market of the south (Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee) with the New England shoe factories and railways.

This fact can hardly be stated with too broad an application. Practically all articles carried by American railways enter into a world-wide market where farmers, manufacturers, miners, and carriers of all regions and all nations compete. A combination to put an end to competition must therefore be world-wide; there is no such combination. The corner grocery is not more clearly competitive than the railway, even though the competition process is not identical in the two cases.

III

An observation of the industrial organizations which this course of development has created brings everywhere to view the universal prevalence of competition which the growing fluidity of industrial agencies and instrumentalities would lead one to anticipate. To find evidence that competition survives and increases, one need only examine the rather abundant publications, official and unofficial, which have been designed to show that competition has been 'crushed.' One might, for example, reasonably expect that a work like the Federal Trade Commission's report on the Meat Industry, recommending (and in fact leading to) drastic legislation for the remedy of monopoly, would exhibit something which might possibly be called 'monopoly' by a rational person within reach of a dictionary. The commission received replies to its inquiries from 225 slaughtering interests engaged in interstate trade, besides 1132 wholesale slaughterers doing business within their respective states — in addition to the purely retail slaughterers scattered nearly everywhere over the country. *That* is 'monopoly.' Likewise the report of the Senate subcommittee in 1923 on the 'High Cost of Gasoline and Other Petroleum Products' mentions (in addition to the seventeen companies with their thirty-eight refineries of the Standard group) a further list of twenty-eight independent companies operating fifty-seven refineries, and (yet further) a number, not specified, of small refineries. That state of things can be classified as 'monopoly' only by a use of the word (unhappily the prevailing use) so indefinite as to have no real significance. These publications not only show a multitude of competitors, but they fail to show (even when in general terms

they allege) the high profits which the word monopoly implies.

In the meat industry during the pre-war years 1910 to 1913, Armour's profits ranged from 3.4 per cent to 9.3 per cent; Swift's, 7.4 to 9.6; Morris's 4.1 to 7; Cudahy's 2.4 to 8; Wilson's, so far as reported, were 6.5 per cent. The reader is invited to decide for himself whether there is evidence in these figures of monopolistic extortion which the Federal Trade Commission represents (I am not exaggerating) as a peril of the first magnitude not only to the people of the United States but to the entire human race.

In the war years profits increased, as appears in the following table showing the percentage of gain for the monopolists and for sixty-five competitors of the monopolists.

	Big Five (*average*)	65 'Independent' Companies (*average*)
1914	8.3	12.6
1915	12.8	13.1
1916	18.5	22.1
Average — 3 years	13.5	16.3

Why become a monopolist, when it is more profitable to be an 'independent'?

In 1921 the Big Five endured a general loss; Armour's deficit was reported at $31,000,000; Wilson's at $8,462,000 — five or six times the total profits of the Wilson Company for the year 1920. The Wilson organization is now (August 1924) in the hands of receivers, and a suit to have the company declared bankrupt has been brought by creditors who, departing from the complaint of the Commission that the company has the consumer's purse at its mercy, allege that it cannot extort enough of the consumer's wealth to pay its debts.

According to the brief of the Government in the suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company, that organization in 1906 earned 24.6 per cent on its invested capital, about the same rate for the preceding ten years, and 20 per cent in the yet earlier period as far back as 1882.

A subcommittee of the U. S. Senate Committee on Manufactures, under the chairmanship of Mr. La Follette, more than a year ago issued a report on the 'High Cost of Gasoline and Other Petroleum Products' offering the general conclusion that earnings had been exorbitant, as shown especially by the increase in the value of the stock of the various Standard Oil Companies from the time of dissolution of the combination in 1911 to 1923. Thus a share of the Standard of Indiana is represented as increasing in value from $2520 in 1911 to $39,000 in 1923 — more than a fifteenfold increase. The method of making this calculation was crudely — but as a means of arousing public indignations, effectively — fallacious. The $2520 (1911) was a book value; the $39,000 (1923) was a market value. The book value in 1911 of a company which had been exceedingly prosperous for more than a score of years would probably be much less than its market value. The shares were not on the market in 1911, being all owned by the holding company; but after the dissolution they were again sold independently and November 26, 1912, the 30 shares into which each original share had been divided were valued in the New York stock market at about $325, making for the 30 shares $9750 instead of the Committee's $2520. The increase to $39,000 is not in the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, but a fourfold increase — not a phenomenal growth if we remember the possibilities of compound interest, and realize also the exceptional conditions attending the oil business during that period, which made large profits comparatively easy without any sort of monopoly power.

If the company had each year added about 15 per cent to its assets by reinvesting part of its earnings, and if the conditions of the market permitted this continued expansion, the value of the property might be supposed to increase about fourfold in the decade. As the company did in fact add to reserve in this period about twice what it paid in dividends, this quadrupling in value of the property would imply earnings of no more than about 15 per cent plus 7 or 8 per cent — total 22 or 23 per cent. If we consider the circumstances of that time, the continued growth in demand for petroleum products, especially with added impetus of the war, one need not be surprised at earnings of such a per cent on investment for one of the chief beneficiaries of that demand.

Compare the financial history of this company with that of another chief beneficiary of the development in motor devices — the Ford organization (as given in the *New York Times*, May 5, 1923, quoting a statement to the Massachusetts Commissioner of Corporations): 1903, assets 'less than $100,000' — 1923, assets $536,851,939. Here is an increase in assets by more than 5368 times in twenty years. If the Indiana Standard Company quadrupled its value in ten years, the same rate of increase would have meant a sixteenfold increase in twenty years to Ford's 5368. Mr. Ford, who had in fact been reported as declaring that a fair market value of his business was a billion dollars, by this estimate appears to have surpassed the growth of the tortoise-like Standard, not in the ratio of 5368 to 16, but about 10,000 to 16, or 625 to 1.

The subject of railway earnings — including the whole matter of valuation — is too complicated for consideration here. The tentative valuation under the direction of the Interstate Commerce Commission fixed the total at about $18,000,000,000. The sum of capital stock and bonded debt of all the companies was reported at less than $20,000,000,000. As the dividend and interest are clearly not high percentages of debt and share capital, there is no reason to complain of railway earnings if we accept the Commission's estimate as valid. This estimate has been frequently attacked — especially by Mr. La Follette, who was active in bringing about this work of valuation.

Dispute may be avoided by accepting an estimate which he himself has made. As governor of Wisconsin about twenty years ago he published a statement on the value of railways in his state, estimating the earnings of the Chicago and North Western, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, on their property in Wisconsin, at about nine per cent in each case on the value of that property. He asserted that such a rate of earnings was excessive. It should have been noted, but was not, that the year in question, 1903, was a year of exceptional prosperity for the railways of the United States, including these two companies. There had been in fact, since about 1896 or 1897, a period of increasing prosperity in the railway business. The nine-per-cent estimate referred to two exceptionally well-managed and prosperous roads, and took no account of less prosperous years. The North Western, under Marvin Hughitt, had extended its tracks across prairies where the surveyor and the man with the shovel found no towns and no farms and the Company's financial management found for the time no revenue, trusting for recompense to industry and agriculture of the road's own creation. The railway business must be regarded as an oppressive monopoly, because, as the indictment is concretely stated by one of the chief complainants, nine per

cent was earned by two prosperous roads in an exceptionally prosperous year. At that time one could easily lend at six per cent on real-estate mortgages without the railway stockholder's risk of a decline in earnings in unprosperous years.

Among all lines of business, railways have in most countries been selected as a subject of exceptional control as having a singular power to exact from the public excessive payments. An examination of the financial history of railways in all parts of the world seems rather to indicate that there is in the railway business a singular inability to obtain for that service earnings equal to those frequently realized by other investments. This characteristic disability has been so clearly recognized that capitalists have, in many countries, refused to invest in what, by the monopoly-and-extortion theory, should be an opportunity to make easy money; so that governments have found it necessary to attract capital to this line of business by subventions and guaranties of interest — not only in new countries as those of Latin America, but in Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and France, where population is dense and traffic heavy, seemingly fit subjects for the profiteer.

In the South American supplement to the *London Times* of September 27, 1910, it was said that the São Paulo Railway in Brazil was the most prosperous railway in South America 'if not in the world.' This marvel of a railway, carrying about half the world's coffee, was paying dividends of 14 per cent. What other industry is there in which such a return on investment would be regarded as very exceptional or even a maximum?

The Prussian state railways have been regarded as among the most successful — perhaps the most successful — of European railways. In the four years 1910–13 their yield in excess of operating revenue over operating expenses ranged from a maximum of 7.20 per cent on the investment to a minimum of 6.39 per cent. After deducting from this miscellaneous railway expenditures and interest on the railway debt, there remained as a surplus for the public treasury 1.9 per cent (taking the four years together) on the capital invested. The French lines were well planned to avoid paralleling or wasteful construction, yet up to the end of 1908 the Government had spent in aid of private roads $785,000,000. At the end of 1913, the purchase by the state of the Western Railway system, which according to the official promise was to cost the public nothing, 'had already cost the taxpayers 944,000,000 francs,' while according to the latest official figures the deficit on the state railways amounted to 345,000,000 francs (*London Economist*, January 3, 1914, p. 24).

In the first decade of this century the Italian railways showed an annual deficit. The Swiss railways from 1903 to 1912 showed varying deficits and small surpluses with an aggregate surplus of 13,700,000 francs (1.1 per cent of the price for which the state had purchased the roads). But no reserve fund had been accumulated as required by law, and the railway debt, instead of diminishing, had increased 40 per cent in ten years, amounting December 31, 1912, to 1,426,000,000 francs, though there had been substantially no extension of the lines, but only some improvements and double track. (*Revue Économique Internationale*, January 1914.) The railways of Belgium have been well planned and are well located amid a dense productive population. In their whole history up to 1910 — beginning as far back as 1846 — the government roads have yielded a total profit of 66,600,000 francs, amounting in the whole

long series of years to less than three per cent of the capitalization of the roads as given at about that time. (*Rev. Éc. Int.*, July 1914.) Spanish railway companies have commonly received subventions from the state. The State Railways of Austria have never yielded enough to pay charges on capital account; the public treasury in 1913 had to supply a deficit of about $10,000,000 and somewhat larger amounts in preceding years. (*Rev. Éc. Int.* July 1914.) From 1908 to 1912 the Norwegian Railways yielded only about two per cent each year in excess of operating revenue over operating expenses — not all of which of course is available as interest on dividends. By that test (of net operating revenue) Finland, Bulgaria, Algiers, and Tunis, were as badly off as Norway; Sweden, Hungary, and Rumania were not much better off. (*British Statistical Abstract, Foreign Countries*, 1914.)

As the Lilliputians bound the sleeping Gulliver to the earth, with cords from ankle to queue, so public authority multiplies statutes and ordinances to restrain the too powerful giant, while many of the same statesmen, with a double load of anxiety, imperil their budgets in providing sustenance to save the same giant from dying of malnutrition. If the railway is 'affected with a public interest' because of an inherent tendency to monopoly and too great gains, one is justified in looking for more frequent instances of railways earning at least enough to make them independent of public charity.

It is ordinarily futile to consider whether a certain percentage of income on investment is normal, as no one can define a normal rate. In the instances before us profits have in no case been greater than those known to any person at all acquainted with such matters as not infrequently accruing to successful companies. I can recall corporations engaged in business, unmistakably competitive, yielding 30, 60, or even 100 per cent. It seems fairly safe to say that — using indefinite terms with proper interpretation — wherever a man or a group has rapidly gained what would be regarded as 'a fortune' out of scant capital, the annual profits have been more than 25 per cent of assets. Mr. Roberts, of the National City Bank, in discussing the subject, refers to Senator Capper who began with invested savings and now owns 'two daily papers, six weeklies, three semimonthlies, and two monthlies, several of them of wide circulation and large earnings, with aggregate valuation of millions.' Mr. Kresge is still well under sixty and had engaged in various employments before beginning with $8000 his business which in 1923 yielded profits of $9,493,988.

The lines of business activity whose earnings the public seeks to limit are not these or the activity of the automobile millionaires, but the beef business with its humble earnings of 3.10 or 13 per cent offset by some huge deficits, the oil business with 25 per cent as an ordinary return, and the railway business which is so constituted as to be, in most of the world, a starveling. Of 10,000 corporations in the United States, with total earnings at an average for the three years 1911–12–13 of more than a half-billion dollars, there were 2571, each of which averaged for the three years from 20 per cent to 100 per cent or more. It would be easy to add much statistical evidence that the Standard Oil earnings, if about 25 per cent, were not very exceptional.

IV

The popular belief as to monopoly is open to objection for other reasons

less obvious but quite as convincing as any to be found in tables of investment and earnings; it implies a false conception of economic society, of the economic interdependence of men, and even in some fashion of man's place in the universe.

About eighty years ago there came to full recognition the idea that as matter has the measurable qualities of weight and extension, so the forces of inorganic nature — as heat, light, and motion — are measurable and indestructible; that when one form of force is converted into another, the cause is equal to the effect. The same principle seems applicable (with great caution and modification) to social forces. This at least is intelligible and obvious: that in the processes of economic life forces may in some instances be measured against each other, and those clearly small by comparison cannot prevail over those clearly greater. This fact is very commonly disregarded. The Elgin Butter Board case is an example.

Here is another: the Federal Trade Commission, in its report on the Meat Industry, alleges that the Big Packers are engaged in a conspiracy, not merely to plunder users of meat, but, since they deal in other foods (dairy products, poultry and eggs, groceries) and since these operations extend to other countries (I quote the Commission's italics from Pt. I, p. 68), '*to monopolize and divide among the several interests the distribution of the food supply not only of the United States but of all countries which produce a food surplus, and as a result of this monopolistic position . . . to extort excessive profits from the people not only of the United States but of a large part of the world.*' They ring the changes on this idea of monopoly and conspiracy. Fortunately they give a definite measure of the extent to which the five meat companies have advanced toward holding the human race in their power by threat of starvation. I quote: 'Armour's drive into the rice market in a single year is perhaps the most striking instance of the potentialities in this direction.' The Commission might have added, but did not, that 16,000,000 pounds of rice is about $\frac{2}{3}$ of one per cent of the rice crop of the United States, about $\frac{1}{150}$ of the international rice trade. But not all the rice was held at one time; the effect on prices must have been distributed. Moreover what was bought was also sold, and selling must tend to depress prices as much as holding raises them. In the estimation of the Commission, however, this transaction had a prodigious effect. At any rate they solemnly call attention at this point to a 65 per cent rise in the price of rice during the year in question (1917). In the seclusion of their offices the Commission had not heard that tillers of the soil by millions over almost half of the earth had been forced to abandon their fields and that most of the great nations of Europe and America were competing for the world's diminished stores of food with all the resources of all their treasuries, driven by the frenzy of hate and terror which is war; that in the merchant fleets of all nations, on the railways, the carts of Indian highways, the backs of men over trails on Chinese mountains, the staple foods were being drawn to the camps with a suction as irresistible as that which draws the waters of the Great Lakes over the precipice of Niagara. (There were people in Paris in 1793 who did not know that the monarchy had been overthrown.) The Commission had not even heard that the prices of most other commodities had risen.

The power of competition in the livestock and meat business is evident in any ordinary report of dealings in a

livestock market, notwithstanding the perpetual assertion that the 'Big Five' fix prices to the destruction of the cattle raisers. When receipts of livestock increase, prices go down; when receipts decline, prices go up. Prices have in turn an effect on receipts; high prices increase, low prices decrease shipments.

I take one such report at random — the *Weekly Livestock Review* of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for the week ending April 7, 1923. 'Cattle receipts increased during the week as a result of price advances during the previous week. On the initial day, however, when over 23,000 cattle were offered, much of the previous week's advance was lost, but during the latter days of the week receipts were moderate, demand fairly active, and daily price gains were made on all fat steers. . . . With a decrease of approximately 23,000 hogs for the week, trade was stimulated somewhat and all grades advanced 10 cents to 15 cents. In the face of liberal receipts, coupled with a slackened demand after Easter, fat lambs slumped for the week with the bulk of offerings declining 25 cents to 40 cents.' This is typical of such reports.

On reflection it must clearly appear that the forces which centre in any market for cattle or hogs are world-wide. The competing buyers of cattle in the United States are numbered, as the Trade Commission shows, by hundreds and thousands, while beyond our borders is the competition of yet more numerous thousands of purchasers throughout the whole list of nationalities on all continents. An attempt at lowering prices by holding off from the market would give great joy to the numerous purchasers for export who are always present, comparing the possibilities of purchase here with possibilities of sale in the countless markets beyond seas. In Argentina alone there are half as many cattle as in the United States; in Australia there are one third as many; in Germany before the war two thirds as many; and so in France, England, and other countries of Europe and Asia. The number of cattle offered, the prices at which they are offered, the prices which consumers here or elsewhere will pay — all these factors have a fixity which no little group in Chicago or elsewhere can disregard.

In the days before the Great War, when the peasants of Russia had a good crop they bought Chinese tea, the Chinese demand for English cotton goods increased, and the English factory worker bought more beef. Rains on the Argentine pampas would lower the price of beef; a burst of flame on the surface of the sun scorching the pastures of Australia would raise the price. The economic interests and activities of all peoples, of all individuals in all nations, are so intertwined, the production, sale, and consumption of all commodities are so interrelated, that we may regard the whole process of supplying the economic needs of all mankind within the range of the world's trade as one great composite process, one complex of infinitely manifold efforts conditioned in part by factors directly human, but also conditioned by all the biological and physical factors which determine the economic fortunes of men. If the top price of steers on a certain day in Chicago is $9.45 per hundred that is not a phenomenon of Chicago; it is a cosmic fact. A little fish cannot stop a man-of-war.

THE LAUSANNE TREATY

BY A STUDENT OF POLITICS

I

FOLLOWING close on the heels of our declaration of war against Germany came the rupture of diplomatic relations with Turkey. This move was made by the Ottoman Government, not by ours; an unprovoked act brought about solely through the close relationship then existing between Turkey and Germany. Turkey herself thus gave us our first good opening for a decisive hand in the settlement of the Near-Eastern question.

In 1917 we might well have countered Turkey's unfriendly act by a declaration of war against her. She had, some years before, repudiated all Capitulations (exterritorial rights), including ours. She had outraged us by her wholesale massacres and deportations of her Armenian subjects. She was the avowed ally of Germany, and as such we might have declared war on her with at least as good grace as we later did against Austria-Hungary. Had we done so we should have conferred upon ourselves a voice in the settlement of the Near-Eastern question equal to that of England, France, or Italy. But we chose instead to ignore Turkey.

With equal firmness we held aloof from the Near East during the period of flux which followed the war. In 1919 and 1920 we were approached by our late Allies for assistance in the solution of their Turkish problems. But we concerned ourselves not at all with the radical changes which the Allies proposed to effect in their peace settlement of Sèvres. After the Allied Conference at San Remo the question of an American mandate over Armenia was formally presented to our Congress — and formally and very decisively turned down. There was a certain amount of public sympathy among us for the remnants of the Armenian race. We were content to see our President named in the Treaty of Sèvres as arbitrator of the frontier between Turkey and Armenia. But we were not signatories of that Treaty, the President's delineation of a frontier did not in any way commit us, nor was our wrath aroused to action when Armenia later disappeared as a political entity. We congratulated ourselves on the fact that one of the by-products of our part in the winning of the World War had been the driving of the Turk out of Europe and the internationalization of the Straits. But we were quite content to stand aside and let the Allies handle the matter.

Then we stood by and watched the Allies blunder steadily and consistently through four years. We saw a new revitalized Nationalist Turkey rise under their noses and throw the Greeks into the sea. When but a few British soldiers stood between the victorious Turkish Army and Constantinople, we were amazed — but we did nothing about it. The blaze of Smyrna horrified us — but we stayed our hand.

Our complete and voluntary detachment from the Near-Eastern question

is a fact which I have put baldly, not by way of criticism, but simply in order to bring it out. It is essential to a true comprehension of the present situation that we recognize the deliberate and voluntary nature of our policy of standing aloof in the Near East. Whether that policy was deplorable or commendable is a question of opinion, not of fact. It was consistent with our traditions and defensible on the grounds of that consistency and on that of public opinion. It is also a debatable question whether, even had we chosen to throw ourselves into the Near East, we could have held the Allies together against the centrifugal force of their national aspirations. Could we have built up a stable system in which the rights of majorities, minorities, and of foreign Powers would have been respected, and in which the great waterways of the Straits would have been internationalized? It is certain we could not have done it unless we had maintained considerable armed forces five thousand miles from home, spent great sums of money, and run the risk of war. Who shall criticize us if we chose to maintain our policy of 'hands off' and to assume no political obligations whatsoever?

Yet there are many people in America who apparently do not accept the pivotal fact of our policy of detachment in the Near East, or at least not its logical implications. We have recently negotiated treaties at Lausanne which are in essence nothing but ordinary engagements of reciprocal amity, commerce, and extradition between ourselves and a government which we, in common with the rest of the world, recognize as sovereign, de facto and de jure, in its own land. These treaties fail to give us exterritorial rights in Turkey or to guarantee, under our protection, the rights of any minority group of Turkish citizens. They give us neither more nor less than similar treaties give England, France, or Italy. We chose the path of complete aloofness from the problems of the Near East, and it has brought us to exactly the same spot which our more ambitious friends have reached by devious paths of trial and humiliation. One would suppose that we have little cause for complaint.

II

On the fifth of May, 1923, when the Turks formally proposed to us the negotiation of a treaty of amity and commerce at Lausanne, an entirely new situation had arisen in the Near East.

There was, in the first place, a new Turkey. The old Ottoman Empire, an attenuated dominion over heterogeneous races, had given place to a compact and relatively homogeneous state. The autocracy of the Sultan had been succeeded by at least the forms of democracy. A government based on little sense of nationality or patriotism had been followed by one which had overcome its many enemies through the possession of those virtues. The Ottoman Empire had survived under a system of balance of foreign intrigue and influence in its internal affairs; Nationalist Turkey was in plain sight of complete sovereignty. Whether the new Turkey represented a reform and a zeal in nationalism which would prove to be lasting was another matter; but the fact of transformation could not be questioned. Nationalist Turkey then differed from the old Ottoman Empire at least as much as the United States after the adoption of the Constitution differed from the American Colonies before the Revolution.

Another factor of the greatest importance in the new situation was the complete change in the attitude of the Allies toward Turkey. The Great Powers had attempted to settle the Near-

Eastern question largely on a basis of partition into mandates and spheres of influence. But in June 1923, it was obvious that they were on the point of surrendering their capitulatory rights, withdrawing their forces, and recognizing the full sovereignty of Turkey (steps which they have since taken). We were faced with the prospect of a kind of detachment neither traditional with us nor to our liking — an anomalous position in which the protection of our interests in Turkey would be based neither on Treaty rights nor on diplomatic or consular representation, while Turkey's late enemies in the war and our commercial rivals in the Near East enjoyed all of these advantages.

Capitulatory rights in Turkey were obviously lost to us as well as to all other Powers, whether we negotiated or not. There was but one way in which exterritoriality might be reëstablished, and that was by war. We who had carefully refrained from taking part in the strong-arm policy by which the Capitulations had been maintained would certainly not go to war for them at a time when Europe was on the point of acknowledging their abolition. On the other hand it seemed highly probable that our citizens and interests in Turkey would need, in the period of readjustment following the capitulatory era, such protection as our diplomatic and consular officers might afford. We were somewhat skeptical of the reforms in Turkish administration and jurisprudence by which alone fair play to foreigners was to be secured. And it was obvious that we could give our people the usual or normal diplomatic and consular protection only through a treaty which recognized the new régime and our rights under it, and reëstablished normal relations between ourselves and Turkey.

There was also another factor of considerable importance to us in the situation then existing: Turkey was not in the Bolshevist camp. Whatever we might think of the Angora Government, we were at least sure that it was not subservient to Moscow and not leagued with those who strove, by propaganda and corruption, to overthrow existing governments in the interests of world revolution and communism. In their desperate struggle to free their country from Greek invasion, the Nationalist Turks, cut off from all open aid from Europe, accepted munitions from Russia. But they refused to adopt even the forms of communism, and Bolshevist propaganda made no progress among them. When Ismet Pasha refused to follow Chicherin at Lausanne in December 1922, Turkey placed herself definitely outside of the Russian orbit.

The question over which Ismet broke with Chicherin at Lausanne was also significant. The Western Powers (as well as ourselves) wanted to secure the greatest possible freedom of passage through the Straits. After the war the plan had been to internationalize them and keep them open to all vessels at all times. When the Turks again came into power the West hoped to secure free passage for at least all vessels flying flags of nations not at war with Turkey. But Russia wanted the Turks to close the Straits to all foreign warships at all times. Much was to be said for this contention from the point of view of Turkish interests. But the Turks refused to support it.

III

Such was the situation on the first of June, 1923, when our Government finally consented to negotiate with the Turks at Lausanne. Whatever we may have thought of the men then in power in Turkey or of the Turks themselves, there was no denying that the Turkish State was a new entity in the world,

that it had won its sovereignty in open fight with foreign enemies, that it represented the will of the majority of its people, and that in form at least it followed our traditions of independence and democracy. In entering into ordinary treaty relations with Turkey we should be following our traditional policy with respect to new democracies, and at the same time we should establish a basis for the protection of our interests in Turkey during a critical period of reformation.

It has often been said that these were not our real motives, but that, on the contrary, we surrendered at Lausanne our capitulatory rights and the interest of Christian minorities in Turkey to obtain the Chester Concession. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In the first place our capitulatory rights were already lost beyond possibility of recovery save by war. We had obtained them almost a century before from the Imperial Ottoman Government, not by our own efforts, but by virtue of their having been secured by other Powers. In 1914 the Ottoman Government had repudiated them. It is true that we had refused to sanction that repudiation, but in 1923 the Capitulations were placed still further beyond our reach by the disappearance of the Ottoman Government and the succession of a new State not at all disposed to take up the exterritorial handicaps of its predecessor.

Nor was the protection of Christian minorities in Turkey ours to hold or to surrender at will. We had deliberately avoided meddling in Turkish affairs in the interest of the Armenians or other Christian minorities. We had formally refused an offered mandate. Other Powers had assumed certain protectory rights over Christian minorities, with the net result of encouraging them to assert themselves and then leaving them in the lurch at the mercy of the Turk. We had kept out of that sort of thing. We did not surrender a protectory position at Lausanne for the reason that we had no such position to surrender, even if we had chosen to do so.

As to the influence of the Chester Concession on our Lausanne treaties, the joke of it all is that the Concession was ratified by the Angora Assembly on April 10, 1923, nearly four weeks *before* the Turks proposed negotiations and over seven weeks *before* we definitely consented to negotiate!

The ratification of the Concession was not made in any way contingent on the scope of our negotiations or even on whether or not we negotiated. The Concession was granted by the Turkish Government for reasons of their own, the principal ones probably being that they believed it would be beneficial to the development of their country (as it would have been) and that it would exert a certain pressure on the European Powers with whom they were then negotiating peace (as it did).

The Chester project was an old one. As far back as 1910 it had been approved by the Turkish Minister of Public Works. After the rise of the new Turkish Government in Angora, ten years later, the Ottoman-American Development Company (the Chester people) entered into negotiations for its ratification by that Government. During all these years and right up to its final ratification in April 1923, the American Government took no steps to secure it, and lent the Development Company only such support as American citizens engaged in legitimate business were entitled to receive. In point of fact the unequivocal position of our Government in refusing to give special support to the Chester project beyond the Open Door Policy was a contributory cause of its failure to obtain the necessary financial backing in America.

So, when we consented to negotiate

treaties with the Turks at Lausanne, our hands were free. We were in no way influenced by an important railroad and mining concession which had already been obtained without the aid of the American Government. We were free of political obligations to any minority group in Turkey save our own citizens domiciled there. We sought protection for our legitimate interests in the only way, short of war, open to us — their definition in treaty form and the reëstablishment, by treaty, of normal diplomatic and consular relations.

IV

On August 6, 1923, we signed two treaties with the Turks at Lausanne. The basis of both was reciprocity and the mutual granting of privileges accorded to the 'most favored nation.'

The first treaty, that of amity and commerce, reëstablishes diplomatic relations, acknowledges the abrogation of the Capitulations, guarantees protection by the Turks of the lives, liberty, property, and business rights of Americans in Turkey, places in the hands of American tribunals all questions of personal status and family law affecting non-Moslem Americans in Turkey; provides for freedom of commerce and navigation, including freedom of the Straits under the 'most favored nation clause'; provides for a just levy of taxes and custom duties; reëstablishes consular relations, defines their functions and privileges; and abrogates previous treaties between the two countries. It is, as Secretary Hughes has said, 'such a treaty as would be negotiated with any other sovereign State.'

The second treaty provides for the extradition of persons charged with crime. It differs in no essential from many other extradition treaties now in force between the United States and other foreign States.

On the same day that these two treaties were signed the American and Turkish delegates, by an exchange of notes, came to a partial agreement on two important points — the status of American benevolent institutions in Turkey and of American claims against Turkey. In the first case the Turks recognized those institutions which existed prior to October 30, 1914, and agreed to examine favorably those which had been established since that date. In the case of the American claims, it was agreed to discuss the question after a short interval, and it was actually discussed in Constantinople during the following November and December. This discussion led to a final decision in the form of an agreement for the establishment of a Claims Commission, composed of two Americans and two Turks, to meet six months after ratification of the Lausanne Treaties. The Commission is to have authority to examine all American claims against Turkey which are passed upon by our State Department.

To a certain extent the question of American benevolent institutions in Turkey is still an open one. It is a matter of adjustment which time alone can settle. The Turks oppose two courses of action — any attempt to convert Moslems to Christianity and any partiality shown the racial minorities, particularly the Greeks and Armenians. Now, our institutions are supported to some extent by money donated in the hope of converting Moslems. They are also under suspicion of partiality toward the racial minorities, largely because those minorities have taken more kindly to our schools and hospitals than have the Turks. It is perhaps in this matter more than in any other that adjustment will be most difficult and in which the Turks, as well as our own people, will be called on to show liberality and fair play.

Suppose for a moment that some non-Christian nation was very much richer than the United States and very much more advanced in civilization. Suppose its missionaries came to our country and here established schools and hospitals which offered our people advantages far beyond anything we could give them. Suppose these missionaries were actuated by a sincere desire to convert us to a religion which was shared by only small racial minorities in our country. Would there not be considerable friction between such foreigners and, say, the Ku Klux Klan?

There is another important question between the United States and Turkey. It hinges on divergent views on naturalization. It was not possible to settle it at Lausanne, even by the tentative method of exchange of notes employed in the case of our schools and hospitals.

In the old days of the Capitulations a foreigner in Turkey enjoyed many advantages over a Turkish subject. He was not called for military service, paid no direct taxes, and could not be tried by Turkish courts. He was protected in his commercial dealings by his consul — an official far more powerful than is a foreign consul in our country. Those were also the days of unrestricted immigration into the United States. The natural result was that many Turkish subjects, mostly Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, came to America. In a few years they went back to Turkey and lived there under the protection of our citizenship and the Capitulations.

The Ottoman Government countered by refusing to recognize foreign naturalization in the case of Ottoman subjects. This was a move well within the sovereign rights of Turkey and one which could not be challenged successfully save by force. It brought about a situation of dual nationality, and resulted in an impasse that has continued to the present day. Recently there has been some indication that the present Turkish Government would recognize American naturalization provided we should recognize their right to exclude from Turkey American citizens of Turkish origin — a proviso which we are naturally unwilling to accept.

So the matter stands, a difficult question still, though much easier of solution now that we have practically closed our doors to Turkish immigration and the Capitulations are no more.

The situation is, then, this: — We have negotiated two treaties which are in the nature of fundamental bases for amical relations and for further negotiation and adjustment of differences. We have also established *modi vivendi* for the solution of the questions of our schools and hospitals in Turkey and of our monetary claims against Turkey. The question of naturalization is still outstanding, and it will undoubtedly be followed by other important questions arising in the future. Our decision to ratify or not to ratify the Lausanne Treaties really comes down to a decision as to whether we want to establish a basis of contact and from that point work toward complete agreement, or whether, on the other hand, we prefer to break relations altogether with the present Turkish Government, and begin again on a more favorable basis at some more favorable time. In this decision a very important consideration should be the record of the Turkish Government since the signature of the treaties in August of last year.

V

In considering this record there are two touchstones by which it should be tested — stability and fair play. A foreign government worthy of treaty relations with us should be able to convince us that it is reasonably stable and

that it means to play fair, at least so far as we are concerned.

It so happens that the past year in Turkey has seen phenomenal changes. In October 1923, the last of the Allied troops were withdrawn from Constantinople, Thrace, and the shores of the Dardanelles, and the whole zone came into the hands of the Turks. In that same month the National Assembly at Angora, at the instigation of Mustapha Kemal, voted in the 'Republic of Turkey,' a step which involved fundamental changes in the form of government. In March of this year the Caliphate was abolished. All members of the old imperial House of Osmanli were banished from the country. Church and State were completely separated. Church property was expropriated to the use of the State, the civil jurisdiction of religious courts was abolished, and practically the whole of the public-school system was transferred from religious to secular control. In April came the climax in political metamorphoses, the adoption of the new Constitution. This reorganized the whole fabric of government, and incidentally granted a limited form of woman suffrage. And throughout the year a vast exchange of populations was being effected, and brigandage, which had prospered exceedingly for several decades, was being effectively stamped out.

Had these startling changes not been imposed by a small group upon a people singularly subservient to authority, they would be even more remarkable. But there is no disguising the fact that the Republic of Turkey is an oligarchy. Popular elections have so far been only the form by which candidates chosen by the ruling group are instated in office. In the Constitutional debates the Assembly may have shown unexpected firmness in the defense of its rights and limited in some degree the powers of the President — that does not alter the matter. The cavalier manner in which the Constitution was finally adopted (the half of it after only a few hours' debate) and the almost complete indifference to its provisions shown by the country at large clearly indicate that constitutional government in Turkey is not yet taken seriously, if indeed the meaning of it is understood.

Nevertheless, the record of Turkey for the past year, considered as a feat in political transformation, is almost without parallel. *And it was all done without the slightest internal disorder of any kind.* A Government which can 'get away with' such things without opposition from its people, even though they be by nature subservient, which can change its form of government, separate a hitherto inseparable Church and State, cast off the spiritual head of a great religion, and draw up and adopt a new Constitution, all within a twelvemonth, certainly exhibits strength and, by inference at least, stability.

Whether the Turks will run their country into the ground, as many foreigners predict, is another matter. Financially they are having their difficulties, and they are going to have more of them. It is of course obvious that their administrative ability is by no means equal to their ambitions or to their nominal progress toward democracy. But it must always be remembered that Turkey is an agricultural State whose people are largely illiterate and content with very little. Administrative inefficiency which would set our people by the ears leaves the Turk cold. He asks only that his taxes and his military service be light, that he be protected from brigandage and from foreign spoliation, that he be let alone. And that is exactly what he is getting. Angora's feverish zeal for political transformation passes over his head almost unnoticed. An Englishman who knows the people well was

recently asked whether Mustapha Kemal is still popular among the Turkish peasants. 'I should not say popular,' he replied, 'but rather accepted and — forgotten.' Not at all a bad position, that, for an Oriental potentate!

In deciding whether or not we shall establish relations with a foreign government we often have to judge the stability of that government by existing facts, and not by the true test of time. Under present conditions we should have few treaties with foreign governments were we to insist on their stability being proved to the hilt. We believe that a democracy is more stable and in other ways preferable to an oligarchy rendering only lip service to popular government. But we also have to recognize that some people, not yet advanced beyond the forms of democracy, must perforce content themselves with autocratic rule. We have more than once established normal diplomatic relations with a new government which had won its sovereignty by success in arms over external enemies, and which was fortified by the moral force of that victory. We have made rather a point of doing this when the new government followed at least the forms of democracy, when it appeared to have the support of at least the majority of its people, and when it could not be charged with usurpation of power rightfully belonging to its own people or to us.

This is the case with Turkey of today. We cannot be sure that the Angora Government will endure. Like all revolutionary movements it is being run on unfamiliar lines by men of no great administrative experience. The times are unsettled and the future dim; but at least we are sure that there is now no open opposition among the Turks to their present government. Whatever secret opposition exists probably tends largely toward the reëstablishment of the Sultanate. The record of the Turkish Empire was not one which should incline us toward sympathy for that form of government.

To a large extent predictions of the early failure and dissolution of the Angora Government should be discounted because they come from foreigners who have lost their special privileges under the old régime and the Interallied occupation, and also from thousands of ex-subjects of Turkey now in America and Europe who are racially and fanatically opposed to the success of any Turkish Government.

On the head of stability, therefore, we have little reason to throw the Government at Angora out of court. Fair play is another matter. To some extent it is a question of what we should reasonably expect from a Government hardly beyond the revolutionary stage, from a State so very new in all its form and functions, from a country torn by eleven years of almost continual war, from a people who have long suffered from foreign spoliation, and who have recently been embittered to the point of intense chauvinism and xenophobia. However, American firms do continue to do business in Turkey, American institutions (at least the more important of them) do continue to function, and American citizens do travel all over the interior without let or hindrance.

Against this must be balanced the petty annoyances of governmental red tape and inefficiency, and the far more serious attitude assumed toward certain of our interests. The crux of the matter is that our delay in ratifying the Treaties of Lausanne has given us an opportunity of judging the vital issue of Turkish fair play. On the manner in which the Government at Angora has met and is meeting that issue should depend our decision to ratify or not to ratify the Treaties. But let us also show fair play, and not blind prejudice, in making that decision.

THE PROBLEM OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IN MEXICO

BY ROBERT GLASS CLELAND

I

'I SHOULD therefore suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France,' wrote Edmund Burke in 1790, 'until I was informed how it had been combined with government, with public force, with the discipline and obedience of armies, with the collection of an effective and well-distributed revenue, with morality and religion, with solidity and property, with peace and order, with civil and social manners. All these things (in their way) are good things, too, and without them liberty is not a benefit while it lasts, and is not likely to continue long.'

The standards Burke here establishes for testing a nation's liberty commend themselves to the judgment and common sense of thoughtful men. Liberty is not liberty at all unless it conforms to these requirements; and a government, whatever name it bears, is of no benefit to a people if it does not perform those essential functions for which in the last analysis every government exists and upon which all organized society depends for its very life.

For over a hundred years, with a few brief exceptions, the liberty of the Mexican people has been a fictitious liberty, and the government of that country has failed to meet the tests either of a free government or a successful government. It has not maintained order, except at irregular and widely separated intervals. It has not afforded industry the security it requires, nor protected labor against the evils of a violent and disorganized society. It has not been able to keep its treasury in funds or pay its debts or direct its revenues to the genuine upbuilding of its citizens. It has failed lamentably to educate its people or give them a decent standard of living or teach them the rudiments of health and sanitation. It has built almost no highways, developed almost none of the country's great resources, and allowed itself to become the economic vassal of other nations. It has frequently ignored its solemn treaty obligations, violated the established principles of international law, and invited the intervention of other nations because of its utter helplessness in the face of domestic turmoil and confusion.

This indictment of self-government in Mexico is not born of hostility or prejudice, but of that same impartial desire to arrive at the truth which leads a physician to record a patient's symptoms, no matter how serious they may be, when he attempts to diagnose the disease from which the patient suffers. And if my criticisms of Mexican liberty and of the Mexican government appear to be harsh or exaggerated, I can only plead that they are no harsher nor more exaggerated than the facts of Mexican history themselves. Let us see if this statement is not correct.

Mexico became independent of Spain

in the year 1821. From that date to 1876, when Porfirio Diaz first came into power, the nation enjoyed the rule of two regencies, two emperors, sundry dictators, nearly twenty provisional presidents, twenty-three regular presidents, and one or two extraconstitutional bodies known by various names. Altogether, in the course of these first fifty-five years of independence, the government thus changed hands on an average of at least once a year (or perhaps a little oftener) and almost never were these changes accomplished without bloodshed or in accordance with the methods prescribed by the Mexican Constitution.

Under such conditions it is obvious that the government of the country could not perform even the simplest of its duties toward its citizens, and that the liberty which had been won from Spain was in no way combined with 'solidity and property, with peace and order,' or with any other of the virtues that make for a nation's progress and enlightenment.

The rule of Diaz began in 1876 and with the exception of a four-year interval, from 1880 to 1884, extended to 1911. In all the history of Mexican independence this is the only period in which the country has enjoyed as much as five years of continuous tranquillity and peace. This relief from political confusion and the turmoil of revolution enabled Mexico not only to make surprising progress along economic lines but also to reëstablish her international position and to some degree to improve the condition of the common people.

But the government of Diaz, though an efficient and successful government, possessed two fatal elements of weakness. It was neither a free government nor a constitutional government, and it had no power to pass its virtues on to a successor. Here lies one of the features of Mexican politics which needs to be clearly pointed out. Many people, both foreigners and native-born, who have despaired of self-government in Mexico, propose as a sort of guaranteed alternative to the nominal democracy now in effect the restoration of a benevolent despotism, such as Diaz established and so long maintained. But in addition to all the theoretical objections that might be offered to this plan, there is a practical difficulty which renders its operation quite impossible. This difficulty is to find the man of sufficient capacity and strength to establish and maintain the proposed despotism. Virtually every president before Diaz, as well as after him, has attempted to do the very thing he did — that is, to make himself absolute master of the government; but none as yet has had any long-continued success in this attempt.

The explanation of the single generation of peace which Mexico has known in the last hundred years lies, then, not in the type of government Diaz established, for this was already old when he came into power, nor in the methods he adopted, though these were eminently practical and efficient, but in the personality, genius, and consummate ability of the man himself. Thus those who advocate the establishment of a dictatorship in Mexico, modeled after that of Diaz, as a solution of the nation's political perplexities, are advocating a delusive and visionary plan unless they can discover somewhere a leader comparable to Diaz in ability and statesmanship, and also can devise some method by which this man can pass his government on to a successor of no less ability than himself. But when in the past, with the possible exception of Benito Juarez, has Mexico brought forth a man like Diaz, and when will she again produce his equal?

But to return from this digression. Few will dispute the weakness and futility of the Mexican government before the time of Diaz or deny the absolute nature of the latter's rule. But many (on the first impulse) will vigorously object to going any further. Granted, they will say, that self-government in Mexico before 1910 proved a failure. Conditions since that time have changed, and it is both unjust and foolish to speak of the Mexico of to-day as though she still followed the practices and suffered from the evils of an outlived yesterday.

If the premise is correct, this position certainly cannot be questioned. But in any matter of history facts are of some importance in reaching right conclusions, as they are in science. And these are the facts of recent Mexican politics.

From 1910 to 1924, a period of fourteen years, Mexico has had five major presidents — Diaz, Madero, Huerta, Carranza, and Obregón. She has had in addition six temporary or provisional presidents, two of whom held office for nearly six months each, and one of whom was in power less than fifty minutes. She has had as many as three different presidents of one kind or another in a single day. She has seen her capital more than once or twice fall into the hands of bandit-revolutionists, such as Villa and Zapata. She has seen two of her five major presidents assassinated in the revolutions which brought about their overthrow. She has seen two others driven into exile, where they died. And the fifth, Obregón, she has seen escape the certain fate of exile or death within the past year only because the United States Government came to his support at the crisis of his administration.

These facts are worthy of sober consideration. In them there is not much, surely, to indicate that the present state of Mexican politics shows any great improvement over that which has gone before. What has happened, indeed, is really this: The thirty years of tranquillity and peace under Diaz misled public opinion in the United States and taught us to look upon the present revolutionary period in Mexico as an abnormal and unnatural state. In reality, however, the confusion and violent political upheavals Mexico has experienced since 1910 are the normal characteristics of her government. This is no new idea. Nearly a century ago, De Tocqueville, that keen student of American political institutions, wrote: 'To the present day Mexico is alternately the victim of anarchy and the slave of military despotism. . . . The incessant revolutions which have convulsed the South American provinces for the last quarter of a century have frequently been adverted to with astonishment, and expectations have been expressed that those states would soon return to their natural state. But can it be affirmed that the turmoil of revolution is not actually the natural state of the South American Spaniards at the present time? The inhabitants of that fair portion of the Western Hemisphere seem obstinately bent on pursuing the work of inward havoc. If they fall into a momentary repose from the effects of exhaustion, that repose prepares them for a fresh state of frenzy.'

In this similarity of political conditions in modern Mexico to the political conditions of De Tocqueville's day (or of any other day for that matter, except at the time of Diaz) lies the greatest discouragement for the believer in self-government across the border. Revolutions now are quite as numerous as they ever were. Elections are still important only as they register the will of the faction in control, or ratify

the results of a revolution just accomplished, or usher in an insurrection against the administration. The great purposes of government still wait to be accomplished; and the common people of the land, when they progress at all, go forward only on slow and halting feet.

To the impartial and candid student of Mexican history, it is thus obvious that the government of that country has failed lamentably during the past hundred years to do the things it ought to have done; that it has done many things it ought not to have done, and that the true spirit of democracy has not yet manifested itself in free institutions and the firm establishment of law and order.

Merely to point out these conditions, however, without seeking to discover and analyze the factors that lie behind them, would be of little use. The thoughtful man must ask himself at once why the problem of self-government in Mexico (as indeed in almost all Spanish-American countries) has been found so difficult and in some respects is seemingly so impossible.

The first answer to this question lies, of course, in the type of people with which the problem has to deal. 'No polity,' wrote Bagehot, 'can get out of a nation more than there is in the nation.' And, at the very outset, it is worth while pausing for a moment to see what sort of stuff has gone into the making of the Mexican nation. The office of the American Consul-General in Mexico City two years ago issued a general information bulletin on the consular district directly under its jurisdiction. This district includes the central part of Mexico and contains approximately 6,000,000 people, or nearly half the population of the entire country. The inhabitants are further advanced than any other large body of the Mexican people, and have certainly had greater opportunities to profit from the operations of the federal government than any of their fellow countrymen. The following paragraph, however, from the consular bulletin thus describes these people: —

'Most of the inhabitants outside of the cities are full-blood Indians. Of the total population at least eighty per cent are illiterate and indigent, having the lowest standards of living, making use of the barest necessities of clothing, food, and shelter, and enjoying no luxuries. Corn and beans constitute the staple articles of food. Scant cotton covering for the body, with perhaps a native blanket for a winter coat and sandals for the feet, supply the usual clothing. Four walls and a roof, with dirt floor and no heating or sanitary accommodations, is the customary housing for a family of this numerous class. There is no middle class outside of the cities, where clerks, small tradesmen, and minor government officials form a limited class between the two extremities.'

In that brief description, if one reads it carefully, are surely to be found sufficient serious obstacles in the path of self-government in Mexico. Let us consider in the first place the question of race. Less than ten per cent of Mexico's 15,000,000 citizens are of pure white extraction. Of the remainder, about one half are of mixed white and Indian blood; but even in this mestizo or mixed class the Indian strain so greatly predominates that it is almost impossible to differentiate the great majority from the pure Indian element.

Lastly come the Indians themselves, who, without the slightest trace of Caucasian or other foreign blood, constitute nearly fifty per cent of the entire population of the country. This great substratum of the Mexican nation presents a problem in self-gov-

ernment so difficult and complex as to discourage any but the most exalted and ardent believers in democracy. They are people but little affected by the veneer of civilization under which they have lived for four hundred years. In large part they still follow the old customs of their fathers, live the old Indian life, speak in many cases the old Indian dialects, retain the Indian outlook upon life, cherish the old Indian conception of social and political relationships, know nothing of national patriotism or ties of unity outside their tribal or small community associations, and have neither any understanding of the alien form of government under which they live nor any desire to participate in its operations. Such is the great body of raw material out of which Mexico must build her popular institutions and fashion her democratic government!

Another of the great drawbacks to self-government in Mexico is the lack of education among the people. It is certainly a very conservative statement to say that eighty per cent of the entire population are illiterate, and probably not half of the twenty per cent who can read and write possess more than these bare rudiments of an education. How can a democracy be successfully erected on such a foundation? Is there some peculiar spirit abroad in Mexico which makes it possible for a free government to flourish there under such conditions of illiteracy and gross ignorance when elsewhere it demands intelligence and education to survive?

A third difficulty in the way of self-government in Mexico is the isolation and lack of adequate means of communication from which the country suffers. In the early years of national development, before the coming of the railroads, the people of the United States found it possible to travel and to transport their commerce by means of river highways. Regions far removed from the older centres of population were made accessible, the national life was unified, and widely separated states were given a true community of interest and a mutual understanding by such great rivers as the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Hudson, and the Missouri.

Mexico, on the other hand, possessed none of these aids to national unity and political homogeneity. Instead of a network of navigable rivers to knit the land together, there were only great mountain ranges, and wide deserts, and impenetrable jungles to foster extreme provincialism and political disunity.

Even the construction of railroads, which did not begin until about 1880, failed to overcome these physical hindrances which so seriously retard the development of an effective democratic government; and even to-day only a handful of states in the republic enjoy anything like an adequate railway service, and many vast areas, such as Lower California and the Yucatan Peninsula, have no rail connection whatever with any other section of the country.

Nor has the coming of the automobile to any great degree broken down these barriers of isolation. For automobile roads, except in a few of the larger cities, are as yet almost non-existent. To go from the border, or from a single Mexican seaport, to the capital by automobile is virtually impossible. And nowhere in the country is a journey of a hundred miles to be undertaken lightly or without careful preparation.

One of the most practical benefits any government could render Mexico, whether one considers the matter from the social, the economic, or the political standpoint, would be to construct serv-

iceable automobile highways throughout the country, and make easily accessible those vast areas which so long have remained geographically isolated, economically backward, culturally stagnant, and politically untrained and unfitted for self-government.

Another cause of the ill success of popular government in Mexico is the failure of Mexican society to develop a middle class. No nation has ever yet succeeded as a democracy, or ever will succeed, in which all wealth and education and culture and political power are lodged in the hands of a small minority and denied utterly to the great masses of the population. Time out of mind Mexico has suffered from this social malady, nor has she to-day by any means found a remedy for the evil, though there is now some ground for hope that the movement started by Madero, if it does not degenerate too far into an irresponsible and destructive radicalism, may gradually ameliorate the situation.

Still another handicap to self-government, and one that must stand at the very forefront in importance, is the lack of training and tradition of self-government from which the Mexican people suffer. There is no virtue, no supernatural power, in the word democracy that can immediately transform a people, ignorant, disunited, utterly unskilled in the difficult business of politics, and wholly unacquainted with the complex processes of self-government, into a society that knows at once how to make its own laws, administer its own affairs, fashion the political institutions necessary to meet its own peculiar needs, and keep the machinery of government in operation.

'I am still further from thinking, as so many people do,' wrote a very able student of government early in the last century, 'that men can be instantaneously made citizens by teaching them to read and write. True information is mainly derived from experience; and if the Americans had not been gradually accustomed to govern themselves, their book learning would not assist them much at the present day.'

In any comparison between the development of democracy in Mexico and in the United States, it is essential to keep this point in mind. Long before the American people established themselves as an independent nation, they had served their apprenticeship in self-government as colonists. They were Englishmen, moreover, and the sons of Englishmen. As such they were accustomed to the theory and practices of government. They were well acquainted with 'the customs which obtain in the political world' and 'familiar with the mechanism of the laws.' They were 'already practised in the discipline of partial independence and had been tempered by more than a century's schooling in self-government.' Accordingly they knew not only how to make their own laws, but also how to abide by the results of a political contest without resort to revolution. They were, in substance, masters of the art of government long before they attempted to govern themselves.

'The citizen of the United States,' wrote De Tocqueville, 'does not acquire his practical science and his positive notions from books; the instruction he has acquired may have prepared him for receiving those ideas, but it did not furnish them. The American learns to know the laws by participating in the acts of legislation; and he takes a lesson in the forms of government from governing. The great work of society is ever going on beneath his eyes, and, as it were, under his hands.'

But this knowledge of the actual workings of free government was not all that the American colonist had when he freed himself from the restraints and guidance of the mother country. He had also behind him the splendid tradition of English freedom. He was determined that none should take from him those 'ancient and undoubted rights' from which that freedom sprung. But both his temperament and his experience convinced him that liberty was only valuable as men held it in restraint and that it would soon degenerate into the tyranny of despotism or of anarchy unless it was guarded from excess.

The Mexican, on the contrary, when he severed himself from Spain, had none of the advantages which the citizens of the Thirteen Colonies possessed. For three hundred years he had been under an absolutism which gave him no training whatsoever in self-government, and consequently he knew nothing of its principles or its practices. In his mind authority was always associated with tyranny, and he had no knowledge of how to fashion a government in which liberty and force should be combined in right proportions. He had no great tradition running back across the centuries by which he could interpret the meaning of freedom and define its limits, and he possessed no fixed ideas of liberty by which to order and direct his political experiments.

Knowing no free institutions of their own, and lacking the tradition of self-government, the Mexicans did the obvious and natural thing when they came to establish their own republic. They borrowed the ideas of government and even its very forms from their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. But in doing this, as De Tocqueville says, 'although they copied the letter of the law, they were unable to create or to introduce the spirit and the sense which give it life.' Or, to borrow Lowell's more homely figure, they were 'seduced by the French fallacy that a new government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes.'

H. G. Ward, the earliest of the British historians of Mexico, also called attention to this same fundamental defect of the Mexican political programme. 'No change of government,' he wrote in 1827, 'can be productive of a simultaneous change in the habits and opinions of the people governed. It may — indeed it must — ultimately affect them. It may exalt or debase the national character, strengthen or enervate it, according as it affords more or less scope for the development of individual talent, and more or less encouragement for its application to the public service. But no constitution, even if it came down from Heaven with the stamp of perfection upon it, could eradicate at once the vices engendered by three centuries of bondage, or give the independent feelings of free men to a people to whom until lately the very name of freedom was unknown.'

In other words, when Mexico became independent the overwhelming majority of her people, as I have already said, were densely ignorant; they were held apart by almost impassable racial and social divisions; they were separated by great physical barriers; they had no tradition of self-government, no training in self-government, no instinct or aptitude for self-government; and they were called upon immediately to set up a democracy — the most complex of all governments, the most difficult to operate, and the most easily impaired — and to adopt as their own the political institutions and practices of another people, a people much further advanced in national consciousness, tenfold bet-

ter educated, gifted with a surprising genius and temperament for self-government, and deeply imbued with that Anglo-Saxon philosophy which has always insisted that liberty must somehow be reconciled with authority and that freedom, instead of serving the purposes of anarchy and confusion, must always serve the purposes of peace and order.

Another great weakness of self-government in Mexico is the country's woeful lack of capable and unselfish leaders. 'A democracy without great men is a dangerous democracy.' And in the last hundred years Mexico has produced only two or three political figures whose unselfish devotion to the public good and whose unquestioned capacity and statesmanship place them in the category of great men. Few indeed have been the Mexican leaders who could command the devotion of the Mexican masses, understand and sympathize with their vague and formless aspirations, formulate a programme at once just and practical for improving their condition, and carry that programme forward until it became an actual reality.

The weakness arising from this lack of commanding leadership is greatly intensified by the dishonesty, inefficiency, and corruption which characterize almost every branch of the public service. One can scarcely exaggerate the evils which spring from these conditions. Public office is rarely a public trust. The great ambition of the Mexican politician is to attain power in order to acquire wealth. And, by devices too numerous to mention, a government position is made to yield a revenue far beyond the meagre salary which the law attaches to it.

Sometimes these practices are only questionable from the standpoint of public ethics, but quite commonly they are flagrant and open violations of every canon of decent and honest politics. 'The most fruitful source of the revolutions which have marked the independent existence of the Latin American States,' wrote John W. Foster, United States Minister to Mexico in 1872, 'has been the effort of the public men of these countries to continue themselves in power or to attain the Presidency by other than peaceful and constitutional methods.' And, when the motives which lie behind this eager desire for public office are carefully sifted out, it will be found that the revenue which the office can be made to yield is almost always the supreme objective. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that if a seal could be placed on the Mexican treasury, which could not be broken except to meet the nation's legitimate needs, the revolutionary spirit of that country would speedily wither away and disappear.

These statements are not made in any spirit of hostility. Almost every page of Mexican history bears witness to the truth of what I have just said. Those familiar with Mexican conditions know I have not exaggerated. The Mexican people themselves frankly acknowledge the evils here described. Nearly every administration coming into power truthfully accuses its predecessor of having played fast and loose with the public funds. And, finally, the low state of political morality which has characterized Mexican history for a hundred years (with here and there some notable exceptions) is the natural product of factors and conditions which lie deeply rooted in the nation's life.

Mexico, in the first place, inherited the Spanish conception of public office and for three hundred years lived under that conception as a colony. She saw the Crown officials openly buy and sell their offices. She saw the

country impoverished, its defenses neglected, the royal revenues squandered and diverted to private ends; and she grew so accustomed to these things that she came to regard them as the natural and normal characteristics of every government. A hundred years have not been sufficient to uproot this old Spanish tradition of public office, or to render its continued practice particularly obnoxious to the public mind.

Nor is it surprising that public affairs are conducted on a low and inefficient plane among a people so uneducated as the Mexican people. Except in matters of the most outstanding kind, public officials are not restrained by public opinion and feel almost no responsibility to public opinion, because public opinion in Mexico is normally too vague, too disorganized, and too impotent to hold them to account. 'All free governments,' said James Russell Lowell, 'whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends.' But if a country has no such thing as public opinion, how can it maintain a free government or how can it develop the leadership upon which a free government depends?

The constant recurrence of revolution is another powerful factor which discourages the development of true leadership and also makes it quite impossible for public office in Mexico to be administered in an honest and efficient manner. It requires true physical courage to be president of Mexico, or to hold any other high political position; and unless one is willing to face the certainty of revolution and the probability of exile from his native soil or death by violence, he will not aspire very eagerly to an important political office. For this reason, during the last twelve or fourteen years particularly, many men of undoubted capacity for government have withdrawn themselves from public life. They may not be more timid, perhaps, than the office-holders produced by the revolutions, but they are at least more prudent. And thus it happens in Mexico that the danger which surrounds the office often keeps the man of intelligence and property from seeking it, while men of little education and less ability become the country's leaders — just as in the United States the fear of newspaper criticism and campaign slander often keeps our most capable citizens out of politics while less sensitive, less able, and less honest men become our rulers.

But this is not the only serious effect of the revolutionary evil upon the question of genuine leadership in Mexican politics. How can a government which is being overturned as frequently as the Mexican government is overturned carry out a single constructive programme or accomplish those things which the land so badly needs? With every successful revolution not only is the treasury drained of funds, but every office, from the highest to the lowest, is filled by a new and often untrained man. Policies and programmes undertaken by the former government are abandoned and new policies and new programmes are set on foot. Before these can possibly reach a successful end, the government which started them is in turn overthrown, and the same futile and costly process is begun all over again.

Under such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that men of honesty and ability are discouraged from seeking office, or that they find it almost impossible to do anything worth while if they obtain office. Nor is it to be wondered at that men of less sincerity of purpose, knowing how soon they will be forced out of their positions, and

realizing the futility of attempting to carry through the tasks before them in so short a time, neglect the public good and seek only to use the resources of the office for their own advantage while they have the opportunity.

Another serious handicap Mexico labors under in her government is an utter lack of definite political parties. One might write the history of the United States or the history of England (at least for the last two centuries and a half) around its great political parties. But the historian who should attempt to perform this service for Mexico would soon go mad. Politics in that country are personal or factional but they are never of a true party character. The so-called parties which spring into existence with every election are not much longer-lived than Jonah's gourd. Mexicans do not group themselves around great political principles, but only around individuals. They are not Democrats or Republicans, Liberals or Conservatives, but Juaristas or Porfiristas or Villistas or Carranzistas or Callistas or Floristas.

This lack of definite, organized, permanent political parties in Mexico is a weakness of the first importance. Presidents, Cabinet Members, and Congressmen are not accountable to anyone except to the small faction which places them in control. A president is not the spokesman of a great party, and he cannot bring party pressure to bear upon members of congress, or appeal to party loyalty to secure favorable legislation either on foreign or domestic issues. He can do nothing at all except as he appeals to the self-interest of his followers or uses force to break down opposition.

Political parties, moreover, at their best are powerful factors in moulding public opinion and in educating a nation in matters of politics and government. They furnish, also, the necessary mechanism through which public opinion acts, and without some form of party government it is difficult for a practical man to see how a democracy can exist at all.

The Opposition in Mexico, like the Administration, is also greatly handicapped because it lacks the cohesion and effectiveness which come only from organized party action. It is commonly a mixture of heterogeneous and often rival factions, united only in their common hostility to the group which happens to be in power and knit together only by their determination to effect a change of government.

The attainment of this end is never sought by the normal methods employed in other countries and prescribed by the Mexican Constitution, but resort is always had to revolution. When this succeeds and the new government comes into power, the unnatural combination which comprised the Opposition dissolves into its component parts; and some of these, forming a new alliance, begin almost immediately to intrigue against the very government they have themselves so recently established.

Certainly as one views the long hundred years of Mexican independence he finds much to discourage him in the early prospect of true self-government coming to that country. Even the past year in Mexican politics, to judge at least by actual occurrences, has differed in no respect from most of its predecessors. It has witnessed one widespread and destructive revolution, which was subdued only by external aid. It has witnessed political assassinations, and the frequent use of the firing squad to free the country from rebellion. It has witnessed the stagnation of business, the demoralization of the national finances, and the development of serious international complications. Finally, it has wit-

nessed a presidential election in which the administration candidate's claim to an overwhelming victory is answered by the threat of revolution, and seriously embarrassed by violent dissensions among his own supporters.

To some degree offsetting these conditions, one gladly confesses that a new spirit is abroad in Mexico to-day which is profoundly affecting the great masses of the common people. It manifests itself in a great variety of ways, chiefly up to this time along social and economic lines. But no one can as yet define this spirit or say precisely what it is. It may be like the wind that comes before the dawn. It may be like the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. It may be the forerunner of that ordered liberty and genuine self-government for which the distressed nation has waited these hundred years.

But one's hopes should not make him blindly optimistic. Men said that Diaz had ushered in the Golden Age nearly forty years ago. They said the same thing of Madero, and later of Carranza. Now they are saying the same thing of Obregón, and of Obregón's probable successor, Calles. And if the Obregón-Calles faction should be deposed to-morrow, and a new dictator come to power, they would say the same thing of him also.

'There is nothing more arduous than the apprenticeship of liberty,' wrote De Tocqueville nearly a hundred years ago. This is true, and every nation that has passed through that hard and bitter training should bear patiently with Mexico in her present struggle. But there are factors and circumstances of an international character in this problem of self-government across the border that will not admit of indefinite delay.

Mexico's obligations to the outside world and her peculiar and complete economic dependence upon other nations vastly complicate the situation. Whether that country's 'fictitious and rickety independence' (to borrow a phrase from Professor Priestley's recent history of the Mexican Nation) can withstand another generation of chronic revolution, or even a single decade, is altogether doubtful.

In this whole matter one thing at least is inescapable: the United States is almost as vitally concerned in the success or failure of self-government in Mexico as Mexico herself. The success of self-government will give us a prosperous and contented neighbor, and free us from one of our gravest and most irritating international dilemmas. The continued failure of self-government will lay upon us a direct and very sobering responsibility, the ultimate outcome of which no man can foretell.

It is not for the writer to prophesy what the political future of Mexico will be, for he is mindful of Lowell's statement that the course of events 'is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets.' But at least to-day there is an imperative necessity for the people of this country to obtain a more perfect, a more intelligent, and a more sympathetic understanding of the exceedingly complicated and disheartening problem in democracy which Mexico still faces after more than a century of hard and unpromising experiment.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ARMISTICE DAY

LAST night I inquired for my uniform. It could n't be found on such short notice. Things seldom used have a way of disappearing in busy households. That was just as well for, when the sun rose crimson, this was obviously the day to prune the pear orchard.

Noon came before I could begin — a warm, windless, Indian-Summer noon; so much haze that you could look the sun in the eye without blinking. There is a coziness in the scene not often caught in our high clear country. No longer lured to far horizons, the eye examines contentedly things near at hand. This field, yielding hay as well as pears, runs too much to that ingratiating pest — wild carrot. Pleasantly the white houses of the village march up the hill toward the white church.

All quiet here. Quiet, too, the throng in Arlington through which the President will soon pass to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. In many a cemetery bugles are sounding Taps over the heads of hushed throngs. Before the sun sets hardly a township in America but shall have heard again those falling notes: 'Go to rest, go to rest, go to rest.' — Sleep well, friends! I know you would approve my staying at home and pruning pear trees, task conducive to reflections which, if roused often enough in enough of us, might go some way toward ending war, famine, and miseries too numerous to mention.

As luck would have it, I marched down — and also up — Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington that first Armistice Day in 1918. What an outburst of primitive joy that was, formless, unorganized, exuberant. Since then we have evolved ceremonies, always dutifully attended by me until now. The proceedings seldom vary. A lawyer talks patriotism and sacrifice before a flower-decked shrine. Around him stand ranks of men in khaki and blue a trifle tight for their maturing figures, keen Boy Scouts, sad-faced Gold Star mothers, Red Cross nurses, officials, and civic leaders in their Sunday clothes. The public frames the picture, the great soft-hearted general public. With each volley from the firing squad a shiver runs through the public; but it pulls itself together in the first verse of the Star-Spangled Banner and lets down again in the second.

I sit awhile in a sunny fence-corner plying the whetstone. The dogs that kept me random company up and down the files of trees quit burrowing and bickering to court my favor. They interfere. The young Airedale insists upon being tousled, while the dignified collie believes one arm belongs of right around his neck. He wins; dignified senescence, in man or beast, ought to have its day. The whetstone is finally pocketed and the Airedale grows content with having his ears scratched.

We three gaze upon our worlds. My world may be larger than theirs; yet — is n't this pear orchard the world in little?

These hands — the left has little smears of blood drying on the skin, the right is blistered inside the thumb. Queer how one never notices slivers or blisters till he stops working. Blood

and pain! No matter. Neither justifies excitement. Both are with us always. No child arrives without them. Whoever sets out, as I am doing in this old, misused orchard, to repair the neglects of the past, will escape neither.

Two categories of opponents confront me. Suckers on bole and limb. Viciousness is not in them; they are merely in the way and wasting sap needed for fruitful purposes. In these respects they resemble many persons and institutions, with whom one must deal firmly but gently. I have a sportsman's axe — a tiny thing of goodly steel that takes almost a razor edge. A quick blow from beneath with this sends many a light stick to the ground. Where there is no room for that decisive stroke, or when the offending wood is too robust, the saw 's the thing! And for the upper limbs there is the pruning hook — symbol of peace, into which Micah and Isaiah agree the spear shall be beaten at last.

Not so deftly does one deal with the suckers springing from the base. Light tools are useless against those tough stringy shoots. With patience the saw will serve; but that kills time. Besides, the stubbornness of the things rouses the fighting spirit. I fall to with a broad-blade hatchet, built more for weight than edge. The sweat drips from the forehead; this is real work, close to the ground. After a trial of it, few would disagree with Charles Dudley Warner that the crying need of agriculture is a cast-iron backbone with a hinge in it. Mere twists of the wrists no longer serve; put your back and shoulder in it or you might as well quit.

For this is no scientific surgery among the tame, but a battle royal against the wild. These thorny thickets are no lush degenerate shoots of domesticity but tough volunteers from the wild root through which, all these years, the tree has been drawing nutriment and without whose virile contribution it would have perished. Valuable quality, wildness — in its place, below ground, fighting for life against clod and stone and worm. But a cruel, expensive quality out here in the open. It is as if some elder Adam should rise from the grave and run amuck in the sunlight, never again to be put decently out of sight save by slaughter. Hack, hack, hack — and mind you grasp warily the fallen foe; even in defeat the wild has power to punish.

Once upon a time a primitive progressive ate a small, bitter pear, and had visions of better, fatter, sweeter pears, of plucking noble pears from thornless trees. No doubt his neighbors laughed at him and his family thought him queer. Nevertheless he started the pear civilization. But his descendants overdid it, as they discovered when their thornless pear trees began to degenerate. Whereupon another unsung genius grafted the tame pear shoot on the wild root, thereby providing strength where needed and quality where wanted. Tend well this hybrid, and it bears good fruit easy to gather; but relax your guard against this virile, indispensable thing at its root, and presently you must march against chaos in your orchard.

Is n't that life? The dual nature of these trees has its counterpart in the dual nature of individuals and societies. At bottom there is the will to live, to possess, to dominate; at top the power to die, to give, to serve — tame, orderly, fruitful processes depending upon the victory of primitive forces below stairs. Eliminate the wild root; throttle too closely the instincts which drive men, families, and states to compete — civilization falls through decay. Neglect to keep the primitive in its place and a thorny tangle takes the place of orderly fruitfulness. A dilemma here: must intelligent beings, or-

chardists and statesmen alike, hang themselves on either horn? Not so; let the statesmen follow the husbandman's example.

The time came when men thought the blessings of civilization would be ever with us. Safe to let lusts for wealth and empire flourish; safe to give Old Adam, unseen for long, an opportunity to get loose if he could. Gazing at our wealth, conveniences, glories, few noted the wild growths springing above ground. At length the latter had to be attended to, gorily. This holy day is one result.

The struggle between life and civilization, instinct and order, individual appetites and social needs, proceeds without end. The day never comes when an orchardist can look upon his trees and truly say, 'There is nothing more to be done here.' And the time shall never come when those who heed the common weal can say the social adjustment is perfect.

Here and now it is the industrial orchard that bears the golden apples. Its roots are tremendously strong; that is well. But be on your guard, husbandmen, that this power shall minister only to improving fruitage aloft. Easy for such roots to send up their murderous thorns. There is an orchard worth the watching in all truth.

The sun has dipped beyond the Helderberg as I turn away toward the house. Time for chores. Nevertheless I pause a moment by the gate to watch the changing tints on cloud and hill, and to note the order brought this day to one tiny corner of this great country for which so many of my generation died.

A PIECE OF STRING

It was an indifferent length of string, scarcely more than a yard. Rather ordinary string. To my untutored vision it was not unlike some string that I had at that very moment in the pantry cabinet. But the string of my title was not in my pantry cabinet at the crucial minute. It had remained in a plumbing shop five blocks away.

Five blocks! In most cases not a formidable distance, but if it happens to stretch between your lavatory which needs repairing and the shop where the journeyman plumber has inevitably left something vital to the mending, it is at once an impressive space.

You have an uncanny presentiment of the unbelievable length of time it will take for the mender to get that particular piece of string which he declares is necessary, and you hasten to offer him every substitute in your ménage — from dental floss to the clothesline. Candlewick! How about that? You 've heard somewhere that it was wont to figure in plumbing. At once, and in accents of slithering scorn, you are set right. Candlewick is used in fitting a slip joint, but what has that to do with setting a bowl? Nothing. See?

Um! There is the hard wiry string that came around the new dishpan. What? Not limber enough? Then what about this fuzzy hemp that secured the lately laundered curtains? Too linty! Well, maybe it is. But here is a limber one, without lint, which bound the last purchase of sheets. Not just hardly it! W-well! The clothesline is too thick, the grocery cord too thin. La la!

After all, what did he need with string? The journeyman plumber stiffens with hauteur. You would n't understand if he told you. This is a pertic'lar job, and to go on with it he must have a string, the nearest specimen of which reposes in the boss's shop. And now, with things tore up

and all, why, you 'd want the job finished, would n't you? Anyways, he 'd had to loosen that bowl a lot worse 'n it was so 's to make it tight later. See? Left like this, it 'd always be leaking, and mebbe run through to the ceiling of the apartment below and stir up a row with the folks down there. It 'd be too bad to have all that happen when all that was needed was a piece of string.

He talks fervently. On your time. Two dollars and a quarter an hour. Heavens! Fifteen minutes gone in talk! One quarter of two-twenty-five is — let 's see. But even as you calculate the minutes tick off at the rate of 3¾ cents apiece. (You compute that later when the plumber-meter is n't counting against you.)

'I know!' You beam with inspiration born of desperation. 'I 'll send William on his bicycle for it so you won't have to stop work.'

The journeyman treats you to a startled glance, but at once regains his poise. 'Now, lady, I gotta go for that string myself. See? The boss might send the wrong kind and hold up the job longer 'n ever. Anyways, I can't do nothin' till I get it.'

He goes. You look at the clock and fatuously hope his car will not suffer any untoward accident at your expense. He ought to be back in ten minutes, but your psychic antennæ gather that he will not.

And he is not. But how 'd he know he was goin' to have a blow-out and the spare tire back at the shop? (What tenaciously home-staying creatures plumbers' possessions are!) It took him only twenty-five minutes to fix that tire O.K., while anybody but a plumber 'd had to spend three quarters of an hour.

One dollar and eight cents' worth of alleged puncture and seventy-five cents' worth of trip. You calculate it while you sort of hang around to find out what on earth he is going to do with that string.

But you never know. The telephone rings and, during the two minutes you are silencing it, the string does its part, if ever. For on your return to the scene of damage, there it lies — just an ordinary piece of string; as like that piece that came around the laundered curtains as one pea is like his brother. There it lies in the litter of plaster of Paris where the master-mender flung it, feebly coiled, trying to look important and expensive.

I may be accounted bitter about that string. (For I have been using the more intimate 'you' to indicate the universality of the episode.) Perhaps I am. It hurt my pride and swept away my confidence. For, before that string happened to me, I thought I had acquired, by experience with the same slight mishap to the same lavatory, sufficient data anent the eccentricities of plumbing supplies in being 'left at the shop' to forestall any possible hitch by any such phenomena.

To begin with, the bowl was only slightly loose at one side, a screw having fallen out underneath, carrying with it a lump of hard white substance. A laboratory test, consisting of scraping the white substance over the kitchen sink with a knife, analyzed the lump as plaster of Paris. There! I 'd do one plumber the unheard-of good turn of apprising him of just exactly what he would need to bring, saving him that invariable trip back to the shop which I had heard my friends deplore. How expensive the poor plumbers must find these trips!

So, on generosity bent, I called one of the first names in the part of the telephone directory devoted to the plumber persuasion. Later I came to choose plumbers by their proximity to the job in question. This first one held sway thirty-seven blocks away. I told

him the nature and material of the bowl, and the extent of the accident; that I had the screw, but he would have to bring the plaster of Paris.

'I 'll be right out, madam,' came promptly over the wire.

He came, but he brought no plaster of Paris.

'And you 'll have to go all the way back for it? That will be expensive for you,' I sympathized with reservations.

'For me! We don't do nothin' on our own time onst we leave the shop. Our pay begins when we start to go on a job and it keeps right up till the work 's finished.'

'At what rate?' I managed weakly.

'Two dollars and a quarter an hour,' grimly.

'I asked you to bring that plaster of Paris with you.'

'I had to come look at the job first.'

'Did n't you know exactly what had to be done?'

'Yes 'm, but I hadda come look first,' doggedly.

'Do you ever fasten marble bowls up without plaster of Paris?'

'No 'm, but I hadda come look at it,' more doggedly.

'Well, go on back to the shop and — stay!' I flipped cattishly. And he did.

The next plumber held court twelve blocks distant — the five-blocks one could not be roused. He would fly at once to my aid, but I held him dangling until I minutely described to him my needs. Sternly I declared that if he did not bring plaster of Paris we could not deal.

He brought it. But failed to bring a certain highly specialized tool. I offered him everything from the screw-driver to the meat-grinder, but he had to go back to the shop. Our adieus were final, and it was here that the five-blocks man and the string came into my life.

I sat up late that night. Taking the number of go-back-and-getters shown in the directory and dividing them into the town's population, I was able to estimate the plumber census of the whole country.

I computed that the number of highly remarkable tools left behind at the shop in a single year would equip every Ford turned out at the Detroit factory since 1921, including trucks. And that pieces of string fetched by special trip, if laid end to end, would reach from Bangor, Maine, to Bozeman, Montana.

I took these figures to a neighbor who declared the tool estimate conservative enough, but the string computation somewhat high. It was only in extreme cases that it factored. But take wire, he said. Why, the wire which had to be used to open stopped drains, and which was always left in the shop, in a single year would bale the nation's hay crop from Syracuse to Sacramento.

As for my case, it was just a piece of string. But it has tripped my optimism about democracy and disturbed my faith in liberty, equality, and fraternity. America harbors at least one highly favored class.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Samuel Strauss, long editor of the *New York Globe*, now publishes and writes a little paper of personal philosophy very stimulating to those who follow it. Recalling Emerson's phrase, he observes how in America things have climbed into the saddle and with a flaunting standard of living are now riding mankind at breakneck speed. ¶In the din of accusative campaigning, we accept with pleasure the opportunity of printing something really agreeable on the oil question. **John H. Thacher** is an oil producer in Oklahoma who won his Majority in the war. **Charles Magee Adams** lost his sight completely at the age of eleven. Continuing, however, at the public schools, he graduated and entered Ohio State University, where he prepared for his successful career in journalism. From his sensitive experience Mr. Adams writes to clarify and freshen our appreciation of the senses. ¶Returning from the Mediterranean, **Lyman Bryson** makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a dramatic account of his meeting with Aphrodite on her beloved isle.

* * *

Wilfrid Gibson's Northumbrian verse has all the tang and pucker of a local fruit. ¶Writing from long experience as President of the Board of the Detroit House of Correction, **E. S. Hitchcock** discusses the folly of our penal theories and the inadequacy of the institutions which embody them. **Will C. Barnes** is in charge of all livestock — some 9,776,000 head — grazing in our national forests. A ranger for twenty-six years, Mr. Barnes served as an Indian fighter in Arizona and was awarded the Congressional medal for breaking through the Apache lines and bringing help to a besieged army-post. **Charles M. Sheldon** is editor of the *Christian Herald* and author of *In His Steps*, one of the few books to have sold over a hundred million copies. Years after publication, Mr. Sheldon had an opportunity of realizing the theory of his famous story. ¶For these days of marital difficulties, when one wife is often too few or too many, **E. Barrington** describes that happy solution which was enjoyed by a witty bachelor of another century.

* * *

One hundred years ago **Samuel** and **Nancy Ruggles** were teaching missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Ruggles, one of the scholars whose work was to form a written language of the Hawaiian tongue, so won the favor of the royal convert, Queen Kapiolani, that he was adopted as her son and was presented with her feather cape and wash towel. **Fullerton Waldo,** for sixteen years an editor of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, recounts the happiest hour of his life. ¶With clear and incisive judgment, **Clifford H. Farr,** Professor of Botany at the University of Iowa, separates two different but exceedingly tangled lines of thought. ¶Of remarkable influence in Anglo-Indian missions, **C. F. Andrews** is now in Bengal studying the opium and labor problems on the rubber estates. His friendship with Gandhi is old and intimate.

* * *

In his dubious estimate of the politico-naval developments since the winter of 1921–22, **Hector C. Bywater** takes occasion to correct the Japanese criticism directed against his *Atlantic* paper of last February. Mr. Bywater is regarded by progressive opinion in England as the best of the naval critics. **Ambrose Paré Winston** is Associate-Professor of Economics at the University of Texas. ¶We regard the anonymous author of the paper on the Lausanne Treaty as both impartial and informed. **Robert Glass Cleland,** Professor of Hispanic-American Relations in Occidental College, Los Angeles, is editor of the *Mexican Year Book*, and the author of a standard history of California.

A Russian recently arrived in America sent to two old school-friends and his father a surprise package of 'smokes.' We print here the translation of the reply, as affording a more illuminating glimpse of conditions in domestic Russia than many a consular report.

RUSSIA.

DEAR MANUEL, —

A few days ago I received your package. To be sure I am very thankful for your thoughtfulness of D—— and me (your Father will of course write to you himself); but do us a favor — never send any more such gifts until we ask you ourselves.

You cannot imagine, my little pigeon, what I suffered for a whole week for the sake of your package.

Only members of Professional Unions, Soldiers of the Red Army, those dependent on the State, and so forth, have the right to receive packages duty free. Fortunately I am a member of such a union, but I had not paid my dues for three months (no money). You see my finances up to now have been unworthy of mention. It might be possible to drag something to the pawnshop; but before the pawnshop is a terrific line; moreover, because of the small capitalization, they give loans only to members of a professional union in good standing. The loans are pitiful; for instance, a gold ten-ruble piece of Nicholas's vintage brings only a loan of two Soviet rubles; old money is valued as an ordinary object, not a coin.

Et voilà — to receive your package, I had to run among my acquaintances to extract fifteen rubles and get my pass book receipted. Besides they asked me for a 'written explanation of my unseasonable payments, with reasons for my delinquencies worthy of consideration.' This all took two of my days.

This finished, I set off to the Custom House to receive 'a package from America.' But there a shock awaited me. I must pay eight rubles and seventy-five kopecks for some expense or other, 'a donation to an unprotected child, help for the sufferers of contra-revolution intervention, contribution to the air forces, and so forth.'

What could I do? Borrow? Nobody to borrow from. Sell? Except a 'noble but poor exterior' I have nothing left.

I am standing and scratching my head in deep deliberation —

There happens along a good little man (as I learned later, you can meet one at this place any day). He sees I am in trouble, approaches and says, 'From America?' 'Yes.' 'How much does it weigh?' 'I don't know.' 'Ahem, let me redeem it; we will arbitrate somehow. If you don't, they will send it back or sell it at public auction.'

I ached to know what you had packed there, so I considered for a moment and agreed. We take it out, open it. Behold! pipes, tobacco, cigarettes!! Fathers, here is treasure!

But he, turning the pipe in his fingers, wails: 'Listen, citizen: my family starves. What have you done to me? I look at you, you look like a real gentleman; I think to myself, to be sure his relations will send to him a couple of suits or shoes — we will divide. But you — you, it is a disgrace to say it — pipes!! What are they worth in this land of Makorka [execrable native tobacco]!'

I was filled with confusion. Particularly when I read 'for Father' on some of the packages, and realized I was near dividing what my friend had sent through me to his father. Such a situation! I led him away (but I was carrying the box). I showed him my office, which inspired him with a little faith. I swore that in two days I would return double. He was crushed; his outlook was especially bad as he does not smoke. But he said with a sigh, 'I trust you.'

And so, my pigeon, two days I crept among my friends again. I began about the weather and I finished asking to borrow fifteen rubles, came down to ten, five; and got one, or the promise from someone to get to-morrow from somebody else three rubles more.

I found a customer and sold one of the pipes with tears, because it was mine (it was somehow awkward to sell D——'s). I squeezed from this chap six rubles.

To make a long story short, I paid my 'good little man,' and he said, putting ten rubles in his pocket, 'Sometimes it is even worse.'

Another time, when I am rich, I will ask you to send us a package, but now, for Heaven's sake, abstain.

I kiss you heartily,

IVAN.

* * *

We have been witness to a vigorous epistolary debate on Latin America. Of the writers, Mr. Chapman is the most conciliatory.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To paint a truthful picture of our Latin-American relations would require a palette set with many colors; the author of 'Imperialistic America' in your July issue uses but one — a very muddy black. May I suggest that his sketch would have been a more convincing and faithful representation of his subject if he had employed at least some of the brighter tones which exist in the original.

I wonder in how many of the countries he mentions, your contributor is familiar with the political, financial, and hygienic conditions which prevailed prior to the appearance of the North American influence he so deplores? The story is too long to tell here, but those who knew Cuba under Spanish rule, Haiti before the occupation, Panama before the Canal, Guayaquil when it was a pesthole, who have seen disease-breeding jungles, from Mexico to Colombia, become productive and habitable under wisely directed banana cultivation, realize that no just estimate can be made of the present without due consideration of the past.

Nor could any fair-minded person who knew, for example, how much of character building and the establishing of new moral standards goes into the work of naval missions doubt for a moment the desirability of this kind of international contact. They possess the educational value of exchange professorships, plus an influence born of community of interest and professional pride.

Critics of our international relations often do not realize the extent to which prejudiced, one-sided arraignments are used by our enemies abroad. The jingo is not confined to North America, and articles such as the one under consideration are accepted by the Anti-'Yanqui' Latin American as an admission of the sins with which he charges us, and used as the basis for still more unfair attacks on all things North American.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

* * *

Posterity may have the job. Very respectfully we decline to award the palm. Better to judge babies at a fair or smell hams for their flavor.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The late Professor Barrett Wendell once referred to some unintended humor in an examination paper as appealing to 'that peculiar characteristic of mine which I sometimes mistake for a a sense of humor.' Limericks have always appealed to a similar characteristic of my own; and I have whiled away many an idle hour in composing them.

I think it was in 1902 that I sent a few to the *Harvard Lampoon* with my compliments. Several years later I was presented with a copy of *Vest Pocket Limericks*, in which (much to my surprise) I discovered one of those which I had sent to the *Lampoon*. This was the first intimation I had received that my contributions (or one at least) had been accepted — but you know how proverbially irresponsible college men are!

And so I was no less surprised than delighted to see that the contributor of the readable and 'authentic' (I like that word) article on 'Limericks' in the July *Atlantic* referred in such complimentary terms to another of my contributions to the *Lampoon* — the one regarding the 'amorous M.A.'

De gustibus non est disputandum! The anonymous contributor of 'Limericks' in your July number expressed a preference for the limerick he quoted. The compiler of *Vest Pocket Limericks* evidently preferred another, which ran like this:—

If a lawyer 's a LL.D.,
Then a dentist 's a JJ.D.
But it 's simply absurd
If you say of a bird
That a crow is a CC.D.

Your correspondent, Mr. Lancaster, in the September *Atlantic*, 'with all modesty' (*sic*) quotes a limerick of his own composition, which he has the shocking taste to call a 'masterpiece.' And he so far forgets the ethics of good sportsmanship as to 'question the umpire's decision' in awarding the palm for its class to my little brainchild. I await with equanimity the verdict of posterity!

My own pet limerick, for reasons which every magazine editor will understand (it has an unhappy ending), has hitherto escaped publicity:—

A cobbler who also sold mdse.
Cut birch wood to make him some bdse.
But the first die he cast
Was the shoemaker's last —
He grips at his heart, gives a ldse.

Verily, in the matter of preferences, it is a case of *Chacun à son goût.*

JOSEPH T. STEARNS.

* * *

The discussion of limericks has inspired many readers to send us their 'household pets.' Chosen from the many, these two are recommended to posterity: —

There was a young curate of Kidderminster
Who gently but seriously chid a spinster,
  Because on the ice
  She said something not nice
When he *quite* inadvertently slid against her.

Perhaps you will call me pedantic —
But to see our patrician *Atlantic*
  Printing tales full of slang
  With a plebeian tang
Makes one of its friends almost frantic!

Homely is as homely does.

MARSHFIELD HILLS, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Being happily married but apparently surrounded by a world of discontented couples, my wife and I have studied our case with some curiosity to find why we are so eccentric.

The articles in the *Atlantic* have therefore been of special interest. But, why have none of the writers claimed that divorce is largely due to too beautiful wives?

Of five cases we know intimately, and of many we know indirectly, the wife is unusually attractive, young, beautiful. In no case of a 'homely wife with a kind heart' has there been divorce.

Does this not point to the fact that marriages are too often based on a pretty face and figure, or good dancing and tennis ability? Homely wives are chosen with care!

It is with regret that I find my wife convinced of this theory and, having been and still being very pretty, she is trying to avoid wrecking our happy home and so has had her hair bobbed and taken to bungalow aprons.

If I can only obtain enough examples of homely wives being divorced, I may save her yet from horn spectacles and cotton gloves.

Yours for beautiful wives and happy homes,

J. M. L.

* * *

Out of the abundant response to the *Atlantic's* discussion we select this brief for Petition in Prayer.

ALBANY CO., N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Perhaps I should preface this effort in support of petition in prayer by a frank confession of the intellectual inferiority of the writer and the consequent temerity in taking issue with so brilliant a scholar as Kirsopp Lake. Be it therefore understood that this refutation is based on personal experience and the urge of self-expression in justice to a firm belief that prayers are answered.

That petition in prayer is but mummery that cannot live side by side with science in the generations to come, is far from the belief of many of us. He who claims that science is and will be incompatible with this form of prayer must first prove the infallibility of science, it would seem to the humble and lay mind of the writer. The medical world is constantly shaken to its foundations by the almost daily discovery of contradictory and faulty theories which have been practised upon mankind. Mr. Einstein is responsible for a complete *bouleversement* of the cherished theories of many eminent scientists. Who can say that science is not fallible?

What drug is so potent as the spiritual refreshment that floods one's being but for the asking? Could there be statistics compiled from the prayers of petition for the sick, would not the answers to prayer seem commensurate with the medical prognoses which are so frequently utterly wrong? If prayers of petition are no longer said for the clemency of the weather, are we to believe that scientific prophecy relating to the weather has become so faultless as to render it useless to petition, were we so disposed?

Human nature is innately reticent about experience in prayer, perhaps because the most sacred and mysterious part of our being, which is so unexplainable, shrinks from the denuding process that leaves it open to the shafts of the skeptic. Let us hope petition for the needs of mankind in all its ramifications, 'mind, body, and estate,' will be retained in the churches by the sheer belief in the answer to prayer which comes to those of us whose lives would be utterly empty and useless without the infinite stimuli of something better, craved, asked for, and granted every day of our lives.

That we may have prayers of petition so long as the churches live is the earnest prayer of the writer.

G. N. W.

* * *

An ancient applelogue.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A fairly inclusive *apple*logue of Lucy Elliot Keeler's delightful 'Solace of Apples,' in your August number, may be compiled from a source more ancient than she has drawn upon.

'Comfort me with apples,' Solomon's Song ii. 5, paraphrases her title. The same, rendered literally, 'strew me with apples,' suggests the 'hail of sweet apples' shaken from the museum tree by 'Martin Pippin.'

'I raised thee up under the apple tree,' Song viii. 5, is plainly prophetic of that 'more than century-old tree planted by Johnny Appleseed.'

'The apple-tree . . . withered,' Joel i. 12, may, at a stretch, stand for the 'core-tree' after 'strong young teeth' had worked their will of it.

'Keep . . . my law as the apple of thine eye,' Proverbs vii. 2, is peculiarly fitted to hurl at the marauder who, at dawn, jiggled a pole 'among the finest apples in the very top of the tree.'

And now summing up. 'A word fitly spoken *is like* apples of gold in pictures of silver,' Proverbs xxv. 11. Leaving out the supplied words, 'A word fitly spoken — apples of gold in pictures of silver.' There you have the whole — content and style — in a nutshell; or say an apple-shell, fitted, as of old, with mast and paper sail.

MARY E. GROFF.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1924

THE CHALLENGE OF DEATH

BY L. P. JACKS

I

In a certain factory where food products are prepared and exported to all parts of the world there may be seen an instance of that monotonous labor which is so marked and terrible a feature of mass production under modern industrial methods. It consists in knocking the top off an egg. The eggs are delivered by machinery on to a table behind which stands a row of women knocking off the tops. One woman has done it for thirty years.

This is an image of human life at the extreme stage of futility. It gives the beholder thoughts that are far from consoling. He may remember, for example, that food products from that factory are sometimes to be found on his own table, making him an accomplice to the monotony of that woman's life, a party to its futility, and to that extent responsible for it.

Dickens has drawn a similar picture on another plane. In *Our Mutual Friend* a person is introduced named Mr. Podsnap. Mr. Podsnap is the caricature of a purse-proud and pompous Englishman — perhaps Dickens's finest caricature, enormously exaggerated, of course, but yet true in the groundwork of it. He has an office in the city and a fine house in the West End of London; and his whole life resolves itself into a simple movement, like that of a pendulum, endlessly repeated, between his house and his office. Here is the ultimate formula of Podsnap's existence as Dickens presents it: rise at eight; close shave at a quarter past; breakfast at nine; to the city at ten; home again at half-past five; dinner at seven. That is the programme for the day; and the programme for the year is to repeat it so many hundred times. As with the egg-breaker so here the total impression is of sheer futility. Getting down to fundamentals there is not much to choose between thirty years of Podsnap's programme and thirty years of the egg-breaker's.

There is an American novel which yields the same impression, whether designedly or not I do not know. No American novel of recent times has been more widely read in England than *Babbitt*. It has interested us for many reasons, not least because it deals with certain moral conditions which are common to both sides of the Atlantic. The background of that story, it will be remembered, is the life of a large and prosperous city of rapid growth, where all the mechanical apparatus of civilization is running at high pressure. If

you look at that life in detail, if you take the personalities and the actions one by one, you would say that nothing could be less monotonous. It is like a kaleidoscope where all is restless change and shifting scenery, no two moments alike, no person the copy of another. But if you look at it all, not in detail, but in the grand outlines of it, in the totality of what it is, then it strikes you as always the same, not moving to any assignable goal, but endlessly repeating itself, endlessly revolving round the same centre, a completely vicious circle, which, when once you get into, you can never get out of, try as you may. There is poor Babbitt himself, a most pathetic figure. You see him caught in the revolution, vainly struggling from time to time to strike out an independent course, but always falling back into the senseless round from nowhere to nowhere. All that happens in the way of change is the continual acceleration of the pace; the whirl goes faster and faster, which only renders the people who are in it the more powerless to get out of it. This is a very truthful picture of hundreds of cities all over the world and perhaps of industrial civilization in general — the life of the egg-breaker writ large, the life of Podsnap expanded to a social phenomenon.

A similar thought crosses the mind when watching the innumerable motor-cars which throng the streets. Each separate car is clearly going somewhere, but the totality of the cars appears to be going nowhere — just moving, as a fermentation moves. You can assign a definite destination to the single car — but not to the totality.

So too in a great assembly when three or four hundred people are talking all at once. Each separate speaker is saying something significant to his neighbor, but the totality of the voices is a meaningless roar, a big noise in which the very form of human language is lost. The parts mean something, the whole — nothing.

The same phenomenon on a still larger scale is presented by human progress in general, or at least by a well-known version of it. There is a way of presenting human progress which reduces it to the endless self-repetition, under different terms, of the same identical formula, a movement from nothing to nothing, a Podsnap-programme writ large over the face of the centuries. Mr. Bertrand Russell is not so far as I know a believer in that doctrine, but there are chapters in the *Prospects of Industrial Civilization* which leave the impression of an appalling monotony in the history of mankind. In one of his chapters he speculates, with his usual brilliance, on the various regroupings of the nations, the readjustments of political and economic power that the future is likely to bring forth — a chapter that should interest Americans because, in Mr. Russell's vision of the future, they invariably get the best of it.

But from the point of view of mankind it makes no difference who gets the best of it, the Americans or anybody else, because the new situation, created by these apparent changes, is nothing but the old situation with the factors of it transposed. It is like an equation in algebra in which the quantities on either side can be put on the other side by simply changing *plus* into *minus* and *minus* into *plus*, but without making any difference to the significance of the equation as a whole, which always yields the same result, namely, that $x=0$. According to Mr. Russell the two main forces which determine the distribution of power among nations are cupidity and fear; in every rearrangement of power this formula repeats itself; the final arrangement, like the present one,

being only the last thing which cupidity and fear have been able to accomplish. The changes that go on are kaleidoscopic in their detail, but viewed synoptically the whole operation is perfectly meaningless, like the egg-breaker's life, like Podsnap's programme, like Babbitt's environment. In a world ruled permanently by cupidity and fear it makes no atom of difference whether we live now, or whether we live a thousand years from now; whether the Americans get the best of it, or the Chinese. At all stages of the process the total values are the same. The equation grows ever more complicated, until no sheet is big enough to contain all the terms of it. But beneath this vast complication of terms and figures a truth lies hidden that is exactly the same as it was when the equation stood in its simplest form, — the truth, namely, that $x=0$, — the equation of the egg-breaker, of Podsnap, and of Babbitt, of the motor-cars, and of the roar of voices.

II

We have followed this idea into a wide field — from the egg-breaker to the history of civilization. But a further extension awaits us. We can expand the theme to the cosmic scale. There are philosophies both ancient and modern which regard the evolution of the entire universe as a meaningless process of self-repetition, — a vicious circle that moves from nothing to nothing and embraces all created things, — the doom of the whole creation groaning and travailing together in the boredom of endless monotony. 'Alike among the pessimistic religions of India, the teachings of Heraclitus and Plato concerning the shadow side of our existence, the ideas of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche about the eternal cycles, we encounter the same theme over and over again: the entire secular process is an everlasting repetition — the totality of which yields nothing new.' So writes the late Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy: it is a line of thought that seems to have a peculiar attraction for the Russian mind. Troubetzkoy goes on to quote an instance from Dostoievsky's great novel, *The Brothers*. The Devil is speaking to one of the brothers. 'You are always thinking of the earth as it exists to-day,' says the Devil. 'Well, let me tell you that the earth as it exists to-day has been repeated millions of times in the past; each time it perished, disintegrated, turned into dust, and decomposed; after that a fresh nebula was formed, then a comet, a new solar system, a new earth. The whole of this evolution has been repeated times without end, always precisely in the same manner down to the minutest details. One is bored to death to think of it.'

In these words, which are rightly placed in the mouth of the Devil, we sound the lowest depths of pessimism. The entire cosmic process has now reduced itself to the everlasting equation that $x=0$. When all has been accomplished that can be undertaken, when the system of nature has exhausted its possibilities, when evolution has reached its goal, when all conceivable perfectibilities have been attained, when the dream of an Earthly Paradise has been fulfilled, when the causes have triumphed for which heroes fight and martyrs suffer and lovers break their hearts — all must perish and begin again, repeating the process to the minutest detail, only to perish in like manner when its course is run, and so on forever and ever. Not a tear has been shed but must be shed again, not a drop of blood has been spilt but must be spilt again, not a heart broken but must break again, and again, and again, through endless

eternity, whenever the remorseless cycle returns to the point where that drop of blood was spilt, where that tear was shed, where that heart was broken before. Well may the Devil say it bores one to death to think of it.

For Death is the keynote of the entire process, as well as of the reactions it provokes in us. In contemplating a futility so dreadful our very souls seem to expire. It is not only we that die but the whole cosmos of which we are the infinitesimal parts — and for no end save that it may live and die again. Death has dominion over it all. The equation of our life is the equation of all existence. Disguised under the immense complexity of the phenomena that confront us, hidden by phraseology which has perhaps been contrived for the express purpose of hiding it, lies the formula, embedded in the very structure of things, that $x = 0$.

> A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
> Of Being from the Well amid the Waste —
> And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
> The Nothing it set out from. Oh, make haste!

It will rightly be said that this intolerable philosophy, familiar as it was in the ancient world, and still is in the East, is not and never can be the creed of the energetic Western nations. And yet I venture to think that even in these 'practical' times, with their discoveries, adventures, exploitations, and noisy successes, there does arise in us from time to time a dim but disturbing suspicion, a haunting half-thought, that the whole enterprise on which we are engaged is futile. It is the inarticulate voice of that 'deeper self which lives in the presence of Death.' Mr. Bertrand Russell, for example, who is an eager reformer, keenly conscious of certain ends that are worth striving for, has his moments of profound depression when, as he himself confesses, he would welcome the advent of a kindly comet to put an end to the antics of man on the planet. I do not know how the mind of America stands in this matter; but in England I observe this: that while very few people will acknowledge themselves pessimists, most people will listen with interest to the philosophy of pessimism as though they found in it an echo of something in their own minds, an echo, perhaps, of that 'deeper self which lives in the presence of Death.'

We believe, as I suppose Americans do, that civilization is moving to an end that is really worth while, accepting it pretty much as a matter of faith. But when we are asked to define the end, to say what it is, most of us are at a loss; and our inability to define the end sometimes causes a passing doubt as to whether there is any end at all. With us, as with Americans, life is full of excitements and distractions; and our misgivings, if we have any, are easily drowned. Like the Americans, we have little time for meditating on Death and Eternity and little inclination to do so. Besides all which, we live in an atmosphere deeply influenced by Christian tradition. And that makes a great difference even to those persons who have ceased to be conscious adherents of any form of Christianity. In all Christian countries there is a rumor abroad that Death, and all the frustrations from Death, have been overcome; that the vicious circle of existence has somehow been broken at that point; that a way of deliverance has been found from the meaningless whirlpool of self-repetition; and that men therefore may go on living their lives as though Death did n't count. I say there is a vague rumor to that effect; not a positive solution of the problem consciously grasped, but a reminiscence of the fact that Someone, somewhere, has broken the circle. It belongs to

the atmosphere we are breathing, this tradition that the Challenge of Death has been successfully met and answered. What grounds are there for such a belief?

In the first place I must explain that the Challenge of Death presents itself to my mind as the summary challenge which the Higher Powers lay at the feet of man. It is the spear-point of the Challenge of Life, not to be evaded on any terms, as the fashion now is with many to evade it. To find a good in life which is worth achieving in spite of the fact, consciously realized, that this visible scene on which we operate, and we, the visible agents who operate within it, will presently be gathered to the dark death-kingdoms and enfolded in the bosom of the everlasting Silence — that is the spear-point of the Challenge, the acid test of philosophy, the point where philosophy must either pass into religion or retire, beaten, from the field. 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed,' says Saint Paul, 'is death.' The last — and the most formidable. All other enemies may have been overcome: poverty, misery, crime, injustice, whatever ills beset the path of man from the cradle to the grave; but so long as there is nothing but a grave at the end, not for the individual alone but for the whole system to which it belongs, what does it all amount to? This raising of richer harvests for Death to reap, which is all your secular progress can boast of, this fattening of victims for the universal sacrifice, which is all your philanthropy can achieve — is that the triumph of man? Does the victim feel his doom the lighter because, up to the moment of his immolation, he has been well fed? And what difference does it make if you feed his mind as well as his body? Take Socrates at the moment of his final extinction, and what is the difference between him and the vilest of mankind, except it be that the death of the villain is a good riddance and the death of Socrates an irreparable loss? And so with the human race as a whole. Whatever satisfaction may be felt as we watch the ascent of man on one side of the mountain, through all the stages of rising value, to the apex of the Earthly Paradise, is it not all wiped out as we contemplate the inevitable return-journey which brings him back stage by stage to the starting-point and then engulfs him in Universal Death? For every *plus* on the one side there is a *minus* on the other, and the end of the equation, as before, is that $x=0$.

If this were the conclusion of the whole matter the blackest pessimism would be left in possession of the field of thought and the human race might curse the day when it was born.

III

To what purpose, the reader will be asking, has a line of inquiry been pursued which leads to a result so disastrous? I have pursued it for this reason: it is only by frankly facing the disaster, by measuring it to the full extent, by extenuating nothing of its significance, that we are able to grasp the scope and the majesty of the means which religion brings to the rescue.

Religion is being presented to the world to-day in forms which are quite inadequate to the problem it has to solve, which belittle religion into a mere reënforcement, often a slight reënforcement, of the powers of man in fighting the battle of his temporal interests; as, for example, when we define it as morality touched with emotion, the emotion being the slight reënforcement brought on to the battlefield. Religion is infinitely greater than that. It is the power that faces the Challenge of Life when it comes to its spear-point in

the Challenge of Universal Death, and, by winning the victory there, wins it everywhere else. The last enemy to be destroyed is Death, the summary frustration — not alone as it affects the individual, but as the doom of the visible system to which he belongs — of societies, of civilizations, of planets, of suns, and of stars; so that not man only but the whole creation, groaning and travailing together in pain until now, shall be delivered from the vicious circle of meaningless self-repetition, from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. A complete transfiguration of the meaning of life — such is the victory that religion wins by facing the Challenge of her last enemy and by destroying it. All frustrations come to a head in Death. Destroy that and you destroy them all. They sink into insignificance. They become light afflictions not worthy to be compared to the glory that is revealed. A religion which overcomes all other enemies, but yet turns tail or puts its head in the sand when the last enemy sounds his challenge from the great deep, is a vanquished religion.

Such is the scope and majesty of religion, as it was conceived by the original genius of Christianity, and by the great teachers of India. That vision has passed away from the modern world. It must be restored if the churches are to live. The old terminology indeed may never come back, and need not. But the power must be recovered which can meet the Challenge of Life in that immensely expanded form which includes the Challenge of Death.

I know not how that can be done except by boldly confronting the very worst that pessimism has to say to us. Beyond the need of accommodating religion to science, of reconciling it with democratic aspirations, of using it as a motive for social and political reform, all of which needs, if pressed too hard, belittle religion into a mere reënforcement of our moral powers, a serviceable handmaid of our secular interests, and leave us overthrown when the spearhead of life's tragedy is pointed at our breasts — beyond all that there is a deeper need. We must grasp the nettle. In all these accommodations and reconciliations there is no answer to that sense of an overarching futility which haunts the background of our minds in these days, the deeper self that stands in the presence of Death and is not to be silenced by loud-tongued doctrines of progress, which seem to have been invented for the vain purpose of shouting it down.

Nor is the Challenge of Life, brought thus to its point in the Challenge of Death, to be met by the doctrine of Personal Immortality — certainly not by that alone. The answer lies in a far deeper and more comprehensive thought, from which our personal immortality may follow as a sequence, but of which it is not the whole nor even the beginning.

The answer lies in the thought that the history of this visible universe, the whole presentation of it in space and time, is no more than a fragment, perhaps no more than a shadow, of its reality. As revealed to our senses, as apprehended by our faculties of perception, the universe is a mere thing, a lifeless object, infinite in extent and duration, but as dead as any stone. Death has dominion over the whole of it. Save in the spots where life has exceptionally appeared for a season in its nooks and crevices, the universe is all one vast empire of Death. Thought of in that way, as an immensity of dead matter and blind force, the impression it makes upon the mind is dreadful. One's heart breaks in the presence of it. To be alive in such a universe is to be

alive in a tomb. Look up to the firmament on a clear night, stretch your imagination to the immensities it reveals to you, then think of it as all dead mechanism — and you will encounter the Challenge of Death in its most poignant and tremendous form.

But what if it is not all dead? What if all is alive — alive as we are, but with richness and fullness of life which compare with ours as the ocean compares with a drop of water? Well, there is a spiritual insight which has seen just that. There is a way of thought that meets the Challenge of Death by affirming just that. We call it the doctrine of Divine Immanence, which is the philosopher's way of saying that the whole universe is alive — not a dead thing to be exploited, but a living Being to be loved.

The Divine Immanence — a weak thing, surely, if you approach it as a mere theme for controversy, but a power stronger than Death to those who have felt it in the calmer moments of their lives — and there are many such even in the noisy years that are passing over us. 'There shall be a depth of silence in thee deeper than this sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable, known to God only.' 'The great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death. It alone is great; all else is small.' Not in the atmosphere of our controversial interests, not on the field where vociferous theologies are striving with one another as to which shall be greatest, but in the depth of that unsoundable Silence will the secret be found which makes us victors over the last enemy — the religion whose scope and majesty are more than a match for Death. Entering through the Silence into conscious fellowship with the life of the Living Universe, we ask no further question about our personal immortality, for eternal life is already won. There is no aspect of our experience but will have its part in that great transfiguration, no form of Life's Challenge but will be met with a bolder courage, the bright hours growing brighter, the dark hours growing bright. The Immanence of God! Not a new form of theological contention, but the silent answer of the soul to the Challenge of Death, which is the spearpoint of the Challenge of Life.

Religion is universal; not in the superficial sense that every man has some of it, but in the far deeper sense that it transfigures the meaning of the entire universe in which we live and die, and of which we are living and dying parts. Under the touch of religion every phenomenon in the universe changes the fashion of its countenance: the corruptible puts on incorruption; the mortal puts on immortality; every atom in the structure of things rises from death to life in a general resurrection, its face shining as the sun, its garments becoming whiter than the light. Death hath no more dominion over it, for it is spiritual through and through.

Religion is no 'beneficent extra.' Nor can you say of it, as Matthew Arnold said of immortality, that it constitutes three fourths of life; nor the ninety-nine hundredths of life; nor any larger fraction you choose to name. It is the principle of a universal transvaluation, which makes all things new, pain becoming joy, law becoming love, Death becoming Life.

MEDITATIONS OF A WAGE-EARNING WIFE

BY JANE LITTELL

I

It seems a bit strange that the mere dropping of a letter into the post box should at the same moment drop on to my shoulders such a feeling of weight — especially since the letter had been written and lying on the desk for a month. The deliberate severing of connections with the monthly pay-check, unless of course there is another pay-check in the offing, is always a serious thing, for, plebeian as it sounds, one must eat.

The letter was my husband's resignation — his deliberate abandonment of a position he has held unhappily for about twelve years. We have been talking about his resignation for two years. He finally wrote the letter a month ago, and then left it on the desk where we could read it occasionally until we were sure we knew what it meant.

It really means that I, the wife, am to be the breadwinner for some time to come. A reversal of the usual domestic situation, true, but one that, under the circumstances, I am happy to be able to be a party to.

The emotion that flooded me on the short walk home from the post box must be the same that comes to every man when he marries and promises to provide for his wife and the children that may come to them. It is a feeling of awful — and holy — responsibility. Our friends will not feel that way about it when they learn what we have done, but we have not done it for the benefit of our friends. We did it because, since I am earning as much as my husband earned in his distasteful work, there is no longer any need of his making himself unhappy in an uncongenial occupation. And we did it because he is happy in doing something else that will, in time, bring him a comfortable living, but that will probably require several years of apprenticeship on a small income. Life is too short for unnecessary unhappiness.

For a number of years my husband has made an avocation of writing. He has sold some of his articles and, now that he will have all of his time for this work instead of the occasional weekends his job gave him at home, he will sell more of it. But the path of a writer is steep and stony, and so, since the die is cast, I am flooded with questions. Suppose I, temporarily the family breadwinner, — and a free-lance publicity and advertising woman at that, — should be ill? Suppose it is true that such an arrangement as ours always works out disastrously? Suppose the woman's-page writers of the newspapers are right, and a man always hates a woman on whom he is dependent? Suppose my husband, who has lived in hotels and trains most of the past twelve years, finds hours at a desk at home too monotonous? I know how cramping four walls can be. He has that to learn.

And I fear that I am responsible for his decision. At least, I planted the

germ of the idea. It began when he was in the hospital with blood-poisoning two years ago, and the doctors thought for a time that the amputation of a leg was the only thing that would save his life. When I went in to see him I said, 'You have always wanted to write. You don't need two legs to do that. And I'll feel justified in having been a business woman instead of a good housewife if you'll let me pay the bills while you get started.'

A serum, tried as a last resort, brought him out of the hospital with two legs. But during the weary uncertainty we talked about all the ways and means of his having a try at the work he loved. When he was well and ready to go back to his job of selling steel, he said half jokingly, as if he thought it an impossibility, 'When you can earn as much as my present salary, then I'll chuck the job and let you pay the rent for a while.' He has had a raise in salary since then, but this year I earned as much as his new salary.

I know so many men, and women too for that matter, who are unhappy in their jobs and who dare not leave those jobs to hunt more congenial work because of loved ones dependent upon them, that I am happy to be able to make it possible for my husband to be one of the few who dare to take a chance. I feel, as I told him in the hospital, that my years of work have been justified. I have worked when I ought to have been helping him entertain customers and when, according to the rules of the game, I ought to have been playing up to the big boss by entertaining his wife and daughter when they were in town. Kotowing to the big boss and his womenfolk goes against the grain with me and I have n't done it. I have n't noticed that such efforts have advanced other men in the company, either. So I have gone on working because I wanted to work, and because I liked to work, until work has become such a habit that I should be unhappy if I were not busy.

II

For eighteen years, since the age of seventeen, I have earned my own living. For two or three months after the war I tried being a housewife, but we were both so unhappy in the effort that I gave it up.

In the early years of our marriage neither my husband nor I earned much money and we needed our combined incomes for living expenses. I remember how I resented the joint checking-account we had then, which I came to refer to in my mind as a 'put and take' account — I deposited my checks and my husband paid the bills. I felt that I got much less out of my earnings after I was married than I got before. Now we are going to have another joint account — and right there another question pops up. Have I grown more unselfish during these past ten years, or shall I think of the trips and other luxuries I might have had if my husband had kept his job? Have I come to love work enough for its own sake to be happy in it, or do I love it for the dollars it brings me? And shall I continue to love it when these dollars must be shared?

Do men, I wonder, so question themselves when they are about to become responsible for the future comforts of the girls they marry? Under the circumstances, are these natural questions? I wonder.

I have been going back over the ten years we have been married and the eight years of free-lancing before that, and have been trying to face the future in the light of the past. Between the situation at the time we were married, when my two mottoes were 'Take a chance' and 'Do as you darn please,'

and the present situation, there is this difference — I fell in love with my husband during his illness two years ago. I thought I loved him when I married him, but there was always the thought in reserve that nothing but death need be permanent. I thought I loved my husband on the day we were married. I doubted it before the day was over, and there were other times during the first eight years of our marriage when I doubted it. To-day I think I'm one of the luckiest women in the world, because I have n't a doubt left on the subject. I know.

There is time, plenty of it, during the nights when one's husband is fighting for his life to discover one's real feelings. During that winter I found that I 'd been breaking one of the first rules of our younger generation. I had been deceiving myself. I discovered that I *really* loved my husband. Perhaps I had loved him all the time. Perhaps the sort of love I have for him now is something that must grow with the years. Perhaps the care and watching before the doctors took him to the hospital brought it about. I have been told that it is impossible to care for a helpless infant for a time without coming to give it something akin to mother love. Caring for a very ill husband may have had the same effect, although it is n't entirely a maternal love I have for him now. There may be something maternal mixed up in it, for we have no children, and there is something of the maternal in all women that we must pour out in some direction.

When we announced our marriage to a friend she laughed and said, 'Well, the first five years are the hardest. If you stick that out you're safe for the next hundred.' She was right. They were the hardest, for me at any rate, for it required just about five years for me to adjust myself to the state of matrimony.

III

I remember a sentence from a book I read recently: 'Only lasting desires can carry one into action.'

It took two years of considering this step to bring my husband to the point of resigning. During those two years there were more unpleasant episodes than usual in his work — and selling steel during the ups and downs of the business situation since the war has not all been pleasant.

Selling steel involves, for instance, entertaining buyers. Often they are men who began as workers on the open-hearth floor, and who learned about steel from making it. Good fellows of many good qualities, nevertheless their development has been one-sided. They retain to the end of their lives the physical vigor and toughness that enabled them to stand twelve-hour shifts in the heat of the steel mill. When they come to New York on business, or when business takes them to the many conventions that are a part of the steel game, they must be entertained. And showing the sights of the metropolis to steel men under Prohibition is — well, to put it mildly — is apt to pall on a minister's son. Yes, my husband is a minister's son.

Part of a steel salesman's job, especially in New York City, is entertaining the out-of-town steel man. It means putting in the regular eight-hour day at the regular duties, and then arranging a dinner party, a theatre party, and a midnight-show party, and then probably putting the visitor to bed if he is unable to put himself to bed. Then, in order to snatch every possible minute of sleep, the salesman usually sleeps in a hotel downtown, rather than waste precious minutes on the subway. The salesman must be back on the job the next day, and there may be other visitors the next night, or the man who

was put to bed at five in the morning may be sufficiently revived to look for more amusement.

After the last of these parties, a three-day one, my husband complained that he did n't feel quite normal. He went to see his doctor, who put him on a coffeeless, meatless, alcoholless diet, and told him the pace was showing. Then I precipitated the decision by remarking, 'Why kill yourself? I'm not keen on collecting insurance money.'

During the five or six hours which followed, we had one of those accusatory and confessional conversations that always leave the participants feeling as if their souls had been stripped bare and paraded before a shocked audience. We dragged family backgrounds, inherited tendencies, youthful experiences, personal proclivities, and everything that could possibly pertain to the subject, out of their decent oblivion and looked them over.

'It 's all right for you to advocate taking a chance,' protested my troubled husband. 'Taking chances is the breath of life to you.'

As we talked, my unmarried years unrolled before me. From a girl I had the knack of selling and the ability to show others how to sell. Right now I sell my strictly utilitarian articles at higher prices than my artistic friends get for their adventures in belles-lettres. I study the market and know what my editors want, just as I used to study my customers and their wants. There was a time when I traveled back and forth across the country between state fairs where my agents engraved 'Darling' or 'Mamie' or 'Papa' on cheap ruby-glass tumblers. Many a rural sideboard paid me toll. Then in another profitable campaign I helped to make 'Melba' a boudoir word in this country, organizing, instructing, and managing squads of demonstrators who went from one department store to another showing American women how to keep their faces clean.

Of course there is more money in that sort of thing than in writing. Still a woman who will not keep house may not long keep a husband. My trunk stayed in the storeroom; but if I could not use the trains, I could still use the mails. Writing seemed to be the one refuge for a home-biding woman. And having next to no formal education, but plenty of rough-and-tumble experience with business, I drew upon that experience for trade papers. No matter what my household cares might be, I never failed to sit at the typewriter five hours a day. At my desk in a 'walk-up' apartment I analyzed trade problems, and then went out and sold the solutions — sometimes to trade papers, sometimes to manufacturing firms, sometimes even to publicity experts. Day in and day out for years I wrote, rewrote, corrected, mailed — and in the end sold — a thousand words a day. At first the rates of pay were low and the returns small; but gradually the checks grew in size and multiplied in number. Each year of the last three has doubled my income of the year before. My best returns have come from helping others sell their goods; the list includes automobiles, glue, paper, ribbon, sealing-wax, china, glass, and lamps. Perhaps the very lamp under which you are reading made its bow to the trade under my adjectives.

During our long evening of debate we covered the subject of education. My husband is a college man; my schooling ended with the first year of high school. Spanish and French and shorthand have been my only instructed subjects since then, and I needed them in my work. I have had to learn a great deal about a great many vastly different subjects in the course of my writing, so that between the things I have studied for my own

pleasure and the things I have had to study because of work to be done I have tucked away quite a mass of unrelated facts. However, like most people who missed out on a college education, I feel that I have lost something now unobtainable. Therefore I told my husband that he had a great advantage over me in that he has had college training.

'But I don't want to do your sort of work,' he protested. 'I want to write fiction.'

'Well, then, why don't you write it? Nobody is going to do it for you.'

'I will,' was the final word. Thus began our great experiment.

IV

To-day there are too many wage-earning wives to make our ten years together seem unusual. Even so, the wage-earning wife has problems all her own. We are still too much in the minority to have had anyone work out rules to fit our cases. Each wage-earning wife has to work out her own rules. She has to find ways and means of holding down two jobs at once — three if she is a mother — and doing each work creditably.

We have some advantages, though, we working wives. We have passed that dissatisfied period that comes to every woman, whether she be married or single. Most of us have been told by doctors and friends, if we voiced our dissatisfaction, that we ought to have children — or, having some, then more children. Almost never do doctors or family or friends realize that a woman, as much as a man, needs an interest completely divorced from herself and her family and household. We working wives have that interest.

In the usual course of events, one of the most terrible moments in a woman's life comes when she discovers that her husband has limitations. It is akin to the moment when the small child discovers that his father is not the strongest and the most powerful man in the world — a man who can somehow bring all the desired things to pass. Tragedy, such a moment is — the sheerest tragedy!

What this discovery does to a wife depends upon the sort of woman she is. The wage-earning wife is quite likely to love her husband the more because of his limitations. If his limitation extends to his earning capacity she is not helpless before it, for she appreciates her own capacity to earn. The maternal element is likely to enter into her love for him at this point and that will bind her more closely to him than any amount of conjugal affection.

The first problem the married woman has to solve, usually, arises from her husband's objection to her working for pay. That was one I missed. I had always worked, therefore I kept right on working.

The second problem for the working wife lies in so managing her ménage that her husband is not made unhappy by an untidy home and by delicatessen meals. Any woman who wants to work can earn money enough to pay a competent maid — and have some money left over. Meantime, if her work makes her happy, she need not worry about the outlay for the maid's wages.

Another problem for the working wife is to find the sort of work in which she can continue for years without having to compete with the new crop of eighteen-year-old girls that each year brings into the business market. For the reason that many employers prefer youth, the wife must find or make for herself a job in which age does not count adversely, and where the quality of the service rendered is the main thing. Social-service work, charity work, politics, selling, free-lance work

of any sort, and a business of her own, are the things that appeal most to the wise working wife. She looks ahead toward the time when her experience and years are assets and not the liabilities they become in the general business office.

When the married business woman becomes a success, especially if she earns as much money as her husband, she has new problems. A man may be perfectly willing to have his wife work for money if her happiness lies in that direction, but he hates to have her earn as much money as he does. It touches his pride. He feels his crown as master of the household slipping. He acquires an inferiority complex that sometimes causes him to do all sorts of queer things. It takes a steady hand to keep a marriage off the rocks at this period. The husband wants to be the strong one of the family. He wants his wife to look up to him, to admire his superior ability, and to come to him with a coaxing manner when she wants something, so that he may feel very magnanimous when he gives her what she wants. Really he wants her to keep her place as the minor part of the family. The wise wife learns, if necessary, to hide the facts of her progress, and always to give her husband the admiration he needs. If she fails as an admirer she can look for another woman in her husband's life — and the chances are the interloper will be an inferior sort of woman, one whose main hold on the husband is that of flattery.

The difference between the way a successful business woman and a stay-at-home wife will handle the problems of 'a woman in the case' is vast and typical of the difference in their lives. The business woman says in effect, 'You can't give me anything but companionship anyway. If you don't want to give me that there is nothing left between us. We might as well be divorced.' The stay-at-home wife sees her very bread and butter threatened by the other woman, and what a fuss she makes about it! The queer part of it is that there are fewer successful business women dragged through the divorce courts than there are so-called parasite wives.

When the married business woman comes to the place where she earns as much as her husband the sea of matrimony becomes strewn with rocks. There are plenty of women who become so ego-ridden over their small successes that they are a trial to everyone. Such a woman does little to keep her marriage intact. Her income intoxicates her — and so does the deference shown her by business associates. She loses her perspective. Her conversations bristle with the pronoun — first person singular. She spends most of the time she is at home carefully balancing a chip on her shoulder. If her husband inadvertently brushes it off, there is another case for the divorce mills.

Business is too new to women for anyone to expect us to take it calmly. And when business success comes to a woman she needs a level head to keep cool about it. I was one of a group of business and professional women the other day when the talk turned to just this subject. Most of them admitted laughingly that they had gone through the 'Look-at-me-see-what-I've-done!' stage, which one of them attributed to growing-pains.

One of the good things that come to a home from which both the husband and the wife go forth to business every day is a new comradeship — a new sort of partnership. A working wife has a better chance of being friends with her husband than the stay-at-home wife. And being friends with someone to whom the law binds one is not so easy as it sounds. The wage-earning wife meets her husband on an equality

basis. She is no longer a dependent. She is an equal partner. The chances for domestic happiness seem greater than in the old-fashioned marriage where a woman could be nothing but what her husband made her.

There are many more problems that the wage-earning wife must face. The biggest thing that worries all of us is what our husbands think about it all and how they are affected by our independence.

In my own case, I am beset by doubts. Am I making it too easy for my husband to do what he wants to do? Certainly if I were not a wage-earning wife he would be unable to leave his position and gamble with his future. Will he be happy in the day-after-day grind at a desk? Will he be too much discouraged when his manuscripts come back from editors? Can he stand the gaff and be happy?

It takes a brave man and a man not bound by conventions to accept such an arrangement as ours. My husband is both. He is free for the first time in his thirty-five years — free to follow the path of ambition, inclination, and ability. I glory in being one of the factors of that new freedom, but still I wonder where that path will lead.

V

Since this was written, we have had two weeks of the experiment. The news having spread, we have been given a taste of what our friends think of a man who leaves a well-paying job to follow what they call a 'mirage.' Our men friends are torn between envy that a man may follow his inclinations, curiosity as to our financial circumstances, and the not too well concealed idea that it is a man's duty to stick to his job, no matter if it is distasteful.

The women take me aside and tell me what a frightful mistake I am making; that it is all right for a woman to work but that she is foolish to lessen her husband's responsibilities by her work; that no man can be happy if his wife supports him; that our marriage is careening toward the rocks; that my husband will lose all respect for me, and a lot of other equally unsolicited bits.

The truth is that my husband is completely happy, although he works at his desk and over his studies longer hours than he ever put in at his job. Our maid keeps the house shining to an extent she never did before — such is the subtle influence of a man in the house.

In the six weeks since the letter of resignation was written I have increased my output of finished work almost a third through a sense of responsibility to the landlord and the grocer — and I never was so happy in my life.

NO MARGIN

BY E. C. J.

Dear Sir, Dear Paul Godetsky: —

No doubt you will have guessed by now why I failed to keep my appointment this morning. With our arrangement of monthly settlements you have been aware through just such happenings as this that the few days before the end of the month have sometimes proved disastrous for me.

Yesterday I spent the morning and afternoon walking, walking — on the sides of my feet because of the holes in my shoes; this thin mud sticks like glue — with the last of the small legacy of musical instruments left me by my father under my arm.

Is it not curious that to-day so many of the wood-winds should be made not of wood but of steel or silver? Everywhere I walked, from one dealer to the next-best one, each lifting the black flute out of the case with a certain respect, half-appreciative, half-resentful, for something which however out of style was still unquestionably good — as if it placed the feeble resistance of its own old worth like a momentary obstruction against the cruel shove of changing fashion. Everywhere the same. 'A good flute. But we sell no more wooden flutes. There is a crack in it as well. And the pitch is high.' I could n't help the crack, any more than I could help the pitch, which I suppose was exactly as it was made to be.

A fine rain was falling, cold and very searching. It is a long time, dear sir, dear Paul Godetsky, since you yourself have been without any margin in the world. Perhaps you have lost all recollection of how it is to walk from one place to another with nothing but one shabby object between you and the utter collapse of your body — some old coat, a watch with a broken crystal, or a wood-wind made of wood — always something a little the matter with what you have to sell, so that you can never sell it.

It is not the hunger so much, the animal misery, as the far more lacerating misery of wondering why food should seem important to continue an existence with no margin at all, to take you from one empty despair to another. No reality, no connection, no continuity of meaning.

You may say, dear sir, that I was not without hope and that it is something to be the accompanist of so fine, I mean so well-known, a singer and teacher as yourself — that I can always count on living on a margin of your margin. You have said as much to me, and I should be ungrateful, considering the destitution from which you rescued me last year, not to acknowledge this.

You deserve your margin, dear Paul Godetsky. You have an excellent mind, which you enjoy in secret like a voluptuary, and you were once an artist. You keep your mind clear and do not mix your planes. You have your private thoughts where your mind thinks freely, at the expense of everyone and with no cost to yourself, and you have a separate working shrewdness — an intelligence just a little

larger than the average, by which you can mystify and keep just out of reach of your followers, just a little way beyond them yet within sight of their own capabilities.

That is the great secret, a secret which you have perfectly mastered — not to plunge the whole of yourself, never to stake the whole of life, all that you are, in everything you think and do. To do that is to be guilty of a naïveté, an innocence of passion that keeps one a child, out of touch with society, with no margin. Do you think that I am blaming you? My God, I should do the same! Do you think that I should not draw the same margin from the foolish Mrs. Y——, with her infantile ambitions, her piping voice, and her small fat feet; or from a foreign name like yours, using it as a magic sign of escape from the wistfulness and longing lying below the surface of American life?

And no doubt Mrs. Y—— does not seem so ridiculous — nor, I am sure, so pathetic — to you as once she did, since now you are more able to see good qualities in her, being less unlike her than formerly you were. Like my old flute, you once had a high pitch — too high for usual necessities — and you were once able to endure the terrors and depressions which — raising up defenses of comprehension and beauty against themselves — translate themselves at last in art. But now, if your tension is a little less exact — a little easier, I should say — and your pitch a little lower, it is nothing to your discredit. My dear Paul Godetsky, are you not a flute of steel, a metal wood-wind, with a market anywhere?

Well, perhaps all this does not explain to you the mechanics of my situation any more than it does my exact locality.

Can you remember that when one is bewildered with the anguish of a disjointed life, — it does not matter that one is probably to blame for it one's self, — a life which seems to have no thread to bind its holes and incidents together, that it is not food after a while one craves, but drink? On your margin, dear sir, dear Paul Godetsky, you no longer drink for the sake of illusion but the more luminously to enjoy the sense of what you actually have, or it may be, at the most, to bring the illusion of a little more ardor and distinction into your relations with your wife — God forgive me, I should not blame you for the latter. There, above all, one needs a margin. You, to your wife with all the margin of illusion you can get, or better, being a realist, all the secret margin of your separate, deeper and deeper nerves; I, to some middle-aged woman on the street corner, thinking that if she is old enough there may be some kindness and humanity from her own lack of certainty.

But to put it briefly, the last things I remember were those curious metallic notes — all is of metal — of the Salvation Army singers in the alley; and I remember that the curbstone under my cheek as I fell had a gray warty surface as if it had been pitted by the rain ten thousand years; and that in the gutter rushing with the rain an orange skin, soaked to a pale yellow, and the bright yellow leg of a fowl washed from the swill-pail of some restaurant, swirled by me. Yellow and gray. Yellow and gray. 'Precious jewels, precious jewels —' the Salvation Army kept on singing, and I still kept wondering what those jewels were for — for His crown, I imagine.

The thin voices, the metal clank of the tambourine, made my thoughts seem the weaker and darker and more suffering, until I was glad to hear the metal clanging of the wagon. I was

glad to take the arm of the officer and get in out of that cold searching air. It was the only time I can remember that I was ever glad to see the police. I remember a friend of mine, an oboe-player, saying that when his house burned down it was the first time the police had ever been on his premises to help him.

It is a curious thing, Paul Godetsky, that the people whom the police help most are the people who most rarely see them. To you, for instance, in a remote but still definite sense, the police are a real help; you could not do without them though you never see them, whereas, though I get little from them, I am thrown with them from time to time in a way which teaches me a great deal, gives me an absolute knowledge. It is they who keep the margin between such as you and such as I, even though for certain hours in our lives you and I are associated together; which proves that it is very hard to keep things separate and clear as one would like to do. Certain things for certain times are known together, at other times, apart.

It is like art, dear sir, dear Paul Godetsky: you cannot have the exaltation without participation. You cannot sit with the stream of life flowing past you, with a rake in your hand, pulling out for a moment one object or another, then throwing it back again without participation. You cannot sit and wait to see what life will give you; you must take the side of life, join life with all your forces, and though you roll in the gutter you will yet keep a kind of innocence, a wholeness, that is better than any margin. I spoke slightingly a while ago of this innocence of passion, but it was a damned indirection — I meant that I believed in it, and in just the same proportion that I disbelieve in you, which is saying a great deal.

After being helped out of the wagon and passing under the blue lamp with the white letters, I listened all night to the clock striking the hours in the cupola above the roof, a great clock which, if you are outside, has four faces. I have often, passing through the streets of this neighborhood, looked up at this clock, since it is only once in a while I have a watch, and have usually found that it was slow, slower than the clock on the church, much slower than the clock on the railroad station. Now I know why. It is the heavy, terrible consciousness of time inside these walls — time not a fugitive, a flying dream. Time is a block of granite built into the walls with other solid blocks of granite, part of the structure, part of the stone, on your lungs, on your life, the one continuity in your disjointedness — that solid block of unmoving time, part of the dark, part of the air, part of the stench.

The striking of the clock, Paul Godetsky, is not to mark the passing of time but to cut and fit and mortar into its place, forever, another solid block of granite time, always enlarging the black caverns where the hours are packed away for good, with no recovery, no receipt, no sound, no motion — not a sign. Gone.

All night the silence swam and roared and sank into the past, drowning out after a while even the roar of the rain.

You may remember how I used to try to detect and record the varying rhythms of the rain, that long ago I tried to transpose them into music: not the delicate fingering quality it has, but the onslaught, the passion, the saturation of the rain — of rain with leaves beaten down in it, boughs bent motionless in arcs, bent downward by the pouring rain, the trees holding themselves in a steady pressure

upward, the rain pushing them back, down, holding them to their connection with the earth, rooting them in their own element, making them grow, but pushing them for the moment out of the sky.

The silence, the darkness, the striking of the clock cutting another stone, the avalanche of the rain.

Then silence like a clap of thunder — the rain stopped, with a violence as great as that of its descent.

I was very lame by now, having struck my left knee and shoulder as I fell along the curbstone; but the silence was so absolute I soon began to feel some muffling crushing object must have choked the air and killed it.

So I got myself on my feet and tried to look out into the yard. Standing on my cot I could see nothing, not even the bars themselves, only feel them on each side of my cheek. Then the sky began to clear and tear apart. Magnificent clouds broke up and moved in superb disarray across the heavens.

The stone rectangles, the trodden ground — there was no motion but the distant cold soaring of the clouds in the galvanic brightness of the sky. It seemed that the moon poured down into a world devoid of life. No sign of livingness, no relation of man to the earth on which he moves.

If only I could have seen something, Paul Godetsky: a rat moving across the yard in that strong stealthy way they have, a tree, anything that held its own, that lived on in the face of a power impassable yet essentially paltry.

And then — standing up out of that ground trodden hard and flat as iron — I did see something. A tree. Before long, in the pallor of daybreak, I began to see the pattern of its branches against that queer whiteness which, although it seemed to be without life, was nevertheless increasing. And I felt a sensation of hope at this sign of some livingness, at the sign of something that had grown steadily from a seed, without a break, into something according to its nature, not stopping or breaking off, but having a thread, a continuity.

Do you remember that summer we spent together many years ago when we were very young, before existence had become so different between us, before I got into the habit of calling you 'sir'? Those dismal lodgings in New York — the vestibule had black and yellow diamond-shaped tiles; three of them were cracked, and half of one was gone. The smell of sheets soaked in kerosene to keep away the bugs, the decrepit iron balcony outside the window, and going through the floor of it, twisting the rods out of shape, an old ailanthus tree all on one side — do you remember those things?

This is an ailanthus in the prison yard — you find them always in the old broken parts of cities — and as I watched it I remembered everything; how we read and did and studied everything with the proud fury of possession. Ideas, Paul Godetsky, were not only ideas — they were our bones and our blood; the passion of our recognition of them was the measure of their validity. We knew by our own pulse as well as by our minds when they were true.

The hours I sat there by that balcony, looking with ecstasy through that forlorn tree, which I believe held in those days some awareness of all the things I stared into its boughs, held what a savage would call his External Soul, placing it for safety in the tree of his superstition or election, increasing or diminishing in vigor as the tree prospered or declined.

And I fell so elaborately in love with that split and aged tree, and with the whole race of them, living in the side-

walks and back yards of cities, always leaning away from the wall which imprisons or — if you prefer, being the owner — shelters them, that I tried to discover their origin and found out through books on trees and botany how the ailanthus wandered originally from the Molucca Islands where some of the plants were supposed to be indigenous. 'Aylanto' was the native name, so called in Amboina, chief of those coral islands.

And I used to think it was not strange that the ailanthus, remembering the Moluccas, whose soft name suggested a languorous antiquity of days little disturbed by Drake or Middleton, the wars of Portugal and Holland, or the voyage of the Beagle — that it was not strange if the ailanthus, remembering a proud autochthonous origin, should possess a wistful shabbiness like that of the old cab-horse who used to doze all summer by the curbstone under the meagre shade of our tree. We used to take that cab and go to visit Violet Archer — she had long corners to her eyes and a tag of hair in front of her ears. What has become of her now? Not that I care, but now is the moment to say, 'What has become of her?'

And now, Paul Godetsky, as I watched that ailanthus in the prison yard, coming up out of the iron ground, I began to think again how trees wander, like races, being bound to human lives and beliefs with a tenacity not to be reckoned. And I thought how we read about those shallow seas of the Malay Archipelago, full of floating plants and fruits undulating round these islands, drifting in the pattern of the currents, the monsoons, and the trade winds to other islands and to mainlands thousands of miles distant, where they strike their roots and live, and wander on by wind and water, with birds and animals and men.

Trees wander in exile, Paul, and you will remember how the Aylanto of Amboina, as we called that tutelary tree, used to pass and repass our window with a faint shine in the spasmodic gusts of a city thunderstorm, or go reaching up in the mystically forlorn light of a spring evening, and how we said that there was a soul out of place, a fluctuating wistfulness. We said that it remembered birds of paradise, also native in those oceanic islands, who used to sweep across it; that it had known among its boughs the white flight of the orchis; and that its own flowers, rank and green, smelling like sweat, were reminiscent of the jungle.

I remember how on an August night it made a mild episodic marriage with the moon, and how, after the moon had set, a fierce meteor traversed the rich blue of midnight. And it seemed to us that the old tree looked up at this brief curve of wasteful fire falling past the turning world, aware of that wild throe of extinction.

In this place they are building an addition, to accommodate more persons like myself, and the scantlings are still up, looking fragile and light and wooden against the granite wall that they surround to build.

And as the light grew clearer I saw, high up on the scantling, a small tree, withered and wry, bound there with a rope, as you will often see them if you look, on some unfinished skyscraper: a lateral descendant of the great cosmic trees which formed the axis of the earth — you remember them — Yggdrasill, the Great Ash, with the Norns sitting under it, and Irminsul of the Saxons, the Pillar of the World; lateral descendant of the Golden Bough, of all those sacred racial tutelary trees; a connection, even though the trunk was sawed off short, with some taproot of energy beyond our consciousness;

a sign, which workmen carry obscurely in their minds, of some root of livingness, some good luck, some integrity.

And as I watched the dry withered sign of an integrity bound there on the scantling of the prison, and the ailanthus rooted in the iron ground, leaning over as if listening, trying to catch an echo of its own old thoughts — remembering possibly the terrible dance of Shiva, dancing in the burning-ghats of the East, with the skull of Brahma and the Ganges in his hair, dancing with a shaking that would have shaken this granite place to pieces — I became conscious of sounds, coördinate and separate, stirring in my mind.

Now listen to me, Paul Godetsky, I have something to ask of you. You may say that it is mysticism — offensive to your realistic mind. But even science now is becoming guilty of a tentative new mysticism, drawn from its own endlessness. Why should we not indulge ourselves again in a symbolism of natural objects?

Whether or not you will believe it, I became aware, I felt the thick slow roots of those great sacred trees, I felt the topless tree of man's thought and longing growing like actual sound, like composed music, in my mind — in my ears, I should say.

And it seemed to me that I was young again, that I saw everything clearly with the clear instinct of youth unmuddied by experience, unintimidated by the brain.

I say that I heard the actual music of that great tree — the actual sound, terrible and august — of its growing. I felt the twisted roots groping first in the dark ground of fear, then I heard the trunk stretching up into the religions, and the boughs going out on every side, and the opening of the blossoms of the arts, and the leaves of knowledge and philosophy murmuring against the unknowable sky.

If I could have transposed that music from my bewildered soul, Paul Godetsky, to paper — if I could have got first the sound of the roots, then the fragmentary music of those early gods as dependent upon men as men were upon them, waxing and waning through mutual exchange of vigors; then the next music, music of the change from magic to religion, from sorcerer to priest; then the next music still, savage or compassionate, of the gods raised higher than men by men themselves and sustained by the cruel instinct in men for worship; and then this music ceding in turn to the next music of the spiritual gods — images and absolutes of man's desire, shadowy, anguished, or serene, for perfection —

Paul Godetsky, I heard it all, the actual, composed, translated sound — I kept watching the poor ailanthus and remembering my youth, and in my ears it towered and towered and towered — that tree of spiritual desire; and with the rustling and turning over and murmuring of those leaves I thought for a while that I was going frantic with the music that came rushing to my mind.

I could have written it down, then, but I had nothing, not a pencil or a paper — I am writing this, you will see, on the back of something the chaplain handed me this morning, on the edge, so to speak, of some idea or purpose of his own — but I felt that the music, as the sun got higher, was drifting away from me into those caverns from which I shall never get anything back again.

Nothing to make a single record with — and behind me another tree, the tall hollow core of emptiness going up through the centre of this octagonal jail and those cells like leaves on that deadly tree, each holding a man who had lost something in the cavern of time behind him.

And I thought I should have gone

mad, because I could not hold any memory of the actual notes of that music in my mind. I had nothing to hold it with. It came over me, it drifted away. And I said, perhaps if I spent my life in prison, like Bunyan — who were some of the others who enriched the earth by their own deprivation? — I said, what might I not accomplish?

Yet, undoubtedly, I should not do so, even in a prison. I don't stay here long enough; only long enough for the illusion of a little bad whiskey to wear away, an illusion not even happy while it lasts — because I have not staked enough, I suppose, some principle, some passion, only my body. But I have no passion except music, and who is going to keep me in jail because of a passion for music? Yet how dangerous the music I could —

However, as the sun got higher I became calm and listless, and I was thankful to be torn no longer by the sounds that were too much for me to hold or keep.

I saw that the old ailanthus was reaching up into a lucid spring day, a gentle-looking day, but bound to the earth with veils of terrible violet fire, which seemed to be waiting and listening — above all to be listening — for some ecstasy which it appeared to know would surely come.

Possibly because I am faint and still hungry, my ears remain full of the slow convolutions and heavings of those roots — but it may be only the transposition of a physical nausea. Yet I do continue to feel something, perhaps my own External Soul creeping through the ground, branching, rustling. And although my head is not entirely clear, it seems to me that I might still write down a part, take one leaf for myself, that I might perhaps, as they say, begin again.

Yet I know, dear sir, dear Paul Godetsky, that I shall not do so. But you, could you not pull your old strength and your old pitch and your old insight together — you had much greater talent than I, even though now you might as well have less — and write down a fraction of that music? For you might still do something, on the power of recrudescence your margin should have given you.

And in the meantime, dear Paul — all bitterness vanishes when I think that you might still save for me some echoes of what I heard last night, save it from waste and from defeat — in the meantime, if you want me to play your accompaniment as you sing that duet with Mrs. Y—— to-morrow — clearly I see her with her great bosom tightly bound and her small fat feet, and you beside her singing with her for the margin — if you want me to accompany you, will you find time to come here and pay my fine? You can take it out of my salary, which will be due to-morrow, and which you will pay me after Mrs. Y—— has paid her bill — so that I also am living on her infantile ambitions. Yet I shall not mind Mrs. Y—— so much hereafter or allow the picture of her to cloud my eyes, for she will soon pass away, but the tree will soon begin to grow.

You will do so, will you not, soon, dear Paul Godetsky? For although my mind is free, listening forever to a spreading murmur, happy in the thought of payment of an old debt to that obscure and effaced symbol of our youth, that old Aylanto, my body still remains subjugated by the vulgarity of these iron bars. And I shall have to stay here until a man unlocks a door and my body passes obediently through, and I pause under the blue lamp with the white letters — turned out now and dull but none the less ghastly — and wonder what I shall do next.

Ah, that tree, that great axis, and the music of the earth turning and turning on it!

My God, Paul Godetsky, — if I had any margin I should not be saying 'My God' so many times, — that ardor, that firm searching melancholy, which we have known, can we not get a fragment of it down? Not one jot? Not one? All those things that poured over us and sank down in us to our quick — have they all run like water into the ground and come up in nothing but a mould of dissatisfaction — not a root, not a thread of livingness? Ever?

You will come soon, for my head is cracking, and the suffocation of the leaves, rustling, rustling, tortures me with the echo drifting every moment farther and farther down those caverns — the clock has just struck something. My throat is stiff. I cannot swallow, and I keep trying to see whether I still can.

Come quickly. I will keep my eyes fastened on that spindling tree down in the iron earth, continuing from its root without a break, and hang on to the echoes that are still sounding in me, hang on to them until you come and I can repeat them to you. And you will save them from defeat. And all my bitterness will vanish. . . .

OUR GREAT PRIVATE SCHOOLS

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

I

THE world always changes its skin during each successive generation — whatever the historians and even the anthropologists may say. The changes, however, are small and build themselves up invisibly toward transformations and convulsions; and we are inclined at first to credit them to the epoch in which we see them. Then come philosophic persons who by reading pamphlets, inscriptions, and old newspapers find out a great deal more about the subject than anyone can possibly know, and become in their turn subjects for the curiosity of later publicists.

All that we can be sure of is that great landslides of opinion and reorganizations of society do take place, very often within a single generation, and that apparently they have occurred during the last century with intensifying rapidity. The rise of the industrial classes in England, and the heart-softening influence of one hardly knows what, swept over England in a single generation. The antislavery cause, which changed everything in the United States, rose, spread, and prevailed within a generation. I am almost afraid in drawing attention to certain well-known features of our American education that the transforming forces are already secretly at work which will reshape them before I have finished the paper. For the influence of the speculative classes is, to my mind, always illusory; and the

chief difference between Europe and America is that the American hopes for the best while the European fears the worst.

If one can imagine a Laocoön surrounded, not by two sons, but by a whole gallery of struggling young athletes, — all of whom are in the toils of the same gigantic serpent, — one will have an image of our universities and of our most important private schools, struggling against a domination which they understand but vaguely, and which is crushing the intellect out of them.

Behind these protagonists there looms the whole vast public-school system of the United States, with its millions of teachers; its thousands of statutes and regulations; its complexities of religious and racial antagonism; its dangers due to the enormous commercial value of its textbooks, and the enormous political power involved in its management. We must keep this great world of popular education ever in mind in thinking of the higher education, not so much because new light is likely to appear in high quarters, — for it generally shines forth unexpectedly from men who have had few advantages, — but because our public schools are an integral and living portion of our higher education. The high schools follow the colleges and are followed by the schools below. Ideas and practices run up and down through the structure, and the influence of our private schools is felt throughout the whole organism.

I must mention the universities in introducing the subject of these private schools. The new wealth of the world has looked on the old habitations of American learning and seen that they were good. We ought not to be surprised at this. It represents but a fringe of the world conquest recently made by the beneficiaries of prosperity. These new classes claim Switzerland and the Riviera; they move into the country places of England; they have rebuilt and refurnished the hotels of the world to suit their needs. The seashore foams with them, the hilltops bristle with them, the restaurants regurgitate them all over the globe. In America they are less differentiated from the older stock than they are in Europe, because in America the older classes have themselves been lifted by the recent waves of wealth, and the aristocracy of the land, such as it was, has been both vitalized and vulgarized in the process. This new class has no use for learning; but how can we wonder that it values and understands the seats and homes of learning which were among the most enchanting features of our elder social life? Are these picturesque academies not a part of that old furniture which has become more precious than marble and serves as the *décor*, the plunder, and the pride of our newer palaces?

We can do no more than face the whole situation honestly — hope that our smaller colleges may be saved from the fate of the great ones, which were naturally first attacked because their social prestige made them desirable; and try to see junctures where sound practices may creep back into the crippled institutions, while we hold our minds open to relief that may come from elsewhere.

II

The position of the schoolmaster is the axis on which the whole question turns. It is said that the recent age of triumphant science can be followed to its source in the thought and the experiments of a few men of genius; as, for instance, that the whole of our electrical knowledge was foreshadowed in the teachings of Faraday. At any

rate the rise of a new learning is to be looked for among the thinkers and teachers of the land. If there is to be a new kind of school it will be developed by a new kind of schoolmaster.

At present our great private schools are, as I have said, locked and bound into the same system that controls our universities. The same clientele supports the universities and the schools that feed them. Our well-to-do, ingenuous, socially ambitious, and intellectually vacant industrial classes dominate in both fields. Every private school has its alumni association whose business it is to get money for new dormitories, infirmaries, gymnasiums, running-tracks; to hold high the traditions of the place and prevent its graduates from sending their sons elsewhere.

A hard thing it is to hold a school together: it is one of the hardest business problems in the world. In this country the effort to do so has resulted in making our schools into flocks and communities over which the shepherd keeps his eye, an eye in which the rays of moral duty, religious authority, and business sense meet as at a focus. The pastor knows his own; he rushes to California to marry an alumnus or to baptize a firstling; he becomes in time the friend and counselor of several generations. Yet he becomes also — and this is the part of which he is not so conscious — the servant of his age. He can only lead in the direction where the sheep are going — driven as they are by the overmastering trend of the times.

One cannot but rejoice in one aspect of these private schools. The historic spirit of the old world — indeed the best spirit of the Middle Ages — survives in them. It is a proselytizing spirit, of a pure and noble kind, alloyed, as it was during the Middle Ages, by the worldly and the practical, by concessions to contemporary abuse.

It is with some compunction that I say anything derogatory of these great schoolmasters of ours; for they have long appeared to me to be among the noblest people in the country. Indeed they stand in a class by themselves — Christian evangelists, very sincere and very effective. But they have become, in spite of themselves, the figureheads of certain fashionable tendencies. Candor compels me to note this. And besides I am sustained by the example of many recent theologians who make no bones about criticizing Saint Paul himself.

If anyone wishes to get a glimpse of the clientele of our chief private schools let him take a bird's-eye view of the progeny of our bourgeoisie. Let him board the train of ten or twenty drawing-room cars which deliver the precious freight to Boston from New York on the closing day of the Easter holidays.

Here are scholars indeed! Small or large, pink or brown, lithe or brawny; but one cannot see the boys because of their clothes, sticks, hats, cameras, golf clubs, traveling-bags, cravats, badges, portable jewel-cases (or what looks like them), strange sporting-jackets; and all this plunder is as fresh as paint. Of course I know that these boys are dressed up and outfitted with the very minimum of what their parents and the headmaster think decent — the bare necessities of school life; but one needs time to get used to the idea. I know too that such things are merely externals, symbols, as it were, like the tonsure of the priest. They are the symbols of Sport. I cite them in passing as an indication of what the private schoolmaster has to deal with in his clientele.

The boys are as a rule not infant prodigies, nor the victims of early cramming, not children who know the

Psalms by heart or who have heard of Julius Cæsar. They do not know as much of history or literature as a village boy of like age knew in the America of fifty years ago. Their outlook upon life is that of their parents. They wish to keep in the swim of the epoch. Social success in the larger meaning of the term is their aim, an aim in which learning for its own sake counts for zero.

There is one thing, however, which counts for one hundred per cent: it is College. Each of these urchins is headed for some Alma Mater whose claims have been dinned into him from infancy by his father, his elder brother, and his family connections. College loyalty is the only religion he knows. Each boy goes to school as toward a sluice which shall deliver him to the Mecca of his soul. And this religious idea is kept alive in him by the vision of the ultimate college examinations — the Clashing Rocks through which he must pass to save his soul alive. The vision dogs his dreams; it stands between him and his teachers; it stands between him and himself. Thus an enormous moral pressure is put on him to make him do an intellectual thing — and this on an urchin who has never been taught to use his mind.

The worst is that this vision of college examinations is colored by what current science calls the 'fear complex,' a very withering kind of obsession; for fear is the most common and the worst enemy to intellect.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to give a personal anecdote.

In my youth I very seldom secured a mark of more than 75 per cent or less than 60 per cent on examinations. In fact I always passed them. Nevertheless at the age of forty, when I was laid low by a siege of nervous prostration which involved a dark room and complete rest, I dreamed every night during many months that I was trying to pass an examination and could n't get through. There were tensions in my system, left over from the strains of twenty-five years before — mental cramps and images of fear. They had to be thawed out of me by something which almost resembled a dissolution.

III

You will see that fate has thus surrounded the scions of our peculiar wealth with a state of things that makes any normal development of intellect all but impossible. Their natural endowments are commonplace; their earliest surroundings are nonliterate; they are delivered to the schoolmaster under the bond and ban of an obsession.

How can they find the leisure to be truly interested, truly absorbed in any thought? How can they ever find out anything?

I do not favor the abolition of examinations; but examinations ought not to be the sword of Damocles, or depend on something which the headmaster cannot control. Who shall exorcise this spectre in the imagination of our boys? Not the schoolmaster; for this man is in the grip of the same terror. Can he reform the college examinations, or step aside to reform the parents of his boys and the atmospheric conditions under which he is with difficulty holding his flock together? It is more important to his school to get his boys into college than to educate them.

Let us consider one of the forms in which the spectre rises. The reading and writing of English is easily learned by the old-fashioned way, namely by reading good books, learning poetry by heart, and practising composition under the friendly eye of any educated person. Any private school has need

only of a young master with a talent for letters, to whom the younger boys may be turned over and who will keep them in sight till they graduate. Such treatment would fit the boys in English for entrance to any college in the world. Moreover the learning is so easy that the boys need hardly know they are getting it. Why then does not every private school engage some literate young instructor to teach English? Because the boys will be met at the college gates by a written examination and by a system of marking which follows a certain Book of Rhetoric; and the boys know this. They come to their school-teacher with a book about English composition in their hands and say, 'We see here that prose is divided into (*a*) narrative, (*b*) argumentative, and (*c*) didactic. Teach us this.'

The colleges themselves are manacled. I found a very clever young instructor teaching some sort of prescribed English to a freshman class at Harvard. After listening for forty minutes to the Choctaw I said to him, 'Why do you not throw that book in the fire and help the boys to learn to express themselves?'

'Because my schedule imposes the book,' he replied.

The textbook mania in all its forms is due to the sudden expansion of our population, which has swamped the teaching professions, and the universities, in their quandary, have been seeking to make manuals do the work of men. I think that the influence of science has had something to do with these college malpractices; for in science, textbooks are essential and they can be accurate. In the departments of the humanities they are a makeshift and are always a little misleading. In the matter of English composition they are a crime.

Once fill the young belly with the husks of rhetoric and you ruin the stomach. Your truly talented child will spew them up; but your average child will accept them and suffer, retaining only a lifelong disgust for reading and writing and a belief that they are difficult and recondite studies.

Our overindulgence in textbooks is intimately tied up with another mistaken practice. Any conscientious schoolmaster will tell you that he spends three fourths of his time on the lower two thirds of the class. The clever boys master the book at a glance and may therefore be neglected. Is not this near-madness? Are not those clever boys the hope of our nation's literacy?

IV

It is clear that the gates between school and university must be reset; but if you inquire how this is to be done you ask a hard thing. Any university is so large, complex, and rusty a system that one cannot get private intelligence to bear upon it. Any particular question falls within the purview of I know not how many Boards, Committees, Overseers, and so forth. The great presidents are wholly taken up with finance; the faculties are frightened and powerless. One has hope from the schools and from the association of headmasters till one comes to close quarters with them, and then one realizes that a certain hopelessness extends its paralysis here also. With the schoolmaster there are always lions in the way. Many years ago in talking with James G. Croswell, the headmaster of the Brearley School, and one of the most intelligent men I ever knew, I was struck with a *non possumus* quality in him as to changes that seemed easy and obvious to the outsider. A technique of which I knew nothing forbade them; a practical wisdom — whether of

the world or of the spirit I could not guess — closed the door.

One way of laying the ghost of college examinations would be for some school to cut loose from the whole college system and prepare its boys for an imaginary college — giving them what they ought to know, in the headmaster's discretion, and letting them take their chances at the universities. Such schools will be founded, I make no doubt, and will attract a kind of boy who has less sporting-goods on his small person.

In the meantime something might be done on a small scale and, as a sample, — I tremble as I proceed, for I know the suggestion will be thought utopian and almost foolish, — if the great headmasters of the land would make a mass attack on some particular university, concentrating their force on a single point, as, for instance, on entrance examinations in English, they would undoubtedly be successful. They could undoubtedly induce some one university to say, 'We shall allow our entrance English to be determined by a talented young man of letters; send up your boys.' It is clear that any educated examiner could determine in ten minutes whether any boy knew enough English for admission to a university. A dictation would settle the point. I believe that such a man could deal with twenty boys in an hour. And such of them as failed could be sent to a summer school where intelligent methods were followed. Once let our colleges burn their books of rhetoric and the schools too could destroy them.

This reform would be a godsend to the whole intellectual world of the coming generation; for the boys could learn to use their mother tongue.

It will be seen that I am not endeavoring to start a campaign for getting the automobiles off Fifth Avenue or the stockbrokers out of the club windows, or to save our greater universities from the conquering hordes that have camped out in them in such a joyous throng. No, nor even to reform the fashionable boarding-schools, where the seething top of our social whirl can be studied so conveniently. The fresh springs that regenerate the mind of the world bubble up from unseen sources and no historian can give an account of them. New shrines are built about their chalices and thirsty people find them out as if by magic.

Yet something may be done to the older contrivances and water supplies by intelligent tinkering. And there is this encouraging fact about life, that any step in the right direction, any better adjustment of strains, loosens the tensions of the entire universe; and therefore it is worth our pains to examine the joints and hinges of society and to study the paths and byways of the world's mystery as we pass through them.

MY WILD-HOG CLAIM: A DUBIOUS ASSET

FROM HIGHLAND ANNALS

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

It was mostly during my first two years on the farm that things happened. Unfamiliarity sharpened events into adventure. Later on the unusual gradually flattened into matter of course. For this reason I am glad that I looked over my wild-hog claim during the first year of possession, a time when I fed on explorer's elixir, and knew not plain bread and meat.

I can still see Sam, a clear-cut figure, swinging from an overhead bough which he had grasped just in time to save himself from the plunging, foam-scattering boar that in another second would have had his life. But the beginning of the day was calm enough. For some time I had heard talk of my claim as a fund-producing property which, if looked after as it should be, would enable me to buy out the County Bank as soon as I chose. My predecessor had imported a few Berkshires and Poland Chinas to mix with the wild breed, and the result, Len assured me, was 'the best mixtry in the mountains.' Quality had been improved without unfitting the hogs for hardy life on the ridges. Acorns were abundant; sprouting chestnuts could be uprooted until late in the spring. By taking the hogs in midwinter, before the mast began to grow scant, one could find them fairly fat, and two or three weeks in the pen, with plenty of corn to crunch, would make the meat sweet and marketable. Whenever things looked expensively blue on the farm there was always someone to remind me cheerfully of my wild hogs that could be 'fotched in an' cashed quick as nothin'.'

We were having some bright, windless days in January, and Len said to me wistfully, 'Ain't this the hog-huntin' time, though?'

I was getting close to the wall as to ways and means, so I answered, 'Very well, Len. Tell Sam about it and get ready for a round-up to-morrow.'

He was delighted. 'I jest been achin' to git into the woods,' he said. 'There 'll be a lot o' young-uns to mark. Course you know what yer mark is, Mis' Dolly?' I did n't, and he apologized for my ignorance in a matter so vital. 'A woman kain't be expected to know ever'thing 'bout the hog business. Yer mark is an undercrap in the right year an' two main smart slits in the top o' the left. Ag Snead 's got a mark nearly like yorn, only they 's a slit in the right an' a crap too. It's a top slit, an' ever' hog that 's got the top o' his year torn off ol' Ag drives in fer his'n. An' they 's mainly yorn, Mis' Dolly.'

'But how do they get their ears torn off?'

'Dogs. We have to ketch 'em with a dog, an' he gits 'em by the year.

Sometimes a blame hog 'll leave part of his year with the dog an' go on. I've hearn ol' Ag 'll sic his dogs onto yore mark, hopin' to tear a year off an' claim the hog, an' I would n't put it past him.'

'That's rascality, Len, and Mr. Snead is a deacon.'

'Law, when a man goes hog-huntin' he puts his 'ligion in the cupboard, so it won't git hurt while he's out.'

'Those hogs are mine. I'm going to have a talk with neighbor Snead.'

Len was startled. 'Lord-a-mercy! This here's a country where you kain't call a man a hog-thief an' git home by sundown.'

'I won't call him a thief.'

'No, I reckon you 'll jest inquire ef he's got any o' yore hogs in his pen.'

Noting that I duly crumpled, he became protective as usual.

'You see, Mis' Dolly, they ain't any way to 'proach a man on sech a subject, less'n yer carryin' a good gun.'

'We 'll meet at Sam's,' he told me, 'round about 'fore good daylight. There' ll be pap an' my Ben, an' we 'll take Burl 'cause he's got a big dog.'

Burl was a cousin of Coretta's, staying at Sam's and trying, with fluctuating success, to court Len's oldest girl. 'A good hog-hunt,' said Len, 'will show ef he's any account, him an' that dog o' hisn.'

I managed to reach Sam's the next morning while the smoky lamp was still burning on the kitchen table. As I approached I heard voices, zestful and happy, but when I appeared in the door there was surprise, then a troubled silence.

'You need n't been afeard I would n't git 'em off early,' said Coretta. 'I been up sence three o'clock, an' Len an' Ben come at four. We'd done breakfast, an' was jest chowin' till light broke.'

'I'm not hurrying you. I was only afraid that I would n't be in time myself.'

'You 're not going?' all questioned at once, and plunged into talk of the cliffs that I would tumble over, the thickets I could n't crawl through, and the 'straight-ups' I could n't climb. I did not doubt their concern for me, but felt that more was behind their opposition than desire for my safety. In some subterranean way they knew that crafty hints had reached me of their having now and then spirited hogs to neighborly markets, forgetting to share the proceeds with the owner; they knew too, by the same invisible channels, that the tainting insinuations had been indignantly discouraged; yet they suspected me of wanting to keep on their track. After getting up at an heroic hour to prove my full comradeship, it was depressing to run against suspicion, as cold in my confident face as the frosty air of the dawn. But I innocently urged that I was bound for the hunt, that our lives were of equal value, and I would share all risks. After some minutes of talk — genuine even as it veiled the core of discussion — the springs of good humor began to flow, doubt was put to cover, and we were on the road.

Serena was with us. She had come with Len to the meet, and I had heard him insisting on her accompanying me. 'You won't have to go fur,' he said. 'She 'll turn back 'fore we git to Broke Yoke Gap.'

Granpap also was of the party. 'He kain't run,' said Len, 'but he'll he'p us more 'n you'd think. He caught a big feller last year all by hisse'f, 'cept what little ol' Bub could do.'

'All right, granpap,' I said, feeling gay and generous as the sun began to warm our mountain, 'you can have all you catch to-day. I won't take any toll from you.'

There was no answer — no thanks.

Everybody looked straight into the woods, ostensibly concerned with nothing but sighting a hog; and I knew thereby that my words had been taken seriously.

II

'We ought to git Red Granny today,' said Sam, examining the ground where the smoking leaves had been stirred. 'Here's her consarned ol' broke-toed track. An' here's a lot o' littler tracks. She's been in an' tolled out some more o' our shotes. I bet if we hurried up we'd come right on her.'

'Let's hurry then,' I urged; for I knew about the old sow called Red Granny, that for three years had proved uncapturable. She kept her inaccessible house on the side of a rough mountain, making her way to it through a great pile of rock by a passage yet undiscovered. Though a good breeder, filling the woods with sandy-haired pigs, she also seemed able to teach them the secret of escape. Bub, who was an old dog, could hardly be made to run a red pig unless it was on his own side of the mountain.

'Tain't no use to trail Red Granny,' said Len. 'Ol' Bub leads the dogs, an' he won't run that-a-way. I put him on her trail onct an' he was out all night. When he come in next day he was too 'shamed to look at me.'

'Well, let's get somewhere,' I said, feeling the cold in spite of the sun. Then I found I had made a mistake. The first part of hog-hunting is deliberation. There was a long discussion as to the most fruitful direction.

Finally little Ross, who had followed Serena, said, 'Let's go to the sow's oak,' and to my amazement everybody agreed. 'I bet that spotted sow is there with some little pigs, an' poppie promised me one,' said Ross.

The sow's oak was a giant tree with a large hollow at the butt, big enough to furnish good shelter for a litter. For years it had been a favorite bedding-place. To find it we had to descend into a cove where there was a clear spring. All stopped for water, though everybody had taken a drink just before leaving Sam's. The Highlander can go without a meal or two with no inconvenience, but he drinks water in season and out of season. After leaving the spring we passed around the curving side of a hill and came in sight of the tree.

'Sst!' said Sam. 'I see her. She's in there, an' she's got pigs. Don't crowd her now. Keep the dogs back. We don't want her to git tore, an' her a-sucklin' pigs. Y'all stand out here in a circle like, so she kain't git through if she runs, and I'll ease up behind the tree. When ye see me bounce 'round to the front to grab her leg, ever'body an' the dogs bear right in.'

He made a wide circuit and came up behind the tree, but before he reached it Burl's dog, Bugle, who was new at the game, gave a yelp and the sow sprang out. About a dozen tiny pigs, black-spotted and with delicate pink noses, followed her. All three of the dogs rushed forward and yapped in her face. She bristled to fight, then turned and dashed in the opposite direction, flashing by Sam and leaving him to look foolish, with a knotted rope in his hands. The dogs flew after the sow and the men followed the dogs. Little Ross began to scramble after the terrified, squealing pigs.

'Go after the one with the black spot on its year,' said Serena. 'It's the purtiest.' Ross tumbled after the one she pointed out and secured it. Serena took it into her apron. By that time not a pig was to be seen or heard. They were all under the leaves, behind logs, anywhere they could secrete their quivering bodies. In the distance we could hear the cry of the dogs and

shouts of the men. Then the yelping ceased and we heard the wild squeals of the captive. When we reached the spot the men were looking down on the struggling sow. She was tied by one hind leg, and the other end of the rope was made fast to a young tree.

'She 'll keep all right,' said granpap, examining the knots critically. 'Reckon anybody'll find her here 'fore we git back? The woods air full o' hunters.'

'Hunters and stealers,' said Len indignantly. 'But we kain't he'p it. We got to go on.'

'She'll drive in easy,' said Serena. 'It's that sow you brought in last year, an' I gentled her with slop fer a month.' She put the little pig down by his mother, who became very still as he lifted a nudging nose to her. I wanted to return and find the other pigs, but was swiftly talked down.

'They'll find the sow ef she'll squeal loud enough,' said Sam. 'They won't run fur anyhow, an' we'll look 'em out as we go home.'

The men had discovered some signs which they were sure would lead to a fine bunch of shotes. 'An' shotes pay,' they said. 'Anybody'll buy a shote.'

The 'signs' took us by a very rough way through a damp hollow. Serena declared it was so 'blustery' she could n't stand it, and persuaded me to turn up the slope and walk along the ridge, leaving the men to push their way below. 'They always scour that holler,' she said, 'but they've never brought a pig out of it.' In half an hour the men came up defeated. Some pigs had been found, but they proved to be in Ag Snead's mark.

'I'll tell ye what let's do,' said Len. 'We 'll go to Raven Den side to find that big b'ar hog that's tuskin' our gentles ever' time they go to the woods.'

'I'm afraid o' that feller,' said young Ben. 'I seen him onct. He suits me where he is.'

'Let's go fer him,' said Burl. 'That sounds like a hunt.'

'I'm ready,' said Sam. 'That feller's too mean to let live. I've had to sew up two shotes this week that come in all cut up.'

We were moving slowly along the ridge, and little Ross, who had been running ahead, came flying back to say that he had found a hog sound asleep. We rushed forward and came upon a fine sow lying dead. Len pointed to a bullet hole in her forehead.

'Is it ours?' I asked, for my mind was set on revenue and this was a dismal beginning. So far we had to our credit only a half-tame sow that would probably have come in of her own accord when food grew scarce — and this. Len flicked the exposed ear of the sow. 'You see the undercrap,' he said. Then he pulled the other ear from under her head. 'An' there's the two slits. It's a ten-dollar bill you got layin' there.'

'Ay,' said Sam, 'she's worth ten dollars more yisterday than to-day.'

'Yisterday!' said Len. 'She's shot early this mornin'. She ain't froze yit, an' last night would 'a' froze fire. Whoever shot her is in the woods now, an' he better not come shammuckin' where I can see him. I'd have my say.'

'You ain't goin' to talk into a gun, Len,' said Serena. 'Wha'd you promise me about this hog business?'

'Shucks, Reenie, I ain't broke no promise yit.'

'Y'ain't goin' to nuther. Ol' Ag's got more bullets. Reckon I'm goin' to chance comin' on you layin' in the woods like this here sow?'

'Why,' I asked, at last getting in my burning question, 'did they shoot the poor thing and leave her here?'

'Oh, she looked slick an' fine a hundred yards off, but when they shot her an' come up close they seen she was goin' to litter an' was n't fit fer meat.'

'What about a stomach that can eat a hog right off the mast?' said Sam. 'Ag Snead ain't more'n ha'f human anyway.'

''Twa'n't Ag,' said granpap. 'It 'ud take two men to git this hog in home, an' ol' Ag is secrety. He would n't want a partner in this kind o' work. It's the Copp boys more 'n likely.'

'There's ol' Aggervation now,' called Ben. We looked ahead and saw a man approaching. It was Agnashus Snead. A boy, big-limbed and nearly grown, walked beside him.

'That's his nephew, Ted Shoals,' said Len. ''Course they done it! Now watch Ag, the ol' devil! You'd think he was jest from prayer-meetin'.'

'Howdy, folks,' Snead called to us. He was about seventy, with cool, pink cheeks, and white hair that still kept a youthful ripple. His eyes were golden brown and young as a boy's. I found myself introduced, and shook hands with him almost eagerly. Oh, no, he could n't have done it!

'Any luck?' he asked, and Len pointed to the dead hog. The old man was properly shocked. 'They's some rotten folks in this kentry,' he said, 'ef a man knowed where to find 'em.'

'Right, there is,' said Len, 'an' I b'lieve I'd know 'em ef I seen 'em.' His black eyes looked kindlingly into the brown eyes of Snead. Serena pushed in. '*Your* luck's all right, uncle Ag. The boys jest now found a bunch o' yore shotes down in that holler.'

'Reckon they did n't have no years tore off?' he asked, repaying Len's thrust. But no fight was precipitated because he accompanied his question with the frankest of smiles. Serena had often told me that you could say anything in the mountains if you took care to say it laughing.

'No,' put in Sam, with a grin equally disarming, 'but if I's as mean as *some* folks I'd whacked off their years ragged-like, an' druv 'em in home.' The laugh went round. Both parties had spoken their minds. Old Ag bent over and touched the bullet hole.

'Them Copp boys air in the woods to-day.'

We knew what he meant, but if the Copp boys should ever get him cornered not one of us could swear that he had accused them.

'Their gun makes the same kind of a hole yorn does, I reckon,' said Len, with a steady look at Snead's rifle.

This was going too far. Snead rose up and looked about. He would be two against five, with maybe a woman to claw him from the back. A tolerant smile spread over his face. 'It shore does,' he said. 'I'll tell you what, boys. I kain't take my shotes in with jest Ted here to he'p me. S'pose I hunt with you to-day, an' you he'p me to-morr'.'

Asking a favor was more disarming than laughter. This was a neighborly appeal, and Len was first, last, and always, a good neighbor. In two minutes we were all on our way to the haunt of the big b'ar hog, leaving the embryo feud, for a time at least, to smother under amenities.

III

Serena had slyly given me several opportunities to turn back with her. At last she openly rebelled. 'Ef yer goin' down in them rocks,' she said, 'I'm goin' to make a fire on the ridge an' set here till ye git back, if ye ever do git back.'

'Stay if you want to,' Len told her, 'an' keep Ross to he'p ye pick up brush. Ef we roust that b'ar there'd best be nobody round that kain't hop quick.'

The entire party gave me a look which was a plain request that I keep Serena company. I was half angered. 'Come on,' I said, taking the lead along

the ridge. 'I hope you'll enjoy yourself, Serena.'

They stood dubiously, then came on with a shout.

'Yer like my first wife,' said Snead, striding alongside of me. 'Nothin' could head her. You've heard 'bout the man that had had three wives an' when he prayed he would say, "God bless Patch, an' Piece-patch, but dern ol' Tear-all." Now I say it back'ards. My first un wuz Tear-all, an' I'd ruther have her back than any of 'em. There wuz n't any government them days. Ever' feller had his own still ef he wanted one, an' tended to his own business. Governments had n't come inter fashion. I'd say to my wife, "Serry, I'd like to cut up fer a week an' lay drunk," an' she'd say, "Go it, Ag, I'll 'tend to the crap." An' when I got through I'd let her have her turn ef she wanted it, and she generally did. When she wuz dyin' she says, "Ag, you've been square. You've come as you wanted an' gone as you wanted, an' so've I, bless Jesus." "Yes, Serry," I says, "you've never been tied to the meat-skillet or wash-pot." She laffed then an' says, "I reckon you knowed that string would 'a' broke anyhow, Ag." When she wuz dead I wuz fool enough to think my luck would n't turn, an' I married agin in about six weeks. Lord, Lord, she cleaned an' she cooked an' she mended till I begged her to let up an' go huntin' with me. I wuz so lonesome I purty near cried, an' all she done wuz to git down on her marr's an' pray fer my soul. "O Lord," she says, "I'll take keer o' his pore neglected body ef you 'll jest save his soul." Well, I set in then an' made her glad to git out. I set down an' cussed her steady fer two days. She was ready to go the first day, but said she could n't till she got ever'thing done. She left my clothes all fixed an' the house like pie, an' enough cooked to keep me fer a week, an' me cussin' her in a solid streak. She had the grit, but it wuz turned the wrong way fer me. It gives me the all-gonest, lonesome feeling now to think of how she worked an' worked, an' all I wanted wuz company. 'T wa'n't long till she married Ham Copp an' I reckon he suited her fer they're livin' together yit. It's her two boys what's been so near that dead sow back yander, no matter what Len Merlin's got in his head about it. You kain't blame the boys, they been brought up so religious. I think a heap of religion, but you got to keep it in bounds er it's like fire an' water; it'll eat ye up. The Copp boys don't want to be et up, an' when they gets out they make t'other way, toward the Devil. I'm a deacon, an' pay my dues, but nobody can say I treat my religion too familiar.'

Sam called us to halt, and we paused in a body to look down over the cliffs where boulders struggled brokenly and trees and saplings scrambled for distorted life.

'He's down there, boys. I'll take Bub an' Bugle, an' Pap to carry the rope, an' when we find where he is, y' all stretch 'round above us, an' I'll go in an' sic up the dogs. Len, you hold Buck. He's my dog, an' I ain't savin' him, but bein' a fox dog he's better fer the run, ef it comes to runnin'. They's the masterest ivy thicket 'bout a quarter furder, an' ef we roust him out he's liable to make fer it.'

We began the descent, and as I stumbled laboriously downward I thought of Serena sitting by her fire, no doubt singing one of the many ballads which she had learned from her grandmother, and which had probably been sung by a score of generations before her without ever losing its essence in print. I stifled a lyrical regret and clung resolutely to my commercial mood. About thirty yards

from the top we scattered and took our stations as Sam directed.

'Ef he breaks out, beat the bushes an' make a noise like the whole Cher'kee nation full of corn-juice.'

Sam then went farther down, and was beginning to peer cautiously about for the boar when Len cried out, 'Hold on! There he is! At the top!'

We looked up and saw the boar above us, monstrously outlined at the top of the ridge. He was huge and black, and my startled eyes magnified him to a fearsome thing. I found out later that he was not of inordinate size. He was poking a nose that seemed several feet long over the verge of a sheer cliff. There were simultaneous howls from the three dogs. The boar's bristles rose like black Lombardy poplars; as he flung himself around, his tusks, whiter than the whitest cloud, seemed to circle Heaven. He shot along the ridge, Buck plunging after him.

'Foller him, fellers,' shouted Sam. 'I'll take Bub an' Bugle an' make fer the thicket. That's where he's goin'.'

Len, Burl, Ted, and Ben began to leap up the mountain-side and were soon racing along the ridge trail. I could be of no use in heading off the boar, and after one staggered look upward at the almost vertical slope I decided to follow Sam and granpap. Snead was of the same mind, and we struggled along, swinging from bushes and scrambling over boulders until we arrived at the ivy thicket, which was not ivy at all, but a mass of twisted kalmia from which several great chestnut trees rose in triumph. From somewhere in the tangled interior I could hear Sam's voice constantly repeating a formula, 'Sic 'im, Bub! Sic, sic, sic!' not loud but in a steady tone, half pleading, half commanding.

Snead crawled into the thicket, and in about ten minutes was back again. 'Sam's standin' to his waist in a sink-hole,' he said, 'an' skeered white-eyed. But he ain't in no danger, the ivy's so thick round that sink-hole. Bub nor Bugle won't take holt o' the b'ar. They prance all round him, much as the ivy'll let 'em, an' keep out o' the way o' his tusks, an' that's all. We got to have a dog that'll take holt. Sam says fer me to send Ben down the mountain Pizen Branch way an' git Jake Sutton's ol' dog, Drum. Drum'll bring him out ef anything will.'

'There's Buck.'

'Shucks, ef Bub won't take holt we need n't wait on Buck.'

'What's granpap doing?'

'Nothin' but squattin' in the bottom o' that sink-hole wishin' he's in prayer-meetin'.'

Snead made his way up to the circle of silent watchers, and Ben was soon flying down the mountain Pizen Branch way. In ten minutes he would be at the foot, but he would have to return slowly by a winding trail, and it would be nearly an hour before Drum could be one of us. In the meantime Sam, with the two dogs, endeavored to keep the boar entertained. Suddenly there was a shriek. A dark body was thrown into the air and fell on top of a thick bunch of 'ivy.' 'The blood jest sprinkled,' said Sam afterward.

'He's killed my dog,' shouted Burl from the hillside. But Bugle had received only a skin wound and, scrambling down, crept with viscerated courage to his master. Sam kept on incessantly with the formula, 'Sic 'im, Bub! Sic, sic, sic!' and finally called to Len, 'Send Buck in here 'less ye want me to git tore up. Bub's winded.'

From somewhere up the hill Len unloosed Buck, who rushed for the thicket. His entrance was Wagnerian, with a sound that reached the spheres. I had crept forward until I could get black glimpses of the boar as he whirled

about, charging at the agile Bub and missing him by a hair's breadth. With the entrance of Buck he decided to run, and dashed along the 'tunnel' that in happier days he had worn to his hiding-place. The dogs tumbled over each other and were slower in getting out. Sam appeared and shouted to the watchers above, 'Tear along up there! Ef he gits round the mountain we might as well go home.'

I was at granpap's heels and going fine, when he fell. He was n't seriously hurt, but sat on a rock rubbing his ankle, and I was astounded at the imprecations which he dropped on that 'b'ar devil.' It meant more to him than being out of the race. Life had beaten him and gone on, and he knew it. 'Reckon they'll say I done it a-purpose,' he said forlornly.

'Oh no, they won't. Sam himself could n't have jumped that rock.'

'I'll set here till the pain gits meller.'

We waited, and the tumult died away and with it my hope of witnessing the capture. After a little we heard a sort of scrambling in the bushes.

'That's Ag,' said granpap. 'He'd git out o' the run ef he had to break his neck fer it.'

A moment passed and Snead joined us, slightly limping.

'I was jumpin' a blame rock, an' it tumbled me off,' he said. 'What's the matter with the ol' man?'

'Not a durn thing,' said granpap. 'I jest 'lowed I'd drap out.'

To show his scorn of subterfuge, he got up and took a few firm steps, then sat down, white with pain but grinning with triumph.

'I'd give my coat an' shirt to go with the boys,' said Snead. 'Ef I had n't struck on that sore knee I could 'a' kept up all right.'

'Reckon I could n't,' said granpap. 'When I got old I knowed it. Time ain't slipped nothin' on me.'

'Well, I ain't give in yit,' Snead asserted, his yellow-brown eyes shimmering. 'These woods'll be my back yard as long as I'm topside o' earth, an' when I'm under it I'll rattle the dirt ef I can.'

'I'd do a lot myself,' said granpap, 'ef I could do it with my tongue.'

Snead's retort was lost in the returning tumult. The racers were coming back with a rush that made us think of scurrying to refuge. Sam afterward related what had happened.

'When I got out of the thicket,' he said, 'I started over the rocks like a jumpin' spider. Thet ol' b'ar devil went straight like he was goin' round the mountain, but the dogs kept bearin' down on his upper side an' brought him up under a cliff that he had n't counted on meetin'. He had to turn on 'em then, but they would n't rush in an' he would n't rush out. The foam was flyin' an' Buck was all bloody. Them tusks had scraped some sense into him, an' he was standin' off, yappin' an' yowin'. Little ol' Bub was jumpin' up an' down an' wantin' like fire to go in, but he knowed better. "All we can do," I says to Len when the boys come up, "is to hold the feller here till Ben comes with ol' Drum." An' about that time the b'ar decided to come out an' give them dogs a skeer. You run me in here, he thinks, an' by golly I'll run ye out. An' he lit fer 'em. You never seen dogs so skeert. An' that's why we all come back. 'Cause that b'ar wanted to. He jest rid the saplin's after them dogs. It was the masterest thing to see him goin' over ever'thing like he had wings in his insides.'

He was 'riding the saplings' when we saw him, but we had no time for leisurely observation. We were in the most open strip of the brush and this was the highway for the chase. The dogs seemed divided between fear and shame. They rushed forward with

their tongues out, but every few rods would fling their heads back as if to turn on their pursuer; then at sight of him they would give an apparently dying screech and flee forward again.

'Scroonch up to that poplar,' called Snead, 'an' they'll pass us.' The poplar was an immense one, five feet through at the butt, and was only three or four yards from us; but we had barely time to cross the distance and crowd against the tree before the wild runners flew by. I felt that the earth must be moving; that the whole mountain was a penumbration of that black, vaulting body; the air ought to bleed, torn by those merciless tusks.

They passed out of sight, to our left; and very soon, on our right, we saw Sam. His shoes were ripped open, and his overalls, in strips from his knees down, revealed legs and ankles scratched and bloody. In his hard-set face I scarcely recognized the softly placating features of Sam. As he passed us he was muttering something about old Drum. 'Ef ol' Drum'll ever git here!' A few minutes later Len and Ted came up.

'Where's Burl?' asked granpap.

'Back yander, tendin' that no 'count dog o' hisn.'

They hurried on, and Len called over his shoulder, 'Come on, pap, with yer rope. I hear Ben an' ol' Drum. We'll git him now.'

We listened, and a long, deep, fresh-sounding bay echoed through the woods. Granpap grabbed his rope, dropping his lameness and twenty years of his age. 'Smoke yer heels, boys,' he said; and like boys we followed. 'He's bayed agin,' said granpap, as we neared a discord of indescribable sounds. Soon we saw the boar, on top of a lichen-covered boulder, sitting on his haunches, his eyes, like two little black stars, pouring vitriol that ought to have made the forest crumple. The rock itself, with its green, black, and creamy spots and vein-like roots climbing over it, seemed a part of the creature's body, making a monster as superior to attack as granite, as formidable as if Nature had condensed her forces into his resisting form. The yapping dogs at the base of the rock, and the men with their ceaseless 'sic, sic,' were as negligible as squeaking gnats.

Sam was the only one with any apparent dignity. He had yielded to fatigue, and lay motionless on the ground, probably forty feet from me and an equal distance from the group about the rock.

A long musical sound came from old Drum. It was not loud, but of a sure timbre that made the woods quiver. The boar threw up his head and his sides thumped. From my safe distance I fancied a trembling among all the little ruffled scales of the lichens. Suddenly Ben's young voice called out from somewhere above the rock, 'Go it, Drum, sic 'im, sic 'im!' and Drum's huge yellow body vaulted from the slope to the upper edge of the boulder. At that instant the boar shot into the air, curved downward, and struck the ground near the men, scattering them to cover. He rolled for a second, like a knotted ball, then found his four feet properly under him and made straight for Sam.

For a second I felt blinded by a swirling black cloud, then stood clear-sighted in a small but painfully vivid human world. Nature with her everlasting forces retreated and consciousness was trivially reabsorbed in the by-product, humanity. I could even see Coretta, a pale widow, in the country store with a basket of eggs, insisting on an exchange of black percale; and myself distractedly guiding the destinies of her fatherless young.

But Sam was quicker than the boar.

With one motion he leaped three feet from the ground, and with arms abnormally long seized the limb of a tree that stretched above him, drawing his body up accordion-fashion and hanging there like a half-opened jackknife. The boar dashed under him and on toward me. I resigned life resentfully. My passion for union with earth was spent. There was nothing but ignominy in being trampled into the ground and muddily tusked.

Drum saved me. I saw him at the boar's side trying to reach his ear. The boar whirled in defense, and Len cried, 'Run, God A'mighty, run!' I supposed he meant me, but I could n't move. I had to see whether Drum got that ear or not. My arm was grabbed and I was viciously shaken. 'Ain't you got a bit o' sense?' That did n't seem to matter, but when I had been pulled to safety I managed to say, 'Thank you, Len, I guess I'll — faint.' Which I did, but it was not a desperate lapse. I was up in a few minutes, watching the game between Drum and the boar, and commenting on it in a very small voice.

It was worth seeing. Drum clearly understood his difficulty. He was to get his teeth into the boar's ear and keep his own body safely guarded from the tossing tusks. They shuttled back and forth, for every time that Drum was near getting a hold the boar would whirl in an effort to drive his tusk into the dog, and this would cause a face-about for both of them. I did not see how the game of wits and muscle could end except by the exhaustion of one or the other; and the boar was doubtless using his last strength. It seemed shockingly unfair for Drum to come so fresh to the contest.

'Be right still; be right still,' Len would say, though nobody needed the adjuration, all being tense and motionless. 'Drum's gittin' him winded. He'll land in a minute. Be right still.'

I understood what he meant by 'landing' when Drum finally sailed upward and dropped down on the boar's back just behind his ears.

'He's got him!' shouted Sam. 'Git yer sticks, ever'body. I'll grab his leg. Y'all be ready to come in, er he'll tear me up ef Drum's holt breaks.'

But this time Drum held on, and the boar spun round and round helplessly. It seemed death to approach him, but Sam got behind a rock, lay down, and reached out a long arm, ready to grab a flying hind leg if it should come near.

'Len, you an' pap git the noose over his nose. Where's that Burl? Let him an' Ben hold my legs.' But Burl called from a prudent distance, 'He ain't winded yit. You'd all better keep out.'

'Dern yer white skin,' said Sam, 'git back to yer dry-goods box in Asheville. Ben, you an' Ted ketch holt o' my legs.' They obeyed, bracing their feet against the rock, getting ready, it appeared, to pull Sam in two. Len, holding a big club, took the dangerous position of granpap's guard in his attempts to noose the boar. Snead was to tie another rope about the leg if Sam succeeded in grabbing it.

There was a ragged throaty shout. Sam had him. Snead, too reckless, rushed in on the wrong side and had to rush out again.

'Tie him, kain't you?' puffed Sam. 'I ain't no snake, I kain't live in two pieces!' Snead made another rush and got the rope securely tied. This freed Sam, who made a grab for the other hapless hind leg of the boar, and the two were then made fast together. The animal, crazed by the outrage, tossed his tusks in a last desperation, and Drum's hold broke. The dog was thrown ten feet, just as granpap, by a miraculous move, got the noose around the boar's nose above his tusks.

'Pap's done it!' cried Len. And 'Pap's got him!' echoed Sam. 'Me fer

granpap!' shouted Ben. 'Smart fer ol' bones,' said Snead; and 'Hurrah, granpap!' said I, to be with the tide.

'I could n't 'a' beat it,' said Burl, and Len turned on him. 'Ef you want to marry my girl, you'll have to carry a better gun 'n I do.'

'You got to pay fer my dog,' said Burl, backing off.

'When Hell cools butter,' said Len. 'Shet yer mouth ef you can do it with those tight breeches on.' Then his angry spurt was over. 'You goin' to he'p carry this thing in home?'

Burl came trippingly forward and looked at the boar. Forefeet and back were tied, and a long pole thrust under them. Safely trussed, but the tusks looked alive. 'I'll he'p at his hind feet,' said Burl, and laughter rolled over him.

'You walk ahead to keep the bears an' Injuns off us,' said Len. 'Ben, you an' Sam git aholt the hind end o' that pole. Me an' Ted'll take the front.'

They took off their jackets and, doubling them up, placed them between their shoulders and the pole.

'Won't it hurt him?' I asked, as they swung their load.

'Hurt that feller? I jest wish we could,' said Sam.

I remembered that the creature was revenue and hardened my heart. We would get twenty-five dollars, at least, for him, half of which would be mine, the other half going to Sam and Len.

As it was easier to keep around the side of the hill with their heavy load, and come into the trail lower down, I said that I would go up to the ridge and get Serena. I should be glad to be out of sight of the pathetic monster swinging in torture from the pole.

I got up the hill, and at some distance caught sight of Serena's fire. She was placidly singing, in utter detachment from little Ross, who was 'playing horse' up and down the ridge. The song was her favorite ballad about the cruelty of sundering true lovers. She liked to repeat it; and though she usually began singing in a robust major key, with each repetition her tone would become more plaintive. She was now at her happiest, in an unbearably wailing minor. The girl, persecuted by obdurate parents, had wandered from home

And rambled the green growing meadows around,
Until she came to a clear broad river,
And under a green shade tree sat down.

She then took o — u — t a silver dagger-r,
And percht it thr — ough her lily-white breast,
And these words uttered as she staggered,
'True love, true l — o — ve, I'm goin' to rest.'

And her lover, being at that very moment on that clear broad river, and passing that very tree,

He ran, he r — a — n, he ran unto her,

and picking up the same silver dagger, he 'percht it through his weeping heart,' and Serena sang to the world: —

Let this be a gr — ea — t and awful warning,
To all who ke — e — p true lovers apart;
To all who ke — e — p true lovers apart.

'Serena,' said I gently, 'would n't you just as soon say "pierced" as "percht"?'

'That would n't be doin' right by granmommie. She always sung it that-a-way, an' she was a hundred and three when she died, an' died in her cheer. She knowed what she's about to the last minute. She sung it "percht," an' I would n't change it noways. My, but you look like you'd been bee-huntin' in a locus' patch!'

'I've had a good time, Serena.'

'So've I,' she said, getting up. 'An' I did n't resk my life fer it nuther.'

We were to meet the men at the place where the spotted sow lay tied. Serena and I arrived first by a few minutes, as the men traveled slowly

with their burden, and stopped frequently to 'change the bone.' We found the sow quiet and sullen. There was only the one pig with her.

'We must find the other pigs,' I said to the men, when they came up blowing and put their load down.

'We kain't do that. It's turnin' colder, an' it'll be night now 'fore we git in home with this chap.'

'But they're so little! They'll starve!'

'Oh, half of 'em'll scratch through alive. Let's go fer water, boys.'

Everybody but myself went round the side of the hill to the spring. I stayed to ponder on the extravagant method of bringing in wild hogs. The thought of those ten or more little black and pink creatures shivering in the woods until starvation released them was more than I could supinely bear. I looked at the rope, and found it tied in what to me was an unalterable knot. But I could cut it by laying it against a rock and rubbing it with the sharp edge of another rock. I found the stones I wanted and set to work, making the rope as ragged as possible. When the stringy ends dropped no one would have suspected that the rope had been cut. The sow rushed off with her little pig following, and they were soon out of sight. Then I found that I too was longing for water, and hurried to the spring. I knew I should find the others lingering, each wanting to get in one more comment on the inexhaustible subject of the capture.

'We'd better git back,' said Len at last. 'Pap, you can drive the sow in. Thanks to gracious, we don't have to carry *her*.'

It was an angry and bewildered group that paused at the spot where the sow had been tied.

'Dern her sides, wha 'd she mean by layin' here all day an' breakin' the rope at the last minute?' said Sam. 'It wuz a good rope too. There wuz n't a weak spot in it.'

'I reckon it *wuz* a good rope,' complained Len. 'That young-un got holt o' my plough-lines. I would n't 'a' give 'em fer that ol' sow.'

'Ain't it a cussin' shame now Mis' Dolly won't git nothin'? Ha'f that sow would 'a' been hern. 'Course the b'ar is pap's. It wuz pap 'at got in the throw that tied him.'

It was a moment before I got the full meaning of Sam's words, and when I did my astounded silence seemed to create a slight embarrassment.

'Pap'll give her a part,' said Len, 'ef she wants to take it. Mebbe she did n't 'zackly mean what she told him 'bout havin' what he could ketch. It'll disappint pap, but we ain't goin' to have no hard feelin' 'bout an' ol' b'ar hog.'

'I'm shore glad,' said Sam, 'that she saw pap ketch him, an's got her own eyes fer it. I would n't take a throwed-away dishrag off'n her underhand. Ez fer her not meanin' what she said, her word's as good in the woods as 'tis in the meetin'house. Ever'body'll tell ye that. 'T ain't jest me a-talkin'.'

My inward tumult subsided. There was no profit in rebellion when the elements were against me. I looked at granpap, silent and apart, chewing his bit of dogwood.

'What about it, granpap?'

'What y'all say's good enough fer me.'

No help there, so I yielded with a gayety that left them slightly puzzled, not understanding the lubricant value of a good laugh at one's self.

'The victory is yours, granpap. Let's get him home.'

There was a buzz of spirited talk, all to show granpap that he was to be congratulated. When we started again Snead proposed going by Abe Siler's.

'He'll buy that feller right off the pole, an' we'll save time by drappin' him there. Abe's wantin' to git a hog to pen right now, an' he'll give you six dollars fer that b'ar.'

'Six dollars!' I exclaimed. 'Three weeks with all the corn he wants, and he'll weigh out forty dollars' worth of meat!'

'It'ud make a big hole in my pile o' corn,' said granpap.

'You gittin' it wrong, Mis' Dolly,' said Snead. 'B'ar meat as old as that feller is stringy an' tough, an' don't make no grease to talk about. Ain't hardly anybody'll buy it. Ol' Abe ain't pertickler ef he gits it cheap. He'll take the green meat to Carson an' sell it. An' rec'lect the b'ar's got to be knifed. That's allers a resk. Six dollars is top money fer him.'

'Yer talkin' right, Ag,' said granpap. 'Let's go by Abe's.'

He went by Abe's, and granpap pocketed five dollars for the hog, the buyer considering six a 'masterous price.'

Everybody seemed happy going home, except for a few regrets over the sow that got away, and a wail from little Ross for his lost pig. Everybody except myself. I was reflecting heavily in terms of profit and loss. All of my farm-help had given a day's work; they would give another to-morrow, helping Snead. Four men two days meant a loss to me of eight days' labor. Coretta would surely shame me into contributing toward new shoes and overalls for Sam. I must also count my disturbing escape from starting a feud; must even consider future entanglements on that score. Nor should I forget the emotional waste due to seeing every member of the party narrowly and frequently elude death from pitching head over heels into a rock-bed. And to its hopeless depths I must consider the probability of becoming indentured to the family of some ghost who had sacrificed his fleshly part in bringing out 'my' hogs: that is, if I persisted in exploiting my claim.

Snead dropped back and put an end to my list of contingencies. His voice was intimately lowered and I caught Sam's eye following him furtively.

'I hate to see a woman git the worst of it when she's tryin' to be fair,' he began. 'You've got a fine hog-claim, an' you ought to be gittin' something out of it. How many hogs hev the boys brought in fer ye this year?'

'This is the first time we've been after them.'

'Course, though, the boys hev been out more'n onct a-markin' shotes?'

'I don't know about that.'

'Well, I do, fer I've seen 'em.' He called to Sam. 'Sam, how many shotes did ye git marked that day I seed ye out fer 'em?'

Sam did not flinch under the attack. 'We marked a fine lot,' he said. 'I don't jest remember how many. I been meanin' to tell ye 'bout that, Mis' Dolly, 'cause you'll be wantin' to 'low us something fer the markin'. It's shore hard work. That wuz when you's gone to Hiwassee, an' I fergot to tell ye when you come home. I knowed you'd make it all right.'

'What's it worth to mark hogs, Sam?'

'It's *worth* more'n ketchin' 'em, 'cause we've got to ketch 'em an' mark 'em, an' turn 'em loose. But we're goin' to make it easier on you than that.'

I exonerate Sam from any intention of charging me for 'turning them loose.' He was merely embellishing his defense. But by a brief calculation I saw that if I gave half the value of the hogs for catching and bringing them in, and the other half, or a little less, for marking the young, I would have to pursue my profit with a microscope.

Snead again took up his confidential tone. 'I ain't a man fer makin' trouble, an' there ain't anybody in a hundred miles o' me can swear I ever accused him o' sellin' other folks' hogs; but I wish you'd a gone by Ham Copp's next day an' seed what he had in his pen. I ain't sayin' what, an' I never will say what, in court er out, but I 'low you'd know yer own mark.'

Sam and Len had hastily entered upon a subdued conference of their own, and just then Sam called to Snead.

'Wha'd you say, Uncle Ag, ef we don't he'p ye to-morr', an' call it square about them shotes you ain't paid fer yit?'

He was staggered, taken in the open, but rallied jauntily.

'All right, boys; jest as you say.'

Sam turned to me. 'We did n't tell ye 'bout them shotes Uncle Ag got, 'cause he was in sech a hole 'bout payin' fer 'em, an' nacherly we did n't want to worry ye till we got it fixed. Now he gits our part o' the shotes fer he'ppin' us to-day, an' we're willin' to take *yore* part fer the markin' you owes us, an' wait on Uncle Ag fer it, seein' we made sech a slow trade fer ye.'

By then I was in a position to foretell just the amount of revenue that in all time to come I was going to derive from my claim.

'We don't want to take any down-right money from ye, Mis' Dolly,' explained Sam. 'You've never been hard on us, an' we kain't afford to be hard on *you*. An' by fixin' it the way I said, ever'body'll be satisfied, an' you won't be out nothin' but a few shotes.'

'And a few shotes, Sam, don't matter when I've got the woods full of them.'

'That's what I wuz goin' to say.'

'A man with the woods full of hogs is in a pretty good fix, is n't he?'

'Jest about fat rich, Mis' Dolly.'

'Then you and Len are rich. The hog-claim is yours.'

They thought it a joke at first, and I labored to convince them; then they insisted on my keeping half of it.

'No, boys,' I persisted generously. 'That would mix up our calculations. As it is, you'll know what you've got, and I'll know what I've got.'

'You're right about that,' said Sam.

'I want to say too, that this deal works backward. If there's anybody owing for hogs, the debt is yours, and you need n't ever bother me about it.'

'An' if any meddlin' ol' loafer comes tellin' ye 'bout seein' hogs here, there, an' yander, in other folks' pens, from time back,' said Sam, with the dignity of righteousness, 'it won't be wuth a blue bean to him.'

'I'll send him to you and Len. It will be your affair, not mine.'

At that, Len came over to me. His face was serious but glowing. 'I knowed you's white,' he said, 'but I did n't know jest how white you wuz. Abe Siler's beggin' me underhand to leave you an' work on his place. Next time he asts me, I'm goin' to bust my knuckles on them two big front teeth o' hisn.'

Len, who was noted as a 'clean-crop-man,' was the most coveted tenant within three townships. I had bought his loyalty cheap.

Sam, of coarser but shrewder mind, spared me any disconcerting gratitude. Before their early bedtime I was to hear his comment to Coretta, who was shedding grateful tears.

'Aw, shet up, K'rettie. I reckon she's got sense enough to know that the woods full o' hogs ain't wuth much to a woman.'

A FARMER SPEAKS OUT

BY GLENN W. BIRKETT

I

TEN days after being discharged from the army, in October 1919, I began farming here in southeastern Wisconsin, stocking and equipping this 240-acre farm for the diversified agriculture of this region. I have had horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and chickens during the entire period. Except for changing from strictly dairy cows to dual-purpose shorthorns my general farming-plan has remained the same. I bought all stock and equipment at peak prices. In addition to the usual yearly loss common to farmers the last three or four years, my first eighteen months saw a sixty-per-cent shrinkage in the value of my investment.

Naturally I have been intensely interested in the various proposals to make farming a profitable business proposition. But most of the proposed remedies are ridiculous and many are vicious. Properly labeled, they would be known as agencies or legislation for the aggravation of agricultural problems. Proposed by visionaries and politicians, they run counter to the law of supply and demand, attack our natural allies, depress our mental attitude, and increase our tax burden.

If one accepted at face value all he hears and reads, he might conclude that the trouble with agriculture is shortage of production. Help for farmers as expounded by politicians and some educators usually resolves itself into a scheme which would increase output. Price-fixing and subsidies are essential parts of many of the cure-alls, but their proponents ignore the fact that American farmers never, even when short-handed during the war, have failed to keep the market supplied.

Over two years ago Babson mentioned that none of the conferences called to solve the problem of agriculture pointed out the real trouble — ten per cent too many farmers. That surplus is disappearing and with the disappearance are coming better times. City papers speak of the increased millions to the farmer as a result of the recent sharp advances in grain and hog prices. However, it is not long since the same papers emphasized huge production as a sign of the farmer's prosperity. But the present turn for the better is due to a shortage, not a surplus.

In spite of the surplus of farm products, the federal government has been using millions of tax money to cause still greater production. To push irrigation and drainage projects in regions far from markets at a time when more food is not needed is no aid to farmers or to the United States as a whole. Such undertakings are a valuable means of distributing political patronage and, like most paternalistic propositions, the profit is for the few, the burden is on the many. The government should let waste land alone, at least until there is sufficient market for products from land now under cultivation. Even then the government

need not interfere, for if the venture is sound from the business standpoint private capital will undertake the enterprise.

The federal government is copied in this misuse of public funds by state and county units. County agents, demonstration farms, experiment stations, expensive equipment and personnel, all have aided in the uneconomic oversupply of farm products. I am not arguing for the abolition of all of these offices, but like most active farmers I believe that there are far too many of them even for prosperous times, and that in the last three years they have done us more harm than good. This phase of our trouble has received little publicity because many of the people claiming to represent farmers are holding political jobs which should be abolished. The millennium will arrive before any number of public officials will give up their sinecures voluntarily for the public good.

Many of the schemes propose not only to help us overproduce but to ignore the market. In some instances it may be a potential market, which, it has been pointed out, was one of the causes of Henry Ford's success. The people of the United States could afford and wanted an inexpensive automobile. Whether Ford had lived or not that want would have been supplied. From the standpoint of the producer, a buyer is as important as something to sell. Economy of production helps not at all if there is no market. Businesses other than farming, by means of advertising or curtailment of production, or both, keep the market in condition to receive the output.

Our advisers have failed to help us because of the naïve assumption that agriculture comes first. I challenge that statement. In modern civilization none of the essential industries comes first. They come abreast. The total collapse of any great industry — such as mining, transportation, banking, and agriculture — would wreck civilization. The argument that production of food is all-important applies only to a primitive people. The farmer is in distress, not because he is hungry, but because he is unable to get a fair proportion of the advantages of civilization.

II

Disregard of natural markets and, even worse, the creation of artificial markets are no less illogical than the attitude we are encouraged to have toward our natural allies. Consider the railroads. Some reformers would make farmers prosperous by lowering freight rates. To begin with, it was paternalistic legislation in 1917 which helped to raise them. Blithely forgetting the results of the Adamson law, some people argue for more interference. Even government ownership and the transfer of freight charges from the direct users of transportation to the taxpayer appeal to many. Of course cheaper transportation, if economic, not artificial, would be beneficial. Yet it must not be forgotten that to certain regions transportation costs act as a satisfactory tariff. Two years ago there was a milk strike of the producers of the Chicago dairy district, comprising the region in northwestern Indiana, northeastern Illinois, and southeastern Wisconsin. While all dairymen within the area do not send milk to Chicago, all are affected by Chicago prices.

Although we had a fairly close organization of milk-producers the strike was not won, — a compromise was made, — partly because the railroads had tank cars ready to import milk from northern Wisconsin and even from Iowa. We thought we owned the Chicago market, but the efficiency and comparative cheapness of express

service gave farmers hundreds of miles away enough of an interest in the market to prevent our control. Our loss was their gain. The lesson of that strike for us is the folly of encouraging Iowa to go into dairying.

Meat-packers are the subject of much expensive investigation. They and modern stock-raisers are mutually dependent. The packers' part in the handling of meat is highly efficient. If not, why is it more profitable for a butcher to buy local cattle and sell them in the Chicago or Milwaukee yards and then get his dressed meats from the packers in these places? Most of us are familiar with the attractive advertising of beef, pork, and lamb by the big packers. They are not doing it for the benefit of us who raise stock, but, in so far as a surplus of meat is removed from the market, we benefit.

Recently I have noticed an unusual amount of advertising of milk by manufacturers of bottles, paper straws, breakfast foods, and baby foods. These manufacturers, in the interests of their own business, find it desirable to emphasize the value of a farm product. They may not be our personal friends, but certainly they are our allies.

I do not suppose the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is particularly favorable to dairymen. For all I know, it may be classed with Wall Street, which is supposed to be plotting against us farmers continuously. But not long ago I saw a full page in the *Atlantic Monthly*, paid for by the Metropolitan, urging in the interest of health and longevity greater consumption of milk. Compare this with the fact that at 11 A. M. at a local farmers' institute in my neighborhood we were given a lecture on the value of dairy products, and at noon, by the same management, we were sold lunches in which was oleomargarine!

From the standpoint of the producer, food is valuable, not according to the calories and vitamines it contains, but according to the demand for it. Middle service, whether performed by middlemen or by ourselves, transforms a food value into a market value.

The general agitation against middlemen is not so great as it was several years ago. Instead of fighting them and looking upon them as robbers — I don't say they never are — we are beginning to look on them as a middle service and an agency which assists in creating a market value for our products. One valuable result of coöperative selling is the realization that there is a middle service and that it is expensive. When we join a 'coöp' we think that now we are about to overcome our production losses by making the middleman's profit. At least that is the way I felt, and naturally I was disappointed when the prospective profit turned into an actual loss. In the coöp to which I belonged we learned that middle service in regard to milk costs more than production.

One of the panaceas widely advertised is that of diversification. How long, by the way, since we were told that this is an age of specialization for farmers as well as for other people? Diversification depends upon a number of factors, including climate, soil, and, most of all, markets. Of course, practically all farmers should have their own milk, meat, eggs, poultry, garden stuff, and fruit. There are few who do not. I spent the fall of 1907 harvesting and threshing in Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas; at that time the farmers there supplied themselves with these foods. I belonged to one threshing crew near Bristol, South Dakota, which trailed a cow behind the cook car when we moved.

The theory behind diversification is the utilization of wasted time, power, and equipment. However, if you have

raised a product for which there is no market you have merely been taking exercise. And I have yet to hear that we farmers need more exercise. Profitable diversification depends largely upon allies — that is, manufacturing centres. We had more strawberries this year than we could use. Cash value was created for the surplus by the proximity of cities. The comparatively better condition of the farmers of this state is due more to Wisconsin's urban population than to all the farm advisers — and, I might add, in spite of the politicians. However, the job-holding farm advisers of this state take the credit to themselves for the difference. They tell us that it is their advice which has prevented us from collapsing completely. Yet the great majority of commissions have been created within the last twenty-five years; while from the old account-books I find that this farm has sold steers, hogs, milk, eggs, and poultry since 1882, and that it always has been a diversified farm. In late years this region has begun to receive income from additional crops like cabbage, beets, and cucumbers. The variety of soils in this state is a factor in forcing diversified crops. In addition, Wisconsin has manufacturing centres, the markets for diversified products. It is not due to commissions and boosters that New York and Wisconsin are great dairy-regions. In and near both states are great cities. The dairy cow sticks close to the places where her products are used.

The Northwest is adapted to small grain. The Dakotas are not close enough to cities to receive large amounts of farm income from milk and other products which require a quick route to the consumer or from crops like potatoes which cannot stand high freight-rates. Diversification will increase in the Northwest as industrial centres move in that direction. And one big thing for farmers to remember is that factories which create our markets and which help carry the tax load are influenced in their choice of a location by the attitude of a state toward them. Natural advantages may be overcome by penalistic taxation resulting from paternalistic legislation.

III

No matter where a man farms, and no matter what he decides to raise and sell, he should realize that he is assuming the hazards of a business. State and federal government should recognize this also and not penalize him for succeeding, or reward him for failing. One of the evil consequences of the paternalistic advice, sympathy, and legislation with which we have been showered is the tendency to believe that our salvation lies in more paternalism — to believe that deficits should be made up in the form of 'loans' or subsidies. Recently a neighbor told me that he cannot hang on much longer; he cannot pay taxes and interest. His remedy is in legislation of some kind. He is a victim of circumstances and, like millions of others, does not want to accept the hazards of his chosen business. He has noticed that unions and teachers' organizations seem to have been successful in forcing the government to guarantee financial security of their members. He has seen them set aside for a time the working of supply and demand. So he ought not to be censured for assuming that a paternalistic government and a benevolent president — toward farmers — could assure prosperity.

Some time ago a banker who deals with farmers and knows the financial stress told me that the commiseration shown farmers was doing real harm. He summed up the case in this way: 'The farmer has heard so much about

his troubles, about being a victim, about being a poor farmer, that he has settled down to being a poor farmer.'

Paternalism as revealed in our educational system is resulting unfortunately. Control of the schools is no longer entirely local and professional boosters have begun to reform us through our children. There has been much talk of fitting children for farm life — implying that their fathers and mothers have not been so fitted. The phrase 'ruralized education' is used. I dislike the phrase. It means class education. Quite aside from the fact that not all country children will — or ought to — remain on the farm, the present tendency to use time in rural grade-schools for so-called agricultural subjects seems to many of us undesirable.

Education in elementary schools should be broad for a country child, the same as for a city child. Breadth is not secured by emphasizing from the grades the details of one's life work. Education which assumes what a child's occupation is to be is most undemocratic. Occupational education is inevitably narrowing, yet the great need is a public that recognizes the interdependence of all groups.

We farmers have been led astray in this matter of schooling by a lot of zealots. We read frequently that the education of the country child is inferior to that of the city child. The reformers who state this — people for the most part interested in education as a commercial proposition — point to the one-room school, the poorly paid teacher, and the short school-year. However, they do not try to prove that the children who have remained on the farms have ever fallen down on the job of production or that those who have left have been unable to compete successfully in business or professional work. Some of our reformers forget the advantages of disadvantages.

IV

There are those who deny that paternalism is destroying self-reliance and others who argue that government interference does not increase our trouble and that eventually government aid will be a cure-all. But everyone agrees that taxes are too high. All candidates for office announce a determination to lower them. Even the very officials who have assisted in the creation of jobs, commissions, and so forth, bewail the lot of the farmer taxpayer. We learn that the thing to do is to elect men who will lower the price of things we must buy and also force the manufacturers of these articles to pay more taxes. Most tax-reduction schemes are merely tax-transference.

Taxes on farm property in this region are absorbing over half of the net rental value. Consequently land values are decreasing. Ownership of land, instead of being an asset, is becoming a liability. Between 1900 and 1922 expenditures of the State of Wisconsin rose from $2,997,155 to $32,191,049 per annum.

We need to re-recognize the function of government and the purpose of taxes. Recently in this county a special meeting of the county board was convened for the purpose of considering an appropriation to be distributed as loans to certain farmers who had not carried insurance and who had suffered severe losses in a windstorm. (Taxpayers effectively protested and prevented the appropriation.) It is and should be the privilege of any man to carry or not to carry insurance. If it is to be paid from taxes then it becomes compulsory. In a conversation with an instructor of one of our state normal schools I mentioned the fact of the special meeting as indicative of the local trend toward paternalism. To my surprise this teacher of teachers thought that there

was nothing wrong in using public money for such a purpose. His concern was with the men who disbelieved in insurance until too late rather than with us who believed in it beforehand. I asked if the use of county money for such a purpose did not mean that the county would become eventually an insurance company. As we continued the discussion it appeared that he believed in increasing the functions of government.

Taxes so low as to hamper the logical and original functions of government prevent appreciation of property. On the other hand extra services and illogical use of government funds cause rapid depreciation of property. If a farm were not complemented with adequate schools, roads, police protection, and so forth, it could not reach its normal value. But if schools, roads, and police protection are increased beyond the ability of the farm to maintain them, and if a host of advising and interfering public officials also are added to the farm's burden, then the farm depreciates rapidly.

Many years ago I asked my father why the United States was so foolish as to sell land to pioneers for $1.25 an acre when everybody knew it would go up in value. He replied that public land yielded no income, that not until a settler made the land produce did it have more than a potential value — that a combination of land and government resulted in no tax income, but a combination of land and private enterprise resulted in the creation of wealth, assistance to the government, and that the assistance was in proportion to the success of the individual.

Near by is the county demonstration farm, of about 120 acres. It was bought before the war. Various owners paid taxes on the land in this farm from the time it left the possession of the United States — in the thirties or forties — until it was bought by the county. All this time it had been creating wealth for its owners and had assisted in carrying public burdens. Since it has been used as a model farm not only has it ceased to help carry the public burden, but the farmers of other land must carry the interest on its investment, its insurance, its taxes, and make up its annual deficit. For the year ending November 1, 1922, interest on the value of the farm, added to insurance, taxes, and $2115 deficit, meant that the taxes of about twenty farms its own size were required to carry it! Of course if such misuse of public money were only occasional the increase in taxation would not be felt. But where many other institutions having no logical place in a democratic government are added, and when care of the unfortunate is so elaborate as to make it worth while to be criminal or indigent, the total cost takes tax money which should be used on the farms for washing machines, lighting systems, and so forth.

There is no group of people who would benefit so much by the elimination of public servants, offices, and paternalism in general, as farmers. We are an industry — I almost wrote *the* industry — in which it is impossible to add our taxes and other overhead to the price of our products. Probably prices of articles we buy will never come down materially until we lighten the general expense of governing. This is not argued by those who have the most time for speech-making and writing, those who are holding jobs which make the unbearable taxes necessary.

We need help in the retrenchment of public expenses. As for the other sane remedy — well, very few classes know more about thrift and wise management than the American farmer.

AND IN THE HANGING GARDENS

BY CONRAD AIKEN

And in the hanging gardens there is rain
From midnight until one, striking the leaves
And bells of flowers, and stroking boles of planes,
And drawing slow arpeggios over pools,
And stretching strings of sound from eaves to ferns.
The princess reads. The knave of diamonds sleeps.
The king is drunk, and flings a golden goblet
Down from the turret window (curtained with rain)
Into the lilacs.

And at one o'clock
The Vulcan under the garden wakes and beats
The gong upon his anvil. Then the rain
Ceases, but gently ceases, dripping still,
And sound of falling water fills the dark
As leaves grow bold and upright, and as eaves
Part with water. The princess turns the page
Beside the candle, and between two braids
Of golden hair. And reads: 'From there I went
Northward a journey of four days, and came
To a wild village in the hills, where none
Was living save the vulture and the rat
And one old man who laughed but could not speak.
The roofs were fallen in, the well grown over

With weed. And it was here my father died.
Then eight days further, bearing slightly west,
The cold wind blowing sand against our faces,
The food tasting of sand. And as we stood
By the dry rock that marks the highest point
My brother said: "Not too late is it yet
To turn, remembering home." And we were silent
Thinking of home.' The princess shuts her eyes
And feels the tears forming beneath her eyelids
And opens them, and tears fall on the page.
The knave of diamonds in the darkened room
Throws off his covers, sleeps, and snores again.
The king goes slowly down the turret stairs
To find the goblet.

And at two o'clock
The Vulcan in his smithy underground,
Under the hanging gardens, where the drip
Of rain among the clematis and ivy
Still falls from sipping flower to purple flower,
Smites twice his anvil, and the murmur comes
Among the roots and vines. The princess reads:
'As I am sick, and cannot write you more,
Nor have not long to live, I give this letter
To him, my brother, who will bear it south
And tell you how I died. Ask how it was,
There in the northern desert, where the grass
Was withered, and the horses, all but one,
Perished —' The princess drops her golden head

Upon the page between her two white arms
And golden braids. The knave of diamonds wakes
And at his window in the darkened room
Watches the lilacs tossing, where the king
Seeks for the goblet.

And at three o'clock
The moon inflames the lilac heads, and thrice
The Vulcan, in his root-bound smithy, clangs
His anvil; and the sounds creep softly up
Among the vines and walls. The moon is round,
Round as a shield above the turret top.
The princess blows her candle out, and weeps
In the pale room, where scent of lilacs comes,
Weeping, with hands across her eyelids, thinking
Of withered grass, withered by sandy wind.
The knave of diamonds, in his darkened room,
Holds in his hands a key, and softly steps
Along the corridor, and slides the key
Into the door that guards her. Meanwhile, slowly,
The king, with raindrops on his beard and hands,
And dripping sleeves, climbs up the turret stairs,
Holding the goblet upright in one hand;
And pauses on the midmost step, to taste
One drop of wine, wherewith wild rain has mixed.

THE FIFTH ESTATE

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

I

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was not perhaps in all respects a paragon, but he was unquestionably a polygon — a plain figure with many sides and angles. There were not enough buttons on his black coat to tell off the multifarious aspects in which his complex personality was presented to the world. He was craftsman and tradesman; philosopher and publicist; diplomat, statesman, and patriot. And he was, withal, a very human being. What concerns us particularly on this occasion is the fact that he was at once philosopher and man of affairs. His remarkable career should refute forever the fallacy which, unfortunately, still is current, that the man of science is temperamentally unfitted for the practical business of life.

At the time when Franklin was in England the British Parliament was assumed to be composed of representatives of three estates: the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the commons; but Edmund Burke, pointing to the Reporters' Gallery, said, 'There sits a *Fourth Estate*, more important far than they all.' No one at all familiar with the ubiquitous influence and all-pervading power of the press would to-day question the validity of Burke's appraisal. Even then, however, there was present in England, in the person of Benjamin Franklin, a prototype and exemplar of the membership of a *Fifth Estate*, an estate destined to play an even greater part than its predecessors in the remaking of the world.

This Fifth Estate is composed of those having the simplicity to wonder, the ability to question, the power to generalize, the capacity to apply. It is, in short, the company of thinkers, workers, expounders, and practitioners upon which the world is absolutely dependent for the preservation and advancement of that organized knowledge which we call Science. It is their seeing eye that discloses, as Carlyle said, 'the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant.' It is they who bring the power and the fruits of knowledge to the multitude who are content to go through life without thinking and without questioning, who accept fire and the hatching of an egg, the attraction of a feather by a bit of amber, and the stars in their courses, as a fish accepts the ocean.

The curious deterioration to which words are subject has left us with no term in good repute and common usage by which the members of the Fifth Estate may properly be characterized. Sophists are no longer distinguished for wisdom, they are now fallacious reasoners. Philosophers, who once claimed all knowledge for their province, are now content with speculative metaphysics. Scholars have become pupils. The absent-minded and myopic professor is a standardized property of the stage and screen. The expert, if not under a cloud, is at least standing

in the shade. In Boston one hesitates to call a professional man a scientist — he may be a Presbyterian; and a 'sage,' as an anonymous writer has pointed out, 'calls up in the average mind the picture of something gray and pedantic, if not green and aromatic.' Let us, therefore, for a time at least, escape these derogations and identify ourselves as members of the Fifth Estate. Although the brotherhood of the Estate is open to all the world, its effective membership nowhere comprises more than an insignificant proportion of the population. Two hundred and fifty constitute the membership of the National Academy of Sciences. The latest edition of *American Men of Science* includes only about 9500 names. The number is expanded to 12,000 on the roll of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Although gathered from all countries,— and though chemistry is one of the most active and inclusive sciences,— the chemical papers, books, and patents reviewed in *Chemical Abstracts* in 1923 were the product of about 22,000 workers. One may hazard the estimate that there are not in all the world 100,000 persons whose creative effort is responsible for the advancement of science.

The studies of Cattell indicate that in America, at least, the great majority of men of science come from the so-called middle and upper classes, or precisely those sections of society which, in Russia, have been practically exterminated in the name of the new Social Justice. In about two thirds of Cattell's reported cases both parents were American-born, while the fathers of nearly one half were professional men. Seventy-five per cent depend upon the universities for support; from which we may assume that the burden of the higher surtaxes does not bear heavily upon the Fifth Estate.

In proportion to population the cities have produced twice as many scientific men as the country, but how many hearts 'once pregnant with celestial fire' repose in country churchyards because of lack of opportunity and absence of the stimulus of contact cannot, of course, be known, nor can we tell how many brains, competent and well equipped to penetrate the mysteries of nature, the war has cost the world.

Initiative is one of the rarest mental qualities, yet without it progress is impossible. Its combination with the scientific imagination and command of fact is still rarer and more precious. Since comparatively few of those who study science develop the capacity to extend its borders, the cost of a man competent to advance science has been estimated at $500,000 and his value to the community set at a far greater figure. Full membership in the Fifth Estate thus seems to involve the highest initiation-fee on record. It is a figure disconcerting to the candidate, but as Wiggam has finely said: 'Only genius can create science, but the humblest man can be taught its spirit. He can learn to face truth.'

That the Fifth Estate is not better appreciated or always understood by the world at large is not surprising. In their endeavors to secure accuracy of definition and expression its members have evolved a preposterous and terrifying language of their own. It is not ideally adapted to the interchange of confidences in ordinary human intercourse. It does not lend itself to poetry. 'Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home' becomes impossible when one is forced to address the prettily spotted beetle as *Coccinella dipunctata*. A primrose by the river's brim is much more than a yellow primrose to the botanist: it is a specimen of *Primula vulgaris*. The organic

chemist produces a new synthetic product in a mass of pilular dimensions and bestows upon it a name that would slow up Arcturus. Nothing but static interference can account for the terms of radiotelephony.

If knowledge is to be humanized it must first be translated.

Dewar has said that the chief object of the training of a chemist is to produce an attitude of mind. It should be the object of all education to produce the scientific attitude toward truth. We may even agree with Robinson that 'of all human ambitions an open mind, eagerly expectant of new discoveries and ready to remould conviction in the light of added knowledge and dispelled ignorances and misapprehensions, is the noblest, the rarest, and the most difficult to achieve.'

Carlyle says, 'The degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man.' And President Coolidge has been quoted as saying in a recent interview: —

'Everything flows from the application of trained intelligence, and invested capital is the result of brains. . . . The man of trained intelligence is a public asset. . . . We go forward only through the trained intelligence of individuals, but we, not the individuals, are the beneficiaries of that trained intelligence. In the very nature of things we cannot all have the training, but we can all have the benefits.'

Now vision, a trained intelligence, and an open mind are the qualities which characterize all those who are worthy of membership in the Fifth Estate. They are qualities which the many-sided Franklin possessed in exceptionally high degree.

II

Among all the activities with which his busy life was crowded Franklin undoubtedly found his greatest pleasure in the pursuit of science, and in that pursuit he followed the eclectic method. At a time when nearly everything awaited explanation his focused attention ranged like a searchlight over many fields. He observed the movement of winds and developed a theory of storms. He considered ventilation and the causes of smoky chimneys and proceeded to invent new stoves. He introduced the Gulf Stream to Falmouth skippers and demonstrated the calming effect of oil on turbulent seas to officers of the British Navy at Portsmouth. From earthquakes he turned to the heat-absorption of colored cloths and the fertilizing properties of gypsum. He wrote on sun spots and meteors; waterspouts, tides, and sound. The kite, which for centuries had been the toy of boys, became in Franklin's hands a scientific instrument, the means to a great discovery. That its significance is, even now, not universally appreciated is shown by the recent answer of a schoolboy, 'Lightning differs from electricity because you don't have to pay for lightning.' To Franklin, as the child of every man knows, we owe our initial conceptions of positive and negative electricity, and he was the first to suggest that the aurora is an electrical phenomenon.

The gregariousness, which is a prominent characteristic of the Fifth Estate, found early expression in Franklin. He formed the Junta, a club for the discussion of morals, politics, and natural philosophy, and in 1743 drew up a proposal for the organization of the American Philosophical Society, of which later he became president. He established a wide acquaintance and cemented many firm friendships among the foremost scientific men of France and England, by whom he was received on equal terms. In 1753 he was awarded the

Copley medal of the Royal Society for his discoveries in electricity and, on his leaving England, David Hume wrote: 'I am sorry that you intend soon to leave our hemisphere. America has sent us many good things, — gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo, — but you are the first philosopher and, indeed, the first great man of letters for whom we are beholden to her.'

The professional spirit which animates the Fifth Estate is essentially one of service. Its compelling urge in the search for truth springs from the conviction that the truth shall make men free. That spirit finds complete expression in Franklin's statement, 'I have no private interest in the reception of my inventions by the world, having never made, nor proposed to make, the least profit by any of them.' This impersonal relation to the children of his brain was indeed carried by him to an extent which ordinary human nature would find hard to emulate. 'I have,' he writes, 'never entered into any controversy in support of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are right, truth and experience will support them; if wrong, they ought to be refuted and rejected.'

There is, nevertheless, a place for militancy in science. The world needs a Huxley for every Bryan.

Franklin was a man of science, but his career proclaims that it is possible to be a man of science and much more besides. Science was made for life, and life is more than science. Art in its fullest expression may touch deeper springs, human relations and affections may bring richer rewards, and public affairs may make a more imperious claim. With Franklin as their prototype the members of the Fifth Estate may well strive to emulate his devotion to the public service and his constructive interest in human affairs.

Error and misconception have a feline tenacity of hold upon life, and the Fifth Estate, though richly endowed with latent executive capacity, is still, in popular opinion, regarded as equipped for thought rather than for action. The practical man, busily engaged in repeating the errors of his forefathers, has little time and less consideration for the distracting theories and disconcerting facts of the man of science. Yet who, among the men of action, is more intensely and truly practical than Carty, Baekeland, Reese, or Whitaker? Where shall one find a firmer grasp on the details of business than that possessed by E. W. Rice, Jr., Gerard Swope, or Dr. Nichols? What quality caused the young director of a research laboratory to find himself responsible for the production of gas masks to protect four million fighting men? In a time of dire emergency it was a professor of chemistry who organized the great Edgewood Arsenal and developed the means and methods and the trained personnel required to supply munitions for a new type of warfare. It was not to a statesman or a business man or a great manufacturer that the Allies entrusted the supreme command. It was to a teacher in a French military school. The range and value of their public service obscures the fact that Charles W. Eliot was a professor of chemistry and that Hoover is an engineer. The League of Nations is the child of a schoolmaster.

Numerically the Fifth Estate has always been feeble and insignificant. Its total membership at any time could be housed comfortably in a third-rate city. No politician makes a promise or invents a phrase to attract its scattered and ineffective vote. Rarely do its members sit in Congress; when they do they sit in the gallery.

With less political influence than the sparse population of Nevada, the Fifth

Estate has recast civilization through its study and application of 'the great and fundamental facts of Nature and the laws of her operation.' It has opened out the heavens to depths beyond imagination, weighed remote suns, and analyzed them by light which left them before the dawn of history. It has moved the earth from the centre of the universe to its proper place within the cosmos. It has extended the horizon of the mind until its sweep includes the 30,000 suns within the wisp of smoke in the constellation Hercules and the electrons in their orbits within the atom. It has read the sermons in the rocks, revealed man's place in nature, disclosed the stupendous complexity of simple things, and hinted at the underlying unity of all.

Because of this new breadth of vision, this lifting of the corner of the veil, this new insight into the hidden meaning of the things about him, the mind of man, cramped for ages by taboos and bound by superstition, is emerging into freedom: into a new world, rich in promise, and of surpassing interest and wonder.

Man brought nothing into the world and through long and painful ages he added little to that nothing: a club, an axe of stone, a pebble in a sling, some skins of beasts, a rubbing of sticks for a fire. He might labor, but to what avail? Even to-day the South American Indian works incessantly, yet his labor produces little more than heaps of stones. To those who would have us believe that all wealth is produced by labor the Fifth Estate replies, 'Wealth is the product of brains, and labor is productive only as it is guided by intelligence.'

Science is the great emancipator of Labor. Bagehot has somewhere said, perhaps in *Physics and Politics*, that during the early stages of civilization slavery was essential to progress because only through the enforced labor of the many could the few have leisure to think. To-day, in the United States, the supply of available energy is equivalent to sixty manpower for every man, woman, and child. There is now leisure for all to think, but the millions prefer the movies.

It is not Labor, but the trained intelligence of the Fifth Estate which has endowed man with his present control of stupendous forces. It has solved problems that for ages have hindered and beset mankind. It has revealed great stores of raw materials, synthesized scores of thousands of new compounds, furnished the fundamental data which find embodiment in machines and processes and in those agencies of transportation and communication that have made of the world a neighborhood. It has enabled man effectively to combat disease, added years to the average life, and made it better worth the living.

III

Benjamin Franklin died in 1790 — one hundred and thirty-four years ago. Could he return to make appraisal, what wonders would confront his astonished vision, what triumphs of the Fifth Estate compel his admiration!

Electricity, which to his contemporaries was little more than an obscure force, the curious manifestations of which might supply an evening's entertainment, has become the structural basis of the universe. The atom of Democritus is now a microcosm, vibrant with energy that glows in the white light of the electric lamps, which have replaced the tallow dip. In place of the electrophorus and the charges of the Leyden jar he would find in our own country alone twenty-seven million

horsepower driving generators in thousands of stations from which electric energy is distributed to our homes and factories and transportation lines to perform innumerable services. Imagine, if you can, the stunning impact of the impressions that would crowd the day of his return. With what amazement would he converse over a wire from Philadelphia to San Francisco or hear a voice transmitted through the ether from a point halfway around the world. So commonplace a thing as a street car would leave him open-mouthed with wonder, which might well increase at sight of an electric locomotive, hauling its hundreds of tons of freight.

In great industrial plants he would find electricity driving machines of an intricacy, precision, and productive power beyond the imagination of his generation, or at work in decomposing cells, and in the heart of glowing furnaces fashioning new products. In university and corporation laboratories would be revealed to him the marvels of the X-rays, photography, the fascinating world of the microscope, balances weighing 1/100,000th of a milligramme, the spectroscope, and all those instruments of precision and research which are the tools of the Fifth Estate. Elements unknown to him would be placed in his hand; fascinating experiments performed to demonstrate properties and relationships beyond his dream. The air, which he studied with reference to winds, combustion, and ventilation, would be reduced before him to a liquid as obvious as water, though boiling on a cake of ice.

Where once the postboy and the post chaise were familiar he would find our roads crowded with automotive vehicles and the country gridironed by the railways. Did he wish to send a letter across the continent, he would have only to commit it to the air mail to ensure its arrival in thirty-six hours. Were he called upon to revisit England, there would be no ten weeks' voyage in a sailing packet, but the speed and luxury of a 50,000-ton liner, oil-fired and turbine-driven. At Portsmouth, where he calmed the waves with oil, he would find, instead of wooden frigates and smooth-bore cannon, submarines and armored superdreadnoughts, a single gun of which could sink the entire British Navy as he knew it. Did he wish to proceed to Paris? He would have only to take passage in an airplane.

The gardeners Franklin knew grew peas for pleasure or profit. Mendel grew them and established the laws of heredity. Farming, which was a wholly empirical occupation, is now the special concern of a great governmental department devoted to the development of scientific agriculture. Here Franklin would learn of soil analysis and seed selection, of hardier and more prolific varieties of plants, of better breeds of animals, of methods of control of such virulent diseases as splenic fever, anthrax, hog cholera, and bovine tuberculosis. He would find his own experiments with gypsum extended to cover the whole field of chemical fertilizers, the air itself converted into an inexhaustible reservoir of plant food, and the efficiency of farm labor multiplied many times by ingenious agricultural machines.

He would find household economics revolutionized: the town pump replaced by running water; electricity a servant in the house; the food supply broadened and stabilized; domestic drudgery assumed by laundry, bakery, and factory; tasteful clothing within the reach of all; transportation and amusement for the multitude, and the history of yesterday sold for a penny; innumerable new industries, based on the findings of the laboratory, now

offering means of decent livelihood to millions, opening careers to thousands.

In great hospitals, permeated with the scientific spirit and equipped with many new and strange devices for the alleviation of human suffering, he would hear of the incalculable benefits which medical and surgical science have conferred upon mankind. He would see the portraits and listen to the story of Pasteur and Lister and Loeb and Ehrlich. We know to-day with what joy and relief the world would welcome a veritable cure for cancer, but we can little realize the emotion with which one like Franklin would learn in a single afternoon of the germ theory of disease, of preventive serums, of antisepsis, of chemotherapy, of the marvelous complexity of the blood stream and the extraordinary influence and potency of the secretions of the ductless glands. What appraisal would he make of the service to humanity which, in little more than a generation, has mitigated the horrors of surgery by the blessings of anæsthesia and antisepsis, which has controlled rabies, yellow fever, typhoid fever, tetanus, which is stamping out tuberculosis, curing leprosy, and providing specifics for other scourges of the race? What values would he put on insulin, thyroxin, adrenalin? The physician is no longer compelled to rely on herbs and simples and drastic mineral compounds of doubtful value and uncertain action. Compounds of extraordinary potency, isolated or synthesized by the chemist, are now available to allay pain, correct disorders, prolong life, and even to restore mentality and character.

With contributions to their credit which have so enriched and stimulated the intellectual life; which have brought the peoples of the earth together into closer touch than English shires once were; which have revolutionized industry, enlarged the opportunity of the average man, and added so greatly to his comfort and well-being, we may reasonably inquire, 'What are the recompenses of the Fifth Estate?'

On the material side they have almost invariably been curiously inadequate and meagre. It is incomparably more profitable to draw the Gumps for a comic supplement than to write the *Origin of Species*. There is more money in chewing-gum than in relativity. Lobsters and limousines are acquired far more rapidly by the skillful thrower of custard pies in a moving-picture studio than by the no less skillful demonstrator of the projection of electrons. The gate receipts of an international prize-fight would support a university faculty for a year.

One may recall that Lavoisier was guillotined by a republic that 'had no need of chemists'; that Priestley was driven from his sacked and devastated home; that Leblanc, after giving the world cheap alkali, died in a French poorhouse; that Langley was crushed by ridicule and chagrin in his last days. A month before the war who could have believed that within a few years the Fifth Estate in Russia would be utterly destroyed and in Germany and Austria existing at the very edge of starvation? What has happened there may happen again elsewhere if the intelligence of the world does not assume and hold its proper place in the direction of national and world affairs.

In the preface to his recent *Lehrbuch der Photochemie* Professor Plotnikow has written: 'Home and property were pillaged by bands of idle Russians who used my library for cigarette papers. Hunger, misery, want, and personal insecurity, often approaching fear for my life, were the constant accompaniment of my labors.'

One is reminded that Carlyle, on the authority of Richter, says: 'In the island of Sumatra there is a kind of

"Light-chafers," large fireflies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honor to the fireflies, But — !'

It is not becoming that the world expect the light to shine indefinitely when carrying a lantern is often less remunerative than carrying a hod. The money and the years of study required for special training are not recognized as invested capital, and the return from a decade of research is often taxed as the income of a year. Professorial salaries move forward as slowly as a glacier, but they seldom leave a terminal moraine. Yet teaching is our most important business; for a failure to pass on for a single generation the painfully accumulated knowledge of the race would return the world to barbarism.

Though material wealth is rarely acquired by the Fifth Estate, they have the riches of the royal man, defined by Emerson as 'he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments.' Their wealth is in the Kingdom of the Mind. It is inalienable and tax-exempt. It may be shared and yet retained.

A recent survey by a national magazine would seem to indicate that the majority of men have drifted into their vocations with little effort of selection and that a very large proportion ultimately regret their choice. This is seldom true of members of the Fifth Estate. Theirs is a true vocation, a calling and election. It brings intellectual satisfactions more precious than fine gold. They live in a world where common things assume a beauty and a meaning veiled from other eyes; a world where revelation follows skillful questioning and where wonder grows with knowledge. Together they share the interests, the communion of spirit, the labors and the triumphs of the fraternity of Science. The Law of Diminishing Returns exerts a control from which there is no escape in agriculture, industry, and business. Research alone is beyond the twelve-mile limit of its inhibitions.

If the heavens declare the glory of God that glory is surely made more manifest by telescope and spectroscope. If the whirling nebulæ and the stars in their courses reveal Omnipotence, so do the electrons in their orbits reveal His presence in universes brought into being by the striking of a match. The laboratory may be a temple as truly as the church. The laws of Nature are the Will of God, their discovery is a revelation as valid as that of Sinai, and by their observance only can man hope to come into harmony with the universe and with himself.

There has been a general and ready acceptance by the world of the material benefits of science, while its contributions to sociology and ethics are as generally ignored as guides to human conduct. Yet science proclaims new commandments as inflexible as those engraved on stone, and furnishes what Wiggam has reverently termed 'the true technology of the Will of God.'

Science has so drawn the world together and so rapidly remoulded civilization that the social structure is now strained at many points. Statecraft and politics, law and custom, lack the plasticity of science and are now in imperfect contact with the contours of their new environment. The result, as events have shown, is friction and confusion. Though our civilization is based on science, the scientific method has little place in the making of our laws. Office does not seek the man in the laboratory, and candidates are not

pictured as engaged in any activity that might suggest a superior intelligence. They are shown milking cows, pitching hay in new blue overalls, or helping with the family washing. Recently, in the senate of a New England state, there was presented the edifying spectacle of the presiding officer, being shaved by a barber, called to the rostrum, while senators were reading the encyclopædia into the record. To expedite further the public business sundry members of the chamber were presently gassed with bromine. Does not this suggest that a few chemists might with advantage be distributed among our legislative bodies?

It is claimed that fifty per cent of the members of state legislatures in America have never been through high school and that only one in seven has been through college. We see in the ranks of science knowledge without power and in politics power without knowledge. An electorate, which regards itself as free, listens to the broadcast noise of manufactured demonstrations and is blind to the obvious mechanics of synthetic bedlam. The result is too often government by gullibility, propaganda, catchwords, and slogans, instead of government by law based on facts, principles, intelligence, and good will.

As President Stanley Hall once said, 'Man has not yet demonstrated that he can remain permanently civilized.' Many thoughtful people have been led to question the ultimate effect of science upon civilization. We all recognize the utility of matches, but we keep them away from children. Meanwhile, science puts dynamite and TNT, poison gas, airplanes, and motor cars at the disposal of criminals and leaders of the mob. Bertrand Russell, in *Icarus*, sees in science the ultimate destroyer. Haldane, in *Dædalus*, visualizes it as the stern and vigorous chastener and corrector which will ultimately save the race and usher in the new day of light and reason.

'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,' and democracy levels down as well as up. Even in Boston cigars have replaced books on a corner famous for a century of literary associations. The world is wrong because few men can think. It will not be made right until those who cannot think trust those who can. When its foundations are so obviously out of joint humanity still clings tenaciously to fossilized precepts and opinions and is as resentful of suggested change as in the days of Galileo. Despite the pressure of new ideas, education must still, to be acceptable, follow old conventional lines.

IV

Let us not deceive ourselves. Human life is still a hard and fearsome thing. Mankind is required to maintain existence in a world in which, as Kipling has said, 'any horror is credible.' More than a hundred years ago De Quincey wrote, 'We can die, but which of us, knowing, as some of us do, what is human life, could, were he consciously called upon to do it, face, without shuddering, the hour of birth?' But little more than yesterday Henry Adams closed his *Education* with the expression of the hope that perhaps some day, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, he would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder.

Everywhere there is upheaval and unrest. 'The machine,' to quote Dr. Elton Mayo, 'runs to an accompaniment of human reverie, human pessimism, and sense of defeat.'

We are everywhere overburdened by unnecessary illness, crushing taxation,

extravagant and inefficient governments, huge expenditures for trivialities, and the appalling waste of effort, material, and resources. We are hampered by class suspicion and misunderstanding, racial antagonisms, the inhibitions of organized labor, and the lack of imagination in high places. Life in general is on a low cultural plane and bound by custom and tradition.

One hundred years of science have failed to satisfy the cravings of humanity. Chesterton finds science 'a thing on the outskirts of human life — it has nothing to do with the centre of human life at all.' We do not, of course, agree with him, but we must still meet the challenge of John Jay Chapman, who declares: 'Science, which filled the air with so large a bray, is really a branch of domestic convenience, a department for the study of traction, cookery, and wiring. The prophet-scientists have lived up to none of their prospectuses.' The fault, however, as Wiggam points out, is not with science, nor with the scientists. It is with those who 'have mainly used the immense spiritual enterprise of science to secure five-cent fares, high wages, and low freight rates,' when it should have 'ushered in a new humanism.'

Thus we still encourage race deterioration, still carry the burden of the unfit, still cultivate national antipathies, still are breeding from poor stock, and witnessing with equanimity the suppression of the best.

The history of aristocracies, feudalism, the Church, the guilds, and the soviets has amply demonstrated that no one class possesses the qualities required for the government of all classes, and we cannot claim them for the Fifth Estate. We can, however, claim with full assurance that the Fifth Estate possesses many qualities, now practically ignored, which could be utilized in government to the incalculable advantage of us all. Its knowledge of material facts, of natural and economic laws, of the factors governing race development and human relations; its imagination, vision, and its open mind, should be brought to bear effectively in the formulation of national policies and the solution of governmental problems. There is an alternative before us, which has recently been defined with somewhat surprising frankness by Warren S. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, perhaps the most conservative of the labor unions. Mr. Stone says: —

'But until labor, in the inclusive sense in which I am using it, secures control of legislative and executive branches of the national and state governments, and through control of the executive branch secures control of the judiciary, labor is in continuous peril of seeing its gains wiped out and its progress retarded by hostile legislation or unfriendly court decisions.'

Our countrymen may well consider whether they prefer participation in government by the Fifth Estate to the benefit of all or control of government by labor unions in the interest of labor.

Since most of the troubles that beset mankind have their origin in human nature it would seem worth the while of those who make our laws to study and apply the findings of the biologists and psychologists as to what human nature really is and the springs of its motivation.

Plato called democracy 'the best form of bad government.' It will be the best form of good government only as it develops the capacity to breed leaders and the faith to trust them. The quality of our children will determine the quality of our democracy. If our laws and *mores* and economic structure continue to discourage breeding from our best strains, if there is to be no adequate recompense for service

of the higher types, the time is not far distant when democracy will no longer be safe for the world. If the Fifth Estate were everywhere to be wiped out, as it has been in Russia, the result would be vastly more calamitous than universal war.

Oswald Spengler, in a recent monumental work, forecasts the downfall of Western civilization and would prove his thesis by the history of past cultures. But never in the past has man lived in so compact a world, never has he had such facilities for intercommunication with his fellows, never has he been endowed with such control of natural forces. He has never known himself so well and, above all, never before has he had it in his power to direct so definitely the course of his own development.

Our civilization is certainly imperiled, but there will be no downfall if mankind can be taught to follow the light already before it. As lantern-bearers, it is the clear duty of the Fifth Estate to show the way.

In the past the world has suffered grievously from lack of knowledge; to-day it suffers from its rejection or misapplication. Could the springs of human conduct and the affairs of peoples be regulated only as wisely as we now know how, there would be work and leisure and decent living for all. The criminal, the defective, the feeble-minded would be breeded out, and sane minds in sound bodies breeded in. The loss and suffering from preventable disease and accident would not be tolerated. Higher standards would govern the selection for the public service. Planning would replace *laissez-faire* development, and a rational conservation check the reckless waste of our resources. Production and distribution would attain to levels of efficiency altogether new, and the many injustices now existent in human relations would well-nigh disappear. With the reaction of a freed intelligence on politics, religion, morals, we might hope for a broader tolerance, a better mutual understanding. With the recognition of the spirituality of science and the divinity of research and discovery should come larger interests and a new breadth of vision to the average man, and to us all acknowledgment of the steadfast purposive striving shown in the development of the created world, and a reverent appreciation of man's privilege to aid and further this development.

We might reasonably expect ugliness to be replaced by beauty in our cities and small towns and later even in our homes. Government by intelligence for the general good of all should supersede government by special interests, blocs, faddists, and fear of organized minorities and the uninformed crowd. With it all would come relief from the economic pressure which now bears so heavily upon the Fifth Estate that its children, who should be counted among the best assets of the community, are a luxury.

The world needs most a new tolerance, a new understanding, an appreciation of the knowledge now at hand. For these it can look nowhere with such confidence as to the members of the Fifth Estate. Let us, therefore, recognize the obligation we are under. Ours are the duty and privilege of bringing home to every man the wonders, the significance, and the underlying harmony of the world in which we live, to the end that all undertakings may be better ordered, all lives enriched, all spirits fortified.

VISIONS

BY NORA CONNOLLY O'BRIEN

THESE visions are of places I have never seen; of places and things I have never read about; of experiences that have never been mine. Yet they are true. I have seen them, seen them as at a play, with my eyes open, oblivious to all else. One comes with the distant sound of a band or the sudden notes of a bugle; another with steady rain or running water; the third has always come when I am reading. Whence or why they come I know not, but they do come and, when they go, leave me very tired.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE

A BLARE of triumphant music, a sense of excitement and joy; breathless from a heart throbbing with expectancy, and then — I am in a tall square room. Almost unfurnished it seems to my eyes: a flagged floor, yellowy-brown; a few tawny skins here and there; large heavy chairs; an oblong chest, carved and dark; long narrow windows reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor. In the room coolness and quiet. But I know that outside there are intense heat and noisy excitable comings to and fro among the people.

They are expectant and so am I. But I must school myself to an appearance of calm indifference. I am seated in a chair, forcing my hands to remain limply quiet on a fold of my dress, restraining my toes from tap-tap-tapping to the beat of my heart.

Why must I remain indoors, my thoughts run discontentedly, when all my desires are outdoors mingling with the riotously joyful people? Surely not one of their hearts can throb so distressingly to the blare of the trumpets as mine!

And there I sit, mutinous; fearful that my mutiny will be observed by the young girl in the corner near the window. Someone rises from behind me and I hear the rustle of a gown and footsteps sounding across the floor and down a flagged passage. I am not concerned about the owner of the footsteps — I am watching the girl.

She has risen from her seat and has pushed open the window. A long-stemmed red rose is pressed against her heart. I see the rise and fall of her bosom, and the color excitably ebbing and flowing in her cheeks.

She turns to me beseechingly as though asking me to bear her company. The music sounds nearer and the voices are louder. I can no longer feign indifference; I rise and go to her. From the window I see strong, fortress-like houses — yellow, black, and gray — glowing and warm in the glare of the sun. Pennons, long and short, are floating from every house. Yellow and black; yellow and red; blue and silver; green and magenta; orange and brown. Our own purple and red hang listlessly.

Everyone in the crowd carries flowers. Heads are thrown back, mouths are open, eyes are bright. Nearer and nearer come the trumpets, the sound of horses whinnying, and the rattle of harness.

Now we are leaning out through the window, each with a foot on the stone balcony, eyes straining to catch a sight of the triumphant army. We see them. A man in black is leading. He sits on his horse, looking neither to right nor left. The pennon on his lance is purple and red. Behind him in twos and threes, making no pretense of order, rides a company of men. Laughingly they respond to the shouts of the people, grasping at the flowers thrown to them; gayly they wave their hands or doff their hats to someone on the balconies.

'He is coming — he is coming,' breathes a voice in my ear. I remember the girl and draw back. She takes advantage of my movement and steps out on the balcony, eyes alight, red rose in her hand. My interest is now all for her. I follow her eyes to see who has claimed all her attention. I see — and remember him faintly. A poor man, I remember, but of good blood. Dark, handsome, with a stout bearing and matchless swagger, and an eye ever roaming over women's faces.

He is coming nearer but does not look toward our balcony. Her breath is coming in short painful gasps. He is almost underneath. The rose is thrown and falls on his saddle in front of him. With a gay laugh he picks it up, kisses it, and presents it to a pretty girl who is running beside his horse. A strangled cry, and my companion collapses on the balcony.

I bring her in. She is like one stricken with death.

'He has forgotten,' she whispers. '"I am going away to mend my fortunes," he said. "If we are successful I shall claim you on my return. If you still love me drop me a red rose when we are riding past. I shall always love you. I shall never forget you."'

She is silent awhile, her sobs choking her. Then she starts up and cries, 'Ah! but he has forgotten. I am the forgotten one.'

Through the open window come joyous shouts, gay voices, and a long triumphant fanfare of trumpets.

All is gone.

THE FLOOD

I AM sitting on the step of a door leading from the kitchen. I must be very small. If I sit back on the step I cannot bend my knees. It is a big gloomy kitchen. On my left is a large wooden bed built into the wall. On the other side, or rather in the angle of two sides, is a big fireplace. A round pot hangs from a hook over the blazing logs. The flames send strange red and black shadows dancing on the ceiling; and the gray plates and mugs on the heavy cumbersome dresser have gleams of yellow and blue.

The old woman is sweeping the floor and muttering to herself. It is about the never-ending rain she is grumbling. She is a very old woman with a long nose and yellow wrinkled face. Under her close-fitting white bonnet a few gray wisps of hair straggle across her forehead. She is wearing a snuff-brown skirt of heavy woolen material, and a tight black bodice with yellow sleeves. The broom with which she sweeps the floor is like a witch's broom. Indeed, she is very like a witch herself.

I am very much afraid of the old woman and keep quiet as a mouse in the hope she will forget that I am there. I strain my eyes toward the window and wish I were sitting in it. If I were there, I think, I could see the red roofs all wet in the rain. I could also see who it is that goes hurrying past making such a clattering noise with his wooden shoes on the round cobblestones. And I should hear what he is calling out as he rushes past.

The old woman has ceased sweeping

the floor. She has brushed the dust into the fire and put the broom in the chimney corner. She is sitting on a low bench and is stirring the pot, muttering to herself all the while.

Suddenly I notice a trickle of water come in under the door. I do not say anything or even point to it. She is a very cross old woman. The trickle of water runs halfway into the room. The old woman lifts the pot off the hook and turns round. She sees the water.

'Tck, tck,' she says and lifts the broom to sweep the water out. It comes in. Half the floor is covered with it. She puts on her wooden shoes and sweeps vigorously. Still it comes in. It is very near me now. I wriggle to the edge of the step to put my toes in it. She sees me, picks me up, and tosses me into the bed. I cannot see much now, only the fireplace and the door where I was sitting.

The old woman is busy sweeping the water back from the fire, but it keeps getting nearer and nearer. There are a lot of people running past the house, calling loudly to each other. She throws her broom down and goes to the door. I hear her speaking to someone. Still the people clatter past talking loudly. After a while no one. No sound but the falling rain and the swish of the water, and the sizzling of the fire when the water touches it.

The floor is covered with water. Soon the broom and pot swim round on the top of it. It is getting dark. I climb up, holding on to the bed, and try to look out. The water is nearly up to the bed. I hear the water gurgling under it. I am very frightened. Too frightened to cry out. There is no one near me. The old woman must have gone out. I wish she were near me.

It is getting very cold. I snuggle down into the bed. I do not get warm. The bed is very cold.

The rain must be coming in. I feel it on my face.

I am very cold.

THE STRANGE WORSHIP

A SENSE of overpowering warmth, skin prickling and burning, and suddenly I am aware that I am traveling at great speed. I am at a height from the ground and sway back and forth with a rocking motion. I am enveloped in soft, filmy, white material.

Then I am conscious of an intense white glare and have my eyes closed, looking through my eyelashes. Nothing but sand is to be seen. Not the cool damp sand of the seashore, but warm white sand, glinting and gleaming in the sun. Sometimes I feel it on my face, hot and irritating.

I travel on and on. I know there are others near me but never see them. There is a great sense of quiet and stillness. I seem to have been traveling for ages. Suddenly the motion ceases, and I find myself walking. I lie flat on the sand for a moment, stretching all my limbs, and then someone takes my hand. I rise and am led away. I do not look where I am going; my eyes are on the ground; I have a sense of stepping downward into a cool dark place.

Soon I see where I am. It is a long lofty hall, lit with faint, mysterious gleams of light which seem to come from the ceiling. Quietness reigns here. There is not a sound — not even the sound of our walking. We reach the end of the hall and I am led through blue curtains. The curtains are so many and of such softness and color that I think I am walking through a twilight sky.

Far off I see a curious brazier with gleaming fire. There is no smoke from it nor are there any flames — it is clear, soft, and glowing. Round it are many forms in an attitude of worship. They

are kneeling, their heads touch the ground, and their arms are outstretched toward the fire. I see that their robes are the same as mine. I stand watching — waiting.

The forms lie still and motionless, save for an occasional twitching of the fingers.

One rises. But for her hands and a bare spot between her breasts she is completely covered with her robes. She moves slowly toward the brazier with her hands outstretched. The others lie motionless with their heads touching the ground.

Her hands are now over the brazier and they gleam like opals from the glow. She thrusts her hands into the fire and lifts a part of it. I see it through her fingers. She raises it slowly and places it on the bare spot between her breasts, and holding it there with one hand, folds her robes closely round her with the other. Slowly and with reverently bent head she moves away and disappears through a curtain.

One by one the others follow.

Strange, though so many have taken part of the fire it has never diminished. It remains as I first saw it — clear, soft, and glowing.

I am alone with the fire. It fascinates me. It calls me. Yet I do not approach. I feel something touch my head. A feeling of unconsciousness comes over me. The last thing I see is the brazier of fire — clear, soft, and glowing.

ON SECRET SERVICE IN ALBANIA

BY 'YUSSUF EFFENDI'

I

At the beginning of November, 1915, I was suddenly ordered to report in Rome 'for service in the Balkan peninsula.' The invasion of Serbia by the Central Powers had just been launched. An Austro-German force was invading the country from the north. The Bulgars were attacking from the east, and one of their armies, by a lightning march on the Nish–Salonica railroad, had cut off the possibility of retreat to the south. There remained for the Serbians but one line of escape — to the west, across the snowclad, trackless mountains of High Albania. They proceeded to take it, adding one more to the long list of violations of neutral territory by the two sides in the war. Not that anybody worried about the Albanians.

When I reached Rome, I learned that even in Albania the Serbians were not to be in peace. The King of Montenegro had just completed the last of a long series of similar financial transactions, and sold the Lovchen position, which defends Cetinje, to the Austrians. The Austrians would now be able to overrun Montenegro and invade Albania from the north. This meant that the exhausted Serbians would have to be withdrawn to the south of Albania, which was strongly held by the Italians, and from there shipped, as transport

became available, to whatever place of refuge could be found for them. But what if, during their evacuation of Albania, the Bulgarians were to attack them in the flank, debouching from the Albanian mountains to catch them on the march along the littoral? If the Bulgarians thought it worth while, there was nothing to prevent them. But would they care to detach the force necessary for the purpose? That was what they wanted to know in Rome; the plan was that I should make a journey into the interior and obtain information as to the Bulgar intentions.

My first idea, when I landed from an Italian destroyer at Durazzo, was to ascertain the attitude of the Albanian chieftain Essad Pasha, who, since the collapse of the Prince of Wied and the international régime, had assumed the responsibilities of government over a greater part of the country. Essad was ostensibly pro-Ally; but it occurred to me that, in this hour of the Allies' collapse, he might well be inclining to make overtures to the other side. If so, what better way of accomplishing my mission than to act as his emissary to the advancing Austrian? My inquiries, however, soon convinced me that I had done the Pasha an injustice. He adhered, in fact, continuously to the Allies, with more loyalty than they later displayed to him. He made no attempt to approach either Austrian or Bulgar; and when the day came for the Allies to abandon Durazzo before the Austrian advance he left his own country with them sooner than desert the Allied cause.

I concluded accordingly to travel, as I had done many times before, as a doctor of nondescript Levantine nationality, carrying European drugs. With my drugs, I knew I should be anywhere welcome. I had equipped myself, as soon as I arrived, with a fez. I now engaged a Mohammedan *kiriji* or muleteer, who spoke Turkish, and purchased a couple of saddlebags in the bazaar. One other purchase I had made in Rome — three gold signet-rings from Castellani's, which I had had engraved with large Prussian eagles. For what purpose I intended to use them, I could not have said. But in those days, and in that part of the world, I reckoned that a Prussian eagle was a useful bird.

II

Twenty-four hours later three sorry ponies were slowly picking their way across the marshes that lie between Durazzo and Berat. On the first was Moharrem, the kiriji; the second was a pack animal; the third I bestrode myself, 'traveling' — as they say of the Prince of Wales — 'as the Earl of Chester': to be exact, as 'Yussuf Effendi.' Moharrem believed — at least I hoped he did — that I was a Turkish agent going to join the Turkish officers said to be with the Bulgarian army now closing on Monastir. At any rate I had been at some pains to place this story in quarters where I knew he would inquire. In the Balkans, I have found, the best way to keep a true secret is to confide a false one to a few chosen friends. I am not sure that my experience in this respect is peculiar to the Balkans.

On the sixth day we reached the confluence of the Osum and Devol at the mouth of the wide valley at the head of which is Berat. To the north was the gorge of the Devol. Looking up it I caught sight in the distance of a party of men, forty or fifty in number, with rifles slung on their backs.

'Who are these?' said I to Moharrem.

He looked at me. 'God knows!'

I looked at them again, and then at him. '*Komita?*' I said interrogatively. He grinned. 'Call them, Moharrem. It may be they need my drugs.'

Moharrem put his two hands over his ears — to prevent the drums bursting with the effort of the call — and, making his voice carry as only those can who are accustomed from boyhood to shout from hilltop to hilltop, gave the long-drawn-out Albanian call: '*O Maltsoret!* (Ho, mountaineers!)'

I saw the group turn at the call, unsling their rifles, pause, and then sit down to await us. It was nearly half an hour before we reached them, leading our ponies over the stones of the steep hillside. As we went, I instructed Moharrem as to what he should say.

'*Tun gat thietr!*'

'*Tun gat thietr!*'

'My Effendi is an Osmanli and would speak with you, if you understand Turkish.'

'We are Christians. We speak Albanian only. Be our interpreter!'

'My Effendi is a Christian. He is a doctor.'

Disappointment at the unwarlike character of my profession clearly outweighed any gratification that may have been felt at the orthodoxy of my religious beliefs.

'*Hakim esht! Nuk esht zabit!* (He is a doctor! He is no officer!)' I heard them mutter.

'He is a doctor, and he is an officer. He is a *hakim-zabit* (medical officer) of a celebrated regiment. He has in his saddlebags medicines from Europe for those who need them. He would know where you are going.'

I left Moharrem to conduct the conversation, while I distributed pills. The procedure was, as usual, simple, being in the main independent of diagnosis. No member of the party was willing to forgo the opportunity of European dosing, and any inequality of distribution would have been resented. My pharmacopœia in primitive countries comprises three drugs — calomel, opium, and quinine. I have made them up in large repulsive-looking boluses of evil taste. The calomel is colored red, the opium brown, and the quinine white. These I prescribe in cases of illness. For other cases, where there appears to be nothing the matter, I keep a black-colored pill flavored with asafœtida but otherwise devoid of all medical properties. This is generally regarded as the most powerful pill of the four and is much sought after. With this modest equipment I have found that a sound reputation as a working physician may be built up in most Oriental countries. When each man had received his pill I rose to go.

Moharrem in rapid Turkish phrases conveyed to me the upshot of his conversation. There were 'Turks,' it appeared, — that is to say, Mohammedan Albanians, — in the mountains beyond Berat, who were organizing bands of irregulars, or committees (*komita*) as they are called in the Balkans, at one medjidieh a week and free bread and ammunition. These men were going up to a village called Tomoritsa on the chance of a little rough shooting. They had been told to ask when they got there for Hassan Bey, a former major in the Turkish army, who was in charge of the medjidiehs and the cartridges. They knew nothing of any Bulgarian troops in the neighborhood, regular or irregular. They believed the Bulgarians had captured Monastir. I listened, stroking my moustache.

'Ask them if they will come with me by way of Berat,' I said.

Moharrem translated.

'We will not come by Berat. If we were seen in Berat, the zaptiehs (gendarmes) would take our rifles and send us home or put us in prison.'

'By whose authority?'

'By the authority of Essad.'

I said nothing. They watched me curiously. I called the eldest of the band. 'Take this,' I said, giving him

one of my signet-rings, 'and when you come to Hassan Bey ask to have speech with him apart, and give him the ring. He will know from whom it comes, and the meaning of the bird which is cut on it. Show it to none other on the road.'

The old man looked at the eagle, and his eyes opened wide. Great prestige at this time had that eagle in those parts. Mechanically he laid it on his heart. Then he held my stirrup for me to mount, and amid salutations of the profoundest respect we turned back in the direction of Berat.

III

There is a ferry on the Devol River, by which the traveler from Durazzo must cross to reach Berat. When we came to the spot, we found the ferryman had his boat out on the bank, and was endeavoring to put a patch on a hole in the bottom. We must therefore wait till he had finished. There was another passenger waiting by the riverside, and his appearance startled me. He was a Franciscan friar, one of those who serve the mountain churches in the region of Scutari. In that part of Albania the Christian Albanians are Catholic; but in the neighborhood of Berat, where we were, they are Orthodox, and a Latin friar in the robe of a Franciscan was something like, shall I say, a Scotch minister with a plaid round his shoulder walking down the Strand — an unusual and yet not an unintelligible phenomenon. It flashed through my mind, what an excellent disguise it would have made for me, if only my Albanian had been rather better. The Franciscans in north Albania have mostly been educated in Italy, many of them are Italians by birth, and all speak Italian as a second mother-tongue. I addressed the stranger in that language. He said his name was Pater Xefi, and he was on his way from Scutari to Berat. His Italian was very bad, and he clearly had difficulty in understanding me. My suspicions were at once aroused. I tried to catch him off his guard.

'*Reverentia vestra*,' I said suddenly in Latin, '*non est italica?* (Your Reverence is not Italian?)'

'*Albanicus sum* (I am Albanian),' he replied without hesitation in the same tongue.

'*At nonne in Italia fecisti studia?* (But were you not educated in Italy?)'

'*In Austria feci, Spectabilis, in seminario quod est ad Œnipontem.* (No, sir, in Austria; in the seminary at Innsbruck.)'

'Then in God's name,' said I in broad Viennese dialect, 'let us speak German.'

'Ah! Dear God!' he replied with a most unpriestly grin, 'what a pleasure to hear anyone speak Viennese again!'

But further than this he would not reveal himself, though we made the final stage into Berat together, and had much talk by the way. When we parted, I was not best pleased with the encounter. I felt tolerably certain that, whether or no he was really a priest, and whether or no he was really an Albanian, — Moharrem was doubtful; he certainly spoke Albanian well, — he was in any case acting on the present occasion as an agent of the Austrian Government. What he thought of me, I could not tell. If I were acting in the same interest as himself, it must seem strange to him that he should not have heard of my coming. The disquieting reflection presented itself that he probably regarded me with much the same suspicions as I regarded him; and there was this unpleasing difference between our respective positions that, once in Berat, he would be among friends and I should be among enemies. It was in a greatly sobered frame of mind that I rode into the Han in Berat.

Berat boasts a Turkish bath. I turned into it with the double intention of evolving a policy and wiping off the fatigues of the journey. As I sat down in the hot chamber and made myself a cigarette, I saw coming in at the door a boy of seventeen or eighteen, whose face I was convinced I knew, though the name for the moment escaped me. He caught sight of me, stared, then rushed at me and embraced me warmly. Ah! I remembered. It was the son of my friend Bedri Bey, the head of an old Albanian family which had fallen on evil times. I had first known them in the days of their prosperity, when they lived in feudal state in their family castle in the hills to the west of Lake Ochrida, not far from the Greek frontier. In the troubled days of the Wied régime Greek troops had effected what is technically known in reports to the League of Nations and similar documents as a 'redemption of Albanophone Hellenes'; that is to say, they had seized the family's land and divided it among Greek settlers, sacked the castle, and driven out the family without a piastre to their name. Bedri was now living in the house, and on the charity, of a former tenant, now a flourishing tradesman in Berat. The son Salih, whom I remembered as a small boy, was eager to go to America. He began at once to consult me as to the feasibility of the project, and I advised him to the best of my ability. We talked of old times, and I was pleased to find that he wasted no lamentations on the past; his interests were all in the future. So it should be with youth. His talk was always shifting to America.

'Come and stay with us, Effendim,' he said. 'What will my father say to me, if I tell him I have left you in the Han? And then you can tell me more about America.'

I was not sorry to accept his offer of hospitality. The publicity of the Han, and the stories which I knew Moharrem would be telling, were anything but agreeable to my plans. Accordingly, having completed the various processes of the bath, we went round to the Han, where I picked up my saddlebags and paid off Moharrem. I was glad to hear that he proposed to return to Durazzo on the following day, if the horses were sufficiently rested. I told him I should myself be continuing my journey toward Monastir about the same time.

I had, however, made up my mind that if I could obtain sufficient information in Berat I would go no farther but would make my way back to Valona, the port in the extreme south, which had been since the outset of the war in Italian occupation. Unfortunately there was little information to be had from my kind hosts. Salih, who was a youth of many friends, sometimes brought news home with him; but the poverty of the family necessitated their leading a secluded life, and they were out of touch with the political intrigue which I could see was raging in official circles in the town. The Mayor, I gathered, was Essad's man, and in loyalty to his master's falling cause had rejected all overtures which had been made to him, whether from Austrian or from Turkish quarters. The town indeed was full of Turkish and Austrian emissaries whom the Mayor was not strong enough to arrest. As to Bulgarian agents, I heard no mention of any such from Salih. But that said little; those who were employing me would not thank me for purely negative intelligence of this sort. I must have something more definite to report. I could see no chance of obtaining it.

For some days I remained in the house, making a pretext of illness. At length I ventured out with Salih, and sat for a while in a café. I had scarcely sat down when at the other end of the

room I saw the Franciscan friar with whom I had traveled from the Devol, sitting with a companion. He was a friar no longer. He wore ordinary civilian clothes with a fez, and his companion displayed ostentatiously the astrakhan cap of an Ottoman officer. Our eyes met, and my salutation was not returned. I made up my mind quickly. It was useless to wait on in Berat, if I was already an object of suspicion to the dominant party in the town. The only question was how to leave it. But before I went I felt it my duty, as a last chance of obtaining the intelligence which I wanted, to interview the Mayor. It was true, my presence at the Konak, if remarked, would reveal to the Turco-Austrian party my true colors. It was true also that the Mayor would be unable to afford me any protection. Nevertheless I decided to attempt to obtain an interview. If possible, I should see him that very afternoon; and then, if I could get horses, I should leave the town the same night.

'O Salih!' I said suddenly, turning to my companion; 'do you know anyone at the Konak? I wish to see the Mayor before I go.'

'Do not go, Effendim,' he said. 'Stay a whole year with us. When you go, I shall be very sorrowful. But if you wish to see the Mayor, we shall ask Ali Bey Seltse, who is his secretary. Ali's house and our house are friends.'

'Let us go now,' I said rising. We made our way round to the Konak, a square barrack-like building in the centre of the town. It had three floors, each with a central corridor out of which rooms opened on either side. The corridors were as usual full of people sitting peacefully on the floor, waiting to see officials. The Mayor's room was on the second floor. As we made our way up the staircase, I heard half a dozen revolver-shots. General commotion followed throughout the building. A knot of men, some of them with revolvers in their hands, came rushing toward the staircase shouting at the top of their voices. We stood aside to let them pass. It did not seem to me that anyone made any effort to stop them. The corridor outside the Mayor's room was packed with people, all talking at once. Salih was beside himself with excitement.

'Stay here, Effendim,' he whispered to me. 'I shall try to see Ali, and find out how it all happened. Hassan Bey has shot the Mayor!'

He disappeared. I listened to the talk of the bystanders. Suddenly I heard cries of '*Haide! Haide!* (Make way!)' and a lane was parted in the crowd for — of all things in the world — a travel-stained officer and a couple of troopers, all three in Bulgarian uniform. 'What!' I said to myself, 'is the event itself about to give me the intelligence I have been seeking?'

The crowd had been half silenced by the apparition of the three strangers in their foreign uniforms. 'Who are they?' 'Austrians!' 'Bulgars!' I heard whispered all round me. Just at this moment a man standing near me, deluded either by his own excitement or by some fancied likeness which he saw in my features, pointed at me and cried: —

'In the name of God! There is Hassan himself come back!'

The crowd about me cleared as if by miracle. The words had been spoken in Albanian, which the Bulgarian doubtless did not understand; but he caught the 'Hassan' and the surprised '*Bismillah!* (In the name of God!)' and saw the crowd automatically make room to right and left of me. He stopped, saluted, and held out his hand.

'Hassan Bey Bimbashi?' he said with a smile, in Turkish. 'I am Lieutenant Grekoff.'

I took my courage in my hands. 'You are welcome,' I replied in the same language, smiling. 'Come in here, and we will talk.'

I opened a door at random. By great good luck the room was empty. As I shut the door on him, and the two troopers took post outside, I heard whispers from the crowd: —

'That is not Hassan.'

'It is one of them.'

But Lieutenant Grekoff did not understand Albanian.

IV

As I shut the door behind the Bulgarian, I knew that at any moment our interview might be interrupted; the real Hassan might return; even if we were left alone it was impossible to say how long I should be able to support the rôle of imposture which I had assumed, without betraying myself. But I had no time for reflection. I set myself at once to play my part.

'The deed is done,' I said, making the gesture of wiping my hands, 'the Mayor has been killed.'

'Pardon?' he said.

'The Mayor is dead.'

'It was doubtless necessary.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'Allow me,' he continued, taking from an inner pocket of his *litewka* a pair of letters, 'to present my credentials.'

I bowed and, taking the letters, glanced rapidly through them. The first was a general letter of introduction 'To the Officers of the Allied Imperial Royal and Imperial Ottoman Armies,' requesting all possible assistance to Lieutenant Grekoff, of the 31st Reserve Infantry Regiment, attached to the General Staff of the Bulgarian Army in Macedonia, and charged with a special mission in Albania. It was written in German and Turkish. I handed it back to Grekoff. The second letter, written in the same two languages, was addressed to myself, that is to say, to Hassan. It ran as follows: —

SECRET

MACEDONIAN ARMY
GENERAL STAFF
INTELLIGENCE SECTION

No. ——

11/24 *December*, 1915
New Year, A.H. 1334

The bearer of this letter, Lieutenant Grekoff of the Royal Bulgarian Army, is directed to present it to Major Hassan Bey (retired) of the Imperial Ottoman Army, or to the properly accredited representative of the latter.

The High Command of the Bulgarian Army now in Macedonia views with the warmest sympathy the efforts being made under the direction of Hassan Bey to raise detachments of irregulars in the mountainous region between the Lakes and Berat, and will afford him every possible assistance and financial support. Lieutenant Grekoff is instructed to discuss with Major Hassan Bey the most effective means by which this support may be afforded and an organized liaison may be established between Major Hassan Bey and the Bulgarian High Command.

For the present, however, the necessity of safeguarding adequately the lines of communication of the Army in Macedonia, as also the exigencies of an eventual advance in the direction of Salonica, preclude the Bulgarian High Command from hoping to be in a position to detach any considerable number of troops in support of Major Hassan Bey.

With regard to the further intentions of the Bulgarian High Command Lieutenant Grekoff is fully informed and is empowered to discuss them with Major Hassan Bey.

GRIGORIEFF, General of Cavalry
Chief of the Intelligence Section of the
General Staff of the Macedonian Army

'I cannot conceal from you, Lieutenant,' I said, as I pocketed the letter, 'that this is a disappointing letter.'

'Pardon?' he said again. I perceived that he had difficulty in understanding my Turkish. His own certainly was of

the very roughest, such Turkish as the rude peasants from Anatolia speak, with a minimum of Arabic and Persian words. I proceeded to embellish my own with every literary and poetic expression that I could recall.

'I say,' I said, 'that when the crops have been promised the sunlight they will not ripen in the light of a minished moon.'

Poor Grekoff began to look anxious. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'do you speak German? Or French? Or I can even speak a little English.'

'Alas!' I replied, 'I speak only Turkish and Albanian. But my comrade, Mehemet Ali, who is even now waiting for me, speaks Bulgar. And there is Rifaat, who was at the Robert College; he speaks English as the poor eat bread. Spik good inglis Rifaat,' I added in the last-named tongue, with a friendly grin. 'Now I shall make a proposal, Lieutenant. We have much to do here before sundown. The Berati townspeople will do nothing against us; but we are not yet certain how Essad's zaptiehs will turn. Do you send your horses to the Han, and repose yourself till the evening. In the evening I shall send to the Han for you, and then we shall hold a conference with Mehemet Ali and Rifaat to interpret. Have you understood me? Do I say well?'

He hesitated. Did a shade of suspicion cross his mind? I hardly think so. At any rate he assented.

'Come!' I said, rising, 'I shall accompany you to the Han.'

With my heart throbbing against my ribs I opened the door. Who might be outside, or what might happen when we appeared, I could not tell. The two Bulgar troopers sprang to attention. The crowd, ready to acclaim the appearance of power, made a path for us, and saluted as we passed rapidly along the corridor and down the stairs. Outside the Konak an idea came to me.

'We have a *hammam* in Berat,' I said to Grekoff with a smile. 'What do you say? Will you send your horses to the Han, and repose yourself with a bath after the fatigues of the road?'

'Excellent,' he said, and turning to one of the troopers said something rapidly in Bulgar. The man saluted and rode off with the horses. Grekoff, one of the troopers, and myself proceeded rapidly across the square to the bath, where I called in a loud voice for the *hammamji*. He appeared in much agitation, which was increased at the sight of the strange uniforms.

'Give every attention to this officer,' I said truculently, 'and see that you relieve him of the fatigues of his journey.' I had an afterthought. 'Charge his bath,' I added, 'to the New Administration' — I repeated the words sternly — 'the New Administration of the Town.'

The man made abject salutations, and with a profusion of compliments ushered the Bulgarian into the cooling-room. I turned into the open. A sudden downpour of rain had begun, and the passers-by and the loafers, who had followed us from the Konak, were seeking cover. It was perhaps my salvation. I turned into a side street, doubled back, and hurried through the rain unperceived, till I came to the house where old Bedri lived. I had burned all boats now; I must leave Berat at once, or I should never leave it alive; that was certain. But I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had accomplished my mission with a degree of completeness which an hour before I could not have believed possible.

I found Salih had returned without me and the family were collected in the single apartment which served as a living-room and as a sleeping-chamber for the men. Old Bedri Bey hailed me as I entered.

'My son,' he said, 'Salih tells me you have spoken of departure.'

'O Bedri Bey,' I replied, 'it is as Salih has said, and for good reason.' I passed my hand across my throat with a gesture which is well known in Albania.

The rheumy eyes of the old man lit up and the others all looked at me with animation. 'You have taken blood?' said Bedri.

'Not here and now,' I replied, 'but in the café this morning I have seen a brother of blood (relation of a man I had killed). It is for this reason that I must go, and that at once.'

They all, much interested, agreed.

I had something else to say. I had made up my mind from the first that, if I could possibly reconcile it with my own plans, I should take Salih with me to Europe, and give him the opportunity which he craved of restoring the fortunes of his house in America. I now asked Bedri Bey if he would allow his son to accompany me; I told him that when we reached Europe I proposed, with his permission, to take the responsibility of sending the boy to America and launching him there. The old Bey received my proposal in silence, while Salih, whose face had filled with rapture when he first heard the proposal, — for I had said no word to him previously of my intentions, — sat and watched his father anxiously. The women wept. Emigrant sons and parents who know they will see them no more make up the same sad story in Albania as in the rest of the world. At length the old man spoke.

'Be silent!' he said to the women. 'It is for Salih to answer what our guest has said.'

The boy looked at the ground for a moment; then he caught his father's hand and kissed it. 'My father is Lord of the House,' he said in a low voice; 'what he says, I shall do.'

Pride and anguish wrestled in the old man's eyes. 'A good answer!' he cried. 'Let all listen and say if my son has not spoken worthily. But I can read — who better? — the thoughts of my son's heart. The tree is old, and lives only in one branch. Now comes the gardener. "The tree is like to fall," says he, "pity the living branch should fall with it. Lop rather, and plant in new soil." So it is understood. So it was to be.'

V

It was just after nightfall when we started. We were mounted on two horses which I had purchased from the owner of the house, whom Bedri had summoned and let into the secret. We took no pack animal. I carried my saddlebags behind my saddle, and Salih had a sack of oats behind his. Bedri's family, like many other Moslem Albanian families, belongs traditionally to the Bektashi sect; and there was in the house the dress of a Bektashi traveling dervish. This I assumed for the journey. It was arranged that I should represent myself as a kind of house dervish or family chaplain, accompanying Salih to the coast on his way to complete his education in Europe. I confess the disguise afforded me particular satisfaction. I had caught up — some might say I had outstripped — the Franciscan on his own ground; and so strong is professional jealousy that I even caught myself wishing my rival could be there to see me!

In the bosom of my inner garment I bestowed the precious letter which I had taken from Grekoff. But first with red wax, of which I always carry a small stick, I made two impressive-looking seals at the foot of the document. The first I sealed with one of my signet-rings, the second with that large Turkish coin which is called a medjidieh. The medjidieh bears on its obverse the

'Tughra,' the ornamental monogram of the Sultan, which is known — or, I suppose one must now say, used to be known — by sight to every Moslem, even to the illiterate. To those who cannot read, a big red seal naturally appears the most important part of a letter, and if it should prove necessary to use my letter as a credential I wished it to be equally impressive with the learned and with the ignorant.

My plan was to leave Berat by the eastern road to Monastir, to travel for a couple of miles, and then fetch a complete semicircle in the foothills that surround the town, so as to join the western road to Valona at a point some ten miles below Berat where the stream of the Osum is bridged. This manœuvre occupied the greater part of the night. It was but an hour before dawn when we reached the bridge. We crossed, turned into the woods that flank the river bank, and I made Salih sleep while I fed the horses and kept watch. So far all had gone well. Whatever perils the journey might have in store for us, Berat at any rate now lay behind us, and there was no sign that my escape had been observed.

Toward sundown we issued from the woods and continued our journey. Deserting the customary road, which runs through the marshes of the littoral, we turned up a side valley into the barren Malacastriot Mountains, which project into the littoral between Valona and Berat. We had not gone far before we came to a solitary house by the side of the stony track. It showed no lights, and we thought it was uninhabited. As we passed, however, we were hailed from within, and a couple of zaptiehs strolled out to the door.

'Who are you? Where are you going?'

"I am called Dervish Mustapha. I am going with this young Bey to Valona.'

'What is in that sack?'

'Oats,' said I tartly, 'O man of Essad.'

'There is no Essad,' he observed genially. 'We were Essad's men; now we are the men of Hassan Bey, of the Sultan, of the Austrians — God knows.'

'This dervish has a fat pack,' said the other zaptieh, fingering my saddlebags. 'In the name of Hassan Bey it is necessary that we should open these saddlebags and divide between us what it is not lawful for dervishes to possess.'

I wrung my hands, and loudly protested, signing at the same time to the hot-blooded Salih to say nothing. The zaptieh took no notice of either of us, but proceeded placidly to slit open the end of one of my bags. As it ripped, the signet-rings fell out on the ground.

'O Said!' he cried to his companion, 'it is gold! They carry gold!'

I now felt fairly certain they were after loot only, and had not been sent to watch for us. 'Look, blockhead,' I said in a new tone of voice, 'at the image which is on the gold.'

He stared at the eagles on the signets. He looked at me. He looked at his companion.

'Does a traveling dervish carry Imperial eagles,' I asked, 'or such writings as this?' and plunging my hand into my bosom I drew out and opened before him the precious letter. The two zaptiehs bent over it. They could not read, for they looked at it upside down; but the two seals caught their eye. The conjunction of the Tughra and the Eagle, and my possession of signets bearing the same eagle, were too much for them.

'These are troubled times. There are strange people about,' whispered the first zaptieh to his companion. 'Better to give back the rings, O Ahmed.'

With a bad grace the other handed me the rings and the letter, muttering

something about the irksomeness of police duties. I continued to chaff him while he sewed up the ripped saddle-bag. Meanwhile Salih gave the first zaptieh some of our oats. This last was a humorous dog. By way of farewell, as we turned to go, he crooked his palm, and set up a mock appeal for alms: '*Shayid Ullah! Shayid Ullah!*' He had caught to the very life the Bektashi drone. I esteem the gift of mimicry. It counts for much in my profession. I took the two rings from my pocket.

'Catch, brother!' I said, laughing, and I flung them the rings.

They stood gaping, too mystified to thank me. I rode off still laughing.

'Why did you give them the rings,' said Salih, 'and how did you come by that letter of power?'

I told him what I could of the truth; it was not much, for the secret was not mine to tell, but that of the Government which employed me. To turn the conversation I offered to teach him English; and with this diversion we occupied that and the three succeeding nights.

We met no more zaptiehs, and passed without adventure through the mountain villages. But there was little food to be had, and we and our horses were spent when on the fourth day we reached the ridge of the Malacastra and looked down upon the blue waters of the Vojusa thousands of feet below. The descent was even more trying than the ascent, and one of the horses collapsed and had to be abandoned. We were too exhausted to attempt to cross the Vojusa by swimming; and we could only follow the course of the river to the Italian bridgehead downstream.

It was with a sigh of relief that I caught sight of the first olive-gray cloaks of an Italian infantry picket. Naturally we were arrested by the Italians, and my letter was confiscated. It was some time before I was able to establish my identity; but when at length the necessary authority was received from Valona they were loud in their congratulations.

Salih and I made the last stage of our journey to Valona in an Italian automobile along an Italian road, our stomachs distended, after long fasting, with Italian hospitality. It was Salih's first introduction to Europe.

'Europe is very sweet,' he said to me, fingering the leather cushions of the automobile, and watching the posts of the field telegraph rush by. 'Compared with Europe, Albania is nothing.'

'Is it not, Salih?'

He looked at me. His lip quivered and he burst into tears.

FELLOWSHIP

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Across the way they build a house, clean wood, and steel, and stone,
With joke and curse of husky men to give it good backbone.
The hammers cry, 'Click-Clack! Click-Clack!' And '*Clang!*' the girders shout,
As barrows heaped with rosy brick go wheeling in and out.
Tut-ut! Tut-ut! Tut-ut! *Tut!* The crane swings up a beam,
While, silver in the April air, froths out its angry steam.
Across the way with laugh and song
They build a house, they build it strong!

And who would guess as I sit here, a timid scribbling mouse,
That all the while just over there I 'm working on that house!
I run the barrows down the plank that rocks beneath my tread,
I curse and shout, and fearless walk the white beams overhead;
Across my hand the shavings curl, and drip like golden rain;
The sawdust spurts beneath my saw, and now I run the crane!
Tut-ut! Tut-ut! Tut-ut! *Tut!* With sweating upturned face
I watch the beam swing up! Swing up! I guide it to its place!
Across the way with laugh and song
I build a house, I build it strong!

And did they know the trick as well, those stalwarts toiling there,
And guess the fellowship that walks the wide world everywhere,
They 'd look across at me and laugh, they 'd shout and sing, and say,
'With pen and pad and dancing tunes, we 're making rhymes to-day!
Tut-ut! Tut-ut! Tut-ut! *Tut!* The crane is singing too,
For all the while we 're weaving words, we 're beating time with you!
Across the way we make a song,
We sing it true, we sing it strong!'

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

BY KENNETH IRVING BROWN

THERE are times when new scenes pall and strange faces affright, when a man yearns for his home and the companionship of his friends. I had reached such a state of mind after four months in South America, during which I had ravaged the Guianas, Venezuela, and Colombia in search of flora for my botanical museum. My collection was complete except for a specimen of the *Cocos comosa*, and I was loath to leave the country until I had secured it. All of my search for it had been fruitless. As a final endeavor, I set out with Pedro, a native Carib guide whom I engaged at Cartagena, down the Gulf of Darien to the mouth of the Mulatto River, and up the Mulatto into the Colombian wilderness, hoping that here at last I might find that rara avis.

I lay back in the native dugout, lost in pleasant thoughts of home and a land where Nature was tamed. Pedro, between the lazy strokes of his paddle, had told me, in a lingo of distorted English and incomprehensible Spanish, of Cispatia, a tiny Carib town inland on the Mulatto which he knew, of the villagers' 'heart warmness,' which I interpreted to mean hospitality, and of their isolation. If I understood him correctly, no white man had visited them for twenty years. I smiled to myself at the thought of the fright I should cause them with my pale complexion — pale in comparison, in spite of the tanning of the sun — and my American clothes, for the town was ahead and we should be there by nightfall.

'And this is the day before Christmas,' I mused half aloud. 'We shall spend our Christmas Eve at Cispatia; I shall be their Christmas guest.'

The thought was ironical, and I smiled bitterly. Pedro smiled in return; I doubt if he understood my words, but his sympathy and good nature were apparent.

The Mulatto is a sluggish stream, mud-brown, with a current whose movement is barely perceptible. High luxuriant tropic-growth lines both sides of the winding river, vegetation in fulsome abundance, and yet its very voluptuousness suggests stagnation. The air seemed heavy with that stillness, that impenetrable calm, which is so characteristic of the Southern lands. The sun rose high and glared with fury; passed meridian splendor and slowly sank. Pedro paddled on leisurely; the great muscles of his bare black back moved with lazy regularity. For a long time neither of us spoke; the silence was broken only by the shrill calling of some wild bird in the palm trees.

It was approaching twilight — the twilight of Christmas Eve — when the camp enclosure of Cispatia came into view. From the coast the river had meandered willfully and vagrantly; each turn had revealed a new turn only a few rods ahead; but when the tiny village came into sight the stream ran in a straight course for several hundred yards, as if, near this oasis in the midst of yawning stretches of forest land, its conduct must be circumspect.

The first view of the enclosure was not prepossessing. The village consisted

of a score or more of small huts with their novel grass-roofs, many of them built on stilts for protection against the attack of wild animals. An area of some two or three acres, containing the buildings, was surrounded on three sides by a high wooden stockade and on the fourth by the river. There was only one man visible: an old father, bent low with age. His grizzled hair fell over his misshapen back like an enveloping cloak, and his beard reached to his knees.

He espied us and stood as if rooted to the spot, staring intently at us. Then with a wild shout, such as I have never heard from beast or human being, he cried: '*Hombres, hombres! Venid!*' and straightway running from the huts came men and women. They stopped abruptly when they saw us; with one accord they fell upon their knees and bowed their faces in the dust, all the while making a rhythmic moan, uncanny at first, and then strangely harmonious and beautiful.

I knew not what to make of this strange performance and my guide offered no information. Our canoe came nearer and as it hugged the bank I stepped ashore. Not a person stood, nor even peered at me through half-closed eyes; evidently that which I had taken for a moan was a prayer.

'Can you give a night's lodging to a weary traveler?' I asked.

The old man I had first seen raised himself on his knees and extended his arms to me, but he uttered not a word.

'They no speak English,' my guide said.

'Tell them we want to spend the night here,' I answered.

He turned to them with my message, and no sooner had he spoken than their prayer — if such it was — ceased, and they rushed toward me. In no human eye have I ever seen expressed such a wildness of emotion as was written in theirs — amazement, fear, childish simplicity, and passion. They seemed to be searching for something in me, some special quality, for their eyes scanned my face with a hunger and avidity quite disconcerting. When I raised my arms to them to signify that I would be their friend, they fell at my feet; one even kissed my sandals and another my trousers.

When a second time my guide explained that we would spend the night with them, their delight was pitiful, and one and all ran to the largest of the several huts to make ready my bed.

The entire performance was incomprehensible to me. The hamlet's reputation for hospitality, of which Pedro had told me, failed to explain their strange actions; even amazement at the presence of a white man hardly accounted for their apparent worship. I recalled stories from grammar-school readers of Romans who were taken to be gods when they were cast shipwrecked upon an unknown shore; but I laughed aloud. Did they take me for an Olympian? How far was an academically sheltered botanist from qualifying as a relative of Jupiter and Juno! Rather this must be their way of paying respect to the white man's superiority.

The ancient Carib chieftain, the old man whom we had seen on the shore, came forward and bowed us to a bench before a narrow table near the steps of the main hut. We seated ourselves, — Pedro and I, — but our host was troubled. He made strange motions to my guide, and then came to whisper something in his ear. Pedro rose solemnly and, with a gaze half of regret and half of reverence, moved to another table, leaving me alone. Then the *muchachas* brought the food; but while they served Pedro, all the dishes intended for me were given to my host, who himself served me. Although I dared not attempt to thank him in my meagre

Spanish, I tried to show him by smile and friendly nod that I appreciated his generosity. The dishes set before me were many and, to a wayfaring man, delicious: a soup of beef, fried plantains, and a roasted bull-steak. I was hungry and ate greedily. When I had finished I strolled down to the bank of the little stream and sat in wonder, while the shadows of twilight thickened, and the matted growth across the river, higher than the height of a man, assumed strange forms as it swayed in the gentle night breezes.

I could see the *hombres* and *mujeres* in the distance. They were talking in soft low tones. Suddenly from the group I saw a figure emerge. It was one of the muchachas, young and slender, but she walked with difficulty, leaning heavily upon a staff at each step. She was partially shrouded in the dusk, so that I could not see her distinctly, but as she drew nearer I thought her left side was paralyzed. Her foot dragged as a leaden weight, and her arm hung useless. She came forward alone, stumbling and with visible hesitation. No one moved among the group in the background, and yet I could see they were watching her intently. What could it mean?

The young girl was too much in earnest to be acting a part in any heathen ceremonial. She was trembling violently and now I could see that she was coming toward me. I rose, wondering what was expected of me, and even as I did she stumbled. Her staff fell from her hand and she pitched forward, her right arm stretched out for help. I caught her easily, and held her trembling body for a moment. Eyes like the eyes of a young lioness when first entrapped — soft, yearning, wondering, before she knows the cruelty of her position — met mine in a look which years of scientific training had brought me no means of understanding. Then, with a cry of ecstasy, the young thing leaped from my arms and flew back to the shadows. As if waiting for this moment, her friends raised their voices with hers and there arose on the night air a solemn chanting, crude and unmusical, yet beautiful in its absolute sincerity and resplendent in its recurring note of joy. I watched, listening, and waited, longing to know the secret of the mystery.

The muchacha's staff lay at my feet. Could it be that these poor people, hearing of our progress in medicine, believed in the white man's miraculous power to heal? Faith is the ability to believe the incredible, I had heard it said. Was this the solution?

I did not see my guide again that night. I was so astounded at what had taken place, and so disconcerted by the plaintive chanting, that I hurried to absent myself and made signs to my host that I would retire. He understood and led me to the hut, where they had prepared a spreading of fresh palm-leaves with a blanket covering, — the choicest sleeping-accommodation the camp offered, I knew, — and I accepted with a gracious heart.

I was weary from my journey, and the cool night air brought refreshing sleep. It was dawn when I awoke.

Christmas Day — yet how unbelievable! What was Christmas Day in a land of wilderness and black folk? What could it mean to these dark-skinned Carib Indians? Not even a name, I suspected, to them who would worship a white man as they would a god, who instinctively bowed before a stranger from the fairyland of success.

It was with a feeling of wretchedness and discontent that I recalled the past Christmases, and knew that for the love of leaves and grass I had deprived myself of another such exquisite pleasure. My thoughts were willful truants: a jolly Christmas Day; outside, the

ground white with snow, inside, the tree bulging with gifts and tempting eatables; the children were probably shouting as they opened their presents, and their mother — she too was lonely, even as I was lonely, for she had expected me to return before the holiday season. And all for a *Cocos comosa*.

The dream was dispelled as I became conscious of the voices which had awakened me, harsh and untuneful, even as the night before, yet they stirred something within me which quieted the loneliness of my heart. I bethought me of the old Christmas minstrels — but the very unlikeness of their carols to the present crying caused me to smile. I rose from my pallet; there about the hut were gathered the inhabitants of the camp, with their arms laden. At sight of me they bowed themselves to the ground; then slowly one by one they came and laid their offerings at my feet. I stood as a man in a dream, insensible to what was going on. I looked for my guide to explain, but Pedro was nowhere near. At the foot of my ladder were heaped great skins of tiger and lynx, bananas and plantains, curiously carved images, and a reed basket woven in intricate design and filled with stone charms. In my amazement I wondered if this were my Christmas dream come true!

I did my best to express my thanks by smiles and gestures, and the natives appeared to understand, but my confusion was turning to puzzled incredulity. I wanted to get away from it all; I wanted to question my guide. Was this Cispatia's tribute to civilization and nothing more?

They brought me food, when I had thanked them as best I could; and when I had eaten I sought my guide.

'Pedro, we must away.'

He looked at me in awe and surprise. '*Hoy, Señor?*'

'Yes, to-day; at once.'

He acquiesced and went to my host with word that we were going. The old man hurried to my side and through Pedro and pantomime begged me to stay. Then, seeing I was resolute, he motioned me to remain for a moment while he called the villagers together.

They came quickly, for at no time did they seem to be far away, and, grouping themselves about me, they fell on their knees. My host stood before me, and by frantic gesticulation, spreading his hands out in front of him, endeavored to communicate an idea to me, but I could not understand. I turned to Pedro for assistance.

'Bless,' he said.

They wanted me to bless them. I, an old, homesick, botany professor, with theological notions too vague or too radical to be bound by creed or formula, was called upon to bless this little community which had housed me in the best of their homes! I lifted my hands and, with eyes raised to Heaven, I repeated over them the words which came to my mind from childhood days, like a voice heard from afar: '*The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.*' Then, turning to my companion, I entered the dugout, and we pushed off.

Pedro took his place at the fore and began to paddle with his long, lazy strokes. By a turn in the stream the tiny enclosure was soon lost to sight.

'Pedro, what did it all mean?'

He looked at me with eyes filled with amazement and doubt. 'You know.'

'I don't know; tell me.'

He hesitated, but something in my face must have warned him that I wanted an answer, for at last he spoke.

'Christ come.'

No white man ever uttered such words with deeper reverence.

'Christ come!' I echoed, as I remembered their greeting and the incident of the night before.

'Yes, old miss'nary tell — Christ come. He come day 'fore Christmas; come up river at shade-time in dugout with hombre. He stay all night at Cispatia. They know at Cispatia.'

I sat stunned by the thought. This then was the reason for their reception and their gifts: this the reason for the muchacha's confidence.

It was an idea which made me tremble. How inconceivable their childish faith, how perfect their adoration! And I had taken their homage as a white man's due!

Very, very silent I sat, awed and oppressed by an overburdening sense of impotence. If only the King might have come to receive His Christmas tribute!

The canoe moved on. The tall grasses rustled in the breeze; in the distance I heard music. It was the solemn chant they had sung for me when I came; they were singing it again as I left them. Clear, sometimes shrill, ever tuneless, and yet motivated by a strangely recurring theme of joy, it came to me on the morning air. Fainter and fainter it grew, as the recessional fades in the anteroom of the cathedral; then the hushed pause, silence, and that sense of unutterable loneliness, of loss, even as when a star falls from the heavens and the light of the world seems dimmed.

Pedro leaned toward me.

'It is true, *no es verdad?* You are, you are — He?'

A WOMAN'S MEMORIES AT EIGHTY-ONE

THEIR LESSONS IN PATIENCE, SERVICE, AND HOPE

I HAVE seen: —

The Irish famine of 1848. The rise of Fenianism. Gladstone and Home Rule defeated. Parnell and defeat. The Great War and delay.

Then, result of all: the Irish Free State, and the Irish Free State represented at Washington.

The European Revolutions of 1848.

France from a Republic to an Empire, passing through the Commune to the Republic.

The rise and fall of Prussia.

The birth of a new Germany and a new Russia.

A United Italy.

Emancipation of the Russian serf.

The Indian Mutiny and the consequent taking-over of India from 'John Company' (the East India Company) by the British Government.

The legislation of Lord Ripon. The later Montagu Act. The beginning of the modern process of India toward a self-governing community. The entrance of the Indian Princes into the World War as voluntary contribution and their publicly expressed reasons for so doing.

England, from a United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, becoming under Disraeli an Empire; now, 'A Commonwealth of Free Nations.'

A peasant's son, MacDonald, Prime Minister.

The great series of Factory Acts; the protection of women and children in industry and mining.

Women as factory inspectors, with all it means for decency and security.

The work of Octavia Hill and all that has grown from it.

The beginnings of tenement-house and sanitary-housing legislation.

Mr. Charles Brace's work in New York. Formation of the Children's Aid Society.

The Charity Organization Society; the first coördinated attempt to deal intelligently with pauperism and poverty.

The end of Negro slavery in America. The work of Booker Washington, of Hampton, Calhoun, and so forth.

The devoted work of Josephine Butler, wife of an Anglican clergyman, in connection with the Contagious Diseases Act. Beginning of the battle for the protection of woman and of the unborn child.

The pamphlet by Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. Forbidden. To-day the advertisement of Dr. Marie Stopes's books on the same subject, on the open front page of *The Nation and the Athenæum*, and she herself among the latest presentations at Court! (Shades of Queen Victoria!)

Organized societies for the protection of animals.

The dawning idea of the conservation of natural resources, forests, water power, and so forth.

The building of the great railways that have connected the two oceans, making possible the building-up of the Great West.

Practical discovery of mineral oil and its general and expanding use.

The motor engine and car.

The airplane.

General use in medicine and surgery of anæsthetics.

The Atlantic cable.

The changed status of women as regards property-holding and guardianship of children.

Woman suffrage.

Koch's doctrine of the bacillus — a revolution.

The Einstein theory of relativity.

Colleges for women. All trades and professions open to women.

From the ox at the plough to the tractor.

Applied electricity, probably at the beginning of its possibilities.

Striving toward prison and criminal reform. Toward wiser, saner, curative sentences for the criminal.

The X-ray. Preventive medicine and inoculation against disease.

Radium with its immense potentialities.

Darwinism with all it implies of revolution in thought.

Modern psychology with its unlimited possibilities in every sphere of man's life and work.

Changed attitude toward divorce and illegitimacy. More humane.

I have seen twelve wars. Mexican War. Crimean War. War for Italian independence. Indian Mutiny. Our Civil War. Prussia against Denmark, Prussia annexing Schleswig-Holstein. Prussia against Austria. Prussia against France, Prussia annexing Alsace-Lorraine. Russo-Turkish. United States and Spain. Russo-Japanese. The World War.

The renewed questioning and life in the churches; a new consciousness of social responsibility.

A new feeling, growing steadily, concerning war and peace.

Education toward the idea of internationalism.

A deepening and strengthening interest in Christ and the implications of his moral and spiritual thought. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren.'

The thrilling development in archæology and Biblical criticism, from the child's reading of Layard's *Nineveh* and Stephens's *Central America*, to the

Tell el-Amarna Letters, Egypt, Abydos, the Mayas, Crete.

The growth of trade-unionism from small insignificant groups to the power that can stop the wheels of industry and touch directly every home in the land. Trade-unionism, through threatened strike, can force the Adamson Bill, which freed them from trust restrictions by which the trusts, corporations, and so forth, are bound. Frees them from much social responsibility and is a temptation.

Labor buying into the industries where employed. Formation of labor banks.

The startling growth of capital and organized capitalism with the terrible temptation to the abuse of power. These two groups of organized power face each other.

We have passed from the day of small things; the world is big and round, there are no antipodes! What we make and what we are is needed everywhere. Much of the work can be done only by great groups, wholesale methods, international relations, great capital of brains, money, skill, and of high morality.

Regulation of corporations, a great and delicate responsibility, till great lessons of honesty and moral and generous responsibility are learned.

It seems to me men are not very different — no more dishonest, no more grasping, no more greedy, than in older days; things are simply on a larger scale. The type of men who took mortgages on poor people's houses to foreclose when they chose, or who gave short weight and measure, are always with us! In legislation, the old codes of Asia, Africa, and Europe all tell the same tale of the grasping heart of man. Psychology is showing the oneness of human nature, from bottom to top, through the whole human scale, the same vices, the same virtues, the same moral downfalls, the same spiritual high adventure. When we realize this, class consciousness and antagonisms must pass away; we shall work together instead of against each other. We shall move from one cycle to another with as little destruction as possible, knowing that destruction is a form of war, leaving victors and vanquished, rancor and hatred.

There seems to me to be an underlying purpose running through all these enormous activities and accumulations — the gaining a world surplus to be used in the next inevitable step of coöperation and expansion.

We must have a surplus of mind and heart from which to fructify the world, to lend on a grand scale where that way is better, to give greatly when that is best of all.

Another great step I have seen: the man of great wealth feels himself neither safe nor happy unless he gives largely and *publicly* to found or to carry on great good things for humanity. Money flows like water for great and noble objects, for great purposes, for objects of beauty open to the study and happiness of the poorest.

And now comes the greatest gain of all I have seen in my eighty-one years of pilgrimage — a steadily increasing idea of the beauty of service, a deepening consecration to the service of the individual and to the world.

The modernist says, with reason, that the strong have taken more than their right; the spiritual indictment is that we are unworthy citizens of the City of God and of the Kingdom of Heaven.

A LESSON OF HORACE

BY PERCY LUBBOCK

It happened, it happened occasionally, and whenever it happened it was unforgettable. I speak of days gone, long years old by this time; and I speak of a school, what we call a 'private' school, that flourished once in a big white house among lawns and trees, facing the North Sea from the coast of Kent; and I speak of the good man who ruled the school, and of his attendant ushers, and how they tried to quicken the mind of a small, and not very soaring, human boy. And what happened occasionally was that they succeeded, not often, I think, but now and then, and always — does n't it seem? — at times when they forgot to try. For so it is; the imagination that will not bestir itself for any word of command or instruction is aroused unfailingly by the sight of the preacher or teacher who forgets — forgets where he is, forgets the small boy, forgets himself, lost in the contemplation of something of his own, an emotion apart, a secret. I remember the sight forever when I have seen it; and here it is now, a pretty possession, as good as new after many years.

It may seem hopeless to exhort and to preach to us, bidding us use our eyes and our wits; and in general it *is* hopeless, for whatever we are told by the old man and his ushers will have an inherent weakness and taint. It is what they *would* tell us, it is what we should expect of them. Their teaching has always to reckon with the shrewd and skeptical spirit in which I meet it. They may be right — I am not concerned to deny it; but there is this to remember from the first about their doctrine, that right or wrong it is the regular thing and the natural order. Everybody knows that when we sit in school for the daily task, or when we are lectured and found fault with, or when we are addressed with kindly and paternal suasion — everybody knows from the beginning that it could n't be otherwise, that this is the appointed style; it is to be counted on with confidence, for it is simply the way of the world. I don't disbelieve absolutely in what I am told and taught; I often find it curious and entertaining; but I meet it inevitably with a doubt and a shade of reserve. Our teachers are part of the great established scheme and they voice its ordinances; and for this reason it is difficult to take them as seriously as perhaps they deserve to be taken.

But it does happen now and then that they forget themselves. In these moments there is no mistaking the new tone of the old man's voice, the absent stare of his eye or the suddenly thoughtful tilt of his head; we know his ordinary ways so well that the least departure from them catches our attention in a flash. This is a glimpse of the real thing, a sight of the old man as he is when no one is looking. Sometimes he thus betrays himself in the middle of a lesson in school, lapsing away into his private mind, dropping the familiar mask; at such a moment I instantly begin to notice and to wonder. I am not thinking of the common and well-known occasions when we start one of our pastors off on some ridiculous topic

that he never can resist, some foolish fancy that he can always be made to chatter about with a little encouragement; this is a simple game — he babbles contentedly, the strain is relaxed, we take our ease. No, the real glimpse of him off his guard is a quite different matter. It is rare and unexpected and accidental; its virtue is in the fact that it is incalculable. Years afterward I remember it, a luminous point in the gray desert of routine; and I begin to see how potently it wrought upon the shooting of a very young idea.

Look at this, for example — look at the little scene. The old man on this occasion was standing in front of the big blackboard, facing his class for a lesson in the *Odes* of Horace; and we sat at our desks before him, waiting for the proceedings to begin in the time-honored style. A lesson of Horace is 'construing,' and somebody is 'put on to construe' — which means that he stands up in his place and opens the ball by reading a stanza aloud in Latin. Then he pauses and looks back, picks out a likely word, — it should be something we term a 'nom'ative,' — repeats it, translates it into English; and that accounts for the 'nom'ative,' and the first step is accomplished. He casts about again and finds a 'verb,' and so far it is n't really difficult; but doubts begin to gather very quickly, the track is lost, the featureless words stare from the page without a sign. The pauses lengthen, the old man grows impatient, till the construer desperately plunges, is pulled back, is shoved forward; and gradually word after word is dealt with and put behind him, a meaning has been provided for each of them, and the construing of the stanza is achieved.

Now we look up, waiting to learn who is to tackle the next lines; and when he is named the rest of us feel reprieved, and we sit patient while he settles the business of the second stanza; and I discover with a jump that he has finished it, and that I myself am being called upon for the third. Well, one does what one can. There is peace for the construer when he resumes his seat, peace until the end of the hour; and at last the entire lesson is disposed of and the old man satisfied on the whole. We have construed an ode of Horace.

That is the time-honored everyday style. But one morning the old man, standing before the blackboard, his hands clutching his coat, — picture him with a mild and venerable and kindly face, spectacled, his big domed head scholastically bald above a fringe of close gray curls; clerically dressed in black, low-collared, white-tied; his eyes rather dim and vague behind his glasses, gazing peacefully: there he is! — one morning he stood in front of us at the beginning of the lesson, and instead of putting somebody on to construe he waited, he stared over our heads; and then he broke out in a gentle mournful chant upon the opening words of our ode. He seemed to be saying them to himself — he knew them by heart. *Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume* — he had a tuneful and flexible voice, and he threw into it a pensive lament as he dwelt upon the repeated name. *Postume* — *Postume* — oh, how time flies, how helplessly we see it vanish, how soon we are faced by the assault of age! He chanted the words very musically and appealingly — yet not quite seriously either, not sentimentally, but rather as if he liked to join company with an old friend, old popular Horace, in a plaintive strain that *he* did n't mean very seriously; for these regrets and laments, they belong to the smooth philosophy of an honest poet, comfortable enough in his worldly wisdom — and a companionable old poet, so life-seasoned, so familiar to a scholar who has known him by heart for fifty years. There is a touch of

humor in their relation; Horace does n't pretend to be perfectly solemn, and the scholar drops easily into his mood; though after all it *is* true, sadly true, that time is fleeting and death is tameless — quite true enough to set an old man agreeably musing and mooning as he chants the words. He had forgotten our presence; he repeated the whole ode through to the end.

I suppose we then proceeded to construe it as usual, to provide meanings for the blind mouths of the blank words on the page. Of that I remember nothing; all I know is that the echo of the scholar's meditative singsong is still as clear as yesterday in the brain of one of his listeners. I did n't understand a word of it, doubtless; but even on the spot I understood something better than the sense of a not very remarkable poem. I was distinctly impressed — not by Horace, but by the pleasing emotion of our fine old master; for he seemed to be carried off into the unknown, and I gazed intently with an obscure idea that our desks and inkpots and daily construings were far beneath him, that he had slipped away, forgetful of himself and of us, to a brighter and richer region, one that he naturally preferred. It appeared to me that his own level was really up there; and I don't know that I thought it out, but I certainly felt in a manner that he possessed a secret, an interesting secret aloof from our common round. That notion of his falling into half-humorous companionship with the easy-minded poet is of course a later finding — perhaps even of to-day, as I listen once more to the musical echo I describe; yet whatever I find there now is only the fullness and the completion of that which began at the moment, on the spot, when the gaze of the young spectator followed him into the unknown. Moreover I had my own reflection on the matter, even then. The world of light, so far removed from our daily inky task, was the world of noble and exquisite and distinguished things of some sort: the right word failed me, no doubt, but I was on the track of it.

He did n't often give himself away so felicitously as this; he held us to the routine of our task, and he had long ago — for he really was rather old — fixed the lines and forms of his teaching, and he seldom broke out of them into unexpected flights. We knew mainly what to look for in the quiet and gentlemanly hours that we spent at our little desks, under his eye. He belonged to an 'old school'; he used no frivolous modern arts to cajole us into consenting to be taught, to caress our difficult attention. He was kind, and we liked to please him; and on the whole it was n't hard to please him, for his rule was easy and consistent. He was paternal without taking liberties; he treated us neither as children to be played with nor as fine young lads to be trounced and flattered and tamed. And indeed we never were either in his presence; we were people of politeness, decently observing the forms of a civilized society, respecting and respected. So at least I felt for my part, and it was refreshing to find how the desperate problems of ordinary life were put aside in his company; I seemed to be nearly always responsible and dignified when I was with the old man. There was an explosion occasionally, and he could be rather terrible in his wrath; but in general it was a smooth and reassuring tenor of a way, where one could forget the common perplexities of one's station and degree. We talked like sensible beings, we discussed and reasoned and compared opinions; he struck me at the time as a well-informed and level-headed man of the world.

He struck me particularly by contrast with his assistants, the undermasters. There were several of these,

and they varied from time to time, and I liked them all; two or three of them were very amusing and attaching in their ways. But I never doubted that, compared with the old man, they were raw, they were uninformed and inexperienced; their behavior lacked the repose and their humor had n't the mannerly dryness that mark the man of the world. Before I reached the courteous culture of the top class I had passed through the hands of more than one of these underlings; and I don't deny that things were livelier under their direction — for there were shocks and jerks in their teaching, sudden storms, jeers of sarcasm, roaring jests, that often brisked up the school hours surprisingly. But with all credit to the spirits and talents of these good souls we must admit that they somehow *lowered* life, cheapening and popularizing it, where the old man kept it always high and handsome. I must allow that the commoner part of myself, which is also the larger, exceedingly enjoys the less elevated style; I relish the unconventional sprawling and bawling of the creatures, the freedom they permit themselves, the smartness of their retorts. Sometimes they make me laugh so much that vital organs seem to crack within me; and when there are storms and squalls it is really exciting, glorious at times, so long as they don't actually burst on *my* head. All this I grant; but none the less I can't help seeing that the way of the old man is truly superior, and I know that when he passes and glances, not disapprovingly, at these more animated scenes we all feel a trifle rude and babyish, including the cheerful sprawler himself.

And furthermore there are certain things for which I shall never to the end forgive the attendant ushers, one or two of them. They may deride and attack me during school hours and in the way of discipline; it is unpleasant while it lasts, but it is natural, it may happen to anybody, and I bear no malice. Not for any professional malignity in school, but for their shameful treatment of me, now and then, in hours of freedom — for this I blast them. If it were n't beneath me to avenge myself I could name the odious wretch, here and now, who once made a public fool of me at a very ticklish crisis in my career — at a moment when I had all but succeeded in gaining foothold in the best society.

The more fashionable circle at my private school was very properly exclusive, and I may have deceived myself at the moment I speak of, but I did think I saw a chance of winning its favor, its toleration at any rate; and I was proceeding so carefully, so artfully, when all in a minute my hope was shattered, my labor undone, by a scene so painful that even to satisfy my rancor I could n't now describe it. If it had happened in school it would have mattered little; nobody thinks the worse of you for being pilloried, even very ignominiously, for an official indiscretion or offense. But one has the right, I must believe, to demand that out of school, in society, a mere usher should respect the social decencies, should n't wantonly add to the difficulties of the much-enduring social climber. On his own ground we fully allow the usher's claim — let him make the most of it; but if he wishes to join us in society he should humble himself, drop his privilege, consider our feelings without unjust discrimination. I am not asking the impossible; I don't in the least object to what we call 'favoring,' which is a human weakness. Brilliance and charm will always have their victories — I think it only natural. But I do expect that the man who favors my comely rival shall do so at no expense to *me*, shall refrain from taking sides with him against my own inelegance.

I must say, however, that miserable episodes of this sort were rare; it was only one or two of the ushers who fell so low. As for the old man, our chief, — and him I presently *shall* name, with ceremony and respect, — it was utterly unthinkable that *he* should presume, should trifle with our legitimate rights and claims. I justly valued the tone of his unofficial conversation. On certain afternoons he used to walk with us in the country; he led the way, a large and straggling company streamed behind him; and many and many a time I have been one of the pair who hung to his side for an admirable talk. We touched upon politics, literature, science — not heavily, not pedantically, but in the easy style of cultivated men. Our friend was widely read on all sorts of subjects, he had a scholarly taste; but I never thought him a mere bookworm — he was a man of affairs as well as learning. He knew the world, he sat on a weekly board that met in the neighboring town; and at the same time he was n't an ordinary party-man, for I always felt that he treated practical questions with a certain philosophic calm. He was also a good country gentleman; he owned a small farmyard, close to the school, and we used to join him in watching the fattening of his pigs, not without pride. Over all these matters of thought and action we ranged as we walked; we were liberal and broad in our views, without falling into crude extremes. I stored up dozens of mellow and humorous anecdotes, many of which still figure in my talk.

And then there was his reading aloud — an hour every evening after school, before prayers and bedtime. At seven o'clock the last lesson was finished, and he marched away from the big schoolroom, clasping an armful of papers — off to his study upstairs, where a select circle immediately followed him. I was never one of those who find it tedious or frumpish to read books to themselves; I was rather a gallant though plodding reader; but I could n't pretend that by myself I ever brought my books to life as our friend so splendidly brought them. He made a book really live — that is the word. The story rose up and opened out and closed about you, the people of the story seemed to be talking in the room — only that the room was forgotten; you sat and watched the drama in its own surroundings.

There were evenings when I was positively transformed. While I sat and listened I became far more capable of reckless generosity and shining bravery and proud self-sacrifice than I was at other times; it was my true self that rose to the surface. These are deep experiences. Or again we returned, we constantly returned and never too often, to the prodigious gorgeous world of Dickens, where experience is wide, illimitably spacious, rather than mysteriously deep; with Dickens I forgot my higher nature, I lost myself in the breathing, thronging, entrancing crowd. But I was wrong in saying that I forgot the room, our friend's rather dull little study, into which we packed for these beautiful sessions; for I find that room, with its bookshelves and great writing-table and scattered chairs, still inextricably tangled in memory with the vision of Mrs. Nickleby and the Blimbers and the sinister convict in the churchyard. Oh, he did make them live — his reading was superbly dramatic. The very earth, when the hour was at an end and we trooped down to prayers, was the larger for it.

But with all this I am not getting on with my studies in school, and I wanted to see whether our kind old friend ever dropped into poetry over our prosaic construings save in that single curious episode of *Eheu fugaces*. I fear not. I could n't have forgotten it if he had,

and I recall nothing else of quite that charming effect. It is something at any rate to feel that in three years there was one incident, five minutes long, which gave me the inkling of a hint of a suspicion that the books of the ancients had a meaning. I don't wish to blacken the darkness of my ignorance in this matter; I knew that the words in these books had each its meaning, if you could remember or guess the right one; I knew that the whole ode of Horace or page of Xenophon would 'make sense' if you managed to get the right meanings in the right order; and with these convictions I considered myself — on fortunate occasions I was even considered — a rather promising scholar.

It is true that scholarship is a queer touch-and-go accomplishment; for on some mornings all my inspiration seemed to fail, my guesses were rejected; I never discovered the infallible sign, whatever it is, that distinguishes the right guess from the wrong. But this is n't essential; on the whole I could trust my luck, and more often than not I could make the ancients make the expected sense. It was therefore particularly striking and surprising to receive a hint, once in three years, that Horace might be made to do more, might even affect a man as a writer of poetry. Of course I knew that Horace is a great poet; I could have told you so at any time. But there remains the old deep difference between knowing a thing and believing it; and the hint that I received began to work obscurely, starting a little train of speculation that might end — who can say where?

It was n't only the classics that we studied, to be sure; all learning was our province, from Greek Testament in the early morning to equations after breakfast, from Smith's *Rome* at noon to science at dusk; and if there was anything left over it was swept into a general-knowledge paper once a week. For my part I never liked the great vague talkative subjects, like Divinity or English History, where one gets lost in an aimless drift of information on which the memory can nowhere bite. I always preferred my learning crisp and short, with nice little dictated notes that could be got by heart, honest answers to plain questions. I should have made a laudable young Pharisee in the schools of Judæa; I could far more easily have become word-perfect in the Pentateuch than I could learn to 'discuss the bearing' or 'trace the development' of things; such phrases dried me up at once. I toiled in the wake of those to whom discussing and tracing came more readily; but I caught up again in Latin verses, and I even became quite skillful in fitting together the neat mosaic of 'sense' and 'epithets' that results in elegiacs.

Our old friend wrote beautiful verses himself — not that I could well savor their style, but I admired the suavely flowing and graceful hand in which he copied them out; from his handwriting alone he could be esteemed a poet. And however far we might be carried in the quest of other studies, back we came again, day in, day out, to the humaner letters, to the declension and the paradigm; and there was the old scholar standing before the blackboard, book in hand, with his gold spectacles and his fringe of iron-gray curls — the very paragon of a man of culture, nourished for a lifetime upon the sages and poets of antiquity.

And what he really did for us, I now perceive, was simply that he looked like that, *was* that; he taught us, and taught us more than I can measure, by merely living and moving in the perfume of noble letters. Nothing in the world is more catching, when the sensitive young are exposed to it; stealing into the mind, insidiously clinging there, it spreads into the furthest corners,

into unsuspected crannies. I may or may not be a budding poet, one who greedily absorbs the stuff that feeds a young imagination, one who is to flower on his own account in due season; but in any case the lingering perfume, caught from another when I was ten years old, hangs on and on in the recesses of my stiffening, narrowing mind, and a few sweet traces of it will remain when my mind is at length set fast in the solemnity or the triviality of the prime of life.

It is n't much, you may think, to show for the long labors of my education; I agree that it is n't much, and I maintain that it might have been more. But it was n't my fault if our pastors held too scrupulously to their antique tradition; and at least they gave me this, even if they largely gave it by accident and oversight — this, that I still remember the delicate dry fragrance which is about the path of an elegantly quoting and versifying scholar. It may not be my line; I may often declare that all that rubbish of Greek and Latin was a sheer waste of time in a stern competitive world. But you must n't in that case listen only to my language; for it still happens to me as to Bishop Blougram — there comes a 'sunset-touch, a fancy from a flower-bell,' and I recall the scholar's absent-minded chant of the far-away music with a singular stirring of envy. Tagging to and fro at my business in a competitive world, do I find the world so lovely that I need n't envy the old man that refreshment, those resources? For an occasional moment in my dusty prime, as I stare at the headlines of the evening paper in the train, the mournful lament returns to me sweetly and tenderly — *Postume, Postume!* It is better than nothing, if it is n't much.

But what, I dream! — for I fared better than this, my budding fancy blossomed in the liberal air, I was duly a poet. I was an inferior poet to some of my friends, one or two of whom had a splendid abundant free-flowering genius — mine was always painfully forced. But in one fashion or another we responded, not a few of us, to the boon of great literature that was revealed in the old man's looks and ways. Not in entire uncomeliness and not in utter clownishness we passed out of his hands; we had a standard, we knew the tone of the man who frequents the Muses. We may presently have thought it very mild, very dim and antiquated; for if one is classic and austere at ten or twelve, be sure that one is faint with exquisite languors at fifteen. Yet the memory stayed, the gift of this old man. We left him and passed on our journeys; he let us depart with a quiet benediction, and perhaps none of us saw much of him ever after.

To be demonstrative in his care of us, to be insistent in his influence, to follow us on our journeys with open solicitude — these were not his ways; there was a grave gleam of emotion and good will as he said good-bye, and then he turned to his books, humming a tuneful air, and was ready for the new young plants confided to his keeping. I left him seated at the big writing-table in his study, whence he looked out over a sloping lawn and an ilex grove to the blue line of the summer sea. We did n't miss each other after we had parted; neither at twelve nor at sixty is the parting of friends any great agitation of the inner man. The time when a friend can trouble our feelings had n't yet arrived for me; it had long passed for him. But we parted in mutual kindness, and he gave me a little volume of his own poems for a token. *Dorica*, it was called — by Edward Daniel Stone, for many years a master at Eton, and then for many years head of a private school on the coast of Kent.

This to his memory.

RECONCILIATION

CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON

EDITED BY PAUL WILSTACH

SOME people believe that all the books have been written, but I know of a book that should be — as the pen comes to the word it falters and halts, for that book too has been written. The material is all there, waiting not even for an editor; it is so completely there that anyone with eyes and a sense of order could strike it into form.

It would bare two souls, the souls of two of the greatest of all Americans, two men who had early been friends, who were tossed apart on the fork of politics, each believing the other to have been at the end of the handle, each blaming the other in a silence of years, until brought together at the end of their long lives — not together in the corporeal sense, not that they ever saw each other again, but in the better and fuller sense of understanding. The reconciliation came to one in his seventy-seventh year, to the other in his sixty-ninth year. The highest honors that life could have offered them had been theirs. Ambition had no further bait for them. They waited in the twilight, gossiped, speculated, and criticized, and gave their ideas such free rein as only completely liberated men dare.

What they uttered was uttered in the most religious privacy, one confidant to another, whispered low so that no one else should hear — not even whispered, but written in the form of an epistolary duet, by turn impish, eloquent, humorous, and profound. A strange enough duet, the composer-performers out of sight and unseen of each other for a decade, never to see each other again; the elder and more alert secluded on the shore of his Northern ocean, a romping octogenarian; the younger galloping his horse through his threescore and second ten over his Southern mountain. Already it is evident that these transparent references are to John Adams of Quincy and Thomas Jefferson of Monticello.

These men had lived most of their lives under the terror which political careers impose on free utterance. Both of them had thought much on the problems of life — of both lives, this one and the hereafter. They both outstripped a dogmatized philosophy and ranged high and free and untrammeled — that is, untrammeled except by the spectre of conventionality with which expediency yet harnessed their tongues for a while, but never their minds. Even in their later leisure, when these gorgeous letters were written, they were not wholly free of another ogre, this one a public opinion whose prejudices would give them their position in history.

The correspondence was so regular, and extended over a term of so many years, that it attracted the attention of the postriders and postmasters along the long route between Massachusetts and Virginia. It began to be talked about. The very mystery of it begot a fame for that of which nothing was known except that it was. There were Barnums among publishers even then.

Adams and Jefferson, titanic figures, the last of the Revolutionists, were too good as headliners to be overlooked, no matter what their performance might be. So, ignorant of a single letter or line or word, an offer was made to publish the great epistolary mystery of the period. It is difficult even to write of it except in terms of the theatrical poster. The letters were, however, too full of the nakedness of two wise old souls. They were both men with a solid sense of decency, and they hung indignant rejection of the proposal on that peg, whatever they may have feared would be the effect on their reputations if their delightful heresies got out.

Curiously, not much attention has since been given to this correspondence. The letters have been available for over three quarters of a century. They are public property, property of the same public that burned with unsatisfied curiosity while the packages of sealed brimstone traveled up and down the coast. Nobody who has curiosity about the inside of two wise old heads should fail to find a lark in these letters.

Jefferson and Adams had an early correspondence between 1777 and 1796. The latter year Jefferson was Adams's nearest political opponent for the Presidency. Adams won; Jefferson took the Vice-Presidency. In 1800 they were pitted against each other again. This time Jefferson won, but their friendship lapsed. Twelve years later a reconciliation was effected and the correspondence was resumed about the first of the year 1812.

It was, however, of a wholly different character from the early letters, excellent as those were along more conventional lines. Now the long intimate unbridled confidences suggest two starved aloof intellects, suddenly finding each other at the deep well of refreshing understanding. They had kindred curiosity, kindred doubts, similar intellectual hobbies, and they wrote with such spontaneity that one might have supposed the letters those of young men, if it had not been for the experiences of life they disclosed, and if they had not made one of their favorite topics the question of what they would do with their lives if they had them to live over again.

From the time they resumed writing, letters passed between them every one of their remaining fifteen years. What the entire number was cannot be stated with certainty. They each acknowledged receiving letters of certain dates, which do not appear to have been preserved, so one or both of them may have performed operations on their files, which they preferred not to trust to the discretion of an unknown editor. Of those letters that do survive there are one hundred and two from Adams and forty-eight from Jefferson. In 1813 Adams wrote twenty-nine, Jefferson, seven. This does not necessarily imply that Jefferson destroyed more of his letters, for in the midst of that orgy Adams began one of his own: 'Never mind if I write four letters to your one, your one is worth more than my four.'

Each of them expended prodigious effort or was impelled by prodigious exuberance. The letters were usually more than one thousand words in length. If Jefferson wrote fewer, he at any rate generally wrote the longer letters. But Adams topped him handsomely several times — once with a single letter of four thousand words.

The long middle silence was broken in 1812 on New Year's Day, as if the result of a good resolution, when Adams wrote Jefferson that he was sending him two pieces of homespun. The very day the letter arrived Jefferson wrote, thanking Adams for the homespun before it reached him, referred to his habits in retirement, and concluded

politely: 'No circumstances have lessened the interest I feel in these particulars respecting yourself; none have suspended for one moment my sincere esteem for you; and I now salute you with unchanged affection and respect,' and the old boys were figuratively, if not literally, back in each other's arms.

The first communications were on the subject of the Indians and their historians. Nothing much there to hold the attention, unless it be for a glance at this personal paragraph from Jefferson: —

Another of our friends of seventy-six is gone, my dear sir, another of the co-signers of the Independence of our country. And a better man than Rush could not have left us, more benevolent, more learned, of finer genius, or more honest. We too must go; and that ere long. I believe we are under half a dozen at present; I mean the signers of the Declaration. Yourself, Gerry, Carroll and myself, are all I know to be living. I am the only one south of the Potomac. Is Robert Treat Paine or Floyd living? It is long since I heard of them, and yet I do not remember to have heard of their deaths.

When Jefferson let slip a Greek phrase or two, Adams came back with: —

Lord! Lord! What can I do with so much Greek? When I was your age, young man, *i.e.*, seven, or eight, or nine years ago, I felt a kind of pang of affection for one of the flames of my youth, and again paid my addresses to Isocrates, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, etc., etc. — In this way I amused myself for some time; but I found that if I looked a word to-day, in less than a week I had to look it again. It was to little better purpose than writing letters on a pail of water.

They ranged back and forth on history and politics, the men they knew and the writers they did n't, sage and gay, at great lengths. Said Adams: —

Whenever I sit down to write you, I am precisely in the position of the woodcutter on Mount Ida: I cannot see woods for trees. So many subjects crowd upon me, that I know not with which to begin.

And soon again: —

The woodcutter on Ida, though he was puzzled to find a tree to chop at first, I presume knew how to leave off when he was weary. But I never know when to cease when I begin to write to you.

When Jefferson remarked that 'the same political parties which now agitate the United States have existed through all time,' it instantly kindled Adams to roar back: —

Precisely. While all other sciences have advanced, that of government is at a stand; little better understood; little better practised now, than three or four thousand years ago. What is the reason? I say, parties and factions will not suffer or permit improvements to be made. As soon as one man hints at an improvement, his rival opposes it. No sooner has one party discovered or invented an amelioration of the condition of man or the order of society, than the opposite party belies it, misconstrues, misrepresents it, ridicules it, insults it, and persecutes it. Records are destroyed. Histories are annihilated, or interpolated, or prohibited: sometimes by popes, sometimes by emperors, sometimes by aristocratical and sometimes by democratical assemblies, and sometimes by mobs.

Aristotle wrote the history of eighteen hundred republics which existed before his time. Cicero wrote two volumes of discourses on government, which, perhaps, were worth all the rest of his works. The works of Livy and Tacitus, etc., that were lost, would be more interesting than all that remain. Fifty gospels have been destroyed, and where are St. Luke's world of books that have been written? If you ask my opinion who has committed all the havoc, I will answer you candidly — Ecclesiastical and Imperial despotism have done it, to conceal their frauds.

Why are the histories of all nations more ancient than the Christian era lost? Who destroyed the Alexandrian library? I

believe that Christian priests, Jewish rabbis, Grecian sages, and emperors had as great a hand in it as Turks and Mohammedans.

Democrats, Rebels, and Jacobins, when they possessed a momentary power, have shown a disposition both to destroy and forge records as vandalical as priests and despots. Such has been and such is the world we live in.

At the first appearance of the word 'religion' in Jefferson's letters, Adams seized it. Then they battledored and shuttlecocked: Have you read this or this? What do you think of that and that? All the orders of priesthood of all ages and creeds, all the dogmas that ever were set, all the obstacles ever put in the way of an original and speculative mind were put on the anvil. Adams was claimed by the Unitarians. Jefferson was not claimed by nor did he claim the limitation of any church. Their sincerity is not to be doubted. But in so complete a circle did the flail fly that it would be difficult to quote a paragraph without giving offense which neither man intended or wished to give. What they said they said in the complete confidence which both believed in and refused to violate. There is enough else on less tender subjects to illustrate the character of their interchange. What and all they did say is available. The books are on the shelves. To paraphrase a celebrated lady, 'the bottle is on the mantle-piege; let anyone put his lips to it who is so dispoged,' and he 'll find it quite as stimulating as the contents of Sairey Gamp's bottle.

They were not vain in their frankness. Adams posed the question, 'What conclusion do I draw from all this?'

> I answer, I drop into myself, and acknowledge myself a fool. No mind but One can see into the immeasurable system. It would be presumption and impiety in me to dogmatize on such subjects. My duties in my little infinitesimal circle I can understand and feel. The duties of a son, a brother, a father, a neighbor, a citizen, I can see and feel, but I trust the Ruler with His skies.

Having written six long letters to Jefferson in seventeen days, he warmed to his enthusiasm for his new-found friend: 'You and I ought not to die before we have explained ourselves to each other.' They seemed in a fair way. Adams casually mentioned 'aristocracy.' It was a bomb, or perhaps a boon, to Jefferson. He at once let off a fusillade of three thousand words, wiping off the perspiration in this quieter conclusion: —

> I have thus stated my opinion on a point on which we differ, not with a view to controversy, for we both are too old to change opinions which are the result of a long life of inquiry and reflection; but on the suggestion of a former letter of yours, that we ought not to die until we have explained ourselves to each other.

He need not have apologized. Adams thrived on controversy. What Jefferson said acted merely as a cocktail to Adams. He tossed it off, smacked his lips, and remarked: —

> You very justly indulge a little merriment upon this solemn subject of aristocracy. I often laugh at it too, for there is nothing in this laughable world more ridiculous than the management of it by all the nations of the earth; but while we smile, mankind have reason to say to us, as the frogs said to the boys, What is sport to you is wounds and death to us. When I consider the weakness, the folly, the pride, the vanity, the selfishness, the artifice, the low craft, and mean cunning, the want of ambition, the unfeeling cruelty of a majority of those (in all nations) who are allowed an aristocratical influence, and on the other hand, the stupidity with which the more numerous multitude not only become their dupes but even love to be taken in by their tricks, I feel a stronger disposition to weep at their destiny than to laugh at their folly. But though we have agreed in one point, in

words, it is not yet certain that we are perfectly agreed in sense. Fashion has introduced an indeterminate use of the word 'talents.' Education, wealth, strength, beauty, stature, birth, marriage, graceful attitudes and motions, gait, air, complexion, physiognomy, are talents, as well as genius, science, and learning. Any one of these talents that in fact commands or influences two votes in society, gives to the man who possesses it the character of an aristocrat, in my sense of the word. Pick up the first hundred men you meet, and make a republic. Every man will have an equal vote; but when deliberations and discussions are opened, it will be found that twenty-five, by their talents, virtues being equal, will be able to carry fifty votes. Every one of these twenty-five is an aristocrat in my sense of the word, whether he obtains his one vote in addition to his own by his birth, fortune, figure, eloquence, science, learning, craft, cunning, or even his character for good fellowship and as a *bon vivant.*

What gave Sir William Wallace his amazing aristocratical superiority? His strength. What gave Mrs. Clarke her aristocratical influence to create generals, admirals and bishops? Her beauty. What gave Pompadour and Du Barry the power of making cardinals and popes? And I have lived for years in the Hotel de Valentinois, with Franklin, who had as many virtues as any of them. In the investigation of the meaning of the word 'talents,' I could write 630 pages as pertinent as John Taylor's of Hazlewood; but I will select a single example, for female aristocrats are nearly as formidable as males. A daughter of a greengrocer walks the streets in London daily with a basket of cabbage sprouts, dandelions, and spinach on her head. She is observed by the painters to have a beautiful face, an elegant figure, a graceful step and a *debonair.* They hire her to sit. She complies, and is painted by forty artists in a circle around her. The scientific Dr. William Hamilton outbids the painters, sends her to school for a genteel education, and marries her. This lady not only causes the triumphs of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, but separates Naples from France, and finally banishes the King and Queen from Sicily. Such is the aristocracy of the natural talent of beauty. Millions of examples might be quoted from history, sacred and profane, from Eve, Hannah, Deborah, Abigail, Judith, Ruth, down to Helen, Mrs. de Mainbenoir, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. For mercy's sake do not compel me to look to our chaste States and Territories to find women, one of whom, let go, would in the words of Holophernes' guards, deceive the whole earth.

Time after time he dispatched such and many times longer disquisitions, gasping amiably at the close: 'I will not persecute you so severely in the future, if I can help it,' or 'I cannot write a hundredth part of what I wish to say to you,' and begins others with 'As I can never let a sheet of yours rest, I sit down immediately to acknowledge it.' There followed antiphonal passages of which the following on history, by the makers thereof, is a good sample: —

JEFFERSON: On the subject of the American Revolution, you ask who shall write it? Who can write it? And who will ever be able to write it? Nobody, except merely its external facts, all its councils, designs, and discussions having been conducted by Congress with closed doors, and no members, as far as I know, having even made notes of them. These, which are the life and soul of history, must forever be unknown.

ADAMS: As to the History of the Revolution, my ideas may be peculiar, perhaps singular. What do we mean by the Revolution? The war? That was no part of the Revolution. It was only an effect and consequence of it. The Revolution was in the minds of the people; and this was effected, from 1760 to 1775, in the course of fifteen years, before a drop of blood was drawn at Lexington. The records of thirteen legislatures, the pamphlets, newspapers in all the colonies ought to be consulted during that period, to ascertain the steps by which public opinion was enlightened and informed concerning the authority of Parliament over the colonies. The Congress of 1774 resembled in some respects, though I hope not in many, the Council of Nice in ecclesiastical history. It assembled the priests from the East and the West, the North and the

South, who compared notes, engaged in discussion and debates, and formed results by one vote, and by two votes, which went out to the world as unanimous.

Apart from the endless religious broadsides, the other great fun and business of the letters began when Adams started the discussion as to living their lives over again: —

I cannot be serious? I am about to write you the most frivolous letter you ever read.

Would you go back to your cradle and live over again your seventy years? I believe you would return me a New England answer, by asking me another question: Would you live your eighty years over again?

I am not prepared to give you an explicit answer; the question involves so many considerations of metaphysics and physics, of experience and romance, of tragedy, comedy, and farce, that I would not give my opinion without writing a volume to justify it.

Jefferson in his turn was more immediately definite: —

You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy or rather seventy-three years over again? To which I say Yea. I think, with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been formed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are, indeed (who might say nay), gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present and despairing of the future; always counting that the worst will happen, because it may happen. To these I say, How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail; but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy. There are, I acknowledge, even in the happiest life, some terrible convulsions, heavy set-offs against the other page of the account. I have often wondered for what good end the sensations of grief could be intended. All our other passions, within proper bounds, have an useful object. And the perfection of the moral character is not in stoical apathy, so hypocritically vaunted and so untruly too, because impossible, but in a just equilibrium of all the passions. I wish the pathologists then would tell us what is the use of grief in the economy, and of what good it is the cause, proximate or remote.

Before Adams took up the latter question of grief, which he reserved for a special letter, he paid his addresses to the first inquiry, which he had started, and he put his letter in the form of a dialogue: —

J. Would you agree to live your eighty years over again?

A. ——

J. Would you agree to live your eighty years over again forever?

A. I once heard our acquaintance, Chew, of Philadelphia, say he would like to go back to twenty-five, to all eternity; but I own my soul would start and shrink back on itself at the prospect of an endless succession of *boules de savon*, vanity of vanities, an eternal succession of which would terrify me almost as much as annihilation.

J. Would you prefer to live over again, rather than accept the offer of a better life in a future state?

A. Certainly not.

J. Would you live over again rather than change for the worse in a future state for the sake of trying something new?

A. Certainly yes.

J. Would you like to live over again once or forever, rather than run the risk of annihilation, or of a better or a worse state at or after death?

A. Most certainly I would not.

J. How valiant you are!

A. Aye, at this moment, and at all other moments of my life that I can recollect; but who can tell what will become of his bravery when his flesh and his heart shall fail him? Bolingbroke said his philosophy was not sufficient to support him in his last hours. D'Alembert said: 'Happy are they who have courage, but I have none.' Voltaire, the greatest genius of them all, behaved like the greatest coward of them all at his death, as he had like the wisest fool of them all in his lifetime. Hume awkwardly affected to

sport away all sober thoughts. Who can answer for his last feelings and reflections, especially as the priests are in possession of the custom of making them the greatest engines of their craft? *Procul este, profani!*

J. How shall we, how can we, estimate the real value of human life?

A. I know not; I cannot weigh sensations and reflections, pleasures and pains, hopes and fears, in money scales. But I can tell you how I have heard it estimated by philosophers. One of my old friends and clients, a mandamus counselor against his will, a man of letters and virtues, without one vice that I ever knew or suspected except garrulity, William Vassall, asserted to me, and strenuously maintained, that 'pleasure is no compensation for pain.' An hundred years of the keenest delights of human life could not atone for one hour of bilious colic that he felt. The sublimity of this philosophy my dull genius could not reach. I was willing to state a fair account between pleasure and pain, and give credit for the balance, which I found very great in my favor.

Another philosopher, who, as they say, believed nothing, ridiculed the notion of a future state. One of the company asked, 'Why are you an enemy to a future state? Are you weary of life? Do you detest existence?' 'Weary of life? Detest existence?' said the philosopher. 'No! I love life so well, and am so attached to existence, that to be sure of immortality, I would consent to be pitched about with forks by the devils, among the flames of fire and brimstone, to all eternity.'

I find no resources in my courage for this exalted philosophy. I had rather be blotted out.

Il faut trancher ce mot. What is there in life to attach us to it but the hope of a future and a better? It is a cracker, a rocket, a firework at best.

I admire your navigation, and should like to sail with you, either in your bark or in my own alongside of yours. Hope with her gay ensigns displayed at the prow, Fear with her hobgoblins behind the stern. Hope springs eternal, and hope is all that endures. Take away hope and what remains? What pleasure, I mean? Take away fear, and what pain remains? Ninety-nine one-hundredths of the pleasures and pains of life are nothing but hopes and fears.

A sillier letter than my last.

Three days later he sent on his effort to answer Jefferson's inquiry on the reason or value of grief: —

When I approach such questions as this, I consider myself like one of those little eels in vinaigre, or one of those animalcules in black or red pepper or in the horse-radish root, that bite our tongues so cruelly, reasoning upon the το πραν. Of what use is this sting upon the tongue? Why might we not have the benefit of these stimulants without the sting? Why might we not have the fragrance and beauty of the rose without the thorn?

In the first place, however, we know not the connection between pleasure and pain. They seem to be mechanical and inseparable. How can we conceive a strong passion, a sanguine hope suddenly disappointed, without producing pain, or grief? It seems that grief, as a mere passion, must be in proportion to sensibility.

Did you ever see a portrait or a statue of a great man, without perceiving strong traits of pain and anxiety? Those furrows were all ploughed in the countenance by grief. Our juridical oracle, Sir Edward Coke, thought that none were fit for legislators and magistrates but 'sad men.' And who were these sad men? They were aged men, who had been tossed and buffeted in the vicissitudes of life, forced upon profound reflection by grief and disappointment, and taught to command their passions and prejudices. . . .

Grief drives men into habits of serious reflection, sharpens the understanding, and softens the heart; it compels them to arouse their reason, to assert its empire over their passions, propensities, and prejudices; to elevate them to a superiority over all human events; to give them the *felicis animi immota tranquillitas;* in short, to make them stoics and Christians. After all, as grief is pain it stands in the predicament of all evil, and the great question occurs, What is the origin and what the final cause of evil? This perhaps is known only to Omniscience. We poor mortals have nothing to do with

it but to fabricate all the good we can out of all inevitable evils and to avoid all that are avoidable; and many such there are, among which are our own unnecessary apprehensions and imaginary fears.

Jefferson bowed to these arguments as to grief: 'No answer remains to be given. You have exhausted the subject.' As to living his own seventy-three years over again forever, he was hesitant: —

With Chew's limitations from twenty-five to sixty I would say yes; and I might go further back, but not come lower down. For at the later period, with most of us, the powers of life are sensibly on the wane. If, in its full vigor, your friend Vassall could doubt its value, it must be purely a negative quantity when its evils alone remain. Yet I do not go into his opinion entirely. I do not agree that an age of pleasure is no compensation for a moment of pain. I think, with you, that life is a fair matter of account, and the balance often, nay, generally, in its favor. It is not indeed easy by calculation of intensity and time to apply a common measure, or to fix the par between pleasure and pain; yet it exists and it is measurable. On the question, for example, whether to be cut for the stone: The young, with the longer prospect of years, think these overbalance the pain of the operation. Dr. Franklin, at the age of eighty, thought his residuum of life not worth that price. I should have thought with him, even taking the stone out of the scale. There is a ripeness of time for death, regarding others as well as ourselves, when it is reasonable we should drop off and make room for another growth. When we have lived our generation out, we should not wish to encroach on another. I enjoy good health; I am happy in what is around me; yet I assure you I am ripe for leaving all this year, this day, this hour. If it could be doubted whether we would go back to twenty-five, how can it be whether we would go forward from seventy-three? . . . Perhaps, however, I might accept of time to read Grimm before I go. Fifteen volumes of anecdotes and incidents, within the compass of my own time and cognizance, written by a man of genius, of taste, of point, an acquaintance, the measure and traverses of whose mind I know, could not fail to turn the scale in favor of life during their perusal.

Adams is loath to let go so alluring a speculation. He returns to it once more in his next: —

Let us state a few questions sub rosa.

1. Would you accept a life, if offered you, of equal pleasure and pain — for example: one million of moments of pleasure, and one million of moments of pain? Suppose the pleasure as exquisite as any in life, and the pain as exquisite as any; for example, stone-gravel, gout, headache, earache, toothache, colic, etc. I would not. I would rather be blotted out.

2. Would you accept a life of one year of incessant gout, headache, etc., for seventy-two years of such life as you have enjoyed? I would not. (One year of colic = seventy-two of *boules de savon;* pretty, but unsubstantial.) I had rather be extinguished. You may vary these algebraical equations at pleasure and without end. All this ratiocination, calculation, call it what you will, is founded on the supposition of no future state. Promise me an eternal life free from pain, although in all other respects no better than our present terrestrial existence, I know not how many thousand years of Smithfield fevers I would not endure to obtain it. In fine, without the supposition of a future state, mankind and this globe appear to me the most sublime and beautiful bubble, and bauble, that imagination can conceive.

When they drift off to other subjects, books is inevitably one of them. Jefferson let slip a reference to Destutt de Tracy's three volumes on Ideology, which Adams seized: —

'Three vols. of Ideology?' Pray explain to me this neological title. What does it mean? When Bonaparte used it I was delighted with it, upon the common principle of delight in everything we cannot understand. Does it mean Idiotism? The science of *non compos mentuism?* The science of Lunacy? The theory of Delirium? Or does

it mean the science of Self-love? Of *amour propre?* Or the elements of Vanity?

. . . I verily believe I was as wise and good seventy years ago, as now. At that period Lemuel Bryant was my parish priest, Joseph Claverly my Latin schoolmaster. Lemuel was a jolly, jocular, and liberal scholar and divine. Joseph was a scholar and a gentleman; but a bigoted Episcopalian, a downright conscientious, passive-obedience man in Church and State. The parson and the pedagogue lived much together, but were eternally disputing about government and religion. One day, when the schoolmaster had been more than commonly fanatical and declared if he were a monarch, he would have but one religion in his dominions; the parson coolly replied, 'Claverly! you would be the best man in the world if you had no religion.'

Twenty times in the course of my late reading I have been on the point of breaking out, 'This would be the best of all possible worlds, if there were no religion in it.' But in this exclamation I should have been as fanatical as Bryant or Claverly. Without religion this world would be something not fit to be mentioned in polite society: I mean Hell.

This year of 1818 Adams's letters were fewer; the reason was the failing health and death of his dear Abigail. Next year the letters picked up again, and they continued to flash with interest and vivacity, but they were less frequent as the few remaining years spun on. Tenderness crept in more frequently. Jefferson wrote: 'I am satisfied and sufficiently occupied with the things which are, without tormenting or troubling myself about those which may indeed be, but of which I have no evidence. I am sure that I know many, many things, and none more surely than that I love you with all my heart, and pray for the continuance of your life until you be tired of it yourself.' And again: 'Crippled wrists and fingers make writing slow and laborious. But while writing you, I lose the sense of these things in the recollection of ancient times, when youth and health made happiness out of everything.' 'You see,' said Adams, 'as my reason and intellect fail my imagination grows more wild and ungovernable, but my friendship remains the same.'

Jefferson's last letter was handed to Adams by the Virginian's grandson, 'who, being on a visit to Boston, would think he had seen nothing were he to leave without seeing you. . . . Like other young people, he wishes in the winter nights of old age to recount to those around him what he has heard and learnt of the heroic age preceding his birth, and which of the Argonauts individually he was in time to have seen.' Adams replied with pleasant compliments for his friend's grandson. This was April in 1826.

They did not write again. They died soon after, within an hour of each other, Jefferson in his eighty-third year, Adams in his ninety-first, on the day they had both done so much to make memorable, the Fourth of July.

DRAMS, SCRUPLES, AND KINGS' NOSES

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

SHADES of Alice! Has the Walrus begun to talk again? No. It is only a silver-topped schoolboy who is trying to rememorize the Table of Liquid Weights and Measures, given in the Complete Arithmetic. He suffers because an hour after looking up the table he forgets whether three drams make a scruple, or eight scruples make a dram. As a last resort, he cuts out the table and pastes it in his hat. Now he has it right: —

> Three drops make one minim,
> Eight minims make one scruple,
> Three scruples make one dram,
> Two or three drams make one drunk.

It is certainly so; nevertheless the last line is not in the Complete Arithmetic and the old schoolboy wonders if the book should not be called an 'Incomplete Arithmetic.'

Of course it is no longer proper to stress the dram. By amending the glorious Constitution given us by Fathers who themselves took a dram as often as the occasion required and whenever opportunity offered, we have abolished the dramshop and outlawed an ancient institution. But if drams go, scruples should go with them. The Eighteenth Amendment should provide a new Arithmetic, for why should school-children now recite in unison: 'Sixty minims make a fluidrachm; 128 fluidrachms make a pint,' when possession of a pint is perilous? Two pints make a quart — that we never shall forget, no matter how long we live. And truly the quart is a noble measure, a respectable, tangible, sensible, solid unit. Yet not one in twenty thousand who know what the dimensions of a quart are could tell his neighbor, if the neighbor desired to know, that there were just 256 fluidrachms in a quart or 15,360 minims! Moreover, the Apothecaries' Fluid-Measure Table unblushingly declares that the minim is equal to a drop of water. What then do poets have in mind when they sing so blithely of 'a wee drappie'?

The word *dram*, which we now must forget and forgive, comes from the Greek *drachma*, a coin. In the late degenerate days, drams were given freely and taken freely and, by what we may call a gentlemen's agreement, were about three teaspoonfuls; thus pleasing the palate without gorging the gullet. Now whether the ancient Greeks did really toss a coin across the counter in compensation for three scruples or teaspoonfuls of nectar we know not; but on the general principle of give and take and in the code which prescribes 'no coin — no dram' it seems plausible that even among the gods themselves a drachma may have become synonymous with a drink. Ambrosia cannot be given away gratis even on Olympus; and it is a pleasing picture, that of Ganymede, cupbearer to the gods, receiving one good drachma in exchange for one good draught from the pitcher.

But some impatient soul will say, 'What has all this drinking of drams to do with kings' noses?' Patience! We shall yet show the connection; but not,

as might be anticipated, as a matter of coloring. With ordinary noses there used to be high correlation-coefficients of color; but times have changed, and with Prohibition red noses will cease to be fashionable.

More than eight hundred years ago there lived a king — an English king, one Henry, surnamed Beauclerc. Early in his reign, gray-bearded councilors declared that in their opinion it would be nice to have a measure of length called a yard; and this should be the distance between the tip of royal Henry's nose and the end of the royal thumb. The king's nose may have been large or small or tilted upward. Moreover, the distance may have been measured when the king's nose was swollen, for royal noses can hit a doorpost in the dark just like common noses. And the royal thumb may have been stubby or spatulate. Henry too might have playfully extended his fingers and wiggled them with his thumb not quite at, but very near, the end of his royal nose; or he might have wiggled eight fingers with the thumb of one hand touching the little finger of the other. Twirling his fingers thus he could delicately convey to the court scientists who were conducting the royal triangulation just what he thought of them. But at all costs the deed was done and the Englishmen of the twelfth century achieved a yard. We of the twentieth century, especially our wives, our daughters, our sisters, and our maiden aunts, should never forget that every time we buy a yard of ribbon we measure more or less accurately the distance between a defunct ex-royal nose and a departed ex-royal thumb. The Complete Arithmetic does not say all this; but then, as we have previously noted, the Arithmetic is less complete than it ought to be.

Henry is gone and he took his nose and his thumbs with him, wherever he went. We cannot very well standardize our yard by comparison with the original; nor can we even find the bit of string or stick or whatever it was they used to determine the exact distance between the proboscis and the thumb.

Later, sometime in the fourteenth century, it was legally decided — and we see in this an early example of that precision of statement and clarity of thought which so distinguishes legal decisions — that three barleycorns should make an inch. The corns were to be dry, round, medium-sized, and laid end to end! Thirty-six barleycorns made one foot and 108 corns a yard. It would take 200,000 barleycorns, more or less, to measure a mile; but it is doubtful if anyone ever tried it. The French did better, for they had what they called a *pouce*, a thumb's breadth; but just whose thumb was used, deponent saith not.

In 1818 the Royal Society said it was shameful not to have a standard yard; and after some eight years of painful deliberation a standard yard was established. This was the distance between two gold studs in a brass bar, which dated back to 1760. At last Englishmen had, so the warrant read, 'the original and genuine standard of that measure of length or linear extension called a yard.'

This bar was given for safe-keeping into the custody of the Clerk of the House of Commons. So far, so good; and it would seem that the people of England had the elusive yard fairly well caged. But no. In 1834 the Houses of Parliament burned down and the standard yard was never seen again. It embraced the opportunity to do away with itself. An auto-da-fé. So did the standard pound and the standard gallon. There was no standard dram or it too would have gone

up — not down — for keeps. Likewise there were no scruples; and there should have been no regrets. But the English are a persistent people and in those days were fond of their gill, dram, and gallon — likewise pound and yard. Hence in 1879 they legalized a choice assortment of measures and weights, calling them 'Imperial.' Some of the old units did not survive. They were mercifully massacred and few tears were shed. Fewer would have been shed if more of the ancients had been sacrificed. It was a splendid opportunity for a wholesale slaughter and complete wiping-out of the whole list. And the very first victims of the guillotine should have been the money units, in as much as decimal coinage already existed in the chief Dominions of the Empire. But no! They were allowed to escape!

The Day of Destiny, however, has only been deferred. Revolution is in the air and the oppressed English, a proud, patient, and long-suffering people, will yet rise in their might and break the shackles which have bound them so long. The war cry of the revolution will be, 'Down with pence, shillings, and pounds.' When that happy day dawns, it will no longer be lawful for a citizen of London to carry 960 farthings to the Bank of England and depart bearing in exchange 240 pennies. The ducats of an ancient régime shall fall before the shekels of the proletariat, and the plutocratic penny be dethroned. In its stead the convenient cent shall reign ubiquitous. The superfluous shilling, like the dram, shall sleep the long slumber, resting forgotten and happily undisturbed, even as King Henry's nose and the forty-inch yard of Queen Elizabeth. A wide, whirling, perhaps wicked, world will be dominated by the dollar.

And the Complete Arithmetic! Ah! It shall suffer a puncture. No longer portly, it shall shrink and even become slender. Between its covers will be no examples requiring a knowledge of various unregenerate tables — brain-fuddling, despair-compelling tortures.

Under such sunnier skies even a low lowbrow will calculate correctly the costs in those wonderful purchases which the Arithmetic asks him to make.

And the old examples, those old fellows that like a Macedonian phalanx defied assaults, withstanding father, uncle, big brother, and the boy next door — these will no longer look one in the face. For them a deep-dug grave, not the printed page. And in this golden age yet to be, the schoolboy now grown gray, passing the open windows of the seat of learning, will hear youthful voices proclaim: —

> Three drops made a minim,
> Eight minims made a gill,
> Thirty-odd gills made a gallon,
> (?) pounds made a bushel,

— in the long ago.

It will be some class in Ancient History, not Arithmetic, reciting.

CUTTING IRELAND IN TWO

The heavy line encloses the present political boundary of Ulster as temporarily defined. The complex problems involved in separating alien groups of population are shown graphically. Note the convolutions in the line dividing Fermanagh from Monaghan

I

In June 1921, when murder and counter-murder were rife in Ireland, Sir James Craig entrusted himself to emissaries of Sinn Fein and was conducted blindfold to the presence of Mr. de Valera. What passed at this interview history will never perhaps know, but legend affirms that Mr. de Valera's discourse on the Irish Question began with the invasion of Strongbow. It was not till the Southern Leader had reached the age of Cromwell that the Northern Leader produced his pipe, asking for permission to smoke till Mr. de Valera had come to the twentieth century.

As Mr. Lloyd George said in the recent debates in Parliament: 'The Celt is an imaginative being. Yes, thank God for it. It is very useful sometimes, but it is troublesome also when you are settling disputes. You settle a quarrel in Ireland, and find that it started with Brian Boru.'

In order to explain the quarrel in its present phase, it is necessary to

begin as Mr. de Valera began. From the reign of Henry II to that of James I, Welsh and English adventurers invaded Ireland, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Dutch and Huguenots invaded South Africa. They carved out for themselves large estates from the tribal lands of the native inhabitants, who remained to work the soil as their tenants. It follows that their descendants and successors are distributed broadcast over the country, and except in the port towns are seldom found in concentrated groups. Catholics up to the reign of Henry VIII, they were quickly absorbed by the native Irishry.

The spirit of enterprise which followed the discovery of America swelled the stream of adventurers, who after the Reformation in England, Scotland, and Wales were mostly Protestants with the zeal of converts. Then absorption into the Catholic Irishry was checked by the religious difference, though not entirely stopped. Protestant landlords of English descent were thus distributed broadcast over the greater part of Ireland. As they were surrounded by a subject population to which they were aliens in faith as well as in race, their weakness as a Protestant garrison was obvious.

At the end of the Tudor period preparations were made for remedying this defect by clearing the northeastern part of Ireland of a great number of the native inhabitants and driving them into the wilds of Connaught. It was intended to colonize the area so vacated with English settlers, but Elizabeth died before the settlement could be made, and her Scottish successor, James I, seized the opportunity to flood northeastern Ireland with his own countrymen. Ulster was thus converted into an area in which the majority of the peasants as well as of the landlords were identified with the Protestant interest. The country was not of course completely cleared before the settlement. The best of the land which lay in the valleys was taken for the Protestant immigrants, while the mountain areas were left to the Catholic Irishry. Hence to-day the mountainous centre of Tyrone is mainly Catholic, while the majority of Protestants are often to be found in the valleys which surround that centre.

The change introduced by James I was a serious departure from the scheme as originally conceived. The Tudor sovereigns had intended to hold Catholic Ireland through the agency of a garrison which was not merely Protestant, but Episcopalian. From the English standpoint the majority of the Presbyterian settlers from Scotland were Nonconformists. They, like the Catholics, were excluded from political power, and until 1780 the Irish Parliament represented Episcopalians alone. This partly explains why so large a number of Washington's soldiers, and those the most combative, were drawn from the Presbyterians of Northern Ireland. 'The Irish Presbyterians,' says Lecky, 'appear to have been everywhere bitterly anti-English, and outside New England it is probable that they did more of the real fighting of the Revolution than any other class.' It explains why the independence of Grattan's Parliament was achieved by the support of 80,000 armed Protestants with their centre in Belfast. It explains why the most resolute opposition to the Act of Union in 1800 came from Ulster.

The Catholics on the whole supported the Union because it was accompanied by the promise that they would be admitted by the Parliament of the United Kingdom to political rights, a promise the fulfillment of which was delayed until

1829. But for the delay, Catholic Ireland might well have become reconciled to the Union, as Scotland had done a century before. The industrial North meanwhile had come to recognize the benefits of free trade which the Union secured for their manufactures in Great Britain. The tardy concession of equal political rights obviously meant that Catholics would rule Ireland if the Union were repealed. After 1829 the grandchildren of the Presbyterians, whose bayonets had achieved Irish autonomy in 1780, became its most resolute opponents. The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland in 1871 removed the last serious difference which divided the Protestant camp. Industrial Dissenters in the North combined with Episcopalian landlords in the South to influence if not to control Irish policy through Parliament and also through the administrative offices of Dublin Castle.

II

In seeking the repeal of the Union, Nationalist Ireland has always been divided into two camps. From the days of Emmet to those of the Fenians and Sinn Fein there was always a party which believed only in physical force. The other section — led by men like Daniel O'Connell, Isaac Butt, Parnell, and Redmond — trusted to constitutional methods. The conversion of Gladstone to their cause in 1886 strengthened their hands, and of course gravely alarmed the Protestant Unionists. Gladstone's defeat in the Lords, however, in 1886 and again in 1893, allowed them to hope that further projects of Irish autonomy could always be frustrated by constitutional methods. The Parliament Act of 1911, which enabled the Commons to override the veto of the Lords by passing a measure in three successive sessions, destroyed the safeguard to which they had trusted since 1886. On September 28, 1912, began the signing of a 'Solemn Covenant' which ran as follows: —

> Being convinced in our consciences that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as to the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious freedom, destructive of our citizenship, and perilous to the unity of the Empire, we whose names are underwritten, men of Ulster, loyal subjects of His Gracious Majesty King George V, humbly relying on the God whom our fathers in days of stress and trial confidently trusted, hereby pledge ourselves in Solemn Covenant throughout this our time of threatened calamity to stand by one another in defending, for ourselves and our children, our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, and in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland; and, in the event of such a Parliament being forced upon us, we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognize its authority. In sure confidence that God will defend the right, we hereto subscribe our names, and, further, we individually declare that we have not already signed this Covenant.

To this Covenant the great body of Protestants in the nine counties of Ulster subscribed. Its occasion was the Home Rule Bill for all Ireland, which had been published on April 11, 1912. It is now known that when this measure was in preparation a minority in the Cabinet, which included Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, had been in favor of excluding from its operations the four counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, and Londonderry, which contained Protestant minorities. Lord Loreburn persuaded the Cabinet to reject their counsels. In Parliament, however, the matter was raised by Mr. Agar-Robartes, himself a Liberal,

who moved to exclude the four counties. The amendment was lost.

The Bill was rejected by the Lords, passed once more by the Commons in 1913, and again in 1914. The Ulster Covenanters meanwhile had organized and armed themselves to resist the measure. On May 25, 1914, when asking for the third vote necessary to override the veto of the Lords, Mr. Asquith undertook that, if an agreement could be reached with the Ulster Unionists as to the area to be excluded from the Bill, statutory effect would be given to it. In the meantime the Home Rule Bill would not be presented for the King's assent. On July 21, no agreement having matured, the King summoned a conference of party leaders at Buckingham Palace. The Ulster leaders who had stood out for the exclusion of all nine counties were now willing to agree to the exclusion of six, the Nationalist leaders to accept the exclusion of four. The difference which could not be settled was over Fermanagh and Tyrone, in which the Catholics had small majorities.

When the breakdown of the conference was announced on July 24 it seemed as if events must lead inevitably to the cataclysm of civil war. The state of affairs in Ireland certainly encouraged Germany to believe that England might be ignored in the crisis of those momentous hours. A national catastrophe was averted by that which Germany forced on the world. When she invaded Belgium, Redmond and Carson both rallied to the support of the British cause.

In September the Government decided on the one hand to present the Home Rule Bill as it stood for the royal assent, and on the other to submit to Parliament a Bill suspending its operation till the end of the war. The measure was passed subject to an explicit undertaking from Mr. Asquith that Ulster would not be coerced and that a Bill amending the Home Rule Act in the interests of Ulster would be introduced before the Act was brought into operation.

And so the matter rested until the outbreak of the rebellion in Dublin on Easter Day, 1916. In the early summer Mr. Lloyd George, acting on behalf of the Cabinet, negotiated with Redmond and Carson an agreement whereby Home Rule was to come into immediate operation for the twenty-six counties. The six counties were to remain as they were till the end of the war, when their ultimate destiny was to be submitted to an Imperial conference. There was a latent misunderstanding as to whether the six counties were to be bound by the findings of the conference. Both leaders secured the assent of their respective party organizations to the plan as they understood it, though not without protests, so far as the North was concerned, from the 70,000 Protestants and Covenanters in the three Ulster counties of Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan, who were to come under the Dublin Parliament. The plan was actually wrecked by Unionist members of the Cabinet, who refused to agree that Irish members should continue to sit in Parliament at Westminster pending the settlement at the end of the war.

The events which followed upon the Easter rebellion, including the acceptance by Redmond and his followers of the exclusion of the six counties, destroyed the Constitutional Party in Ireland. At a time when nothing in the world seemed to count but physical force, the great mass of their followers went over to Sinn Fein. With the opening of 1917 it became apparent that the issue of the war would mainly depend upon whether the United States would throw her unexhausted resources into the struggle

on the side of the Allies. The condition of Ireland was a main obstacle, and in March Mr. Lloyd George tried the expedient of remitting the problem to an Irish Convention. Sinn Fein, which now represented a vast majority of Catholic Irish, stood aloof. The representatives of the North refused to come under an Irish parliament on any terms. A majority in the Convention refused to accept partition.

The Armistice of November 11, 1918, was quickly followed by a general election. The Conservatives joined forces with the Liberal section which followed Mr. Lloyd George, who pledged himself in a letter to Mr. Bonar Law against any attempt to settle the Irish question which interfered with the existing position of the six counties. The Coalition was returned by an overwhelming majority. In Ireland the Nationalist Party was almost wiped out. The seventy-three members returned for Sinn Fein abstained from taking their seats, declared an Irish republic, and constituted themselves as its government under the title of Dail Eireann. Thenceforward there rapidly developed in Ireland a state of affairs comparable only to the Balkans at their worst. For four years homicide and arson became endemic. In the Protestant North and in the forces of the Crown were elements which adopted the practice of fighting Sinn Fein with its own weapons. These terrible consequences might have been forestalled had the British Government tackled the problem immediately after the war. But criticism dies on the lips of those who remember the tasks which that Government was called upon to face.

The matter was eventually forced upon the attention of the Government by the curious fact that the signature of peace with Turkey which was pending would in terms of the suspending Act of September 1914 bring the Home Rule Act into operation. By the end of 1919 something had to be done to redeem the pledges given to Ulster by Mr. Asquith in 1914, and by the leaders of the Coalition in 1918.

Under the inspiration of certain Irishmen connected with the Convention of 1917, Lord Northcliffe had been advocating through the *Times* a solution based on a new principle. The idea was to establish Home Rule in the twenty-six counties, and at the same time to give to the other six a separate and exactly similar constitution. To this was to be added machinery to facilitate the union of Ireland by mutual agreement between both areas and governments. The Government appointed a committee, under Mr. Walter Long, to prepare a scheme, the outlines of which were foreshadowed in a speech which Mr. Lloyd George made in the House on December 22, 1919. There were four alternatives, he said, with regard to boundaries. The first was to give the whole of Ulster to the North, the second to leave the choice to the option of each county, the third to take the six counties. 'The fourth suggestion is that we should ascertain what is the homogeneous northeastern section, and constitute it into a separate area, taking the six counties as a basis, eliminating, where practicable, the Catholic communities, while including Protestant communities from the coterminous Catholic counties of Ireland, in order to produce an area as homogeneous as it is possible to achieve under these circumstances.' He indicated his own preference for this course.

As we now know from his recent statements in the House, the suggestion had come from the Northern leaders

themselves. Their fellow Covenanters in Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan were raising passionate protests against the abandonment of 70,000 Ulster Protestants to the South. The idea of tracing some fresh line which could include more Protestants and fewer Catholics was certain to be discussed.

In view of the pledge given at the election of 1918, the Government probably felt that Ulster must be given the final word. On May 13, 1920, Sir Edward Carson said in the House of Commons: —

'We called in six or seven hundred delegates from the whole of Ulster; we thrashed this out — I am glad to say with very good temper all around. We heard what the delegates had to say from the three counties, and from the six counties. I do not say that they were unanimous — that would not be true; but a very vast majority of the delegates representing the whole of Ulster were in favor of maintaining the Bill as it had been brought in by the Government.'

The idea of a commission to readjust the boundaries of the six counties in such a manner that it would include as many Protestants and exclude as many Catholics as possible went by the board. Nor is it difficult to conjecture why. Delegates from the six counties were in a vast majority over those from the three. Each of the former must have felt that, if the six counties were taken as they were, his constituents were once for all safe within the fold. If the matter were left to a commission, some of them, embedded in a larger mass of Catholics, might be transferred to the South. The delegates in the six counties voted strictly in the interests of those they represented, and were able to outvote the delegates who represented Protestant groups in the three counties who were anxious for inclusion in the six.

The difficulty of holding a boundary commission in the then disturbed state of the country supplied the Government with an additional reason for adopting the course of least resistance. So the area of Northern Ireland was defined in the Act as 'the parliamentary counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone, and the parliamentary boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry.'

The result was a boundary which included two counties — Fermanagh and Tyrone — in which the Catholics held the majority and controlled the county councils and most of the minor local authorities. Considerable Protestant communities in the other three Ulster counties viewed with resentment the action of their fellow Covenanters in handing them over to the Catholic majority of Southern Ireland. And, as a glance at the map will show, the boundary established by the Act was one calculated to inflict on both areas the maximum of economic and administrative inconvenience.

The last section of the Act of 1920 repealing the Home Rule Act of 1914 was denounced by Captain Redmond and Mr. T. P. O'Connor as a breach of a treaty with Ireland. The Ulster members themselves refused to vote for the measure, in order to signify their objection on principle to Home Rule in any shape or form. As, however, they agreed that it was now inevitable that Home Rule should be granted to the greater part of Ireland, they preferred to accept Home Rule for the six counties on the ground that they would not then be placed under the Dublin Parliament except with their own consent. In the Commons they insisted that while they would accept the measure they did not want it. By all parties in Southern Ireland, including the Loyalists, it was passionately denounced, and fears seem

to have been entertained that it might be rejected by the Lords on the ground that no one in Ireland approved it. The Lord Chancellor in introducing it read to the Lords a letter from Sir Edward Carson, written on behalf of his Ulster colleagues, in which he denied that 'no one in Ireland wants the Bill passed into law.' Recognizing the fact that the Home Rule Bill for 1914 was on the statute book, the Protestants of the six counties were anxious for the Bill to pass.

These wishes were fulfilled, and in 1921 the Government and Parliament of Northern Ireland were constituted. In Southern Ireland there were no contested elections. All the members but four were nominated by Sinn Fein and refused to take the oath. The legislature and executive of Southern Ireland were never constituted. The struggle continued to develop with ever-increasing ferocity on both sides, till an appeal from the King at the opening of the Parliament in Belfast led to a truce in July and eventually to a conference between representatives of the British Government and Sinn Fein, which met in the following October. The Government of Northern Ireland preferred to stand aloof, subject to a promise that nothing should be done to affect their rights under the act of 1920 without consulting them. By November 10 a tentative agreement had been reached under which the whole of Ireland was to assume the status of a dominion. As the proposals included the six counties, Mr. Lloyd George wrote to Sir James Craig describing them in detail, and invited the Government of Northern Ireland to discuss them with His Majesty's Government. Northern Ireland was to retain its present government inside that dominion, and would occupy at Dublin exactly the same position it then occupied at Westminster. 'The question of the area within the special jurisdiction of the Northern Parliament we have reserved for discussion with you. The creation of an All-Ireland Parliament would clearly further an amicable settlement of the problem.' On the eleventh of November, Sir James Craig replied, declining to discuss any proposal which involved a parliament for all Ireland. In particular he protested against the suggestion that the Northern area was still open to revision, on the ground that it was finally settled in 1920. As a result of subsequent correspondence he eventually consented to a personal interview with Mr. Lloyd George, which took place on Wednesday, November 23. On Tuesday, November 29, he informed the House of Commons of Northern Ireland that at this interview Mr. Lloyd George had authorized him to give them the following information: 'The message which he agreed both he and I might release at three o'clock is this. By Tuesday next either negotiations will have broken down or the Prime Minister will send me new proposals for consideration by the Cabinet. In the meantime the rights of Ulster will be in no way sacrificed or compromised.'

After November 11 and before December 6 the proposals as submitted to the Government of Northern Ireland had been revised into the shape in which they appear in the Treaty as signed. Under these proposals, as revised, Northern Ireland was still to be included in the Free State, but might opt out within one month of its final establishment. 'In the latter case, however, we should feel unable to defend the existing boundary, which must be subject to revision on one side and on the other by a Boundary Commission under the terms of the instrument.'

These were the words used by Mr. Lloyd George in the letter under cover

of which the Treaty was conveyed to Sir James Craig in Belfast on December 6. Whether, at his interview on the twenty-third of November, Mr. Lloyd George mentioned the agreements now embodied in Article 12 as part of the agreement which the Irish delegates were to be asked to sign has never been stated. That Mr. Griffith had already discussed these proposals with Mr. Lloyd George we know from a letter recently disclosed by Mr. de Valera. We do not know whether they had been drafted in their present form on November 23 or, if so, whether Sir James Craig saw the draft. That he was aware that Mr. Lloyd George did not regard the boundary as settled once for all by the Act of 1920 is proved by his letter of November 11.

III

Peace with Ireland involved the solution of two principal issues: independence, and the partition of Ireland. To the first, Sinn Fein as an organization was committed; but it well knew that among the Irish at large there was no real desire to renounce their status as British citizens. The partition of Ireland had stirred feelings which were deeper, wider, and far more permanent. Had the Treaty contained no modification whatever of the arrangements imposed by the Act of 1920, its chance of approval in Dublin when signed would have been slender indeed. The resumption of a struggle conducted by methods of which both sides were in their hearts ashamed was the only alternative to signature. It was useless, however, for Griffith and Collins to sign a treaty they knew their followers would not endorse. As after-events have shown, little was needed to turn the scale against it. The absence of any provision to revise the boundary would have supplied that little.

On the fourteenth of December Sir James Craig replied to the letter under cover of which Mr. Lloyd George had sent him the Treaty on December 6. He intimated that Northern Ireland would opt out of the Free State and that his Government reserved the right of dissenting from the appointment of any boundary commission. From the speech which Lord Londonderry made the following day in the House of Lords, it is clear that Sir James Craig and his colleagues had not yet realized the defect in the Treaty which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was afterward to disclose.

Reappearing in the House on December 15, after long retirement, Mr. Bonar Law said that in view of the pledges given at the election of 1918 the people of Northern Ireland were entitled to consider their boundaries as 'settled, and settled forever.' 'I am going to be fair in this matter if I can, for if anyone ought to know both the difficulties and responsibilities of the Government, and if anyone ought to know how little there is in the idea that people are doing certain things because they wish to stick to office, I am that man. No one ought to know that better than I. I am going to look at the thing fairly. It would not be any defense, to me, that Sir James Craig declined to enter a conference to consider the possibility of an All-Ireland Parliament. Very likely the Government felt that if they did not conclude negotiations right away they might not conclude them at all. *If so, I think that that is a defense which ought to be seriously taken into account by the Ulster representatives.* I say further that if the Boundaries Commission is carried out in a spirit worthy of the agreement, which means not the possibility of throwing out a county but a real adjustment of boundaries . . . I think Ulster would make a very great mis-

take if it refused to have anything to do with the agreement on that account.'

Since the separation of the six counties had taken place, Erskine Childers had produced on behalf of Sinn Fein a series of maps, showing in graphic form the results of parliamentary and local elections in Northern Ireland. Wherever an election area, whether large or small, showed a Catholic majority it was marked in black, the argument being that the principle of self-determination involved its transfer to the South. The result would of course have been such a mutilation of Northern Ireland that its existence as a separate area of government would have been impossible. From subsequent statements we know that the Irish delegates produced such maps in the discussions which took place over Article 12, and argued their claim to the transfer of the two counties in which Catholic majorities were shown and also to Londonderry and Newry. We also know that the British delegates refused to accept any clause which would make the revision of the boundary depend on votes taken in counties, districts, parishes, or any other existing electoral areas. Article 12 as it now stands is clearly inspired by the idea that, subject to economic and geographical considerations, the commission should be left free to trace a boundary which would include the largest possible number of Protestants in the North and the largest possible number of Catholics in the South, taking the six counties as a basis. It was, in fact, a reversion to the plan originally mooted by the Ulster leaders, which Mr. Lloyd George had foreshadowed in his speech of December 22, 1919, but which was rejected by the delegates from the six counties shortly after.

In a speech which Lord Birkenhead made on the seventh of December, he used language which might be and has been interpreted to imply that Article 12 meant option by counties. In the parliamentary debates, however, of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth, he and the other British signatories made it clear that so far as they were concerned the article was intended to mean what Mr. Bonar Law, in the passage above recited, said it ought to mean. No objection was made to their statements by the Irish signatories. Nor was the subject raised in the raging discussions of the Dail which followed and were only brought to a close in January, when the Treaty was approved by a narrow majority. The members of that body were obsessed by the abstract question of independence, which made no real appeal to the majority of Irish electors.

As soon as the Treaty had been approved in Dublin the Provisional Government under Collins was established in accordance with Article 17. Its functions were to administer the twenty-six counties until a constitution framed by themselves in accordance with the Treaty had been given the force of law. The Free State would then be finally established and Northern Ireland would then have to decide within one month whether to remain in the Free State or to separate, subject to a revision of the boundary.

On January 21, Mr. Collins met Sir James Craig in London and agreed that in place of the Commission, as provided in the Treaty, the boundary should be settled between themselves. Another meeting was arranged at Dublin, with a view to settlement of further points at issue. Both leaders were immediately pressed by their followers to say how they meant to interpret the agreement. A speech by Sir James Craig raised feelings of distrust in the Northern Catholics. Deputations of protest poured into Dublin from beyond the border, in reply to which

Mr. Collins made promises equally extreme as to the claims he intended to make. The Childers maps were freely produced and circulated in the North, where they lashed the Protestants into a fever of suspicion. When Sir James Craig reached Dublin for the second conference he met Collins fresh from an interview with a stormy deputation from Newry. The results were announced in the following statement to the evening papers: —

> The following agreed statement was issued this afternoon by Mr. Michael Collins, Chairman of the Provisional Government, and Sir James Craig. The discussion between Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig was almost entirely confined to the subject of the Boundary Commission. Owing to the fact that Mr. Collins stands on the Boundary Commission and the Irish Delegation's agreement with Mr. Lloyd George that large territories were involved in the Agreement and not merely a boundary line, as Sir James Craig was given to understand privately by several British Ministers and the statement of Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, no further agreement was reached, and a very serious situation has consequently arisen.

So ended an agreement which if it had matured would have saved Ireland from miseries untold. As in all revolutions, there were elements which its leaders could not control. Certain members of the Irish Republican Army were under sentence of death for murder in Northern Ireland. As the Northern ministers refused to advise their reprieve, the Imperial Government instructed the Viceroy to reprieve them. A few hours before this decision was announced armed bands from Southern Ireland crossed the border, captured a number of Protestant hostages, and conveyed them south of the line. Appeals for assistance made by Sir James Craig to the British Government met with an immediate response. The Protestant manhood of Northern Ireland were organized as special constables armed with rifles supplied from England, and maintained by the British Treasury at the cost of several millions. Thenceforward the Protestant majority was organized and equipped not only to guard the border, but also to hold in check the minority which refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the Northern Government.

No little credit is due Mr. Churchill for the manner in which he dealt with this iniquitous outrage on behalf of the British Government. His patience and forbearance at this critical juncture alone saved the Treaty. But any hope for better relations between North and South was postponed for several years. This outrage opened the door to a bloody chapter of reprisals and counter-reprisals. It accustomed the Protestant majority of the North to the habit of dominating the Catholic minority by armed force.

The British Government, however, did not allow this incident to deflect it from the policy of helping the signatories of the Treaty to establish a constitutional government in accordance with its terms. It was quickly realized that until the Treaty was given the force of law the Provisional Government in Dublin would possess no legal powers. In February 1922, the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act was introduced into Parliament to legalize the Treaty and to give the Provisional Government the powers they needed until such time as a formal constitution could be framed and enacted. The provisions of Article 12 thus came under discussion again, while the controversy between Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig was fresh in men's minds.

On behalf of the Ulster members various amendments were moved, some in the Commons, others in the Lords.

One prescribed the omission of the boundary provisions from the Treaty; another, that they should not operate except with the approval of Northern Ireland; a third imposed on the Commissioners the interpretation of Article 12 which the British signatories had placed upon it. These amendments were opposed by the British signatories on the ground that (*a*) Article 12 was an integral part of the Treaty, without which the Irish delegates would not have signed; (*b*) it was expressly intended that the Commission should interpret Article 12 for itself; (*c*) the Treaty could be altered only by agreement — an attempt by Parliament to alter its terms would destroy the whole Treaty and immediately lead to a resumption of war. The amendments were negatived by overwhelming majorities in both Houses and the Treaty became law as it stood.

In the course of this debate it was first suggested that a refusal on the part of Northern Ireland to appoint their representative would prevent the constitution of the Boundary Commission. It was presently announced that the Government of Northern Ireland had been so informed by their legal advisers and would act accordingly.

IV

The Free State (Agreement) Act did more than legalize the Treaty. It provided for the creation of a provisional legislature for which an election was to be held in the twenty-six counties. The Southern Irish electorate showed that it approved the Treaty by substantial majorities. Its opponents then resorted to physical force. Rory O'Connor was already encamped at the Four Courts in the centre of Dublin. The Provisional Government temporized, till the cold-blooded murder of Sir Henry Wilson in London precipitated the issue. The civil war between the two sections of Sinn Fein who were for and against the Treaty was opened by the storming of the Four Courts. Rory O'Connor and the rest of his associates who had not been killed in action were imprisoned, to be executed some months later as a reprisal for the murder of a Free State officer. Murder and arson became rife once more. The offices of the Provisional Government were converted into a fortress. The property of Loyalists and Free-Staters alike went up in flames. In August, Griffith died. A few weeks later Collins perished in an ambush, and was succeeded by Cosgrave, who became head of the Provisional Government. A renewed boycott enforced by terror, with other outrages perpetrated by Republicans, inflamed Protestant opinion in Northern Ireland. Before its Government could suppress the campaign of murder and counter-murder which raged in Belfast, more Catholics had perished than Protestants. And yet in these evil days the Provisional Government succeeded in producing a Constitution for the Free State, which the British Government was prepared to submit for the approval of Parliament. When the Coalition Government fell at Westminster, the Provisional Government at Dublin was due to expire on the sixth of December; and unless the Constitution was legalized by that date, the Treaty would in practice have lapsed. Mr. Bonar Law on assuming office in October had no choice but to dissolve Parliament. It was just possible to do this in time to pass the Free State Constitution by December 6. In appealing to the electorate he and all other parties pledged themselves to sustain the Treaty. In the event, the necessary legislation received the royal assent on the fifth of December without a division in either House.

The struggle in Ireland pursued its devastating course till the early summer of 1923. When the Republican resistance at length collapsed, the Free State Government had put some 50,000 men into the field, had interned upward of 12,000, and had executed some 80 of their former associates. For the houses burned by the Republicans vast liabilities had to be assumed. In July, however, it became possible to fix the first elections to be held under the Free State Constitution, for August. The Free State also appointed Dr. John MacNeil as its representative on the Boundary Commission, and on July 19 called upon the British Government to constitute that body. The Duke of Devonshire replied that as soon as that election had been held (which also involved the reconstitution of the Free State executive) he would have a communication to address to both Governments in Ireland. The elections resulted in the return of a considerable minority of Republicans — so many, in fact, that President Cosgrave could depend on a majority only so long as the Republican deputies refrained from taking the oath.

In September, President Cosgrave headed a deputation to Geneva to support the application of the Free State for admission to the League of Nations. The application was supported by the two British ministers, Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Edward Wood, who represented the Government at the head of which Mr. Baldwin had now taken the place of Mr. Bonar Law. The report to the Assembly upon which the Free State was admitted, and to which these two cabinet ministers were parties, contained the following passages: —

> According to precedent the subcommittee has based its investigations on the questionnaire used for the admission of new members of the three first assemblies.
>
> Question number 3 reads thus: —
>
> Does the country possess a stable government and well-defined frontiers?

The answer to this question given in the report is as follows: —

> To the third question the subcommittee replies in the affirmative. The subcommittee has been informed that provision for the final delimitation of a part of the boundary has been made in the Treaty, dated December 6, 1921, embodied in the fundamental law constituting the Irish Free State.

When the Dail met, Mr. Cosgrave was reëlected to the office of President, and on September 22 invitations were addressed to him and to Sir James Craig by the British Government to appoint delegates to a conference to see whether the boundary could not be settled by agreement. The British Government reaffirmed its duty to carry out the provisions of the Treaty if no agreement could be reached. Both Governments agreed to the conference, but its meeting was postponed, first by the session of the Imperial Conference in October, then by the resultant dissolution of Parliament, and again by the result of the election, which involved the fall of Mr. Baldwin's Government when the new House met in January. One of the earliest acts of the Labor Government which succeeded to office was to summon the conference, which met in London February 1, 1924. On the second of February it adjourned, and owing to the serious illness of Sir James Craig it did not meet again till April 24, when it finally broke down. These delays, fully exploited by the enemies of the Free State, were gravely embarrassing to its Government. In the course of these negotiations Mr. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, made no secret of the fact that in his view the problem could be solved only by the

union of North and South, and that the final definition of the boundary under the Treaty, except by consent of both parties, would indefinitely postpone the prospects of union. President Cosgrave and his colleagues probably shared those views, but their hands were tied by the claims of the Catholics in Northern Ireland. Order had been established in the six counties since 1922, but only by the precarious expedient of arming the majority while disarming the minority. The Catholics used their dominant position in the local authorities of Fermanagh and Tyrone to thwart the Northern Government. That government first suppressed them and then enacted a law so altering the franchise and the distribution of constituencies as to ensure a Protestant ascendancy in the local authorities even of the two border counties. They made no secret of their intention to abolish at the first opportunity the system of transferable votes which secures to the Catholics their due proportion of representation in the Parliament of Northern Ireland. The continued refusal of the Catholic members to take their seats in the House opened the way to such measures. They gravely accentuated the irredentist demand for the revision of the boundary, which the Free State Government was unable to disregard. It must be added that the Protestant minority in the South has no such grounds for complaint against the Free State.

Against any approach toward union between North and South the Free State Government had itself created serious obstacles. Meticulously faithful to the letter of the Treaty, in exercising the rights of full dominion autonomy they ignored the susceptibilities of the North. They converted the boundary into a customs frontier, and eliminated every recognition of their connection with the Crown and Empire except where it was enjoined by the express terms of the Treaty. The Union Jack no longer waves over any public building in the Free State. The Royal Arms have vanished from the Courts, the King's name from commissions, his image from the stamp; the red postboxes were repainted green. Behind the harsh and dominating features of the North the South has failed to perceive that there burn ideals, deep, sincere, and unconquerable as their own. History has taught both parties to trust but little in arguments other than those of coercion.

All attempts at conciliation having failed, the British Government on the twenty-ninth of April requested the Government of Northern Ireland to appoint a representative and proceeded to select Mr. Justice Feetham, an eminent member of the South African bench, as Chairman. On the tenth of May the Government of Northern Ireland formally refused to appoint. The British Government then requested the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to advise whether the Commission could be legally constituted in the absence of an appointment by the Government of Northern Ireland. The Chief Justice of Australia and an eminent Canadian judge were invited to attend the Committee, and while they were on their way renewed attempts to bring about a settlement by agreement were made, first by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and then, at his request, by Mr. Justice Feetham — both without result.

In July the Judicial Committee sat and reported that, failing an appointment by Northern Ireland, the Commission could not be constituted under the Act. The absence of any provision under this contingency was described as a *casus improvisus*. In the course of the argument before the Committee,

counsel for Northern Ireland agreed with Lord Dunedin, the presiding judge, that the defect could be legally remedied by an Act of Parliament. The question whether this could be done constitutionally was not discussed.

As soon as the findings of the Judicial Committee were known, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald invited Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, and the other signatories of the Treaty who were still in Parliament, to a conference. Subsequent events have shown that Mr. Lloyd George agreed that the defect must be remedied by legislation. Mr. Baldwin, however, was opposed to legislation, unless the Commission was also restricted to a mere rectification of the boundary.

An agreement was then made with the Free State that the British Government should be empowered by legislation to constitute the Commission by appointing the third representative in default of the Government of Northern Ireland. The agreement was signed by Mr. MacDonald and President Cosgrave. Early in August bills legalizing this agreement were introduced into Parliament and the Dail. It was announced that Parliament would meet to take the second reading on September 29, and that when the agreement had been legalized at Westminster the Dail would meet to complete its ratification. Both legislatures then adjourned. Mr. John Devoy, the aged Fenian leader, on a visit to Ireland made a strong appeal for settlement by agreement, on the ground that fixture of the boundary by compulsory arbitration would operate as a bar to Irish union. The appeal, like all its predecessors, was without result, but it is worth noting that it came from the leader of a party which has in the past stood for physical force. The *Irish Statesman*, edited by G. W. Russell (Æ), was zealous in the same cause.

V

On September 30 Parliament met. In moving the Bill, Mr. MacDonald argued that in 1922 Parliament and also the electorate had both explicitly decided that the boundary must be subject to a revision by a commission which must also be left free to determine for itself the meaning of Article 12. British honor was involved in removing the unforeseen error in draftsmanship which prevented the Government from giving effect to the clear intention of the Treaty. He made it clear that unless the Bill was carried the government would go to the country. Mr. Baldwin intimated that the Unionist Party as such would not divide against the Bill, but in committee would move an amendment restricting the commission to rectification. The second reading, however, was opposed by the Ulster members, but was carried by 291 votes to 124, some Liberals as well as Conservatives voting against it.

This debate was closed by a speech from Mr. Thomas, which a distinguished member of the Opposition described as the ablest which the House of Commons had heard in recent years. The Conservative amendment was negatived by 257 votes to 207, and the Bill then went to the Lords.

The most positive assurances have been given to the House by Mr. Thomas that he will use his powers under the Act to appoint a member of the Commission who will represent, not the views of the British Government, but those of the Government of Northern Ireland. In reference to this statement Sir James Craig spoke as follows on October 7 in the Parliament of Northern Ireland: —

'If this new compulsory Boundary Commission is persisted in, and the finding is such that it is acceptable to

the Parliament of Northern Ireland as representing the people — well and good. On the other hand, no matter whom the British Government may nominate as the third member, if the decision is such that it cannot be accepted by the Parliament of Northern Ireland, I for my part will not hesitate for a moment, if no other honorable way out is open, to decline to be responsible for carrying on the government. I would then resign and place myself at the disposal of the people, no longer as Prime Minister, but as their chosen leader, to defend any territory which we may consider has been unfairly transferred from under Ulster, Great Britain, and the Flag of the Empire.'

The debates in the second chamber took place on the seventh, eighth, and ninth of October. To the motion that 'the Bill be now read a second time' Lord Salisbury moved to insert after the word 'that' these words: 'this House, having taken note of the opinions expressed in Parliament and elsewhere in connection with the passage into law of the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act, 1922, by the Members of His Majesty's Government who were signatories of the Irish Treaty, that Article 12 of that instrument contemplated nothing more than a readjustment of boundaries between Northern Ireland and the Free State, and believing that no other interpretation is acceptable, or could be enforced, resolves that.'

In the Commons such an amendment would have been disallowed by the Speaker, but under the laxer procedure of the Lords it went to a division. The Government opposed it; but the amendment was carried by 71 votes to 38. It has, of course, no legislative effect whatever, and merely served as a record of the personal views of those who voted for it. In Committee on October 9 Lord Carson moved an amendment providing that, in view of Sir James Craig's speech, the measure could not come into operation until it had received the assent of the Parliament of Northern Ireland; but he did not press it to a division, and the measure received the royal assent and became law that night. It does not come into operation, however, until the scheduled agreement has also been approved by the Free State Legislature.

On October 8 the Government was defeated in the House of Commons on a motion for a committee of inquiry into the conduct of the Attorney-General in withdrawing a prosecution for sedition against the acting-editor of the *Worker's Weekly*. On the ninth the Prime Minister announced that the King had accepted his advice to dissolve Parliament, which was accordingly dissolved. Whatever the results of the General Election on October 29, it may be presumed that the Free State Legislature will have confirmed the agreement in time for the Labor Government to appoint a member on behalf of Northern Ireland and so constitute the Commission. The ultimate decision will then rest for the most part with Judge Feetham. Seldom has a heavier burden been placed on judicial shoulders. But even if the boundary can be fixed without disturbing the peace of Ireland, a compulsory award will operate to defer the day of Irish Union — unless perchance the spirit of Abraham Lincoln should descend upon some leader, in the Free State or in Ulster, and nerve him to master his own Vindictives.

VATICAN DIPLOMACY

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

THE impression of power and mystery which provides Roman Catholicism with its gift of fascinating or repelling, as the case may be, arises from those relations with dominant interests which are particularly the work of the Cardinal Secretary of State. At the head of Vatican diplomacy is of course the Pope, in absolute authority, but his Secretary of State advises him about his politics. The Secretary of State collects information on the relation of each particular Power to anything which touches Catholic interests; he sends out Nuncios and Apostolic Delegates; and he receives the representatives of foreign Powers as well as any private person who represents a powerful interest or can provide important information. Cardinal Gasparri is in this position. A genial and astute Italian of well over seventy, with the excellent memory, the quick mind, and the strong character of a ruler of men, he has held the office for the last ten years and, while keeping his Church free from all the imbroglios of the war intrigues, has strengthened and enlarged his powers at the same time that fate has shown him the collapse of his most powerful adversaries, the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Khalif. Beneath him are three separate departments: of extraordinary affairs, ordinary affairs, and the dispatch of apostolic briefs. Monsignors Pizzardi and Centoz are his chief secretaries, but all work requiring authority or tact is reserved for the Cardinal.

And what are they doing — these clerical diplomats? It was a question everyone asked when M. Herriot announced in the French Chamber that he intended to withdraw France's Embassy to the Vatican. For even when the French Embassy is withdrawn there still remain thirty-three Powers with representatives at what those Powers call the 'Holy See.' The majority of course come from Catholic States: the States of South and Central America, Austria, Spain, Belgium, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland; but there are representatives also of Great Britain, Germany, and Russia, as well as of Holland, Switzerland, Greece, and Rumania. As we shall see, there is also some more or less formal intercourse with Japan and other great non-Christian nations. And though the United States and Italy are without a representative at the Vatican, they are by no means outside the orbit of the complex influence of Papal diplomacy.

When M. Herriot announced the intended withdrawal he said it was not an act of hostility to the Catholic Church, but rather a sign that, all religions being free, he would not favor one rather than another. Considering the representation of the non-Catholic countries, such a view will not bear examination. The British Empire has a population of over four hundred millions; of these rather less than twenty millions are Catholics. It could hardly be said that these were being favored at

the expense of the ninety-five per cent of other religions. The majority of British subjects are Hindus; the next in number are Mohammedans; but Britain's mission to the Vatican has no relation to this fact, and her representative there is now a Protestant.

Nor, in fact, was there ever any suggestion that in France or any other country diplomatic relations with the Holy See were a compliment to the Catholics of the country. The objects of international diplomacy are something other than compliments to the subjects of the country represented. It is not because some Americans have sympathies with Great Britain, with Germany, with Italy, or with France, as the case may be, that Washington has established embassies in the capitals of those countries.

II

Diplomacy is the official means by which one Power adjusts its own interests with those of another. Just as commerce is the normal relationship of mutual advantage between nations as between individuals; just as friendly intercourse is the social counterpart of commerce, being a commerce of ideas and sympathies; just as the press is the general agency of general information, diplomacy is the means by which countries come in direct contact with one another through their Governments. It embraces the whole system of interests which arise from the intercourse existing between nations; it is especially occupied with the assurance of public safety and order and with the consistent and friendly assertion of the relative dignity of nations; and its object is to maintain a just balance between different political societies. This explains why nations are prepared to pay for diplomatic representation.

As we look back into the past, when potentates assumed an absolute sway over their states, we see that an embassy was, in general, a compliment, accompanied by well-chosen gifts, from one ruler to another. The ancient Hindu monarch, Chandragupta, we remember, writing to Alexander the Great, asked for a box of figs, some raisins, and a sophist. The Great Mogul, receiving Sir Thomas Roe as ambassador from James I of England, offered an elephant and asked for a horse. But diplomacy of that time was far more than an exchange of compliments or presents. 'Mutualle and friendlie traffique,' wrote Elizabeth to Akbar, 'from whence great profit and advantage on both sides do come,' was the cause that certain of her subjects 'with a courteous and honest boldnesse' repaired to the borders of his empire. The object of diplomacy was already what is known in Italy as sacred selfishness: *sacro egoismo.*

And this is true in a special sense of the intercourse of Christian sovereigns with the Holy See. When the Popes established themselves in the city of the Cæsars, the glory of Rome's ancient empire gave its own power to their counsels. And as they built their throne upon the ruins of the secular empire's decline and fall, they inherited the honor which Europe had given perforce to the temporal dominion of the happy city. Roman law and the Latin language and Latin civilization altogether were something on which Christendom was dependent, and the empire's ancient capital was beyond all argument the most convenient centre for undivided Christian society. And as Christianity gradually became the religion of Europe, the hold over human nature, which has always been remarked as a great asset of the Catholic religion, united with its intellectual efficiency to attract the respect and the reverence of monarchs and their

counselors. The bishops and even the priests were the governors of society: their influence swayed the life of the peoples and had much to say about the happiness of kings and princes.

As individual Christians, as the dispensers of civil authority, and as the heads of society, sovereigns and their monitors were compelled to give to the Pope almost as much attention as they would have given to Cæsar. A Pope who could place their people under an interdict and so leave babies unbaptized, deprive weddings of Christian blessing and the dead of Christian burial, was a power they could not afford to disregard. No office was more important in their realms than that of the Papal Legate. On the appointment to bishoprics and benefices, moreover, they must obviously arrive at an accommodation; the king would justly expect homage from his subjects for their temporalities, even though their spiritual authority came from him whom they reverenced as successor to Saint Peter.

But it was by no means unusual to feel a grudge about this tribute, or to question the unity which depended on the centralized authority. On a doctrinal point, Eastern Europe separated from Rome in 1054. In the sixteenth century there was a hardly less important separation. Through these two great divisions Christendom has, for the most part, ceased to be a unity. The ideal of a universal society has become obscured. Though Protestantism arose in many countries it was never international. Sometimes national and sometimes unofficial, it of course rejected intercourse of any kind with the Papacy. Not unnaturally, therefore, the idea became current that to send an ambassador to the Pope of Rome was simply the courtesy to Catholicism that M. Herriot suggested.

During the nineteenth century there was a change, however. The unification of Germany reminded the King of Prussia of the power of the Papacy, as Irish politics give the same reminder to English politicians. While Prussia, as well as Bavaria, sent an envoy to the Vatican, England sent only temporary messages and missions. It was the war of 1914 that showed her Foreign Office how essential it was in her own interests to return to the custom of the Middle Ages. In the time of stress, they realized the vast power of the Catholic Church. They saw her power of obtaining information and of influencing opinion. They were compelled to remember that her adherents were almost ten times the population of Italy, France, or England; that they were all united in their allegiance to the Pope; that, at the most solemn moments, they all looked to the ministrations of his priests; that all who were most stable morally among them had a reverence for, and probably a passionate devotion toward, the counsels of him they called their Holy Father; and that while Germany and Austria were in close diplomatic touch with him, neither France, Italy, nor Great Britain had any representative at all.

In 1916 England attempted to remedy the difficulty by sending a special mission under a distinguished Catholic diplomat, Sir Henry Howard, who was succeeded on his death by an Irishman, Count de Salis.

At the end of the war, France, partly as a tribute to the patriotism of her clergy and her Catholic people, and partly as an acknowledgment of the temper of her regained provinces, resumed relations interrupted eighteen years before.

What of Italy?

Italy is still a new nation. When the present Pope was born, he was born near Milan as an Austrian subject. Venice and Lombardy were Austrian provinces; Umbria, Latium, and the

Marches were States of the Church. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies was under a Spanish dynasty; an Austrian Grand Duke had lately been removed from Florence, and Turin was still the capital of Italy. But the movement to make the geographical expression of Italy, united to some extent by one culture and for the most part an understanding of one language, into one nation was so strong that it overcame the rights of the Popes to maintain possession of the territories which they had ruled for far more than a thousand years. In maintaining her lawful possession of the Papal States, the Church was supported on the one side by Austria and on the other by France. But France, in return for all that part of Savoy which was west of the Alps, helped the dynasty of Savoy to fight the Austrians out of Lombardy and Venice; the Italians took possession of Florence, which in 1865 they made into their capital; and in 1870, when France was compelled by the German invasion to withdraw her troops from Rome, the Papal city was stormed by Italian invaders, who entered and made it for the first time Italian territory.

That which completed the national unification of Italy made her the open enemy of the head of her established religion. For not only were the Papal States the unarguable possession of the Church, not only were they the source of her revenue, not only was their independence the means of her neutrality as a spiritual power, but any attack upon her power or her right to administrate her territories was anathema to Catholic principles. The Vatican, therefore, protested with uncompromising vigor against the Italian occupation of Rome; and the Government of the King, who had established himself in a Papal palace, the Quirinal, retaliated by protesting against any recognition of the Pope as a sovereign power, except by diplomatic representation at the Holy See. The Italian Government protested therefore, and protested successfully, against the Pope being represented at the Hague Conferences, at Versailles, or in the League of Nations. Although they had established Catholicism as the State religion, they could not themselves have any official relations with the Vatican.

This curious position had more important consequences. Although the passage of decades showed that the Catholic Church had not suffered any detriment to her spiritual power by the loss of her territories, that in fact her political influence increased, she was compelled to resent the weakness of her official status as a diplomatic entity. The laws of Italy accord to the Pope sovereign honors. If Italy admitted the Pope to have the same sovereign independence in his territory as the little republic of San Marino, M. Herriot could not at the present moment claim that it was favoring one religion if France continued diplomatic relations with him. Furthermore, the Pope could not be refused that representation at Geneva, and at all conferences of nations, which since the occupation of Rome was first accorded to him at the Conference of Genoa in 1922. And, furthermore, the very protest of the Vatican against Italy's occupation of Rome led in 1902 to a rupture with France. One of the points of that protest was to forbid the heads of Catholic States to visit Rome, but when, at the accession of Edward VII, the Entente began to influence Italy against her alliance with Austria and Germany, and President Loubet decided to visit Rome, he ignored the injunctions of the Holy See, and diplomatic intercourse between France and the Vatican was interrupted from 1902 to 1921. Edward VII, however, being a Protestant, when he visited Rome insisted on asking

for an audience with the Pope, and he took an important step toward reëstablishing relations between his Empire and the Holy See.

It is the anomalous relation between the Vatican and Italy which prevents the United States from giving an official recognition to the Pope. Washington does not dispute the contention of the Italian Government that the Pontiff is not an independent Sovereign.

III

If diplomacy is the official means by which one Power adjusts its interests with those of another, the object of the Powers represented at the Vatican will be to adjust their national interests with those of the priestly authorities of the Catholic Church. This involves the larger questions of national policy of which we heard so much during the war, and the details of particular convenience, such as the appointment of a bishop. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, the largest and best organized society in the world, has the general object of Christian influence over society, and the more particular object of ensuring that interest by freedom to appoint her own authorities, freedom to impart her own education, and the immunity of her priests from such unsuitable obligations as military service. Sometimes it is the question of the entrance of nuns into a European colony; sometimes it is the question of a sermon on a political subject; sometimes it is an arrangement for the personnel of missions so that Christian teachers may be patriotic teachers; sometimes it is the question of what religion is taught in a State school, or the fact that no arrangement at all is made for religious teaching; sometimes it is the boundary of a diocese, or the rights of a religious order, or the freedom of a seminary or of a school to manage its own special business, which will need to be adjusted between the Catholic Church and a particular Government.

In all these matters the Church has always been on the happiest terms with the United States and Great Britain and Spain; her difficulties have been with Russia, Germany, and France. She will aim at the utmost freedom possible in her own appointments and her teaching, and also in obtaining State aid in the secular teaching of her elementary schools, wherever secular teaching is aided, or given free. In tussles of this kind Leo XIII defeated Bismarck, but Pius X and Cardinal Merry del Val three times came to an impasse with the Kaiser. It is interesting to notice that as a result of the concordat of 1801 with France the appointment of dignitaries had to be referred to the Government, but that now, as in the United States, where the Catholic Church has no diplomatic status, being represented, as in Japan, by an Apostolic Delegate, the method of appointment, according to the revised canon law, is simply for the Catholic authorities to refer a choice of names to the Holy See.

The war gave more dramatic instances of adjustment. In one case a German prisoner in England was forbidden by his commandant to see a priest; a Catholic layman was informed and sent from London to investigate; the facts as related in the complaint were found to be true. The Vatican was informed. In ten days the priest was giving the prisoner the sacraments. In another case Cardinal Mercier went to Rome to make arrangements about the work of the priests during the German occupation; on his return to Belgium the Germans refused to allow him to enter. He wired to the Vatican, and the authorities told the German Government that if he was not allowed to return to his work in two days the contents of certain documents would

be published. The Cardinal was allowed to return to his work immediately. In a third case, German Catholics asked that no Allied airplanes should attack the towns where they were celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi with the usual procession of the Host. The Allied Governments at once agreed. No one, however, thought of demanding the same concession from the Central Governments, who did not grant the favor they requested. A protest from the Allied Governments was immediately sent to the Holy See, which made the necessary representations to the Central Powers. But the temporary advantage gained by the Central Powers is an almost unique instance of the Vatican being hoodwinked. Generally when foreign diplomats go to Rome they say that those of the Pope are quite the ablest, or the most cunning, as the case may be, with whom they have ever had to deal. The Vatican's record in the war bears out that contention. As Colonel Repington said of Papal diplomacy, it is independent of elections and can afford to wait.

Professional diplomats are for the most part occupied with adjustments of detail. The time when their personal decisions were supported by all the authority of their countries has gone by. Telegrams control them, and the newspaper correspondent is a more important person than the writer of official dispatches. Diplomacy has tended to become, therefore, a rather second-rate affair; in Europe it tends to attract a type who, by their knowledge of languages, and their easy manners, can carry on a smooth intercourse with the officials of foreign countries. The trend is toward a finikin type. But diplomacy still transcends the diplomat, and the war gave striking evidence of the political influence of the Pope and his secretaries. His peace proposals attracted the attention of Governments, and indeed of the whole world.

They were addressed not alone to those States which had diplomatic representatives at the Vatican. Indeed, they most depended on the answer given them by President Wilson and his Government. President Wilson, when in Rome in 1918, did not omit to visit Benedict XV, who delivered an impassioned eulogy of his work for peace. Since Wilson, the kings of Belgium, Britain, and Spain have been received by the Pope. It is interesting to compare the addresses delivered on these occasions by the Heads of these States and the Head of the Church.

England's King and Queen, who came in May 1923, were received by the Holy Father at the entrance of his private apartments. He shook hands with them, afterward spending some time in private conversation with them, as Cardinal Gasparri also did later. But nothing was done which could in any way compromise the sincerity of their own religion. At the next consistory the Pope, doubtless at the instance of the King, referred to his hopes of peace in Ireland and, on the day of the King's visit, the *Osservatore Romano*, the Catholic paper in Rome, published inspired articles referring to the work of former British sovereigns, and to the cordial, effective, and respectful relations that had for long existed between the two Powers. The British Empire, said the *Osservatore*, worked in its civil and political development and its greatness on the seas to ensure that reign of law by which alone could be obtained just liberty of faith and conscience, and in its world-wide range was constantly in contact with the world-wide religion of Rome and with the moral and humanitarian interests which found in the Pope, as the head of the Church, their highest and most august representative; that, as the Pope existed to assert peace and charity between nations

and between individuals and to win them to brotherhood in Christ, so the visit of the King and Queen of England was a pledge that in this work he was assisted by, and was himself assisting, the function of a country which, in the prudence of her sovereigns and the wisdom of her government and the industry of her people, was working to conquer the world for the same ends.

The visit of the King and Queen will remind Americans of the cordiality with which Benedict XV greeted President Wilson as the representative of America's ideals of justice and charity.

The King and Queen of the Belgians had been the first to visit the present Pope. They were received with much the same ceremonies and, in giving the Pope an ivory crucifix, identified their country with the sacrifices already so ably represented by Cardinal Mercier.

When the King of Spain came to visit the Pope, in November 1923, his speech was one of passionate devotion. He came, he said, as the representative of a race that had spread the Faith wherever they had traveled, till now the Spanish world embraced a third of the Catholic religion; he said that they were still lambs when the church bell summoned them to prayer, and lions as the trumpet sounded to battle; that they fought and were always ready to fight to spread justice, culture, civilization in the world; that they would never desert the post of honor assigned to them by their glorious traditions, but were ever ready to do combat 'for the triumph and glory of the Cross, which is not only the banner of the Faith, but the banner of peace and justice, of civilization, and of progress.'

After these words the King knelt at the feet of the Pope, who embraced and kissed him and answered his ringing tones in a voice gentle and benign. He welcomed the King and Queen and was proud to count, in the immense family which the Blessed God, in the hidden counsels of His mercy, had confided to his heart and care, so noble a knight of God and of the Church, and a people so constant and heroic in the Faith. Since the King had asked that Spain should have a larger representation in the College of Cardinals, the Pope longed to grant his desires; as for the King and his people, — for did not the Pope feel that the people of Spain were one with the kingly heart he had embraced? — he wished them all peace and unity, prosperity and glory, blessings which would surely be given and could be obtained only if the Christian religion reigned in the laws and in the schools and gave, both to society and to the family, both to public and private life, its salutary influences of holiness and civilization, of science and art, and of true harmony.

We see here examples of the way the Vatican adjusts its interest with Catholic and with non-Catholic countries. The visits made to the present Pope by the Hereditary Prince of Japan, and Ras Tafari, the Heir and Regent of Ethiopia, with their picturesque ceremonial and their cordial conversations, are dramatic instances of Vatican diplomacy at work in countries which do not claim to be a part of Christendom.

IV

To sum up the Vatican's own account of its work, no words are more important than those of the present Pope in his first encyclical. He had spoken of his confident hope for the reunion of Christendom; and, as a pledge and augury of it, that marvelous circumstance, a surprise to all, and to some perhaps an unpleasing circumstance, but most welcome to him and to his cardinals, 'that in these last times the representatives and rulers of almost all the nations of the world, as

though obedient to a common instinct and desire of union and peace, are returned to this Apostolic See to confirm or renew harmony and friendship with it. In which we rejoice, not alone for the increased prestige of Holy Church, but because it is always more clearly apparent, and becomes the experience of all, how manifold and how great are the beneficial powers that she possesses for the prosperity of human society, even in a civil and earthly way. For if the Church, by the will of God, directly provides the good things of the Spirit and of eternity, yet, by a certain connection of things, she assists the earthly prosperity of individuals and of society even more completely than if these were her direct duty and service.'

How could we explain the exact significance of those words? That in the Holy See there is in the world not only the centralized authority of a unique society, which can enter into relation with Governments to adjust its interest with theirs; there is a central office which exists for the benefit of human society as a whole, providing a means of intercourse for those who cannot or will not carry on direct intercourse with one another. The Vatican is thus a support for diplomacy as a whole. It has had in existence for some centuries just the organization which the ideals of peaceful men founded and aimed at maintaining at Geneva. But while the League of Nations still lacks the support of America, and rejects that of Germany and Russia; while it has become an outpost of French political influence, so that it must carry out the commands of France with regard to determining the division of Upper Silesia, and so that its officials were simply the agents of France in the Saar, and it could make no comment on the advance of the French army into the Ruhr, and must perforce give way to the Council of Ambassadors when Italy occupied Corfu; when its most eager supporters openly admit that it cannot enforce its decisions in war, nor even exert economic pressure; when, in fact, it is only a means of registering the public opinion of certain countries among which France has so far dominated, the Holy See, wise with the experience of many centuries, firmly fixed on principles of order and justice, bound essentially to the Christian ideals of charity and peace, confident of the inspiration of a divine authority, provides a centre which not only is neutral and universal, but which applies to every question at issue the immemorial principles of justice and the moderation of Christian influence. The Pope did not refuse the suggestions of Britain's representative that he should denounce the occupation of the Ruhr.

But on the other hand, is it not true that the Vatican subjects all questions to clerical intrigue, that it must always regard its own interests, that it has not been neutral in the past? Such contentions dissolve before close acquaintance with the facts. Germans and English each accused Benedict XV of being partial to the other. Both accusations cannot be true: more probably both are false. For neither can point to a single instance, as Germany can point to such obvious ones in the case of the League of Nations. And when we come to the question of Machiavellian cunning in the Papal Curia, what instance of foresight is more dramatic than that of Benedict XV refusing the offer of the Central Powers to install him, if they were victorious, in his temporal dominion? It is now nearly three hundred years since Sir Henry Wotton said that an Ambassador was sent abroad to lie for his country; what if even Papal diplomats use speech to conceal their thoughts? An extraordinary reserve they certainly do employ; but the Governments of the world come to them

now for help in delicate matters because they know they can rely on their neutral enthusiasm for justice. If Catholicism as an international religion is identified with the prosperity of the world as a whole, each country can apply to it as a partner in the interests of true patriotism. And if this is so in each particular country, it must be so also with regard to that venerable figure who more than any other claims the attention of the world and the reverence of all good men, as being the Head of the largest of all Christian societies, and the one person who consistently and sincerely seeks to apply to the world as a whole the traditional meaning of the Christian religion. His advisers certainly are human; but if they do excel in merely human sagacity can it influence them in any way but to recommend themselves, not only to those nations where their religion is serenely established, but even more to those they still hope to win? If from the human point of view the Vatican has a bias, that bias will be in favor, not of Catholics, but of countries in which Catholicism is not dominant. It is not Catholic countries therefore who have most reason to desire official representation at the Holy See.

But at the present moment, with regard to those three great countries who have no representative there, may not their interests suffer, as the Allies feared their interest would suffer during the war? The lack of representation is more apparent than real. The intercourse between the Italian Government and the Vatican is now very close; every Papal diplomat is actually an Italian; Italy makes a great deal of money out of the Papacy and the Church, as she especially will by the huge earnings from the pilgrimages of the Holy Year; and though the Pope will never be satisfied till Italy admits his full status as a sovereign power, the anticlericalism of the invaders of Rome is far from being the temper of the present Government in Italy. France, it is true, has spoken of withdrawing her representative; but even if he were withdrawn the French Government would send a Catholic as Ambassador to the Quirinal and even now begins to arrange for what the Pope most wished of a French Government, that it should agree to the report of Mr. Dawes. M. Herriot, in fact, in suggesting the withdrawal of M. Doucet was practising a little diplomacy on his own part. M. Doucet was a sop, and the Cerberus was the extremists. As for America, the relations of the Holy See with America are ideal: the American President visited the Pope the only time that an American President ever could; the questions to adjust are extraordinarily few; and in the Ambassador to the Quirinal and Monsignor O'Hern, the brilliant head of the American College, America has representatives in Rome who are in very close touch with the Vatican. Finally, American money is now the Vatican's chief resource.

While, therefore, the uses of the League of Nations are doubtless, in spite of its deficiencies, well worth the money spent on it; while the ideal of a World Court still remains to be realized, Papal diplomacy retains, and will always retain, its unique value both to the shrewd politician and to the Christian idealist.

V

It is now about to assume political office of greater weight and authority than anything the world has ever more than dreamed. Far back in the Middle Ages, Dante, who combined the mind of a philosopher and a Christian with keen interest in political affairs, thought out a scheme to ensure a universal peace founded upon law. His

idea was that there should be one civil authority, just as there was then in the Pope one spiritual authority. Two centuries later his native town produced a political philosopher of another order, whose counsels were more acceptable to succeeding centuries than those of him who wrote the *Divine Comedy*. But once again Machiavelli gives way to Dante. Once again the world sees in the principles of universal justice something more promising than those of the temporary profit of individual States. The sweeping convulsions which have been weakening the constitution of Europe since 1914, and which still menace her existence, make most people distinctly uncomfortable about orgies of nationalism; lewisite and airplanes and the ever new inventions of the chemists do not reassure them. The next war, they hear, is to be a remorseless attack on populations as a whole. Diseases and poisonous gases will destroy whole cities in a day or two.

The prospects, it is true, are not inviting. May it not be better, after all, to bring religion and morals and law up to the standard of science? May it not be better to conserve human society than to destroy it?

The Vatican is now preparing her due answer to those questions. To her they are not new. Sixty years ago she saw developing in Europe a condition that threatened not only the prosperity but the existence of society. Disraeli, after having been Prime Minister of England, suggested through the lips of the Cardinal in *Lothair* that the Vatican Council which met in 1869 would exhibit to the Powers of Europe the inevitable future they were then preparing for themselves. The Franco-Prussian War broadcast the warning. A later war has given it more awful significance; the results of that war still press in misery upon vast hordes of people. And it is in these circumstances that the Pope announces that the Vatican Council is to reassemble and complete its work.

It was to meet in 1925, but political events in Italy and tension in Europe have moved the Pope to wait till a later year. But whenever the Council reassembles its work will show the deep significance of Vatican diplomacy. It is, says the Pope, to find an appropriate remedy for the ills which have followed the upheaval of civil society. It will seek to apply to the political and economic situation of our times the words in which the Pope announced the object of his pontificate: *The Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ*. It will seek to lay down the laws of justice which would guide a world court, and with authority over four hundred million people will lay down injunctions to prevent civilization from cutting its own throat.

And in doing so it offers safety to the whole world. For neither in Asia nor in Africa is there the same danger of mutual destruction as there is on the surging battlefield of Europe among those who profess and call themselves Christians. If the Pope can find a means to keep Catholic countries peaceful the obvious peril is removed. And there can be little doubt that if he could give a clear lead all Christian nations would follow him. It will be seen whether there is any nation so unknightly as to take advantage of another's consistent devotion to a Christian standard.

In the great task it has now essayed, the central authority of the Catholic Church gives ranges of unexplored promise to the ancient scope of her diplomacy. The Vatican will need all the resources of an inspired sagacity to vindicate the reputation she claims of beneficence, sanity, equity, and power.

IMPERIALISM AT HOME

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

From Haiphong in China to Karachi in India, the long coast-line of southeast Asia is possessed imperially, and with a show of permanence, by West Europeans — except for one interruption of freedom. One small nation, which calls itself the 'Thais,' the 'free people,' wedged in among the imperial frontiers of the English and the French, and under the shadow of Dutch and American dominations near at hand, keeps its own sovereignty in more than name. But Siam's position, at the throat of the long Malay Peninsula which runs down from lower China to Singapore, its peculiar and respectable culture, its astonishing art and architecture, even its existence, are almost unknown. It is off the main trade-routes and out of the tourist range. And its political problem and the solution which seems likely to surmount its special difficulties are ignored.

The problem was to develop a nation which encroaching imperialisms would respect. The solution now being applied is an imperialism of a domestic and home-grown variety. The hereditary rulers of the Siamese people are trying to do for themselves what West Europeans are trying to do for the more or less willing other Eastern peoples all around them. They are imposing Western culture as a modification and development of their native civilization.

The working-out of this experiment is not altogether evident in a traveler's first glimpses of Siam. The incredible contrast between rare palaces and the crowded squalid dwellings of the people, which is characteristic of Asiatic cities, is especially marked in Bangkok. In fact, the ordinary Siamese citizen may be said to possess no house at all. He lives with his wife and naked babies on a boat in a canal. The capital city of Siam is a collection of villages held together by a few well-kept roads and many *klongs*, or wide ditches branching out from the river, and in these klongs the affairs of life and commerce are pursued in a muddy but orderly tenor by most of the population. Costumes are adapted to water living, being arrived at chiefly by elimination, and a people addicted to bathing can slip off their front porches, that is their front decks, into water more or less potable at any hour of day or night.

Along the shores are the gilded, glittering, flamelike temple-spires and even a few ugly business-buildings on a blazing-hot and dusty Main Street. Scattered about in compounds and paradises are the dwellings of princes, most of them in European style. There has been some trouble in adapting heavy Western styles to the swamps of that situation. His Majesty's throneroom palace of Italian marble, which cost millions of ticals, began to settle in the mud when it was half built. It rides now in an understructure of concrete, an ingenious boat which was put under it and supports it as long as the chugging engines keep

the water pumped out of the basement.

The marble palace of Rama V is a bad symbol, however, for the present interesting social and political condition of Siam. It is a triumph of modern science over natural difficulties. The attempt of the princely caste to conquer the swampy difficulties of modernizing an Oriental race is inspired by a nobler motive and is of tremendous importance.

In all imperialism, practised at home or abroad, there is a certain quality of precariousness that resembles riding on an elephant. The will and the intelligence of the rider are only uncertainly sufficient to keep several tons of slave from rebelling. A compromise as to benefits received for service given is always necessary. Imperialism is no longer frankly predatory. The Japanese, for example, give evidence of being honestly convinced that the Koreans are in need of Japanese guidance and culture; the Dutch exploit Java for its own sake; the English stoop to having official publicity-agents to tell the world how India gets on. The United States is even getting insensibly reconciled to being big brother (owner) to the Philippines. And it is all for their own good. We have completely forgotten the passions of twenty-five years ago when so notable a person as David Starr Jordan could print, then reprint in cooler blood, 'The advances of civilization are wholly repugnant to the children of the tropics.'

The princes of Siam, although nearly all graduates of Oxford or Harvard or the Sorbonne, do not share this pessimism as they devote themselves to imposing the advances of civilization on their own tropical citizenry. The gap they have to span is enough to make any reformer dizzy. But they are conscious that what they are doing is for their own people, people of their own blood. I would not venture an opinion on the perplexed question of whether or not British imperialism is an activity of the British race for the benefit of other races. The difference is sufficient if one insists only on the fact that this interesting type of imperialism is imposed, not from the outside, but by natural, hereditary, and firmly entrenched rulers.

In Siam the domestic revolution began with King Mongkut. He was the beginner of modernism among the Thais in the middle of the nineteenth century, at about the time Japan emerged from seclusion. The third generation of princes is now struggling to make obstinate vision conquer the torpid fact. King Mongkut was kept from mounting his father's throne for twenty-seven years by the usurping intervention of a half brother. He sought safety and wisdom in that period in a Buddhist *wat* among the shaven-headed, yellow-robed monks. When he finally arrived, he had acquired a determination to modernize his kingdom. He spent his allotted time of power in building up foreign trade relations and encouraging public works. His succeeding son, King Chulalongkorn, set the present fashion by being trained carefully in Western ideas. Chulalongkorn's sons and his still more numerous grandsons have fixed and developed that policy.

Chulalongkorn faced for thirty-seven years of benign despotism a double-edged problem. He had enemies within and without. The upper classes among his own people opposed his reforms because new laws defined new responsibilities and disturbed old prerogatives, while his frontiers, facing British expansion on one side and French on the other, were constantly endangered. But he abolished slavery, set up the first competent courts, brought the different regions of his territory closer together with better communications,

encouraged irrigation of waste lands and better methods of rice culture. He was the great political explorer and discoverer, acting on his predecessor's example and giving his ardent descendants a foundation worth building on.

King Chulalongkorn's educational ideas have been recently systematized in a compulsory-education law which applies to the whole child-population, probably above two millions. Heretofore it has been chiefly in the wats, from the monks, that the boys, if ever, have learned to read. Girls and boys both are to have teachers now as fast as they can be provided. There are more than 15,000 Boy Scouts already enrolled and a Junior Red Cross organization is bringing Siamese children into touch with universal humanitarian ideas.

II

This work seems difficult in a huddle of large villages, a mixture of divine splendors and muddy squalor, like Bangkok. What can it mean outside the city, in paddy-field and jungle — even though every member of the populous royal family chooses his task in his boyhood and goes to the best school in the world for that particular profession and educates himself to do his special share? If you ride out from Bangkok on the state railway toward the North, to Ayuthia, for instance, where the rare visitor may go to see the ruins of ancient wonders, you pass through blue-and-silver swamps. The landscape looks very often as if a flood were just subsiding. In full ditches along the track float huge pink lotus flowers. The paddy-birds, all grace and pearly whiteness, fly in the yellow sunshine. Clumps of tiny thatched dwellings are lifted out of water on stilts. Under them in the ditches, and in the flooded rice-fields themselves, bulking everywhere are the clumsy, gray-black buffaloes, domestic slaves and best friends of Siamese farmers. Banana trees grow around the huts, or anywhere they can catch hold, and their flat dark leaves, springing stemless from the ground, are like weeds in a fantastic dream. Thickets of bamboo and tall sugar-palms make a pleasant edge of green for the glistening wetness of the fields. In such entrancing scenes the peasants live, amid lotus flowers and thoughts of Buddha, water buffaloes, and muddy toil, malaria, mosquitoes, and the hookworm.

Modern West Europeans or Americans, the beings who represent the fine flower of the culture which Siamese royal reformers are trying to inculcate by ukase, are not exactly received with enthusiasm when they visit the paddy-fields or the rare villages. The stranger, in order to see them as they are, must invade a village on a market day; he sees most if he ploughs up the middle of the Menam or one of its tributary streams through a river market. On both sides of him the long narrow boats are filled to the gunwales — which are almost awash in the constant movement — with vegetables and fruits, pastries and sweetmeats, household utensils on which a suspiciously European trade-mark might be found, articles of clothing, straw sun-hats, and heaps of vermilion-colored paste. The paste is the preparation of lime that helps to give the betel-chewing habit its horrors of smell and expectoration.

The stranger, the representative of invading civilization, will probably receive simple grave curiosity from most of these disturbed merchants and their customers. But a modest and skeptical eye may notice more than one old woman, — her brown face wrinkled and drawn, her black hair standing up indignantly in a short pompadour above her low forehead, her shrunken shoulders and arms bare above her

breast-cloth and her legs bare below her *panung*,—who spits from her blackened teeth a blood-red spurt of betel juice and glares with open malice. A properly humble visiting mind might understand her disapproval of pallid strangers with ridiculous, stiff, uncomfortable clothing, simpering manners, outlandish speech, and disgusting odors of alcohol and tobacco smoke.

Old women, however, being the guardians of old things, are almost always hostile to the new. The young Siamese do not resent the education laws, the sanitation, the railroads that are being brought to them by their princes. It is said that they envy their betters the chance to study abroad, and thus acquire directly a Western illumination, more than they envy them their birth and right to rule. Perhaps they envy them also the streak of exceptional capacity that seems to run through the princes. They are a remarkable group of men for other reasons than just their rank and their responsibilities. The list is long and hard to read, whether the names are given in transliteration out of the royal Pali alphabet or in English equivalents. Prince Nagar Svarga (called Nagung Sawung) is royal adviser and a strength to the kingdom. Prince Amoradat is secretary of the Red Cross and so administrator of the ambitious public-health programme being carried on through that organization. Prince Kambaeng Bejra builds and maintains railroads. Someone suited for every necessity seems discoverable. One young man, after a Beaux Arts training, devotes himself to the study of Khmer architecture, out of which the Siamese architectural idiom was derived, and serves the State in preserving old temples as well as in designing new ones whose weird, glittering beauties do not fall noticeably beneath the standards of the ancients. Youth holds on to what is worth while in the past as it reaches out for the new.

Communication and transportation are, of course, the necessary nerves of unification and growth. The task of H. R. H. Prince Kambaeng Bejra is not simple and calls out the extraordinary energy and power which that prince possesses. He has an example of successful railway maintenance near at hand. The traveler going down the peninsula bursts suddenly out of Siam where the railway runs between pressing jungle walls into open spaces where the same jungles have been conquered and cleared. At the very border of the Federated Malay States the long-standing achievements of British administration are attested by well-policed highways and an appearance of established order. In his own territory the Siamese administrator cannot run a train at night, even now, without patrolling every mile. It is said, although for this no one is willing to stand as authority, that within the last two years more than one jungle elephant has charged out of the immense florid thickets and attempted — with some success — to butt a puny man-made train off the track. Trains do run, however, with precision and comfort, making it possible to go back and forth from Singapore without braving the choppy terrors of the Gulf.

III

The works of Imperialism all around Siam may be achievements to emulate; but the political circumstances are a threat. A small triangle of rice-swamp, jungle, and mountain wilderness, inhabited by a few millions, cannot hope to remain the only free spot in southern Asia just by wishing. For about six centuries after Kublai Khan drove them southward out of his empire they made a yearly bow to the nominal

suzerainty of China, but it was only a bow and they got weary of giving even that. In the nineteenth century, when they were casting off these vestigial bonds, their neighbors, Shans and Burmese and Malays on west and south, were slipping into the hands of British rulers; and on the north and east the Laos and Annamites into the hands of the French. Their policy of imposing imperialistic benefits on themselves might be interpreted as an effort to keep abreast of neighbors who receive those benefits from alien Western hands, and so to render Siam less obvious prey for invasion and control.

A complete cynic who had no faith that any motives but the most material actuate imperial foreign offices might say that the Siamese are unmolested because across their narrow triangle of free territory the British and the French find themselves unpleasantly face to face. Those two nations have obvious reasons for not wanting to share a boundary in Asia which might be so fertile of difficulties, a boundary of jungle and mountain, ill-defined and infested with tribes which might be hard to control.

As the French came westward from Saigon and the British east into Burma, they hesitated and eyed each other. The French did not escape actual conflict with the Siamese. The Indo-Chinese peoples over whom the French had acquired domination were blood relatives and prehistoric enemies of the Thais. Boundary disputes broke into guerrilla dueling in the 1890's. But the two Western Powers saw whither this might lead and in 1896 they signed an agreement between themselves, to be extended later, which defined the limits of Siam and constituted a mutual promise between these strangers not to encroach on the Siamese kingdom.

So within a constricted circle the Siamese Princes have been, in a degree, at liberty to work out their people's destiny; but it is a liberty that seems precarious, unquiet, and charged with responsibility. There is almost an air of hurry about the effort, as if they feared the opportunity might not last.

The rights that powerful neighbors demand for themselves, even of a free country, are not always consistent with what a free country may consider best for its own interests. Take the question of opium. It is a comparatively recent problem for the Siamese; their first experience with opium and their first adoptions of Western ideas came together in the middle of the last century. There was prohibition of the dangerous new drug, with public burnings and preaching and other useless demonstrations, until the Government decided to get what benefit it could out of a bad business. Opium-dealing was farmed out and a substantial part of the State revenue was obtained from a traffic which the State did not cease to condemn and discourage. Supplies came largely from British India. The agitation which swept through the Orient at the end of the century was shared in Siam and the Government made its disapproval more effective by changing the farming-system into complete control through smokers' licences.

The difficulty of having powerful neighbors became manifest when the Siamese Government decided that it must find a substitute for the opium revenues, which were then nearly a fourth of the total income, if it was to suppress the vice still further. The rice-grower seemed to be paying all he could scrape together in ordinary taxes. The obvious resource was a tariff on the imports which the imperial Governments of Europe (and America) put at Siam's door. Here is where freedom had a condition. The State found itself bound by treaties, the same treaties which protect it from aggression and

encroachment, not to tax such imports. In an official statement before the health conference of the Oriental Red Cross Societies, Bangkok, November 1922, the Minister of Finance said, 'The want of power to readjust her revenues, as required, is one of the reasons which may deter this country from putting into force the measures having for their object the registration of smokers'—in other words, the measures for suppressing the opium habit.

Other questions are not so complex. In a brave fight against the hookworm, Western intervention, exerted through the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, has been a necessary aid. There has been foreign help, too, in the effort to collect into hospitals the numerous lepers and begin their cure with chaulmoogra oil.

It would require an acute and determined mind to draw any lesson for America out of the Siamese experiments. There are American minds at work on the experiments themselves, as advisers to the State and in the technical boards for public improvement. Americans are on the ground to supplement what princes have been able to learn at first hand in American and European schools. But to bring back out of that alien and unique situation anything useful to us is difficult. Careful study might accomplish something, however, and we are not so established in our own political maturity that we can afford to neglect any hint.

Are we, in truth, ready for, or interested in, any imperialism in our own dooryard? If we mean what we frequently say about our benevolent desires to weld the whole of two continents into one harmonious and developed unity, if we are willing to share a cultural hegemony of the two Americas with the elements of Hispanic civilization which are comparable to our own Anglo-European ideas — we might learn something in method from the Siamese royal family, whose laboratory is only slightly more populous than New York and Chicago taken together.

The one inevitable lesson is that imperialism at home — or over your next-door neighbors — is possible, in accord with our avowed political ethics, only if there exists a sincere and well-understood impulse of brotherhood. If the Siamese princes are capable of imposing Western civilization on their own countrymen it is largely because there is no suspicion of ulterior purposes behind the rigorous, exacting laws for improvement. We cannot make laws for our neighbors; and we cannot even make fruitful suggestions unless we are purged of our conviction of superiority and free from the taint of selfishness.

Even then we may be helpless. It is hard to be certain that the Siamese civilizers are not helpless. In one of their Western-like houses, in an atmosphere of cultivated hospitality and intelligent worldliness, the whole programme seems feasible if not easy. But after the evening is done the visitor from the West is bowed out through the front gate into the road. The liveried servants withdraw and the compound goes back to its forest silence. At the entrance to that circle of cosmopolitan and generous thought lies still the old world of the klong and the house boat. The coolie, for whom all the efforts are invoked, is sleeping on the poop deck of his dwelling on a square of ragged matting, with the water lapping under his head and visions of bigger rice-bowls in his dreams. His wife is rocking one of the next generation behind him in the shadows. In the minds and hearts of these is the answer to the problem of future change. The stranger is shut out. The native apostle of improvement is fascinated by the question as to how far into this mystery his own campaign can penetrate.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHRISTMAS UNDERGROUND

THE day began as its predecessors. At 6.45 the sergeant's whistle pierced our sleep. 'On your feet, wolves!' he shouted, and flung up the blanket that covered the abri's entrance. Protestingly we drew ourselves out of our woolen warmth into the cutting dampness of underground. Our teeth chattered as we wound our putties. It was n't till later, when we were standing about the field kitchen burning our lips with tin cups of coffee, that a voice suggested, 'Merry Christmas.' The proper answer given and received was 'Merry as hell!'

Our feet squelched in the liquid mud that chilled us through the rubber, and from habit we gazed at the dun waves of earth which undulated toward the lines. Distant guns struck like hammer-blows at the leaden sky. Someone cursed the mail. There was reason. Since our division had moved back *en repos* sixteen days ago we had had not a letter. Furthermore, we had had no pay. Half of us had no tobacco, and the other half had too little to lend. Without 'work,' without our sources of illusion, we were miserable. We lived in the timbered cellar of a squashed granary and we moved through the routine of *repos* cold and complaining.

The day continued indifferently. We stood inspection and our feet went numb. Surrounding an iron marmite we chipped the skin from slimy frozen potatoes. 'Fry 'em up, cook!' we begged. We quarreled as to whose turn it was to search for firewood. 'General' Wallace, so called because he washed more often than Pershing, heated a pail of water and took a bath in his rubber basin. 'Drip on your own blankets!' we protested, angered by his virtue, and were delighted when the basin collapsed. The Lieutenant had been seen driving off in his staff-car. 'Trust him!' we growled, thinking of our empty stomachs. 'Back to Noyon for a good meal!'

Our gloom deepened with the early dusk. Christmas was not an event on this calendar. We lay humped in our blankets, thinking of warmth and home, or sat about the stove 'crabbing' in a chorus of contempt. With elaborate irony O'Brien read aloud the headline from an old *Times:* 'Boys At Yaphank Suffer In Rain.' In a far corner a mouth organ whined sourly. 'Oh, shut up, can't you!' Beside a candle Vosberg read and surreptitiously munched some chocolate. Where he had gotten it we did not know. It was too small to share. But we damned him in our envy.

The cook appeared. 'It 's snowing,' he remarked. We did not care about that. 'What 's for supper?' we asked. 'Stew.' 'What, no fried potatoes? No rice pudding? Hell, is n't it Christmas!' 'No lard. No rice. Stew,' said the cook laconically.

'I want four men up here,' called the sergeant from the abri door.

Those of us who climbed up into the night found the sergeant beside the rattling staff-car. Silently he flicked his torch into the tonneau. It was bulky with canvas mail-sacks. 'Ye-ah! Mail!' we shouted as we hauled them out. And beneath the sacks on the floor were two cases of golden-neck bottles.

'Who 'll trade Fatimas for Camels?'

'Hank, see what m' girl made me — knitted 'em herself. . . .' 'Aspirin, castor oil capsules, and Foot Ease: there 's a merry present for you! . . .' 'Who 'll have some fudge? . . .' 'Say, will you listen to this: "Oh, Dick, how I can picture you, wandering through No Man's Land, lantern in hand!" How do they get that way! . . .' 'Here 's looking at you, Slim! . . .' '"Add a cup of milk, butter size of walnut, and serve hot." Great idea that. . . .' 'Is that soap or candy?' 'Cripes, Sally Winslow's engaged!'

We sat in the aureole of a lantern hung from the beams. Two splintered doors laid on empty fuse-cases served as our table. The stove's belly glowed a dull red. The warm air was scented with the freshly opened sweets, the soap — almost a Christmas fragrance. We read the familiar handwriting on our packages, then tore open the paper and fingered the dainty tissue within (Wow, how dirty our hands were!); we dropped the red ribbons round our necks — and drew forth our presents! The marmite of stew steamed on the table, and our tin cups were filled again and again with nectar. No wine will ever taste quite like that from our old tin cups, stained black in the inside with their blend of coffee, pinard, and rum. Licking the gravy from their knives, some slit open their letters while they ate; others kept the packet in their breast pockets for private reading. Our letters as much as told us we were heroes and the champagne gave us strength to believe it. Hunger was surfeited. We were warm at last.

'Rabbit' Kindall, who had nine aunts, climbed on a box and claimed the knitting championship. He exhibited a worsted helmet without any face. 'See, you put it on, and there you are — safe as an ostrich.' And a cootie string. 'A what?' we shouted. 'I 'll read the directions: "Dear Robert, I am sending you a cootie string. It was recommended to me by Mrs. Keswick. We have been told that you boys tie them about your waist. The cooties are attracted to the worsted, and when the trap is full all you need to do is hang it on a tree and come away refreshed."' 'Try it!' we cried, rocking with laughter. A specimen was obtained without much difficulty and placed on a sheet of paper, close to the 'trap.' With one look at the worsted it fled in the opposite direction.

And now the mouth organ was in a frenzy and the 'Kentucky Colonels' (Privates, Second Class) were clogging. We sang. We sang of Rinky Dinky, Madelon, The Tattooed Lady, and other warriors too humorous to mention. We sang: —

> I want to go home,
> I want to go home!
> The bullets they rattle; the cannons they roar,
> I don't want to go to the Front any more.
> Take me over the sea
> Where the Allemands can't get at me.
> Oh, my! I don't want to die.
> *I want to go home!*

But Tom, our tenor, and the biggest man in the Section, had fallen asleep beside the stove. 'Wake up, Tom. Come and sing, Tom — it 's Christmas.' Tom shook himself and climbed to his feet. 'Goin' out t' get th' Germans,' he announced thickly. In this mood, swaying slightly, his big fingers stretched rigidly open, Tom frequently sought 'the Germans.' But never found them. We sang on.

We had subsided into our blankets and with candles beside us were reading our mail when there sounded the clump of boots on the steps. Tom appeared in the doorway. If he had not found the Germans he had certainly found the snow. It marked him where he had fallen. 'Merry Christmas, Tom,' someone called. 'Stars are out,' said Tom, gazing at us solemnly. We waited in

wonder. His fingers were closed: a good sign. Then he braced himself and threw back his head: —

> O little town of Bethlehem,
> How still we see thee lie!
> Above thy deep and dreamless sleep . . .

His big beautiful voice reverberated through the abri. Hardly one of us but knew that hymn by heart. It is the hymn of all Christmas.

> The hopes and fears of all the years
> Are met in thee to-night.

We would have stopped him had we been able. Goose flesh came on our cheeks. Those who as children have heard their mothers sing will know how we felt. Tom sang every verse.

We blew out the candles and drew the blankets up to our ears. 'Good-night, Tom.'

We heard Tom sing these same words in church this morning. His hands were closed on the pew in front, and his wife reached nearly to his shoulder. Hearing him singing so, we thought on those other times seven years since, and had hardly finished by the close of the sermon.

THE EGG OF THE EGO

'MEET my friend, name of Bantam,' says my friend Duck; 'charming chap, excellent fellow.'

He vanishes. Bantam eyes me as I him. Our corporal presences are as platters to each other; we look beyond the background of china, willow-patterned, gold-rimmed, Panamaed, or knickerbockered, to the substance unmistakable lying beneath.

'What sort of concoction have we here?' we murmur, mutually poking about a bit with knife and fork. Surely that ingratiating smile is mere garnish, a sprig of parsley, say. He offers a smoke: a dab of potato on the side. He rambles genially: a sprinkling of salt and pepper, a dash of paprika — What's that? (How casually it drifts into the perspective!) It seems he drives a Buick, the new model, a wonderful car. The *pièce de résistance* lurks no longer among parsley foliage or in potato shade. It is always there: it could never be mistaken. It is only its clientele and its carefully culinaried cloaks of disguise that vary from man to man. The epicure soon uncovers them.

'Hard-boiled!' he mutters, tapping the Buick vices and virtues, and disclosing therein those of its lord and master.

'Stuffed!' he explodes a week later. 'Bantam's a cousin of Mandrake, the big Dairy Man, knows him well, in fact. You've seen the name of course? Yes, you've seen it. You've seen it!'

And the others: one Bird, he of the big Bird family, Sparrow — that's his name! Will he ever have done quoting that wife of his? She's very common; everyone knows it; née English, we understand, but she belongs to Sparrow — she's his. And his daughters! High-fliers, higher than most, to his thinking. Coddled is Sparrow, coddled to a turn.

And Pigeon: he chatters on every street-corner, every curb, every market: how he picked up his fortune. It was *his* judgment that advised heavy buying in the Featherbloom Underwear stock — and where is it now? Forty above par, gentlemen, if it is one per cent. He knew from the first that the Nest Egg securities were scoundrels, all of 'em. *He* knew, *he* knew! Did n't he tell you all the time? Oh, impossible, that Pigeon! Messy mind, messy way of thinking — scrambled, badly scrambled.

And others, still others: what could one call them? They are more than

dropped, much more. A trifle déclassé, perhaps? Yes, more than déclassé — decadent! There you have it. They reek of brimstone — nay, further, of sulphur, of hydrogen sulphide, of the nether region. Let us consign them to it; let us, indeed.

And what of ourselves, gentlemen, what of ourselves? Egos all, believe me.

'You egg!' rips out the murderer of the Macduff heir apparent (I have not verified the quotation), and the child dies.

'You ego!' shrieks one wildly to one's inner self; but stabs and stabs in vain. The egg of the ego is not thus easily done to death. It is there, it is there; behold, even in the germ of the protoplasm — it is there. In the words of the immortal Burke, we cannot change it, we cannot prosecute it as criminal, but what, in the name of Heaven, can we do with it? Gentlemen, we can do nothing. As the *Atlantic Monthly* would have it (*vide* August issue, A.D. 1922, Contributors' Column), we can only 'leave it lay'!

L'État, c'est moi!
Cogito — ergo sum.

OLD RUSSIA OVER THE BORDER

JUST over the border from the new Russia, and so out of reach of Soviet iconoclasm, lies the monastery of Petchory, a bit of the Middle Ages so perfect and so untouched by the rush of our modern world that we who made a pilgrimage there have difficulty to convince ourselves that what we found was not a dream of another world.

From the moment we stepped off the little train we were part of a pageant, a long procession winding over the hills to the village of Petchory. First, in a grand carriage, drove the Metropolite, the Russian Orthodox Bishop of Esthonia, in a tight black robe and high hat with flowing veil, come on the train from Tallinn to help to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Archimandrite, the head of the monastery. Then there were three gay strolling musicians, a lad in a bright-blue peasant blouse with a great shock of yellow hair, playing a huge accordion, a tall youth in a red blouse and a broad-brimmed hat who fiddled, and a debonair half-drunken one who called out maudlinly to us, for Americans were unknown sights and attracted more attention than the Bishop.

Two old priests, sitting with as much dignity as they could command on the top of a pile of hay, came rattling over the cobblestones in a crude cart. We sat by the road and watched the procession straggle by, more picturesque, more gorgeously Russian than we ever imagined Russia could be. Tall peasant men in linen blouses with gay girdles, barefooted old women with kerchiefs on their heads, half-naked children rolling hoops crookedly over the rough cobblestones. We crossed a river where naked boys were bathing and women were washing clothes by beating them with paddles. And then, over low hills, we saw the blue and green domes of the monastery.

We stopped at a thatch-roofed cottage to ask for something to eat, and were cordially ushered into a low, pink-walled room, one corner hung with icons, the floor covered with gay hand-woven rugs. A crude bench ran along three sides of the room, and on the fourth, half hidden by a cotton curtain, was the great white-plastered stove, with room for three to sleep on top and one on a shelf built along its side. Our hostess, a barefooted peasant woman in a flowered kerchief, set earthen plates, large wooden spoons, a pitcher of fresh milk, hunks of black bread, new butter and honey, on a great brown table decorated with gay painted figures. Two tiny yellow-haired boys stood in

one corner and watched us with wonder in their eyes. One by one the rest of the family came in to gaze at the strange Americans — a bent old grandmother, the tall white-haired grandfather in high boots and a Russian blouse, a wee girl in a red apron. The grandmother told the one of us who understood Russian that several years ago two other Americans had come to Petchory, so she had seen our like before.

They offered us new-mown hay to sleep on for the night, so we left our packs in a corner and started out to the monastery. In a little shop in the village we found Gospozha, a beautiful Russian woman with golden hair and large coral earrings, a gray-blue dress the color of her eyes, short-vamp shoes, and bare ankles as beautifully kept as her hands. 'I am rather a pet of the Archimandrite,' she said, tossing her head. 'I will take you to him and to the service.' Russians are communicative, and we soon learned that she and her husband had been in the household of the Tsar and had fled during the revolution to this tiny Esthonian village. She spoke beautiful French and German, but 'Bah,' she said, 'I would not learn Esthonian. It is so very ugly.'

Over the little village the turrets of the monastery gleamed blue and green and golden in the sunshine. We went under an arched gate, through a dim passage, and past a tiny shrine into the sunlit cloister gardens. Through great old trees we saw the buildings of the monastery, pale pink, salmon, cream, and white, under roofs the color of green willow leaves. Sometime in the fourteenth century the first monk had come to Petchory. First he and his followers lived in the forest, then in catacombs under the ground, and gradually there grew up this beautiful place which seems not to have changed since the Middle Ages. In the days of Ivan the Terrible it grew so strong that Ivan feared the power of Cornelius, its head, and came himself to Petchory. And when Cornelius came to meet him, and knelt to give him bread and salt, Ivan the Terrible slew him.

The bells were ringing for the evening service. First a great bell tolled slowly, then others joined one by one until there were fifteen, vibrant, excited, filling the valley with their clamorous chimes. One by one the monks in their long black robes filed up the long shady stairway to the church. The Archimandrite in his golden headdress stopped to speak with us. We could not understand what he said, but his face was old and kind.

The steps of the old Russian church are wide and white. Little yellow leaves dropped on them from high trees and the fragrance of incense floated out through the great doors. For two hours we stood with reverent peasants and watched the old priests move slowly through the formal ceremonies; listened to the deep-voiced chanting of the ritual and the choir singing strange delightful music. All the priests were old and had soft hair falling to their shoulders and long soft beards. They wore silver-blue brocaded robes, and the Metropolite had a great stiff gown of purple and silver and a high gold and jeweled crown.

Most of the worshipers were hushed peasants in gay old Russian dress, bearded men in embroidered-linen blouses and high boots, and women with white kerchiefs, scarlet headbands and girdles, and much crimson embroidery on their full sleeves and aprons. Their flat feet stood solid and unshifting and their wide hands reached often to make the sign of the cross, from forehead to heart, from one strong shoulder to the other. Some brought yellow candles and lighted them before the pictures of their favorite saints and kissed the glass that

guards the pictures from their lips. An old stooped woman pushed me aside so she could kneel to kiss the robe of a priest who passed, swinging a silver incense-pot. A young man beside me, tall and thickly bearded, sang softly with the choir. And next to him a young girl held the knot of her white kerchief under her chin while she knelt to pray. There were beauty and true reverence at Petchory.

Gospozha took us to the Black Cat, Petchory's restaurant, for supper, and then home to our log cottage. The watchdog of our peasant host barked loudly at us as we swung open the unpainted door and came into the little courtyard made by the peasant's home and the three or four other huts, all log and with thatched roofs, that were used to house his horse and cow and pig and chickens. After washing in the little river back of the house and drying on red-and-white hand-woven towels, we found homespun blankets spread out for us in the hayloft and climbed in.

The next day was Sunday, and the sacred oil burned before the icon in our peasant's house. The samovar was going when we went in for breakfast, and there were curds and black bread on the table. The grandmother was getting into her beautiful old peasant dress to wear to church, and the mother had put shoes on her bare feet.

Already carts were rolling over the cobblestones to the village, taking families to the church. For to-day was a great day at the monastery, and the Metropolite had come from Tallinn. After breakfast we followed them and found the gardens of the monastery thronged with people who had come from miles around. I was glad to have seen it first in the stillness of the night before, for to-day it swarmed with the scarlet and black and white of the gayly dressed peasants. For six long morning hours the service lasted in the great church, and for most of that time we wandered around the cloister gardens, watching the people who had come to spend the day, to worship for a little in the church and wander out again to sit on the grass in the sunshine and gossip with their neighbors. Besides the Russians in their beautiful old costumes there were a few 'half believers,' so called because they are members of the Russian church but are Esthonians and not Russians, and little groups of soldiers, beggars in rags, and gay dirty gypsies who wanted to tell our fortunes and heaped black curses on our heads when we did n't give them money.

After the service there was a great feast in honor of the Archimandrite, and huge iron kettles of borsch, a Russian soup of beets and sour cream, and trays of *kalachi*, a kind of bread, were carried across the courtyard to feed the multitude. Two serving women carrying a long tray stumbled on the steps near us and a dozen kalachi fell to the ground. An old monk coming along behind stooped to pick them up.

That afternoon a monk with auburn hair led us, with lighted candles in our hands, through the long damp passages of the catacombs, and showed us the ancient cells and the chapel where the monks once met to worship and the tombs of all the monks who had died at the monastery in six hundred years.

We lingered so long listening to his tales that we left too short a time to walk the long miles to the train that was to take us back into the world again. So we bade a hurried farewell to our peasant family and hailed a passing cart. Gospozha bargained with the driver, cursing him roundly. 'Can't you see they are Americans?' she said. 'And you robbing them like that!' But they finally came to terms and we joggled off, waving her good-bye and watching the turrets of the old world disappear beyond the river.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

NEVER was a case more fairly stated than **Dr. L. P. Jacks's** description of that black and blank mystery which each of us confronts. The ringing confidence of his last pages will carry hope far among people to whom such words are as life itself. Dr. Jacks is editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, and Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. **Jane Littell** draws from her own experience a solution of the economic problem of matrimony. ¶Through the epistle of **E. C. J.** there gleams that temperament which abandons security, stakes the whole of life, and suffers despair that it may know the ecstasy of beauty. **John Jay Chapman,** a father of sons, pictures our American schools with their many symbols of sport, their 'small Latin and less Greek,' in a manner painfully realistic to other ambitious parents. ¶That in Kentucky 'pigs is pigs' with a vengeance, is the inimitable tale of **Olive Tilford Dargan.**

* * *

Glenn W. Birkett, a dirt farmer of Wisconsin, denounces that paternalistic legislation which has sought to coddle him and his fellow farmers. ¶In the English shires **Conrad Aiken** has found the ripening atmosphere for his pungent and imaginative verse. ¶Every engineer will stand taller and straighter in his boots for having read **Arthur D. Little's** eloquent tribute to the members of the 'Fifth Estate.' Mr. Little will be remembered for his stimulating review of 'Physics and Civilization' which appeared in the July *Atlantic*. ¶From her home in Dublin **Nora Connolly O'Brien** comments on her 'Visions': —

> They are real experiences of mine. . . . They came to me when I was awake; they were not like dreams — more like a play in which I had a part. I tried to reason them out in the light of memory, knowing how a sight, taste, or sound will awaken memories of things long forgotten. But they do not come within the range of living memories, as they seem to me when thinking of them to belong to far distant times. . . . In 'Visions' I wrote only of three of many like experiences and chose them as being the most interesting and the most varied.
>
> I am hoping that you will publish them and that as a result I will get from some of your readers ease from my puzzlement.

* * *

Under one of his serviceable pseudonyms, **'Yussuf Effendi,'** a former Intelligence Officer relates the true account of an excursion which possessed the adventure of our light opera without any of its reassuring make-believe. ¶The holidays would be incomplete without **Margaret Prescott Montague,** who has long delighted the *Atlantic* with her prose and verse. ¶That Christmas is a reality in the Colombian wilderness is the moving narrative of **Kenneth Irving Brown.** ¶For the comfort of those who are impatient or discouraged with the slow and errant programme of the world, a thoughtful woman has told the memories of her eighty-one years. ¶With fond appreciation **Percy Lubbock,** English essayist and critic, remembers that luminous understanding between master and scholar which is so essential in fine schooling. ¶The Adams-Jefferson letters have never before been published in their natural juxtaposition. In so arranging them **Paul Wilstach** was impressed by the deep friendliness of these two ex-Presidents, which had survived so many years of political enmity. Mr. Wilstach reminds us that John Adams's last words were 'Jefferson still survives.' **Alexander McAdie's** whimsical description of the perplexities which clog our liquid measures may be trusted to excite mathematicians, metricians, and opponents of the Volstead Act.

* * *

The article on the Irish boundary question speaks for itself. For the careful reader it is worth while to quote verbatim Article 12 of the 1921 Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland, since it is in

this article that the present difficulty resides.

If, before the expiration of the said month, an address is presented to His Majesty by both Houses of the Parliament of Northern Ireland to that effect, the powers of the Parliament and the Government of the Irish Free State shall no longer extend to Northern Ireland, and the provisions of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920 (including those relating to the Council of Ireland), shall, so far as they relate to Northern Ireland, continue to be of full force and effect, and this instrument shall have effect subject to the necessary modifications.

Provided that if such an address is so presented a Commission consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one who shall be Chairman, to be appointed by the British Government, shall determine, in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument, the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission.

Robert Sencourt, a frequent contributor to the English reviews, prepared his present paper in Rome, where he was privileged to meet the Vatican diplomats and to hold audience with the Cardinal Secretary of State. ¶For the last four years **Lyman Bryson** has served on the staff of the League of Red Cross Societies, during which time he has been traveling, lecturing, and writing in Europe and Asia. Mr. Bryson's story, 'The Cyprian,' appeared in the November *Atlantic.*

* * *

This, the gravest aspect of our great national problem, must appeal to the sympathy and sense of justice of every reader: —

October 15, 1924

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am an outcast — a social pariah.

The reason for it is a hard one and this is an appeal for advice. What am I to do?

The confession can be put in three words — short, but full of tragedy — I don't drink. I am unfitted for all social gatherings — at least here in the city where I live.

No one wants me at their 'parties.' Bridge and dinner parties, ladies' luncheons, and tea parties all feel me to be the proverbial wet blanket — or is it a dry one, in this case?

It is n't that I rant on Prohibition or look disapprovingly at those who don't feel as I do. I have always been rather flattered by being told that I allow others to do as they see fit. It 's just that I *don't* drink. It casts a pall.

The reasons for my not drinking are not whims or life-long convictions. To you I confess I gave it up when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Somewhere in me lies a deep-rooted love and respect for law.

I don't dare ever mention this reason — it is concealed in the recesses of my soul as darkly as a deadly sin. It is bad enough not to drink, but to give *this*, observance of the law, as a reason, would spell everlasting anathema!

Another reason — or reasons — is a love, hate, and dread feeling toward liquor itself; an inherited love of it, a hatred for its effect of even temporarily clouding my mind, and a dread of its power.

Perhaps my principal reason is my best-beloved, my sixteen-year-old son.

The present generation forces on him a real problem, as great as slavery at the outbreak of the Civil War. Families are divided on it; ours is.

My husband *apologizes* for me wherever we go! He complains to all our friends and acquaintances of my defection. Seriously, too. He really *feels* abused. In his milder moments he calls me 'odd.'

Out and out 'wet parties' he goes to alone, with no complaint from me. If, by error, I get into one, anyone who has kept sober when all others were not will extend me his sympathy. They did n't want me there; I did n't want to be there.

It is hard to know when to go, or where. Very hard to be made to feel conspicuous. I never comment on my husband's drinking. He more than comments on my not doing so; mine is the crime. And we are very normal, everyday people, not unusual in any way. *But,* we are splitting wide asunder on this one question.

Our son sees our struggle. So far, praise be to God, he does n't drink at all.

What a problem for him to decide, though: whether his father be right, or his mother. He loves us equally. Discussion of this one problem with him is denied me. How can I conscientiously try to convince him his father is a law-breaker?

What is the solution?

C. C.

We cannot but appreciate the fair distinctions which are contained in this request. Gladly will we listen to any persuasive spokesman of the 'Old Faith.'

September 30, 1924

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Reading the *Atlantic Monthly* has been a habit in our family for several generations. I do not remember that, in the early days, we ever looked to the *Atlantic* for politics or religion. It was not supposed to 'meddle' extensively with either. But we regarded it as a paramount in things of the intellect, and in literature as our critic.

Other times, other manners! To-day we find literary criticism essentially relegated to certain columns of fine print, interspersed with advertisements, outside the *Atlantic's* hallowed precincts, as it were. Within these precincts the central position is held by questions of the day, with politics and religion conspicuously in evidence. The magazine has become 'an organ of affairs.' This may be all to the good. I am not quite sure there. But I am quite sure that thus far it remains as inevitable in our family as ever.

However, there has come down through the years still another tradition of the *Atlantic* — this being that it was nothing if not fair. Partisan or prejudiced it could never be, or so we thought. But just now the question is often asked among us: Since the *Atlantic* is going in for religion, why does it fail to give room for more than one point of view in the present religious crisis? (I have not failed to welcome the south wind which came with healing in its wings last month after Professor Lake's killing frost, but that is beside the mark.)

In your pages Modernism holds undisputed sway. Its position appears impregnable, indisputable. Its champions speak 'the great word.' Over against them from time to time — less, it would almost seem, as opponent than as foil — there will enter for a moment an excited, eccentric, and rather absurd figure named Fundamentalism.

But many are asking, Is it quite fair for Protestants to be set forth thus, implicitly, as divided into Modernists and the 'singular sect called Fundamentalists'? We who are inside the evangelical churches know of a surety that the great, unbroken army of us, outnumbering both of these groups by far, is neither the one nor the other. And this is understood outside as well. The writers for the *Atlantic*, who caricature anti-Modernism by way of Fundamentalism, can hardly be ignorant of the fact that the title 'Fundamentalist,' perfectly good in itself, was snatched up as soon as coined, and appropriated by a small but noisy group of Verbalists and Literalists who are far from representing the majority of evangelical Christians. One wonders how it chances that these, your writers of experience and discrimination, suppress this, and insist upon attributing to all Christians not Modernist the eccentricities and extremes of one small group?

Can it be because it is easier to demolish an adversary obviously in the wrong than one obviously in the right?

I say obviously in the right advisedly, for, so long as we are considering the Christian Church, there can be no question that those who still hold to the Christ and the Christianity of the New Testament are in duty bound to stand by their colors. If they cannot do that, it is for them to go elsewhere, to seek another religion. And this is what the bolder spirits among Modernists are doing, compelled by their naturalistic logic. The Christian religion, having been built indubitably upon a divine and risen Christ, can no longer have power over them. Faith is vain, and preaching is also vain.

I confess I agree with Dean Inge that the invention of a new religion has been demonstrated to be an impossibility. 'One might as well try to build a tree,' so he says. It is *life* that we want, is it not? 'Cultural, creative criticism' will not suffice us. *To whom shall we go?* we ask with Simon Peter. *Thou hast the words of eternal life.*

All of which brings me to ask if it might be reasonable, the *Atlantic* being sympathetic to religious discussion, for a spokesman for the Old Faith to be given a hearing in its pages ere long.

C. A. M.

* * *

In attempting to square this problem the counsel of a mathematician is useful.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

The question, 'Shall I Divorce My Wife?' in the *Atlantic* for August was rarely presented more unselfishly. One case, however, which I happened to know about, seems slightly less vulnerable, to me. The woman to whom I refer was a friend of my mother's who had lived with her husband, apparently most happily, for twenty-five years, when suddenly, one night, the railroad agent in the town where she lived announced that her husband and another woman had just departed, on their way to Europe.

Then and there the mother of those children decided that she would not shatter the love her children had for their father; they were merely told that father had gone away on a long trip. For the sake of her children the mother preferred to be a deserted wife, rather than a divorced one. Nothing in a legal way that she could do did she

feel would atone for what had been done. He had deserted her and forgotten their children, who really were a mutual responsibility.

The children frequently are the last ones thought of in a divorce proceeding, and though Mr. or Dr. 'Burnham Hall' is by no means forgetful of his child his logic seems faulty, in thinking that the child should accompany the mother on the mother's second adventure. Granting a divorce seems clearly to be what 'Mrs. Hall' wants, but can her child learn the 'sacredness of marriage and motherhood,' which the father wants her to learn, at the knee of a mother who has broken her own vows and presented her child with two fathers? Will arithmetic and morals square, even in the mind of a young child?

M. B. B.

* * *

We shall be glad to discuss this idea with hotel clerks and sextons—and dentists.

October 7, 1924

GENTLEMEN: —

The October number of the *Atlantic* yesterday came near undoing me — in fact, psychically, it has left me with a languor induced by laughter (inside as well as out), from which I am willing not quickly to recover. The reference is to William P. Gest's 'Font of Liberty.' Silenus, Bacchus, Socrates, and whosoever knew how to smile audibly in Palestine, what excellent satire, and what true! You should detach it from its honorable entourage, make it up into a pamphlet, and broadcast it over the tables in hotel reading-rooms and in church pews.

May the radiance of its wit and verity long vibrate for you, no less than for

Your faithful

W. S.

* * *

It is a pleasure to present our readers to this remarkable Mrs. Robinson Crusoe.

KOKOMURUKI, WI HARBOR
GUADALCANAR, SOLOMON ISLANDS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A subscriber to your paper has asked me to write and give you some details of my life on this island, where I have lived for the last four years.

This island is situated in a remote part of the Solomon Islands, and on account of the severe storms, big seas, and dangerous reefs, ships very seldom venture up here. We hardly ever see a European. My husband is obliged to be away, occasionally for many weeks, and I am here quite alone, with only a watchdog and revolver as a protection.

The natives are very unreliable, and many of them are cannibals. Although they have come in contact with missions, they still maintain their old customs, and the old men will tell you how they used to fight to gain land, and how the man who lost was usually eaten at the end of the day. Women are very scarce, and the native men pay high prices for them. This island was always a taboo to the natives, who declare it was haunted by the evil spirits of their dead enemies. On moonlight nights the natives will sit on the mainland and constantly call over to this island. They ask me if I am not afraid, and I tell them the devil of my country protects me. I never let them see I am afraid, and always make them walk in front of me, and put down any spears or axes they may be carrying.

Alligators are very much in evidence, and often pay visits to this island, and carry off our poultry and dogs. They come on moonlight nights when the tide is high. They come on shore and sit very still with their mouths wide open. Their breath has the odor of bad flesh, and this attracts the animals. Directly an animal approaches, the alligator knocks it senseless with its tail and then carries it away to its haunts. Many natives are taken also.

We live here in a native-constructed house, and it is very cool and comfortable for the tropics. The frame is of hardwood timber, the floor and sides of timber from the betel-nut tree, and the roof of ivory-nut leaf. It is all put together with native vines, and not a nail was used in the whole construction. Such houses last about two years.

Most of our food comes out of tins. Our nearest store is sixty miles away, by vessel. The birds supply us with music and the sun tells us the time. We receive our mail any time a ship happens to call, and mail day is our one and only excitement. We should be grateful for any reading-matter and news of the outside world. It is very lonely when my husband is obliged to be away and my books help me and give me much pleasure. I shall be pleased to give you any information as regards my experiences here.

Yours faithfully,

EDITH E. SVENSEN

* * *

A rose by any other name . . .

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was very much interested in the article, 'Meditations of a Mother-in-Law,' in the September *Atlantic*.

Whatever the reason, there seems to be a natural antipathy between 'in-laws.'

I can only speak from the daughter-in-law's

point of view, but I believe that one cause of friction lies in the fact that there is no name in our language for mother-in-law. The name 'Mother' is sacred to the mother of each one of us. When we marry we are obliged to give this name that is so dear to us to another, and I believe we all resent it.

I wonder if the readers of the *Atlantic* could not suggest an appropriate title? I offer the word in our two root-languages. The Latin 'Mater' for the mother-in-law, and the Anglo-Saxon 'Mother' for the real mother.

A Daughter-in-Law

* * *

Elected to our Club of Distant Friends.

Bombay, India

Dear Atlantic, —

Since 'the friendship of lonely people is what the *Atlantic* most covets,' in sending my notice of new address I feel I must add a word of appreciation from another far-away corner of the globe to join the T. B. M. in Singapore, the Texas ranger, and the Canton-Hankow traveler.

My first three copies, January to March of this year, came together as the result of a sudden realization that exile without one's own copy of the *Atlantic* was insupportable. (Some day when I 'm not so busy making war on mould and rust and moths and cockroaches and white ants and silverfish I may write you on the trials of reading an *Atlantic* not one's own, but that is another tale.) We took the three copies with us on our journey to the hills, and read them as we crossed the baking plains of the Punjab in the hottest month of the year.

I was carrying a copy of the *Atlantic* when we reached our hotel in Naini Tal, a Himalayan station seven thousand feet nearer Heaven than the country we had left. In spite of luggage unmistakably British in its numerical quantity, and the disguise of clothes made by an Indian *durzie*, the *Atlantic* served as identification, passport, and introduction. The one other American in the hotel called immediately and looked hungrily at it. She was a New Yorker, and I think more addicted to *Vogue*, but still the *Atlantic* is the *Atlantic*, even to those who do not habitually read it, and when one gets as far from home as Naini Tal, Boston shares the glories of Fifth Avenue.

Other Americans in the community soon appeared. My three copies started on their rounds and were still going when I left, nor were their limits national. One Englishwoman announced her intention of subscribing at once for the sake of more articles by Hans Coudenhove and William Beebe, and most of all there was the satisfaction of seeing my own particular British lion progress from an attitude of critical aloofness, which had avoided all American magazines as 'popular,' to neutral interest in the January number, which amounted to enthusiasm by March. He has recently seized the July number before I read it and is filled with the desire to answer — the unmistakable sign of membership in the *Atlantic* family.

Whenever I travel now I shall be tempted to carry a copy of the *Atlantic*. It is a social and intellectual letter of credit, serving at once to introduce those who recognize its yellow cover.

I can also recommend it to all American partners in international marriages as the best means of interpreting our national life and thought to an outsider.

E. S. L.

* * *

From Australia comes this decisive anecdote.

The superintendent of a Home for Aged Women was making his usual Christmas calls. 'Good morning, Sister Martin,' he said, addressing a quaintly charming old lady. 'I see you are happy this morning with a new copy of your dear *Atlantic Monthly*.'

'Yes,' she answered. 'John always told me I could not possibly be happy in Heaven because I should not have the *Atlantic Monthly*.'

'No,' agreed the superintendent, 'you will not have the *Atlantic Monthly* in Heaven; but you will have *Life*.'

'Well,' came the rather startling answer, 'I much prefer *Punch*.'

* * *

May we never be swamped by such an ill wind.

Maplewood, N. J.

Dear Atlantic, —

For years I passed your old Park Street sanctums on my way to my Franklin Street office, and never without a glow of reminiscence, for I was brought up on the *Atlantic*, as a New Hampshire boy.

I recall that I was considerably mystified on one occasion when my father read me that passage from Longfellow: —

> When descends on the Atlantic
> The gigantic
> Stormwind of the equinox.

I assumed that, of course, the magazine was meant instead of the ocean, but I learned better upon inquiry as to why our valued 'monthly guest' should be so 'put upon.'

Incidentally I might remark that the brown-covered *Atlantic* appears to have weathered all publication storms very successfully, thus far.

B. W. Parker

Attleboro Public Library

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